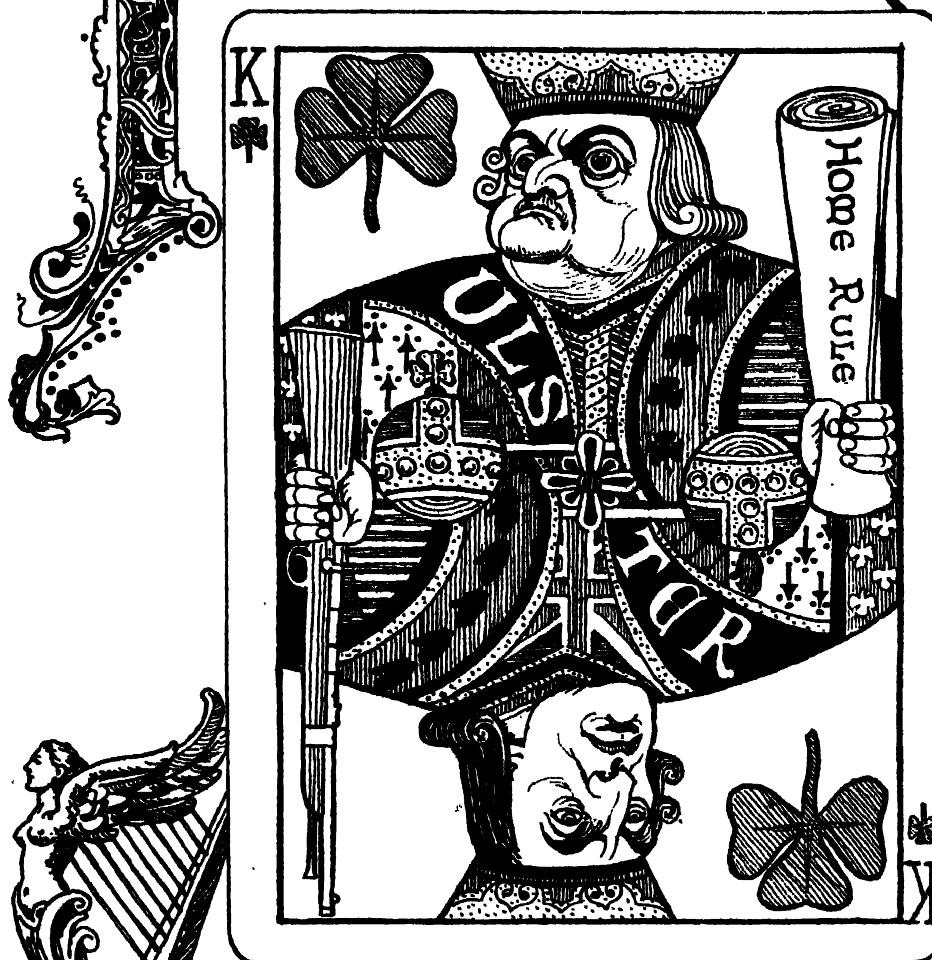
PUNCH

Vol. CXLVI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1914.

Punch



Bernard Partridge

VOL. CXLVI.

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1914.



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PUNCH



1914

ALMANACK

PRICE SIXPENCE



Calendar 1914.

January

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	..	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

February

S	1	8	15	22	...
M	2	9	16	23	..
Tu	3	10	17	24	.
W	4	11	18	25	...
Th	5	12	19	26	.
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	...

March

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	..
Th	5	12	19	26	.
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	..

April

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	..	6	13	20	27
Tu	.	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
Th	2	9	16	23	30
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S	4	11	18	25	.

May

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M	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tu	..	5	12	19	26	...
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Th	...	7	14	21	28	..
F	1	8	15	22	29	..
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June

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M	1	8	15	22	29	.
Tu	2	9	16	23	30	...
W	3	10	17	24	...	...
Th	4	11	18	25	..	...
F	5	12	19	26	...	...
S	6	13	20	27	..	...

July

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
Tu	...	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
Th	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	...

August

S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	..	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	..
F	..	7	14	21	28	..
S	1	8	15	22	29	..

September

S	..	6	13	20	27
M	..	7	14	21	28
Tu	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
Th	3	10	17	24	...
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October

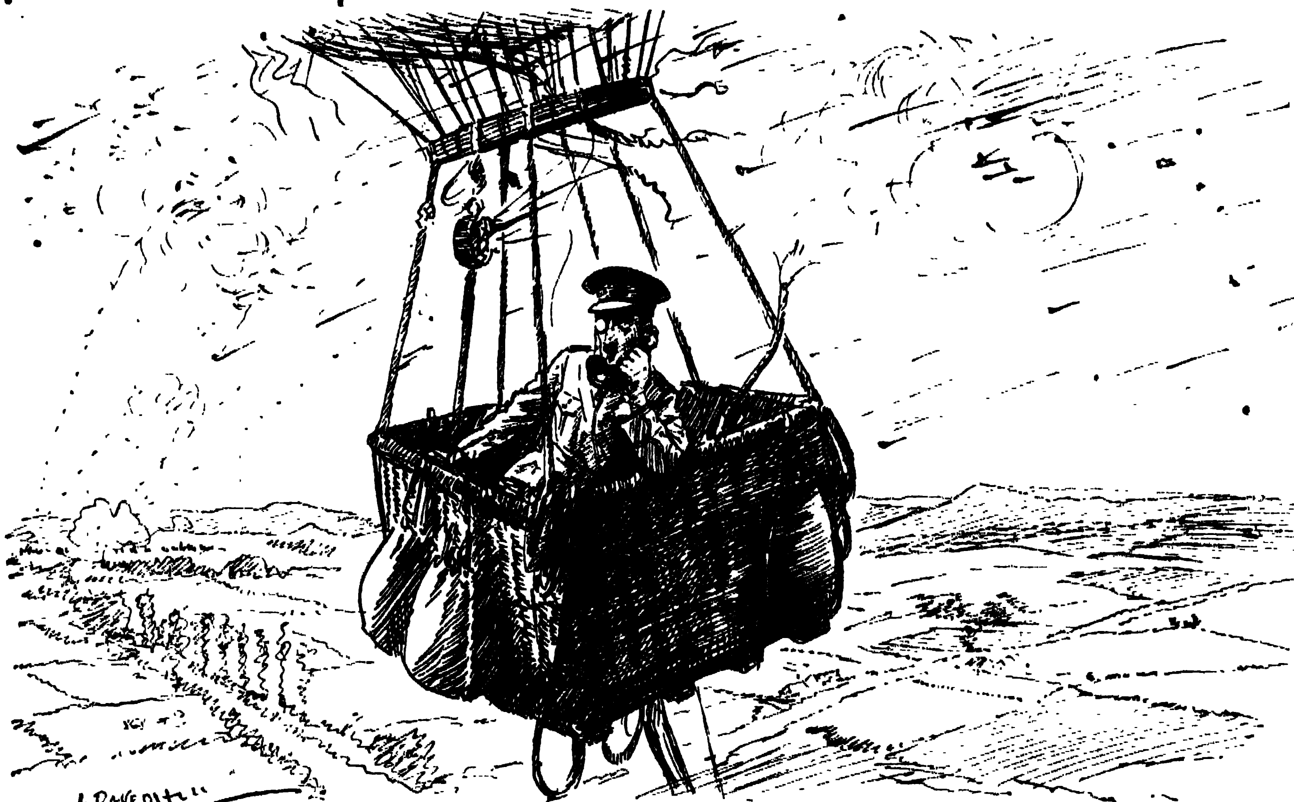
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Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

November

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W	4	11	18	25	..	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...	.
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S	7	14	21	28	...	..

December

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
Tu	1	8	15	22	29
W	2	9	16	23	30
Th	3	10	17	24	31
F	4	11	18	25	..
S	5	12	19	26	..



THE WAR IN THE AIR.

Subaltern (in observation balloon). "I SAY, ARE YOU THERE? I THINK YOU 'D BETTER GET ME DOWN, I 'M NOT DOIN' A BIT OF GOOD, AN' THEY 'RE SIMPLY RUININ' THE BALLY BALLOON!"



Native of Sierra Leone. "'ULLO, JACK; ANY NEWS FROM 'OME?"

A.B. "'*OME*? WOT D' YOU KNOW ABOUT '*OME*? YOUR 'OME 'S UP THAT BLOOMIN' PALM TREE!"



THE LION-TAMER'S WIFE HAS A NARROW ESCAPE.



Fair Injured One (continuing long tale of woe). "AND THE BURGLARS HAD RANSACKED EVERY DRAWER IN MY DRESSING-TABLE AND SCATTERED EVERYTHING IN A MOST ABOMINABLE LITTER ALL OVER THE FLOOR!"

Bored Listener. "YES, UNTIDY CREATURES; NO WONDER THEY'RE UNPOPULAR."



IN A RASH MOMENT HANS BLUTHSTEIN IS REQUESTED TO PLAY SOMETHING FOR MUSICAL CHAIRS. THE CELEBRATED PIANIST, AS HE IMPROVISES, FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS THEME AND FORGETS TO STOP FOR FULLY TWENTY MINUTES, SUCH BEING HIS EMINENCE THAT NO ONE DARES TO INTERRUPT HIM.

A REVISED VERSION.



The Manager (*at rehearsal*). "Now then, 'On hearing the news the Queen falls fainting in the arms of a soldier.'"



"Take a rest and let's have a different soldier."



The Author. "I've got it!"



"'On hearing the news the queen falls fainting in the arms of the soldiers [*plural*].'"

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

The choice of a Christmas present is always a matter of some difficulty. The thoughtless youth who sent a lady acquaintance a little volume recently issued, entitled, "How to be Beautiful," has lost a friend.

* * *

Tempora mutantur. Not only is headway being made by the proposal that the time of our summer holidays shall be changed, but it is now suggested that Christmas shall be held in August instead of in December. It is felt that it would be more satisfactory if Christmas Cards with pictures of snow and ice arrived on a sweltering summer day than at a time when one is trying to keep warm.

* * *

A correspondent who writes from Hanwell mentions that he is at work on an article on the history of Christmas Cards. He has made a careful search but can find no mention of them in literature of the B.C. period, and would be grateful if anyone could help him in this respect.

* * *

It occurred in a little third-rate curiosity shop in a little third-rate street. A prospective purchaser was examining a "Madonna by Raphael." "A copy, I presume," he said, "of the famous picture in the National Gallery?" "Well, to tell the truth," whispered the dealer, "and between you and I, I'm not so sure that the one in the National Gallery *is* the original, and that's why I can't take less than ten shillings!"

* * *

We are asked to say why artificial eyes are made of glass. The answer is, so that you can see through them.

* * *

The gentle art of making conversation. The young Albert was told to go and talk to another small boy whose mother had brought him to tea with her. "What's your name?" asked Albert. "Wilfrid," came the answer. "How old?" "Five and a half." A pause—and then, "A bachelor, I presume?"

* * *

"Well, Sir," said the wig-maker, "I will only say this about the quality of our goods, that a customer of ours went the other day to a barber's to be shaved, and the operator, misunderstanding him, began to cut his hair!"

* * *

The toast of the Guest of the Evening—a pale, nervous young man with long hair—had been drunk, and "For he's a jolly good fellow!" was being sung, but in a half-hearted manner. At which up jumped the resourceful chairman and, raising his hand, "Try this," he said: "'For he's a *fairly* good fellow!'" It went much better then.



Lady. "I'm surprised at a great stout fellow like you begging."

Corpulent Tramp. "Me stoutness 'as been me downfall, lidy. I used to play the big drum, but I lost me job. Yer see I couldn't 'it it in the middle."

AN ANTIDOTE FOR CHRISTMAS.

If Boxing Day finds you dyspeptic and worn
And a little bit peevish perhaps;
If Christmas has left you fair reason to mourn
Some sad gastronomical lapse;
Come out across country—the going is good—
And your festal-board sin you may shrive,
For the beagles are meeting at Waddington Wood
At 12.45.

There's dew on the meadow, there's scent with a sting,
There's wire (don't forget) in the fence,
There's sport with the "jelly dogs" fit for a king,
Though a "cap" is your only expense;
There's a hare in the roots, there's a holloa, a view,
And the pack like a torrent is running,
And there'll always be glimpses of "hound work" for you
If you like to run cunning.

If the puddingy plough tries your patience and pluck
You can make up a lot down the hill,
And, helped by a check and a "circle," with luck
You can shout your "Whoo-whoop" at the kill;
Though hot and dishevelled and palpably blown,
And mud-spattered up to your middle,
A Boxing Day run with the beagles, you'll own,
Makes you fit as a fiddle.

A FEW PROMISED STRIKES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



Householder greeting a group of pickets during the strike of rate-collectors.



Butchers' assistants on strike mounting guard over a fine bullock.



Newspaper Proprietors meet the delegates of the Newsboys' Union.



Professional boxer seconding himself because all the seconds have struck.



Policemen on strike watching burglars removing a safe.



Clergy on strike preventing a blackleg taking a service.

DANCING NOTES.



TEN YEARS AGO.



TO-DAY.

DANCING NOTES.



TEN YEARS AGO—11.30 p.m.

He. "Well, I suppose if we're going to the Dumpshires' dance we'd better be starting."
She. "No hurry. No use gettin' there before twelve; they won't be havin' supper before then."



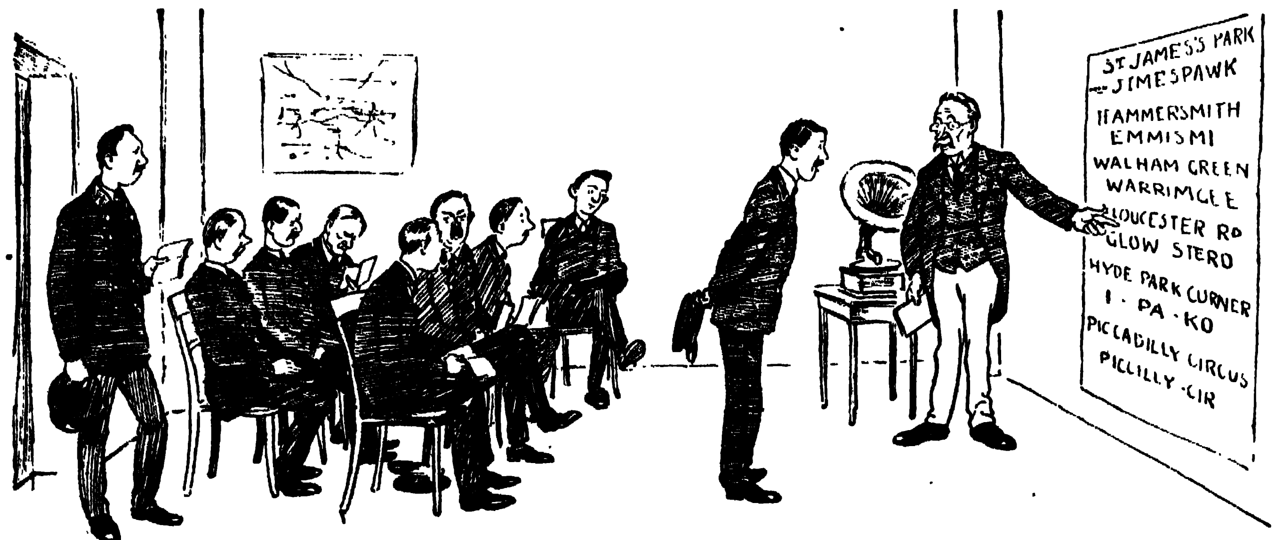
TO-DAY—4.10 p.m.

Guests. "I say, we're a bit late, I'm afraid. The motor broke down, or we'd have been here on the dot."
Hostess. "Better late than never. I dessay you'll find some partners; if not you'll have to dance with each other. Glad to have seen you—ta-ta."

UNKNOWN LONDON.



Expulsion of a member from a fashionable West-end club.



Conductors of underground railways learning the mispronunciation of the names of stations.

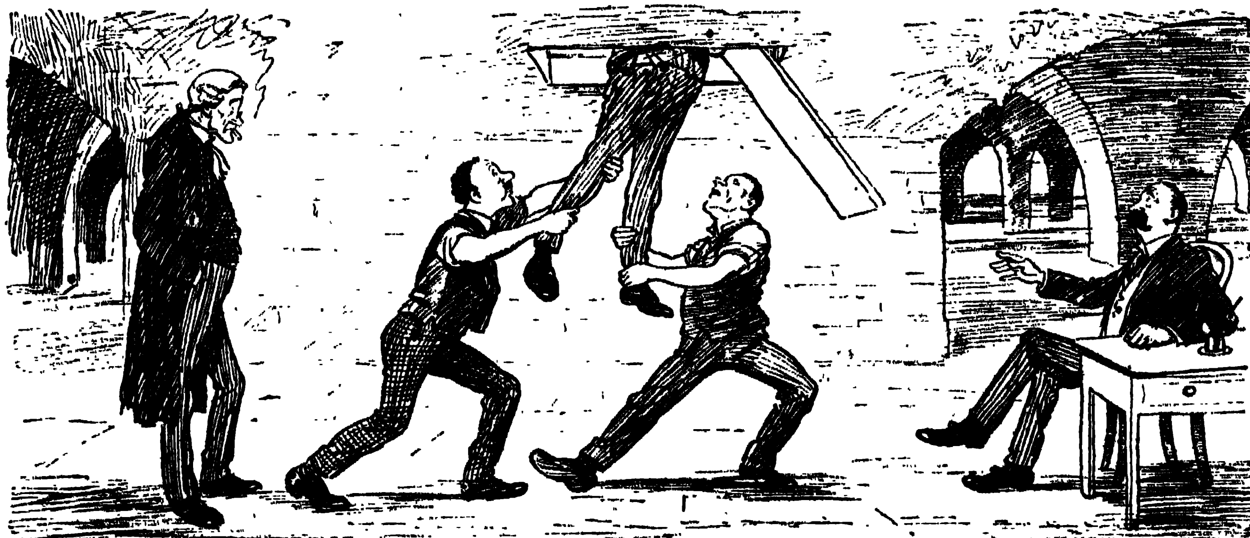


British Museum officials refusing to accept a collection.

UNKNOWN LONDON.



Back entrance to a large West-end emporium. Shop assistants suffer a reaction from their customary dignity.



The Catacombs at the Law Courts. Withdrawing a juror.



Inventors waiting to interview War Office authorities.

THE LITTLE SITTER.

[Reflections of a sportsman who is given a day off for golf in the midst of a series of mixed shoots.]



A TRUCE to blood! To-day with careless breast
The jocund cock shall laugh as though 'twere Juno;
The partridge gives his jumpy nerves a rest;
The pigeon wheel above his woods immune;
No feathered thing shall curse, in act to die,
My fatal gift of eye.

A truce to blood! To-day no squatting hare
On my account shall prick an anxious ear;
No rabbit, issuing from his earthy lair,
Review the scene to note if I am near:
No beater, as he hears my weapon's blast,
Regret his godless past.

All these, I say, shall have this one day off.
Yet not for their convenience alone
I take this little interlude of golf—
The game has pleasant features all its own;
Less sudden in its joys, it suits, I find,
My tranquil cast of mind.

Birds are so restive—always prone to flight.
Compare with them this sedentary ball
That waits upon my pleasure, sitting tight,
And not concerned about itself at all;
Making it optional for me to strike
Just when, and where, I like.

As, for example. . . Topped the thing! Tut, tut!
Yes, force of habit; must have swung too quick;
Mistook its whiteness for a coney's scut
And shot a bit ahead—a useful trick
With targets on the run, but not with those
That keep a firm repose.

So to 't again. . . Ah! hit the silly ground!
I took my eye off, did I? Then I erred
By sporting instinct; I have never found
Much good was done by dwelling on a bird.
Of course, a ball is different; as you say,
It wouldn't move away.

Now for another. . . That 's a fairish knock,
Full in the tail-piece. Mark him, mark him down!
A runner—in the gorse there. Where 's old Rock?
I hate this dog's work. . . Bang goes half-a-crown!
I might have laid a score of pheasants flat
For less expense than that.

* * * * * * *

[*After losing his temper and three more balls, the speaker resumes:*

Frankly, your golf is not a sportsman's game;
It hurts my finer British sense to hit
A stationary mark, too small and tame
To stand a chance against my strength and wit;
I do not care to strike at little things
With neither legs nor wings.

Match me with foes more mobile, more my size—
The raging hare, the rabbit on the prowl,
The partridge swooping under windy skies,
The savage duck and other desperate fowl—
That lend a larger scope for manly skill
Than yonder paltry pill.

O. S.



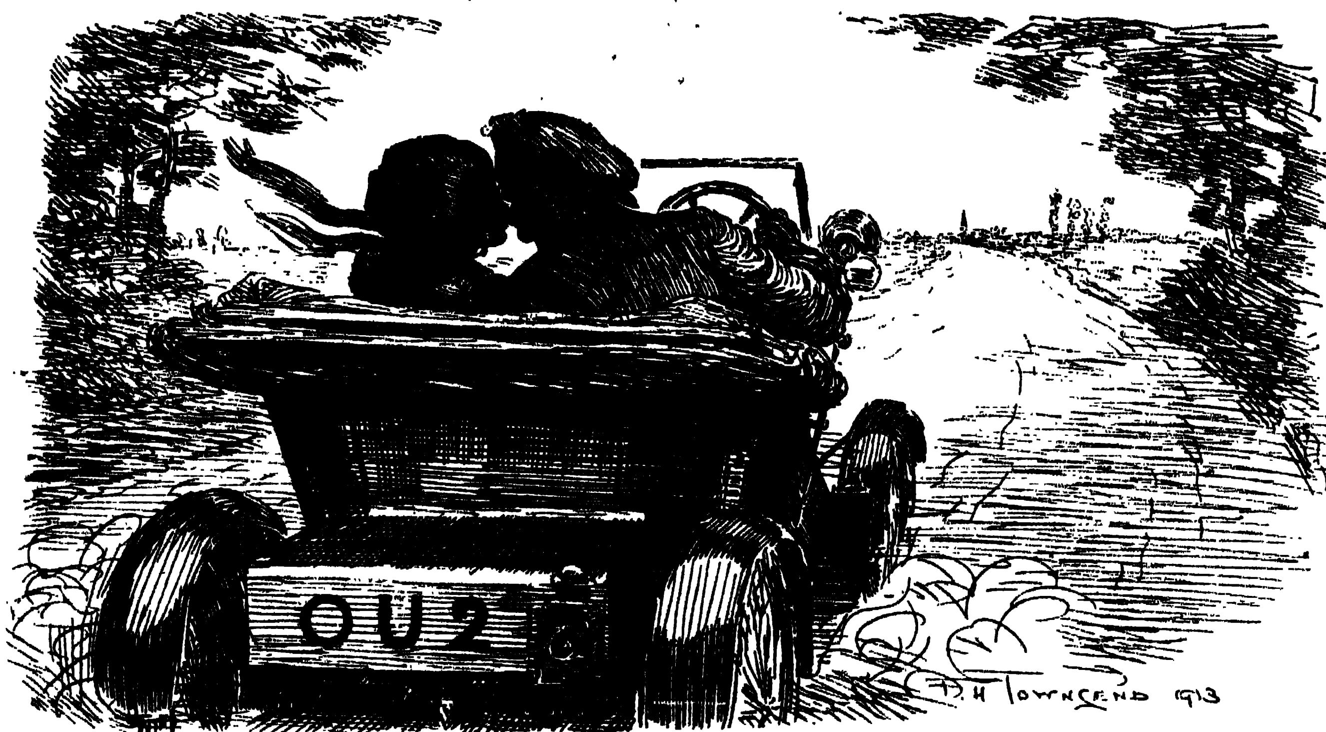


Family Ghost. "NOTHING—NOTHING WILL CLEANSE THESE HANDS OF THEIR AWFUL STAIN."

Mr. Ponks (*the soap millionaire—a guest*). "LOOK 'ERE, NAME YER FIGGER FOR ALWAYS ADDIN', 'EXCEPT PONKS'S SOAP—FIVEPENCE PER TABLET; BOX O' THREE, ONE SHILLIN'.'"



Stranger. "I DREAMT LAST NIGHT I WAS SITTING AT A TABLE COVERED WIV ROAST TURKEY, SAUSAGES, PIES, A LOVELY PLUM PUDDING AND FOAMING BEER IN JUGS. I WAS JUST GOING TO HAVE THE MEAL OF MY LIFE WHEN I WOKE!" *Policeman.* "WELL, WOT ARE YOU TELLIN' *ME* ABAHT IT FOR?" *Stranger.* "I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED THE SORT O' BLOKE WOT 'UD SYMPATHISE!"



AN INTELLIGENT NUMBER-PLATE.



LUCK AT THE RACES.

Gipsy. "LET ME TELL YER FUTURE, PRETTY GENTLEMAN."

Pretty Gentleman. "NO! CLEAR OUT OF IT. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW MY FUTURE."

Gipsy. "THEN LET ME TELL YER 'IDEOUS PAST!"



'Enry (finding broad hints of no avail). "LOOK 'ERE, 'ERBERT, TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, YOU 'RE *À PROPOS*! TWO 'S COMP..NY AND THREE 'S NONE."



Tender-hearted Lady. "I NEVER TAKE CAVIARE. I THINK IT SO CRUEL TO THE POOR GOOSE."



MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR.

SOME SIDE SHOWS.



Mr. Punch's Christmas Bazaar & Fancy Fair.



MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR.

THE *CAFÉ CHANTANT* AND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

THE HALO THEY GIVE THEMSELVES.

[NOTE.—*Mr. Punch* is in the extraordinarily fortunate position of being able to present to his readers a story specially written for him by MRS. FLORENCE BARCLAY (author of *The Broken Halo* and other imperishable works) and Mr. HALL CAINE (author of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* and kindred masterpieces) in collaboration. The meeting of the two famous writers took place at Bouverie Street, each of them expressing considerable surprise at hearing that the other wrote books also. After they had compared sales and methods of advertisement, they arranged that their new story for *Mr. Punch* should be written in alternate spasms. By an unfortunate error of judgment, however, the illustrations were left to an artist who had never read a word of either author in his life, and who insisted that it was much too late to begin now. Luckily the half-dozen drawings he sent in were such that they could easily be made to fit the text; and in the result *Mr. Punch* feels that the story is at least as well illustrated as the average story in the magazines.]

CHAPTER I.—SUNDAY MORNING.

(*MRS. BARCLAY begins.*)

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning. All nature browsed in solemn Sabbath stillness. The Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light was hurrying, somewhat late, to church.

Down the white ribbon of road the Virile Benedict of the Libraries came bicycling, treadling easily from the ankles. He rode boldly, with only one hand on the handle-bars, the other in the pocket of his white flannel cricketing trousers. His footballing tie, with his college arms embroidered upon it, flapped gently in the breeze. To look at him you would have said that he was probably a crack polo-player on his way to defend the championship against all comers, or the captain of a county golf eleven. As he rode, his soul overflowing with the joy of life, he hummed the Collect for the Day.

It was exactly opposite the church that he ran into the Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light. He had just flashed past a labourer in the road—known to his cronies as the Flap-eared Denizen of the Turnip-patch—a labourer who in the dear dead days of VICTORIA would have touched his hat humbly, but who now, in this horrible age of attempts to level all class distinctions, actually went on lighting his pipe! Alas, that the respectful deference of the poor toward the rich is now a thing of the past! So thought the Virile Benedict of the Libraries, and in thinking this he had let his mind wander from the important business of guiding his bicycle! In another moment he had run into the Little Grey Woman of the Night-Light!

She had seen him coming and had given a warning cry; for, though as a child she had been fond of horses, bicycles had always filled her with alarm. It was too late. The next moment he shot over his handle-bars; but even as he revolved through the air he wondered how old she really was, and what, if any, was her income. For since the death of the Little White Lady he had formed a habit of marrying elderly women for their money, and his fifth



"AS A CHILD SHE HAD BEEN FOND OF HORSES."

or sixth wife had perished of old age only a few months ago.

[*HALL CAINE* (waking up). *Who, pray, is the Little White Lady?*

MRS. BARCLAY. His first wife. She comes in my book, "The Broken Halo," now in its two hundredth edition

HALL CAINE (annoyed). *Tut!*]



"THEY WERE HAVING TEA IN THE GARDEN."

"Jove," he said cheerily, as he picked himself and her and his bicycle up, "that was a nasty spill. As my Aunt Louisa used to say to the curate when he upset the milk-jug into her lap, 'No milk, thank you.'" His brown eyes danced with amusement as he related this reminiscence of his boyhood. To the Little Grey Woman he seemed to exhale youth from every pore.

"What did your Aunt Louisa say when her ankle was sprained?" she asked with a rueful smile.

In an instant the merry banter faded from the Virile Benedict's brown eyes, and was replaced by the commanding look of one who has taken a brilliant degree in all his medical examinations.

"Allow me," he said brusquely; "I am a doctor." He bent down and listened to her ankle.

It did not take Dr. Dick Cameron's quick ear long to find out all there was to know. His manner became very gentle and his voice very low; and, though he continued to exhale youth, he did it less ostentatiously than before.

"I must carry you home," he said, picking her up in his strong young arms; "you cannot go to church to-day."

"But the curate is preaching!"

Dr. Dick murmured something profane under his breath about curates. He had, alas! these moments of irreverence; as, for instance, on one occasion when he had spoken of Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER's noble picture-play quite shortly as "Jos. Bros."

"I will carry you home," he said gently. "Tell me where you live, Little Grey Woman."

She smiled up at him bravely. "The Manor House," she said.

His voice became yet more gentle. "And now tell me your income," he whispered; and his whole being trembled with emotion as he waited for her reply.

[*MRS. BARCLAY. There! That's the end of the chapter. Now it's your turn.*

HALL CAINE (waking up). *I don't know if I told you that in my last great work of the imagination, in which I collaborated with the Bishop of London, I wrote throughout in the first person. Nearly a million copies were sold, thus showing that the heart of the great public approved of my method of telling my story through the mouth of a young*

and innocent girl, exposed to great temptation. I should wish, therefore, to repeat that method in this story, if you could so arrange it.

Mrs. Barclay. But that's easy. The Little Grey Woman shall tell Dr. Dick the story of her first marriage. I did that in my last book, "The Broken Halo," now in its two hundredth edition.

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]

Chapter II.—Under the Cedar.

(*Mrs. Barclay continues.*)

They were having tea in the garden—the Little Grey Woman and Dr. Dick. More than six months had elapsed since the accident outside the church, and Dr. Dick still remained on at the Manor House in charge of his patient, wishing to be handy in case the old sprain came on again suddenly. She was eighty-two and had twelve thousand a year. On the lawn a thrush was singing.

"How fresh and green the world is to-day," sighed Dr. Dick, leaning back and exhaling youth. "As the curate used to say to my Aunt Louisa, 'A delightful shower after the rain.'"

He laughed merrily and threw a crumb at the thrush with the perfect aim of a good cricketer throwing the ball at the wickets.

"My dear boy," said the Little Grey Woman, "the world is always fresh and green to youth like yours. But to an old woman like me——"

"Not old," said Dick, with an ardent glance; "only eighty-two. Mrs. Beauchamp, will you marry me?"

She looked at him with a sad but tender smile.

"What *would* my friends say?" she asked.

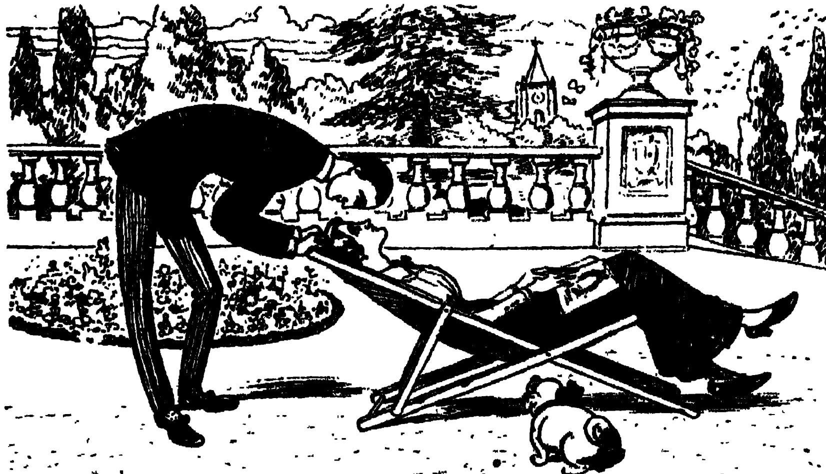
"Bother your friends."

"My dear boy, you would be considerably surprised if you could glance through an approximate list of the friends I possess to-day. Do you know that if I marry you I shall be required to make an explanation to several royal ladies—that is, if they graciously grant me the opportunity so to do."

"But I want your mon—I mean I love you," he pleaded, the light of youth shining in his brown eyes.

The Little Grey Woman looked at him tenderly. Their eyes met.

"Listen," she said. "I will tell you the story of my first marriage, and then if you wish you shall ask me again."



"Their eyes met."

Dr. Dick helped himself to another slice of cake and leant back to listen.

[*Mrs. Barclay. There you are. Now you can do Chapter Three.*

Hall Caine. Excellent. It is quite time that one got some emotion into this story. In "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million——

Mrs. Barclay. Emotion, indeed! My last book is already in its two hundredth edition.

Hall Caine (annoyed). *Tut!*]



"I shall never forget that evening."

Chapter III.—Mrs. Beauchamp's Story.

(*Mr. Hall Caine takes up the tale.*)

I have always had a wonderful memory, and my earliest recollection is of hearing my father ask, on the day when I was born, whether it was a boy or a girl. When they told him "a girl," he let fall a rough expression which sent the blood coursing over my mother's pale cheeks like lobster-sauce coursing over a turbot. My father, John Boomster, was a great advertising agent, perhaps the greatest in the Island, though he always said that there was one man who could beat him. He wanted a son to succeed him in the business, and in the years to come he never forgave me for being a girl. He would often glare at me in silence for three-quarters of an hour, and then, letting fall the same rough expression, throw a boot at me and stride from the room. A hard, cruel man, my father, and yet, in his fashion, he was fond of me.

It was not until I was eighteen that he first spoke to me. To my dying day I shall never forget that evening; nor his words, which bit themselves into my mind as a red-hot iron bites its way into cheese.

"Nell," he said, for that was my name, though he had never used it before, "I've arranged that you are to marry Lord Wurzel two months from to-day."

At these terrible words the blood ebbed slowly from my ears and my hands grew hot.

"I do not know him," I said in a stifled voice.

"You will to-morrow," he laughed brutally, and with another rough word he strode from the room.

Lord Wurzel! I ran upstairs to my room and flung myself face downwards on the bed. In my agony I bit a large piece out of the pillow. The blood flowed forward and backward over me in waves, and I burst every now and then into a passion of weeping.

By-and-by I began to feel more serene. I decided that it was my duty to obey my father. My heart leapt within me at the thought of doing my duty, and to calm myself I put on my hat and wandered into the glen. It was very silent in the glen. There was no sound but the rustling of the leaves overhead, the popping of the insects underfoot, the sneezing of the cattle, the

whistling of the pigs, the coughing of the field-mice, the roaring of the rabbits, and the deep, organ-song of the sea.

But suddenly, above all these noises, I heard a voice which sent the blood ebbing and flowing in my heart and caused the back of my neck to quiver with ecstasy.

"Nell!" it said.

It was the voice of my old comrade, Andrew Spinnaker, who had played with me in our childhood's days, and whom I had not seen now for eight years.

"Andrew!" I cried, as I turned round. "What are you doing here?"

"I am just off to discover the South Pole," he said. "My shipmates are waiting for me to command the expedition."

I noticed then for the first time that he was dressed in a seal-skin cap and a pair of sleeping bags.

"Nell," he went on, "before I go tell me you love me."

My heart fluttered like a captured bird; my knees trembled like a drunken spider's; my throat was stifled like a stifled throat. A huge wave of something or other surged over me and told me that the great mystery of the world had happened to me.

I was in love.

I was in love with Andrew Spinnaker.

"Andrew," I cried, falling on his startled chin, "I love you." All the back of my neck thrilled with joy.

But my joy was short-lived. No sooner had I become aware that I loved Andrew Spinnaker than my conscience told me I had no right to do so. I was going to marry Lord Wurzel, and to love another than my husband was sin. I shook Andrew off my lips.

"I love you," I said, "but I cannot marry you. I am marrying Lord Wurzel."

"That beast?" cried Andrew, in the impetuous sailor fashion which so endeared him to his shipmates. "When I come back I will thrash him as I would thrash a vicious ape."

"When will that be?"

"In about two months," said my darling boy. "This is going to be a very quick expedition."

"Alas, that will be my wedding day," I said with a low sob like that of a buffalo yearning for its mate. "It will be too late."

Andrew took me in his strong arms. I should not have let him, but I could not help it.

"Listen," he said, "I will start back from the Pole a day before my shipmates, and save you from that d-sh-d beast. And then I will marry you, Nell."

There was a roaring in my ears like the roaring of the bath when the tap is left on; many waters seemed to rush upon me; my hat fell off, and then deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.



"'I WILL . . . SAVE YOU.'"

To go through my emotions in detail during the next two months would be but to harrow you needlessly. Suffice it to say that seventeen times I flung myself face downwards on my bed and bit a piece out of the pillow, on twenty-nine occasions the blood ebbed slowly from my face, and my heart fluttered like a captured bird, while in a hundred-and-forty instances a wave of emotion surged slowly over my whole body, leaving me trembling like an aspen leaf. Otherwise my health remained good.



"I FELT LIKE A SHIPWRECKED VOYAGER."

It was the night before the wedding. The bad Lord Wurzel had just left me with words of love upon his lying lips. To-morrow, unless Andrew Spinnaker saved me, I should be Lady Wurzel.

"A marconigram for you, miss," said our faithful old gardener, William, entering the drawing-room noiselessly by the chimney. "I brought it myself to be sure you got it."

With trembling fingers I tore it open. How my heart leapt and the hot colour flooded my neck and brow when I recognized the dear schoolboy writing of my beloved Andrew! I have the message still. It went like this:

"*Wireless—South Pole.* Arrived safe. Found Pole. Weather charming. Blue sky. Not a breath of wind. Am wearing my thick socks. Sun never going down. Constellations revolving without dipping. Moon going sideways. Am starting for England to-morrow. Arrive Victoria twelve o'clock, Wednesday.—ANDREW."

Back on Wednesday! And to-morrow was Tuesday—my wedding day! There was no hope. I felt like a shipwrecked voyager. For the thirty-fifth time since the beginning of the month deep oblivion came over me and I swooned.

[*HALL CAINE. I think you might go on now. I have put a little life into the story. It is perhaps not quite so vivid as my last work, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," of which more than a million copies——*

MRS. BARCLAY. In the two hundredth edition of "The Broken Halo"——

HALL CAINE (annoyed). *Tut!*]

CHAPTER IV.—THE END.

(*MRS. BARCLAY resumes.*)

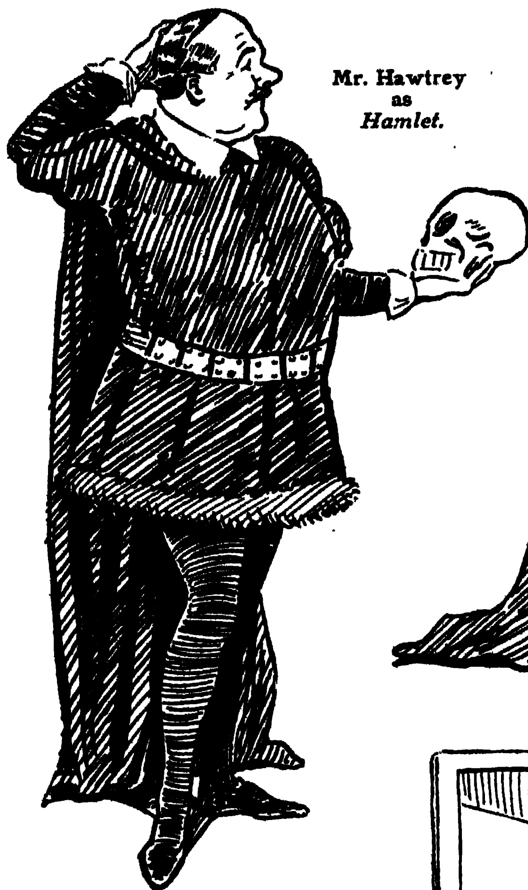
At this point in The Little Grey Woman's story, handsome Dr. Dick put down his third piece of cake and got up. There was a baffled look on his virile face which none of his previous wives had ever seen there. For once Dr. Dick was nonplussed!

"Is there much more of your story?" he asked.

"Five hundred and nineteen pages," she said.

The Virile Benedict of the Libraries took up his hat. Never had he exhaled youth so violently, yet never had he looked such a man. He had made up his mind. She was rich; but, after all, money was not everything.

"Good-bye," he said. A. A. M.



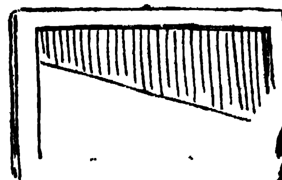
Mr. Hawtrey
as
Hamlet.



Miss Marie
Tempest
as
*Lady
Macbeth.*

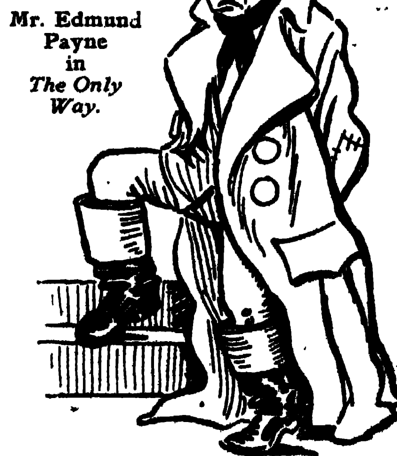


Mr. Norman
McKinnel
as
Romeo.





Miss Gertie Millar
as
Marguerite.



Mr. Edmund
Payne
in
*The Only
Way.*



Sir George
Alexander
as
*The Widow
Twankey.*

W. K. HASELDEN

OUT OF THEIR GROOVES.

Our Green Room Correspondent predicts that the coming dramatic year will be full of surprises. Some of our popular histrions are thinking of extending their repertories on unusual lines.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF TOWN.

(Why limit to a few weeks in the summer those healthy amusements which are so great a source of joy at your favourite holiday resort?)



IF YOU ARE SO FOND OF MIXED BATHING AT DEAUVILLE, WHY NOT DO IT IN THE ROUND POND?

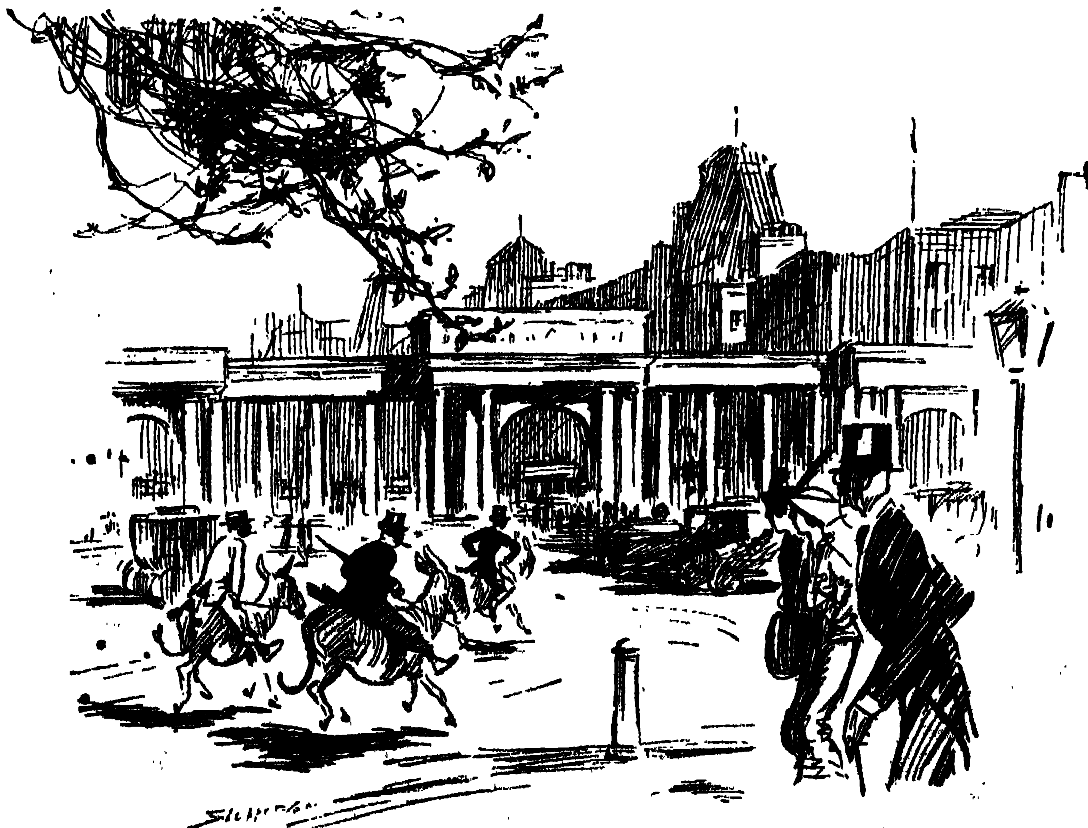


IF YOU REVEL IN PICNICS BY THE CRYSTAL WATERS OF LYN, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TRAFALGAR SQUARE?

THE POSSIBILITIES OF TOWN.



If your nautical instincts cannot resist the wooing of the waves at Cowes, why not listen to the call of the Serpentine?



If donkeys make the charm of Margate Sands, why not ride 'em to the City?

OUR CATALOGUE OF NOVEL PRACTICAL JOKES FOR FUNNY FELLOWS.





The Ever-growing Umbrella, with spring handle. Just the thing for narrow pavements. All you have to do is to press the knob. It adds to the fun if you lift the cross old gentleman's umbrella into the air.
Price, 5s., superior quality. Cheaper style, 10*d*.



Novelty Luncheon Basket, causes screeches of laughter. When the basket is opened it suddenly shoots out an assortment of monster snakes, coon babies and Jap squeakers. Very popular.
Small size, 2*s*. 6*d*. Large size, sufficient for four persons, 3*s*. 6*d*.



How do they think of these funny things?! The Growing Dog. Try this one to liven up a tea-party. You introduce your hostess's notice to your toy pug, and then



at the right moment you blow him out into a full-sized bull-dog. Very lifelike.
1*s*. 6*d*.; post free, 1*s*. 7*d*.



Absolutely the best value for money ever offered. The Elastic Strap for strap-hangers. Attach it to the rail and

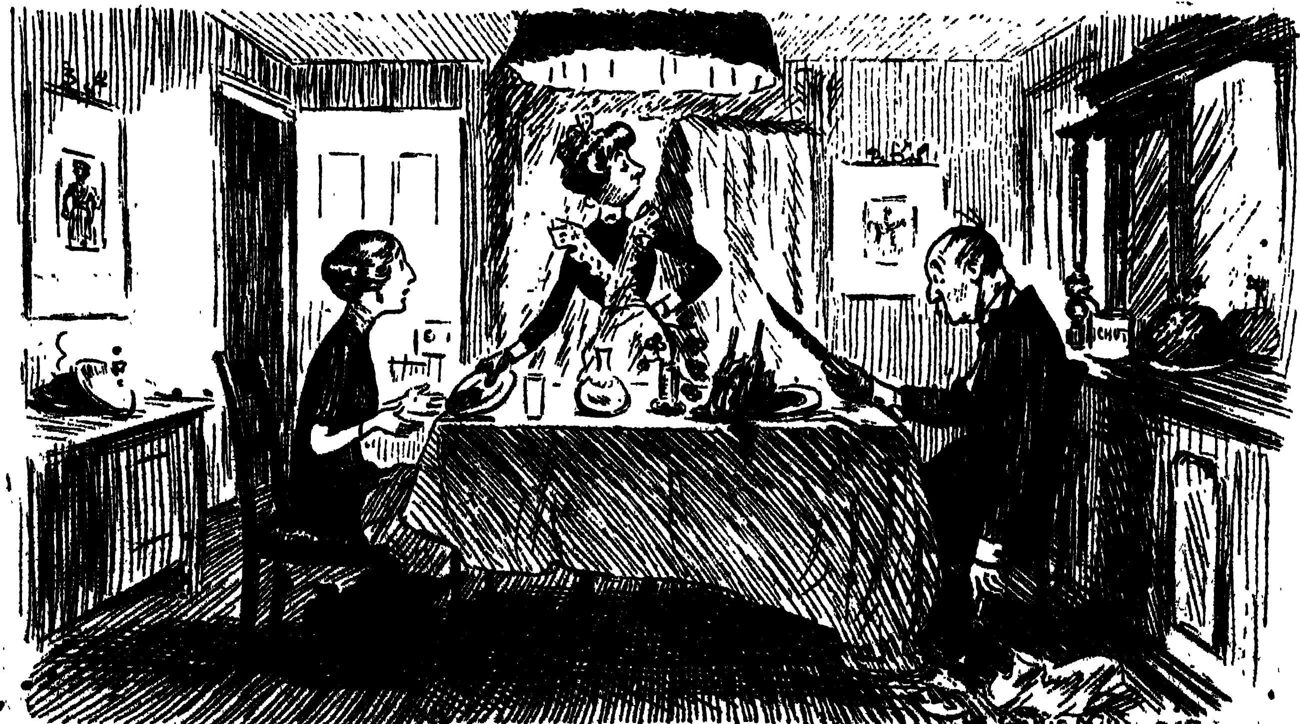


watch results. The joke of the season. You must have one; everybody will like you.
Price 6*d*.; worth 15*s*.

"EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST."



COLONEL AND MRS. CLIVE-SMYTHE'S CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.



THE SAME AT HOME ON RETIREMENT.

WANTED, A CINEMA ACTOR: MUST BE VERSATILE.



Able to portray stern relentless fathers;



also romantic lovers,



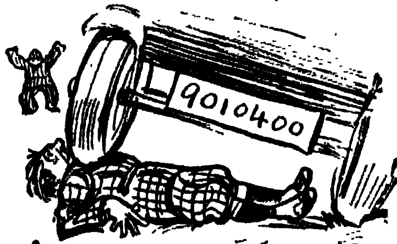
stony-hearted sheriffs,



and "crooks" who are not so bad as they are painted.



Should have a mobile face and able to make up as any of the above characters.



Must not mind the feel of rubber.



Should be a good boxer,



and a long-distance swimmer;



competent to suggest powerful emotion

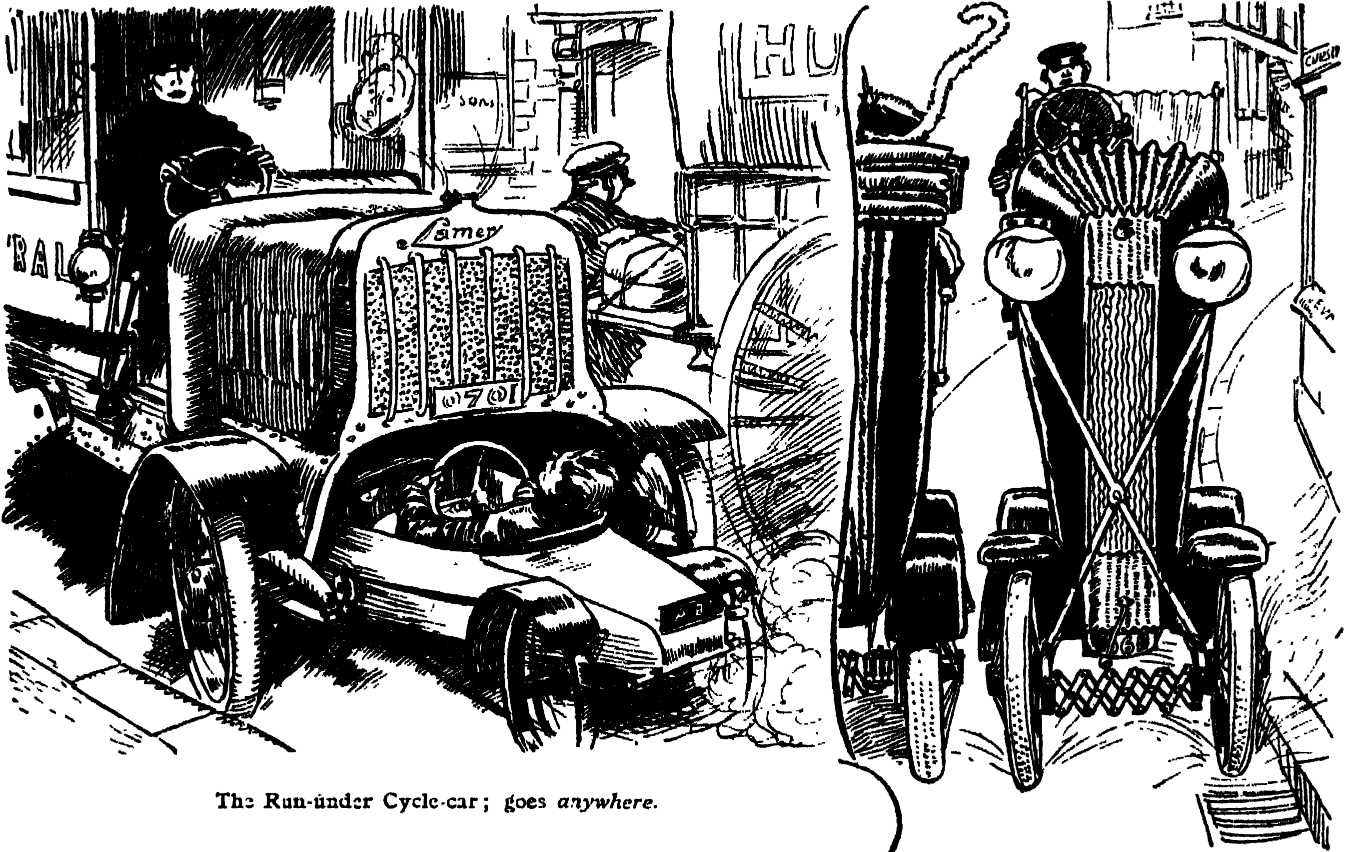


and pathetic tenderness,



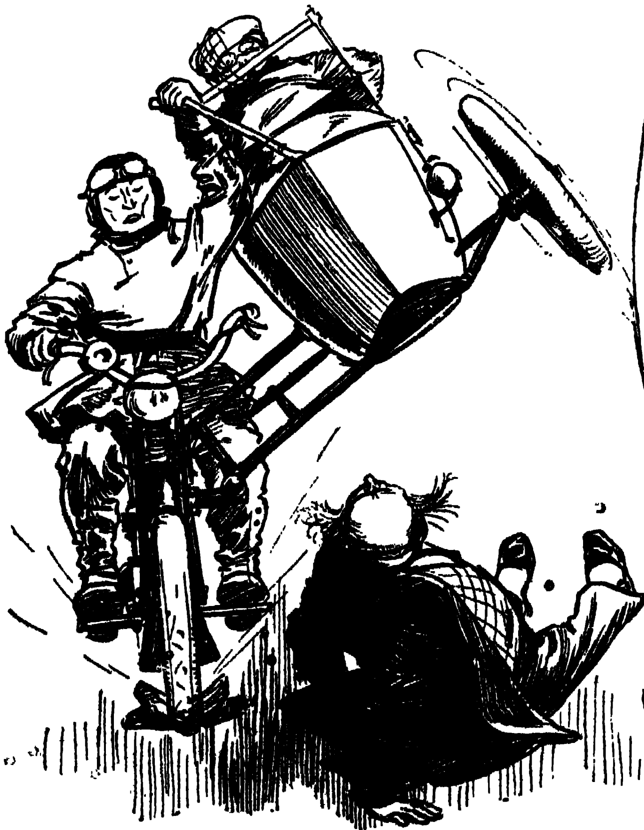
and capable of remaining indefinitely in awkward positions.

MR. PUNCH'S MOTOR TRAFFIC SOLUTIONS.

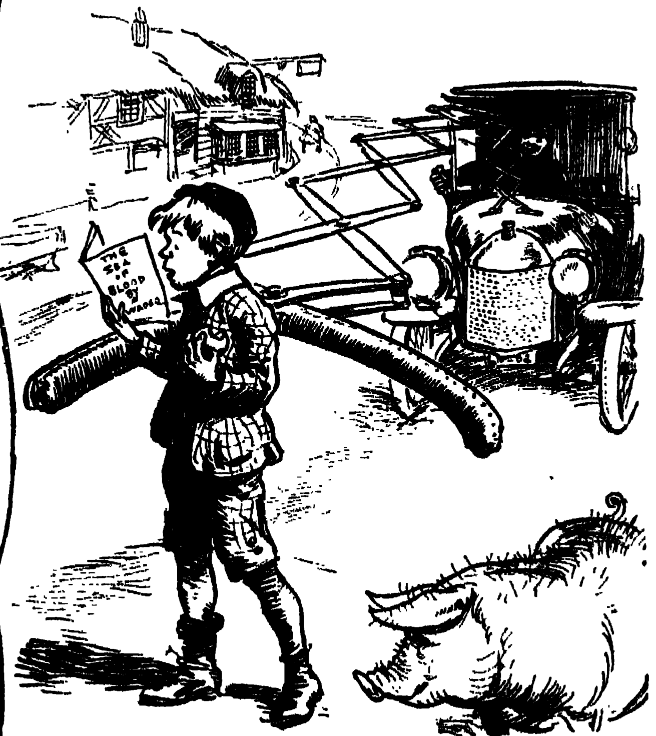


The Run-under Cycle-car; goes *anywhere*.

The Concertina Car.
For use in tight places.



The "Lift-up" Side Car.



The Expanding Cow-Pusher. Will shove off, anything.



First Thruster (*guiltily conscious of having rather pressed on hounds*). "Now we 're goin' to catch it; that 's the master comin', isn't it?" *Second Thruster* (*his host*). "It 's all right. We 've got two masters. That 's the one that supplies the money; the other supplies the language."



Huntsman (*of very slow harriers*). "'Old 'ard, please! Give 'em plenty of time."
Young Farmer. "Better 'urry up, Charles, or the 'are 'll be overlappin' you."



Hodge (to porter who has just been supplied with an artificial leg). "Eh! John! I 'eard as 'ow you'd lost your leg?"
John. "So I 'ave, man: you be quite right."
Hodge. "Well, I be main glad to see you ain't lost your foot as well."



Lady (to applicant for situation). "Well, now you quite understand that your duties are simply to wait on me?"
Girl. "Yes, M'm."
The Girl's Mother. "Oh, I think she'll do very well, Mum; and I'm pleased to think she'll 'ave a comfortable 'ome, for she's far from strong and do want such a lot o' looking after."



Fred. "OH, MUMMY, DO *PLEASE* ASK CISSY AND PUSS TO STOP BEING A RAILWAY ACCIDENT."

WINTRY FIRES.

LADY, having been engaged since May-day
  (Pity that the Spring should ever stop!)
Now the year's no longer in its heyday,
  Don't you think we'd better let it drop?

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly
  Turns to love, as doubtless you're aware;
In the Spring we wax exceeding sprightly,
  Due, no doubt, to something in the air.

Then, as was both natural and proper,
  We two met and, scorning all delay,
Vowed to wed, and neither cared a copper
  For the pregnant fact that it was May.

Summer came and, warming with the weather,
  Rarely was an ardour such as mine;
You'll recall that, take it altogether,
  For an English summer it was fine.

Summer turned to Autumn, and September
  Opened to the world her golden feast;
Quite a record month, as you'll remember,
  And my love, if anything, increased.

Honestly, I thought it was a sure case;
  Only, now the early Winter's come,
Lady, as in others', so in your case,
  I confess to getting rather numb.

Do not deem me fickle, dear, and faithless;
  Though the readjustment seems to be
Sudden—not to call it startling—natheless
  You can hardly put it down to me.

Love appears, for some unfathomed reason,
  Like a flow'r that ripens with the sun;
And, like everything that has its season,
  Withers when its little course is run.

That's what I conceive to be the matter;
  And I write, believe me, with regret;
For I own, with no desire to flatter,
  That you're quite the nicest girl I've met.

Still, farewell, or (put it less severely)
  Au revoir; I hope you'll keep the ring;
Snows are brief, and I, who loved you dearly
  Once, again may do so—in the Spring.

DUM-DUM.



Constable. "FOUND 'IM ON THE COMMON, MUM, A-DRILLIN' HOF AN HIMAGINARY HARMY!"

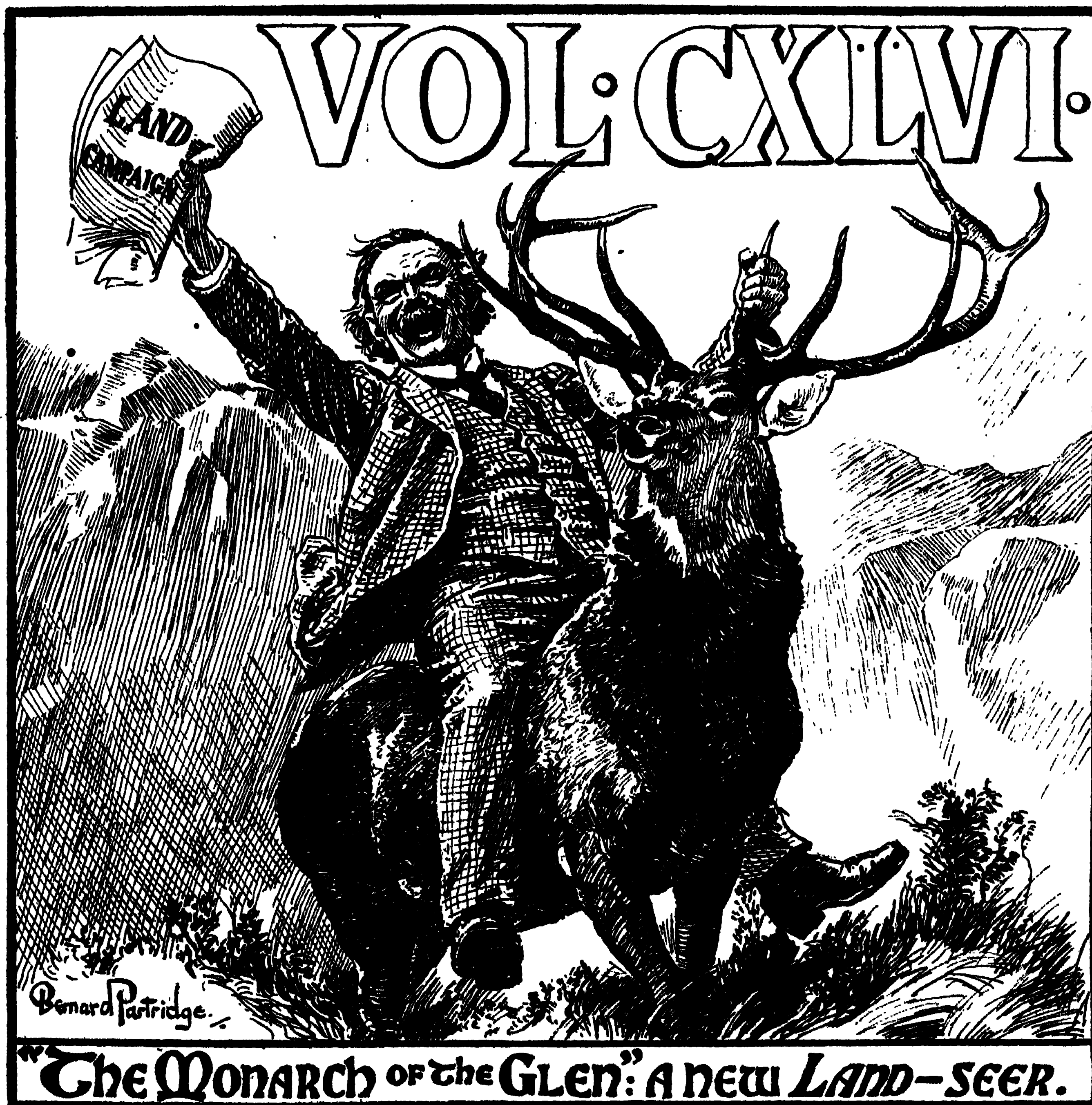


Bystander. "WHY DON'T YOU SEND TO MUDDIFORD? THEY'VE GOT A BRAND-NEW FIRE ENGINE."
Local Fireman. "NOT LIKELY! 'TAIN'T THEIR FIRE!"



THE THREATENED AGRICULTURAL MILLENNIUM.

Departing Year. "'Do I sleep, do I dream? . . . Or is visions about?'"



"The Monarch of the Glen": A new *Land-Seer*.

AMENDE DÉSHONORABLE.

HEAVILY dragged the night; the Year
Was passing, and the clock's slow tick
Boomed its sad message to my ear
And made me pretty sick.
"You have been slack," I told myself, "and weak;
You have done foolishly, from wilful choice;
Sloth and procrastination——" Here my voice
Broke in a squeak.

And deep repentance welled in me
As I mused darkly on my sin;
Yea, Conscience stung me, like a bee
That gets her barb well in.

"Next year," I swore, in this compunctious mood,
"I will be energetic, virtuous, kind;
Unflinching I will face the awful grind
Of being good."

I paused, half troubled by a thought—
Were my proposals too sublime?
Vowed I more deeply than I ought?
I glanced to see the time.
It was 12.10 A.M. At once a thrill,
A wave of manful resolution, sped
Through all my being. "Yes," I bravely said,
"*Next* year I will!"

A PLAY OF FEATURES.

[Being Sir George Alexander's production of *The Attack* at the St. James's.]

Scene — Alexandre Mérital's *house*.

Act I.

Daniel Mérital. My father is a wonderful man. Leader of the Social Party in the Chamber of Deputies, noted among his colleagues for his absolute integrity, supported by the millionaire newspaper proprietor, Frépeau, whose motives, between ourselves, are not altogether above — Oh, are you there, Father? I didn't see you. I'm just off to play tennis. [*Exit.*

Enter Renée de Rould.

Renée. Mr. Mérital, may I speak to you a moment?

Georges' Alexandre Mérital (*with characteristic suavity*). Certainly.

Renée. I love you. Will you marry me?

Mérital (*surprised*). Well, really—this is—I—you—we—er, he, she, they—— Frankly, you embarrass me. (*Apologetically*) This is my embarrassed face.

Renée. But I thought you loved me. Don't you?

Mérital. No. That is to say, yes. Or rather——

Renée (*tearfully*). I w-wish you could make it plainer whether you d-do love me and are pretending you don't, or you d-don't love me and are pretending you do. It's v-very unsettling for a young girl not to know.

Sir Georges Alexandre (*surprised and a little hurt*). Can't you tell from my face?

Miss Martha Hedman. This is my first appearance in England, Sir Georges.

Sir Georges. True. I was forgetting. Well, when you have been with us a little longer, you will know that this is my face when I adore anyone very much, but, owing to an unfortunate episode in my past life, am forced to hide my love.

Renée (*alarmed*). Your past *wife* isn't alive somewhere?

Mérital. Oh no, not that sort of thing at all. (*Embracing her carefully.*) I will marry you, Renée, but run along now because my friend Frépeau is coming, and he probably wants to talk business. [*Exit* Renée.

Enter Frépeau.

Frépeau (*excitedly*). Mérital, you are in danger. A scandalous libel is being circulated about you.

Mérital (*calmly*). Pooh! Faugh!

Frépeau. It is said that thirty years ago (*Alexandre's nose twitches*), when you were in a solicitor's office (*Alexandre's jaw drops*), you stole ninepence from the stamp drawer (*Alexandre's eyeballs roll*). Of course it is a lie?

Mérital (*with a great effort obtaining command of his features again*). Of course.

Curtain.

Act II.

Daniel Mérital. Father's face has been very odd these last few weeks. Sometimes I wonder whether he didn't steal the money after all. But we shall know after the libel action this afternoon. It starts at two. Oh, are you there, Father? I'm just going to see a man about something. [*Exit.*

Enter Frépeau.

Mérital. Ah, Frépeau, the man I wanted to see. (*Plaintively*) Frépeau, when you called on me in the First Act, don't you think you might have given some indication by the play of your features that it was *you* who originated this libel against me, and that you are my deadly enemy? The merest twitch of the ears would have been enough.

Holman Clark. I wanted it to be a surprise for the audience.

Sir Georges. Yes, but is that art?

Holman Clark. Besides, in real life——

Sir Georges (*amazed*). Real life? Good Heavens, Holman, is this *your* first appearance in England too?

Holman Clark (*annoyed*). Let's get on with the play.

Sir Georges. Certainly. Wait a moment till I've got my "strong-man-with-his-back-to-the-wall" expression. (*Arranging his face.*) How's that?

Holman Clark. Begin again . . . That's better.

Mérital (*sternly*). Now then, Frépeau! I must ask you to give instructions that the libel is withdrawn in court this afternoon. If not——

Frépeau. Well?

Mérital (*softly*). I know somebody else who stole something from the stamp drawer thirty years ago. (*Frépeau's whiskers tremble.*) Aha, I thought I'd move you this time.

Frépeau. It's a lie! How did you find out?

Mérital (*blandly*). I said to myself, "I am the hero of this play and I've got to get out of this mess somehow. If I could only find some papers incriminating the villain—that's you—all would be well." So I—er—found them. . . . It's no good, Frépeau. Unless you let me off, you're done.

Frépeau (*getting up*). Well, I suppose I must. But personally I'd be ashamed to escape through such a rotten coincidence as that. (*Making for the door.*) I'll just go and arrange it. Er, I suppose this is the end?

Sir Georges. The end? Good Heavens, man, I've got my big scene to come. I have to explain *why* Mérital stole the money thirty years ago!

Holman Clark (*eagerly*). Let me guess. His wife was starv——

Sir Georges. No, no, don't spoil it. (*Sternly*) It's a very serious thing, Holman, to spoil an actor-manager's big scene.

Curtain.

Act III.

Daniel Mérital. Father has won his case. I *am* glad. Oh, are you there, Father? I'm just going downstairs to count the telegrams. [*Exit.*

Enter Renée.

Renée. You have won the case? I knew it. I knew you were innocent.

Mérital (*nobly*). Renée, I am not innocent. I did steal that ninepence. I would have confessed it before, but I had to think of my family. (*Cheers from the gallery.*) Of course it would also have been unpleasant for *me* if it had been known, but that did not influence me. (*More cheers.*) I thought only of my children. Let me tell you now *why* I stole it.

Renée (*eagerly*). Let me guess. Your wife was starving—

Mérital (*astounded*). Wonderful! How ever did you know?

Renée. —and you meant to repay the money.

Mérital. More and more marvellous. Yes, Renée, that was how it was. But it hardly does justice to the affair. It is too short. I want to tell you the story of my *whole* life and then you will understand. Watch my face carefully and observe how it works; notice the constant movement of my hands; listen to the inflections of my voice. This is going to be the longest speech ever made by an actor-manager, and you mustn't miss a moment of it. H'r'm! Now then. (*Nobly*) I was born fifty-three years ago. My father . . .

Renée (*half-an-hour later*). I still love you.

Mérital (*with some truth*). What a love yours is!

Enter Daniel, Julien *and* Georgette Mérital.

Daniel. Father, we have a confession to make. For some time we doubted your innocence. Your face—well, you'd have doubted it yourself if you'd seen it.

Mérital (*taking his hand affectionately*). Ah! Daniel, I see I must tell you the story of my life. (*Excitement among the audience.*) And you too, Julien. (*Panic.*) Yes, and—little Georgette!

Safety Curtain.

A. A. M.



THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Coster. "SEE THAT, LIZ? THERE'S A COUNTRY FOR YOU!"



PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

(JONES IS NOT NATURALLY A GENEROUS MAN.)

THE ROMANCE OF A BATTLESHIP.

(*From the Navy League Annual of* 1916.)

I HAVE just returned (writes a Naval correspondent) from an interesting visit to the condemned battleship, *H.M.S. Indefensible*, which is now anchored off Brightlingsea, in the charge of retired petty-officer Herbert Tompkins and his wife.

The history of *H.M.S. Indefensible*, as gathered from the lips of her present curator, is so romantic as to be worthy of permanent record. In reply to my first question, "Whom did she belong to first of all?" Mr. Tompkins said, "Well, she was ordered first of all by the Argentine Republic, but, owing to a change of Government, they sold her to the Italians. I remember the launch at Barrow quite well," he said. "It was a mighty fine show, with the Italian Ambassador and his wife—the *Magnifico Pomposo*, they called her, I think it was—and there was speechifying and hurraying and enough champagne drunk to float her. That was just three years ago: a super-Dreadnought, they called her."

"Then how did the British Government get her?"

"Lor bless you, Sir, that didn't come for a long time yet. Yo see, Italy shortly afterwards made an alliance with Denmark, and, wishing to do the Danes a good turn, she arranged to sell them the *Magnifico Pomposo* at cost price—about three millions I think it was. But immediately afterwards the Russo-Chinese war broke out, and the Chinese offered the Danes four millions for the *Dannebrog*, as they had called her, so by the time the engines were put into her she had been re-christened the *Hoang-Ho*. But the war never came off: you remember that Mr. ROOSEVELT settled it by fighting a single combat with the Russian champion after he had been appointed President of China; so the Chinese leased the *Hoang-Ho* to the King of SIAM for four years at a million a year."

"Did she get out to Siam, then?"

"Oh no, Sir, no fear. The crew ran her on the Goodwin Sands on her trial trip, and there she stuck for a year. Before they got her off the Siamese had been released from their bargain by the Hague Tribunal, Mr. ROOSEVELT had resigned the Presidency of China for that of Mexico, and the new President sold the *Chulalongkorn* back to Great Britain. Of course by that time she was quite obsolete, so they called her the *Indefensible*, and put a nucleus crew on board for a few months. Then when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE became Prime Minister, they offered her to Canada as a gift; but the Canadians didn't like her name. And when Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL came back last month he decided that she was to be made a target; but last week I heard she was to be sold for scrap-iron."

"Then whom does she belong to now?"

"Well, Sir, some says she belongs to Canada, and others say she's British, and others say she belongs to Mr. CHURCHILL, but in a manner of speaking I think she rightly belongs to Mrs. Tompkins and me."

"On making enquiries at the Hospital this afternoon, we learn that the deceased is as well as can be expected."—*Jersey Evening Post.*

It would, of course, be foolish to expect much.

A NEW BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A HUNDRED years ago they had line engravings by CHARLES HEATH, and the long-necked, ringleted ladies looked wistfully or simperingly at you. I have several examples: *Caskets, Albums, Keepsakes.*

This book is different. The steel engravers have long since all died of starvation; and here are photographs only, but there are many more of them, and (strange innovation!) there are more gentlemen than ladies. For this preponderance there is a good commercial reason, as any student of the work will quickly discover, for we are now entering a sphere of life where the beauty of the sterner sex (if so severe a word can be applied to such sublimation of everything that is soft and voluptuous and endearing) is more considered than that of the other. Beautiful ladies are here in some profusion, but the first place is for beautiful and guinea-earning gentlemen.

In the old Books of Beauty one could make a choice. There was always one lady supremely longer-necked, more wistful or more simpering than the others. But in this new Book of Beauty one turns the pages only to be more perplexed. The embarrassment of riches is too embarrassing. I have been through the work a score of times and am still wondering on whom my affections and admiration are most firmly fixed.

This new Book of Beauty has a very different title from the old ones. It is called *The Pekingese*, and is the revised edition for 1914.

How to play the part of *Paris* where all the competitors have some irresistibility, as all have of either sex! Once I thought that Wee Mo of Westwood was my heart's chiefest delight, "a flame-red little dog with black mask and ear-fringes, profuse coat and featherings, flat wide skull, short flat face, short bowed legs and well-shaped body." But then I turned back to Broadoak Beetle and on to Broadoak Cirawanzi, and Young Beetle, and Nanking Fo, and Ta Fo of Greystones, and Petshé Ah Wei, and Hay Ch'ah of Toddington, and that superb Sultanic creature, King Rudolph of Ruritania, and Champion Howbury Ming, and Su Eh of Newnham, and King Beetle of Minden, and Champion Hu Hi, and Mo Sho, and that rich red dog, Buddha of Burford. And having chosen these I might just as well scratch out their names and write in others, for every male face in this book is a poem.

The ladies, as I have said, are in the minority, for obvious reasons, for these little disdainful distinguished gentlemen figure here as potential fathers, with their fees somewhat indelicately named; for there's a husbandry on earth as well as in heaven.

Such ladies as are here are here for their beauty alone and are beyond or below price. Their favours are not to be bought. Among them I note with especial joy Yiptse of Chinatown, Mandarin Marvel, who "inherits the beautiful front of her sire, Broadoak Beetle"; Lavender of Burton-on-Dee, "fawn with black mask"; Chi-Fa of Alderbourne, "a most charming and devoted little companion"; Yeng Loo of Ipsley; Detlong Mo-li of Alderburne, one of the "beautiful red daughters of Wong-ti of Alderburne," Champion Chaou Ching-ur, of whom her owner says that "in quaintness and individuality and in loving disposition she is unequalled" and is also "quite a 'woman of the world,' very *blasée* and also very punctilious in trifles;" Pearl of Cotehele, "bright red with beautiful back"; E-Wo Tu T'su; Berylune Tzu Hsi Chu; Ko-ki of Radbourne and Siddington Fi-fi.

Every now and then there is an article in the papers asking and answering the question, "What is the greatest benefit that has come to mankind in the past half century? The answer is usually the Marconi system, or the cinema, or the pianola, or the turbine, or the Röntgen rays, or the telephone or the motor-car. Always something utilitarian or scientific. But why should we not say that it was the introduction of Pekingese into England from China? According to an historical sketch at the beginning of this book, the first Pekingese were brought over in 1860, after the occupation of Pekin by the Allies. The first black ones came here in 1896, and now in 1914 there are thousands of these wholly alluring and adorable and masterful little big-hearted creatures in England, turning staid men and women into ecstatic worshippers and making children lyrical with cries of appreciation. The book before me is the finest monument yet raised to this conquering breed.



NEW SEASON'S NOVELTIES.
1. THE CAT'S-MEAT HAT-PIN PROTECTOR.
2. THE MUD-SPLASH VEIL.
3. THE THROAT CORSET.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

(*A Story of the Stone Age.*)

OF all the young bachelors in his tribe not one was more highly esteemed than Ug, the son of Zug. He was one of the nicest young prehistoric men that ever sprang seven feet into the air to avoid the impulsive bite of a sabre-tooth tiger, or cheered the hearts of grave elders searching for inter-tribal talent by his lightning sprints in front of excitable mammoths. Everybody liked Ug, and it was a matter of surprise to his friends that he had never married.

One bright day, however, they were interested to observe that he had begun to exhibit all the symptoms. He brooded apart. Twice in succession he refused a second help of pterodactyl at the tribal luncheon table. And there were those who claimed to have come upon him laboriously writing poetry on the walls of distant caves.

It should be understood that in those days only the most powerful motive, such as a whole-hearted love, could drive a man to writing poetry; for it was not the ridiculously simple task which it is to-day. The alphabet had not yet been invented, and the only method by which a young man could express himself was by carving or writing on stone a series of pictures, each of which conveyed the sense of some word or phrase. Thus, where the modern bard takes but a few seconds to write, "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it," Ug, the son of Zug, had to sit up night after night till he had carved three trees, a plesiosaurus, four kinds of fish, a star-shaped rock, eleven

different varieties of flowering shrub, and a more or less lifelike representation of a mammoth surprised while bathing. It is little wonder that the youth of the period, ever impetuous, looked askance at this method of revealing their passion, and preferred to give proof of their sincerity and fervour by waiting for the lady of their affections behind a rock and stunning her with a club.

But the refined and sensitive nature of Ug, the son of Zug, shrank from this brusque form of wooing. He was shy with women. To him there was something a little coarse, almost ungentlemanly, in the orthodox form of proposal; and he had made up his mind that, if ever he should happen to fall in love, he would propose by ideograph.

It was shortly after he had come to this decision that, at a boy-and-girl dance given by a popular local hostess, he met the divinest creature he had ever seen. Her name was Wug, the daughter of Glug; and from the moment of their introduction he realised that she was the one girl in the world for him. It only remained to compose the ideograph.

Having steadied himself as far as possible by carving a few poems, as described above, he addressed himself to the really important task of the proposal.

It was extraordinarily difficult, for Ug had not had a very good education. All he knew he had picked up in the give and take of tribal life. For this reason he felt it would be better to keep the thing short. But it was hard to condense all he felt into a brief note. For a long time he thought in vain, then one night, as he tossed sleeplessly on his bed of rocks, he came to a decision. He would just ideograph, "Dear Wug, I love you. Yours faithfully, Ug. P.S. R.S.V.P.," and leave it at that. So in the morning he got to work, and by the end of the week the ideograph was completed. It consisted of a rising sun, two cave-bears, a walrus, seventeen shin-bones of the lesser rib-nosed baboon, a brontosaurus, three sand-eels, and a pterodactyl devouring a mangold-wurzel. It was an uncommonly neat piece of work, he considered, for one who had never attended an art-school. He was pleased with it. It would, he flattered himself, be a queer sort of girl who could stand out against that. For the first time for weeks he slept soundly and peacefully.

Next day his valet brought him with his morning beverage a piece of flat rock. On it was carved a simple human thigh-bone. He uttered a loud cry. She had rejected him. The parcel-post, an hour later, brought him his own ideograph, returned without a word.

Ug's greatest friend in the tribe was Jug, son of Mug, a youth of extraordinary tact and intelligence. To him Ug took his trouble.

Jug heard his story, and asked to see exactly what he had ideographed.

"You must have expressed yourself badly," he said.

"On the contrary," replied Ug, with some pique, "my proposal was brief, but it was a model of what that sort of proposal should be. Here it is. Read it for yourself."

Jug read it. Then he looked at his friend, concerned.

"But, my dear old man, what on earth did you mean by saying she has red hair and that you hate the sight of her?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this ichthyosaurus."

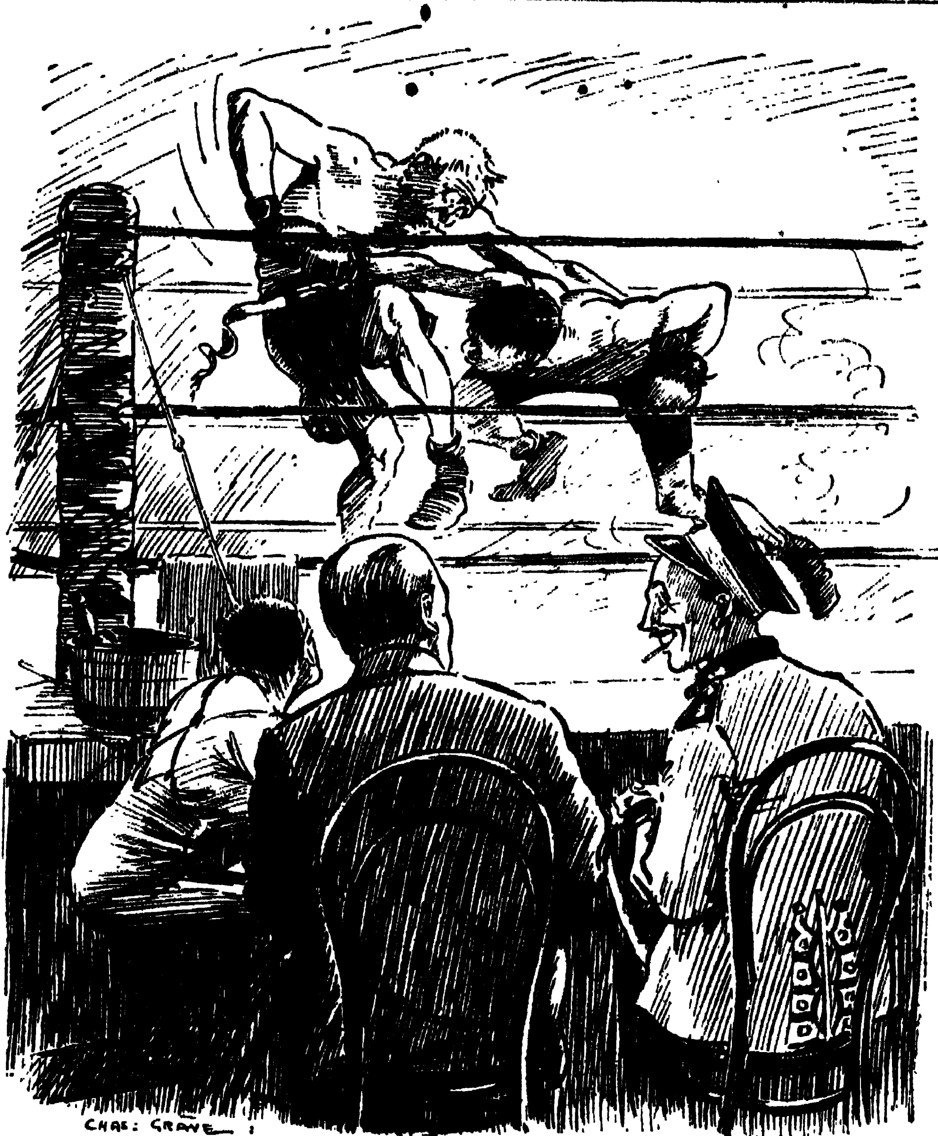
"That's not an ichthyosaurus. It's a brontosaurus."

"It's not a bit like a brontosaurus. And it *is* rather like an ichthyosaurus. Where you went wrong was in not taking a few simple lessons in this sort of thing first."

"If you ask me," said Ug disgustedly, "this picture-writing is silly rot. To-morrow I start an Alphabet."

* * * * *

But on the morrow he was otherwise employed. He was standing, concealed behind a rock, at the mouth of the cave of Wug, daughter of Glug. There was a dreamy look in his eyes, and his fingers were clasped like steel bands round the handle of one of the most business-like clubs the Stone Age had ever seen. Orthodoxy had found another disciple.



Scene—*An Army Boxing Competition.*

Civilian. "Rather a fearful man, that?"

Soldier. "Well, 'e ain't really very fearful. You see the big fellow's 'is sergeant an' this is the only chance 'e 'as of getting a bit of 'is own back."

CHARIVARIA.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON is to undertake a new expedition to the South Pole, and across the whole South Polar Continent. It is said that an offer from Dr. COOK, who happens to be over here, to show Sir ERNEST how he might save himself much wearisome travelling in achieving his object, has been rejected.

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Judge PARRY declares, in the current number of *The Cornhill*, that lost golf balls belong to the KING; and the ballroom at Buckingham Palace is, we understand, to be enlarged at once.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW is the latest addition to Madame TUSSAUD'S gallery of wax-works. But Mr. CHESTERTON must not be jealous. He too, we understand, will be placed there if room can be found for him.

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From some correspondence in *The Express* we learn that members of more than one savage tribe have a habit of standing on one leg. We see no objection to this at all, but we were bound to protest the other day, in a crowded train, when we came across a stout gentleman standing on one foot. The foot, we should mention, was ours.

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Of the late Mr. JOHN WILLIAM WHITE, who was only twenty-one inches in height, we are told that he was an ardent politician. Could he have been a Little Englander?

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Straws show which way the wind blows, and the fact that the first prize in the Christmas lottery at Madrid has been won in Madrid, and the second in London, is held by wiseacres to prove that there is a secret understanding between our country and Spain.

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The fact that France's Colonial Empire, which is already extensive, has been increased by the birth, during a volcanic eruption, of a new island in the New Hebrides, has caused some little irritation in Germany.

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The Lost Property department of Scotland Yard will, it is said, this year easily beat all previous records in the number of articles lost. But we English have always had the reputation of being good losers.

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It is announced that Miss PHYLLIS DESMOND, of the Gaiety Theatre, and Mr. C. R. FINCH NOYES, of the Royal Naval Flying Corps, were married secretly last June. As proving how difficult it is to keep a secret we believe that the fact has been known for some time past both to Miss DESMOND and Mr. NOYES.

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Special cinema productions depicting scenes of a sacred nature were provided by enterprising managers for the clergy during the holiday season. When one remembers that there is also *Who's the Lady?* running under distinguished episcopal patronage, the modern curate cannot complain that he is not well catered for.

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We congratulate *The Daily Mail* on finding a peculiarly appropriate topic for discussion at Christmas time. It was "Too Much Cramming."

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Thieves broke into the vestry during the service and stole the gold watch and chain which the minister preaching the Christmas sermon at Marylebone Presbyterian church had left there. The minister must be sorry now that he did not trust his congregation.

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Mr. GEORGE BAKER, of Brentwood, received a presentation the other day on completing his fiftieth year as a carol singer. He mentioned that once, at the beginning of his career, his carol party was broken up by an angry London householder, who fired a pistol-shot from his bedroom window. The modern Londoner, we fear, is decadent, and lacks the necessary spirit.

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Dr. MARY WILLIAMS, medical inspector of schools under the Worcestershire County Council, has discovered, as a result of investigations, that there is a higher proportion of nervous, excitable children among the red-haired ones than among the others. We have ourselves known more than one such lad lose all self-control merely upon being addressed as "Carrots."

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Is a motor-car, it is being asked, feminine—like a ship? A correspondent in *The Times* refers to her as a lady. Presumably because she wears a bonnet.

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A correspondent writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* asking whether there is anything in the idea that a large number of used penny postage stamps will enable a person to be received into a charitable institution. We have always understood that the collector of one million of these stamps is admitted into a lunatic asylum without having to pass the entrance examination.

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A lion from the bush, attracted by the roaring of its caged relatives in a circus at Wankies, South Africa, suddenly made its way into the menagerie. The beast was ultimately driven away by attendants armed with red-hot pokers, but five persons were seriously injured in the panic. The ticket-collector who let the animal in without payment has been reprimanded.

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Speaking of MEDWIN'S *Revised Life of Shelley* a critic says, in a contemporary: "He puts the well-known boats of Archimedes into blank verse." These boats were, we presume, fitted with ARCHIMEDES' famous screw?

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The Hindujah barrage on the Euphrates has now been completed by an English firm, and will provide water for the Garden of Eden. The structure, we presume, is a blend of the ADAM style with NOAH'S architecture.

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"TRAINING SHIP OFF THE EMBANKMENT" is a heading which attracts our attention. This seems a much better idea than having the vessel *on* the Embankment, where it would be in everyone's way.

THE LAST STRAW.

["The way in which individual taste is allowed to assert itself lends a curious charm to the present modes."—*Fashion Note.*]

THIS is the finish, Josephine.
Through every swift sartorial change
Constant and true my love has been,
Nor showed the least desire to range.
The hobble only brought to me
These thoughts with consolation laden:—
"Lo, this is Fashion's fell decree;
One must not blame the maiden.

"It is not hers this hideous choice;
She blindly follows Fashion's lead,
And deference to a ruling voice
Proclaims her just the wife I need.
Nought questioning, she answers to
That voice, as soldiers to a trumpet;"
And thus I choked the thought that you
Were barmy on the crumpet.

But now unhappy doubts intrude
To bid my satisfaction shrink;
For Fashion in a gracious mood
Allows her devotees to think.
Since for your present garb, it seems,
The mode is not to blame *in toto*,
This is the end of love's young dreams
(Dear, you may keep my photo).

"Of course, there is a dress parade, with some wonderful dresses, but if it had been only a parade it would not have been less interesting."—*Daily News.*

It would have been more interesting—but we hardly expected *The Daily News* to say so.

THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINERS.

Extract from Mr. Herbert Stodge's letter to his sister. "WE WERE GLAD TO HAVE OUR NEPHEW AND NIECE WITH US, BUT, FRANKLY, THEY ARE TOO SOLEMN.



"WE TOOK THEM TO THE PANTOMIME;



THEY CAME OUT GOLFING WITH US;



AND WE ALLOWED THEM TO SIT UP LATE,



BUT THE ONLY TIME THEY SMILED WAS WHEN THEY SAID GOOD-BYE."



AT OUR LOCAL FANCY CARNIVAL.

Individual in Tights. "I SAY, THIS PLACE IS BEASTLY WARM—I THINK I'LL CUT OFF HOME."
The One with the Scythe. "I THINK I WILL ALSO. I WONDER WHAT THE TIME IS?"

THE SUBSCRIPTION.

CHARLES, when our protest was lodged, merely replied that our favour of the 10th inst. was to hand, and that he really could not see his way to moving further in the matter. Let me explain the present extent of Charles's movement.

Miss Donelan, who ought to have known better, had allowed herself to be saddled with a thing called a Branch subscription list on behalf of the St. Nicholas New Year Offering.

Having exploited the probables and possibles she finally handed the document on to me with instructions to tout it round among my friends. (This is the sort of thing you get nowadays for placing your life at a young woman's disposal.)

Unfortunately I have no friends just now, except what I want to keep. While I was thus at a loss, Charles came to stay for a few days three doors off. He lives a long way away and would have time to forget before I saw him again. So on the day before his departure I bearded him like a man.

"Charles," I began, "you are fabulously rich. Your income comes in at such a pace that you hardly ever know within five shillings how much you have at the bank."

Charles blinked through the smoke of a violet-tipped cigarette.

"What about it?" he asked.

"This," I said; "I am, very reluctantly, offering you the chance of doing good. All you have to do is to sign your name here for anything up to a hundred pounds, and the good does itself. It is the Saint Nicholas New Year Offering."

"What does it do? asked Charles uncomfortably.

"Do?" I answered. "Why, I don't think it does exactly *do*. You see it's a New Year Offering."

"I see," said Charles "It doesn't do; it offers. Just like a Member of Parliament."

"I wish," I said, "instead of being funny at other people's expense you would be serious at your own, and tell me exactly how much I can put you down for?"

"There you go again," said Charles. "You want me to think of some definite amount on the spot. You know I hate thinking, and I hate definite amounts. And I loathe doing anything on the spot."

I looked at the subscription list. The last entry was:—

Major-General R. Hewland, £5 5s. 0*d*.

"You needn't do any thinking," I explained patiently. "You need only stick down exactly the same as the last man. And if you'll promise to do it I'll leave the list with you, and you can fill it in when you feel sufficiently off the spot."

"Exactly the same?" asked Charles.

"Exactly," I said, with rising hopes.

"All right," said Charles. "I'll let you have it some time."

Four days later, at Miss Donelan's urgent request, I wrote to Charles for it. It came in less than forty-eight hours.

Extract from conclusion of subscription list returned by Charles:—

Major-General R. Hewland, £5 5s. 0*d*.

Dinner-Table Topics.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE
GOING TO A WARMER CLIMATE."
Midland Evening News.

Another Accident to an Infinitive.

"It is good news to at last hear that progress is being made again towards healing the 'split.'"—*Nottingham Football Post.*

So far not much progress is visible.

"Lord and Lady Arthur Hill arrived at Maples yesterday from London."—*Observer.*

And Mrs. and Miss Tomkins (in pursuit of bargains) continue to arrive daily at Peter Snelbody's from Cricklewood.



THE SPLENDID PAUPERS.

FIRST TURKISH OFFICIAL (*presented with a photograph of the new Turkish Navy in lieu of six months' deferred pay*). "SO WE'VE GOT A *DREADNOUGHT*, HAVE WE?"

SECOND TURKISH OFFICIAL. "I DON'T KNOW WHO GETS THE DREAD, BUT I KNOW WE'VE GOT THE NOUGHT."

THE SPELL

whereby the Good People may be brought back to a house which they have deserted.

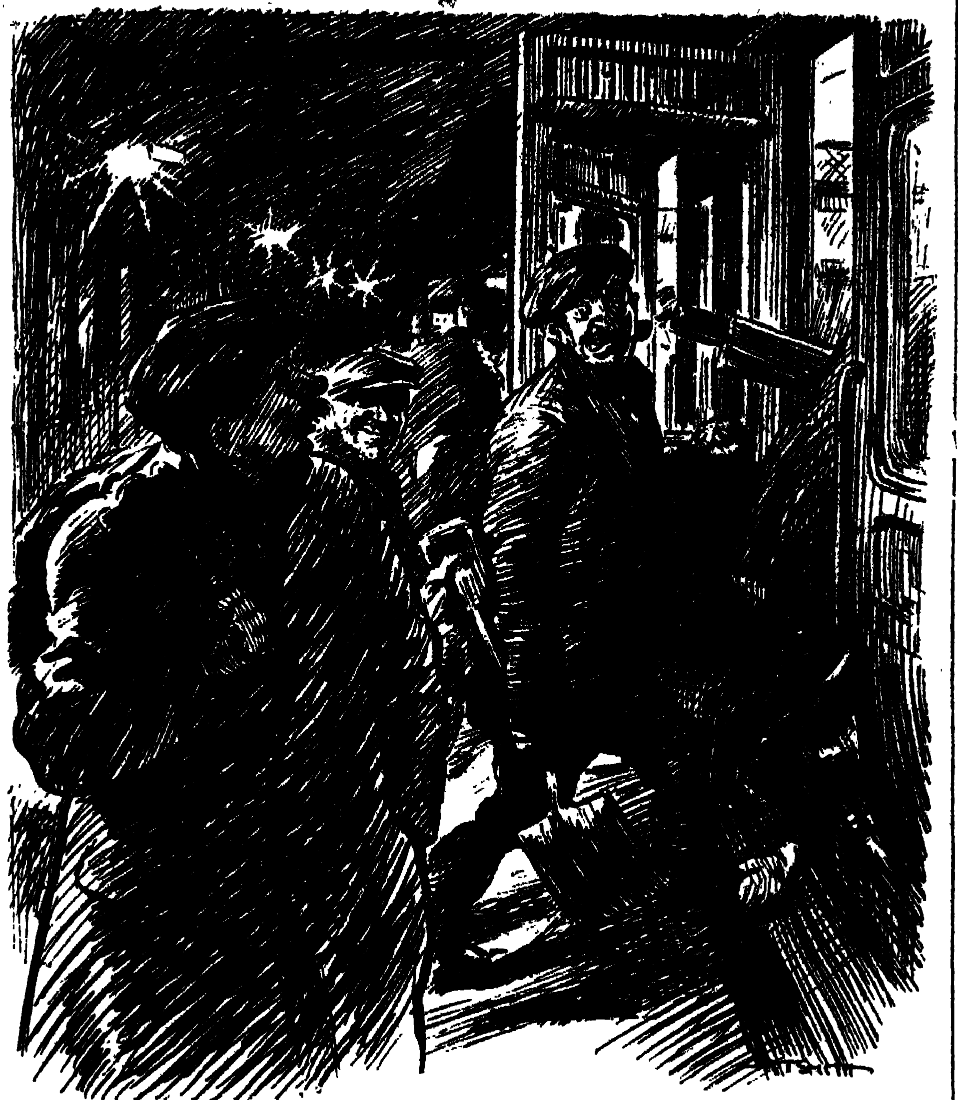
FAIRIES!—whatsoever sprite
Near about us dwells—
You who roam the hills at night,
You who haunt the dells—
Where you harbour, hear us!
By the Lady Hecate's might,
Hearken and come near us!

Though we greatly fear, alack!
Cloddish unbelief
Angered you and made you pack
To our present grief,
Hearts you shall not harden:
Bathe your hurts and come you back
Here to house and garden!

By the oak and-ash and thorn,
By the rowan tree,
This was done ere we were born:
Kith nor kin are we
Of the folk whose blindness
Shut you out with scathe and scorn,
Banished with unkindness.

Soo, we call you, hands entwined,
Standing at our door,
With the glowing hearth behind
And the wood before.
Thence, where you are lurking,
Back we bring you, bring and bind
With our magic's working.

Lo, our best we give for cess,
Having naught above
Handsel of our happiness,
Seizin of our love.
Take it then, O fairies!
Homely gods that guard and bless,
Little kindly *Lares.*



(5.35 *A.M. workman's train.*)

Bill. "'ULLO, 'ERB; GOT A JOB, THEN?"

'Erb. "I AIN'T GOIN' UP TO LON'ON FOR A TANGO LESSON, I GIVE YOU MY WORD."

WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF US.

The Daily Express having invited its readers to intimate their opinion of that journal, *Mr. Punch* decided also to give the grumblers a chance of saying what they think of his production, and he now publishes a typical selection of the letters which have reached him:—

SIR,—I gave up your journal many years ago on account of its partisanship, and never read it now. Only last week I came across a paragraph in my copy which made me throw the paper into the waste-paper basket.
Yours faithfully, VERITAS.

SIR,—Why is it you always favour the Tories?
Yours faithfully, WELSH MEMBER.

SIR,—If you continue to publish cartoons with a pronounced Radical bias I am afraid you will lose at least one OLD SUBSCRIBER.

SIR,—I object to the advertisements. I think it would be a good move if you were to drop these, increase the number of pages, and reduce the price to a halfpenny. In taking this course you would have the support of several influential members of my parish, in addition to myself.
Yours faithfully, A COUNTRY PARSON.

SIR,—What your paper needs is light relief. Could you not give us a little humour now and then?
Yours faithfully, A POPULAR WRITER.
P.S.—The last MS. you returned to me was very much crumpled. Please be more careful in the future.

SIR,—I think it a pity you publish jokes. In this age, when all things—even our dear Bishops—are considered fit subjects for jest, we could do with one serious-minded paper. Trusting you will think this over,
Yours faithfully, HITCHY KIKUYU.

SIR,—You should see our American comic papers. Yours faithfully,
WASHINGTON G. BUSTER.

SIR,—I find the blank pages at the back of the cartoons very useful for making notes on. Could you not extend this feature?
Yours faithfully, PROFESSOR.

SIR,—I think you would do well to cater more for women—who, after all, are a rising sex. A page each week devoted to modern fashions would not be at all out of place in your paper.
Yours faithfully, EVE.

SIR,—In my opinion your paper is the cleverest in the country—nay in the world. Nowhere else is such exquisite literary discrimination shown. I enclose a small contribution for your consideration, and am,
Yours faithfully, CONSTANT READER.

THE PAPER-CHASE.

I ARRIVED at home at three o'clock on a frosty afternoon. "Now," thought I, "I shall have a quiet time before tea and shall be able to write a few letters and start my article." It was a dream of usefully employed leisure, but it didn't last long.

I found the whole family, with the addition of a little boy-friend, gathered together in a very purposeful and alarming way in the library. There was about them an undefinable air of the chase, for they were all well-booted and belted, and Peggy had a large clasp-knife dangling at her waist. "It is for the hare," she said, "when we catch him."

"The hare?" I said. "What hare?"

"You," said the lady of the house cheerfully, "are to be the hare. You are to run till you are cooked, and then you will be caught."

"What madness is this?" I said.

"It's not madness a bit," said Helen indignantly. "It's a paper-chase."

"And I," said Rosie, "have torn up all *The Timeses*."

"And I," said John, who is not always sure of his tenses, though he is very voluble, "have tored up *The Daily Newses*."

"That's capital," I said with enthusiasm. "A paper-chase is the best fun in the world. I'll see you start and give you a cheer."

"You can't do that," said Helen firmly, "because we've settled that you're to carry the bag and be the hare."

"Come, come," I said, "this is an unworthy proposal. Would you chase your more than middle-aged father over the open country? Never. How could he look the village in the face if he were to be seen scattering little bits of paper from a linen bag? He would fall in their estimation and would drag you all with him in his fall. John," I said, "you would not have your father fall, would you?"

"It would make me laugh," said John, and the rest seemed to think that this callous remark settled the matter.

"Anyhow," I said, "I must have plenty of law."

"We won't have any law," said Helen, who is an intelligent child; "it's all quarrellings."

"Law," I said, "is the embodiment of human wisdom. In this case it means that I'm going to have ten minutes' start. Everyone of you must pledge his or her honour not to move until I've been gone ten minutes."

They made no difficulty about this, and, the lady of the house having appointed herself time-keeper and having promised to have a large tea ready for us when we returned, I was sent on my way with a bag of paper and many shrill shouts of encouragement.

Now I ask my colleagues in the parental business to consider my case. I daresay they fancy themselves as runners on the strength of their remembered boyish feats and of certain more recent runs when they have lingered too long over breakfast and have had to catch a train. I warn them not to build a paper-chase on so slender a foundation. A jog-trot seems the easiest thing in the world, but after two hundred yards the temptation to lapse into a walk becomes irresistible. I will dwell no further on my own experiences, but transfer myself in imagination to the hounds who were chasing me. Afterwards I heard so much of their exploits that I almost came to feel I had shared in their daring and been a party to their final success.

From the garden door the line led across the road and on to a track skirting the railway. This piece was taken at a brisk pace, the scent being breast-high. A sheet might have covered the whole pack. Then came a hairpin turn over the level crossing, a swing to the right and a steady trudge up the hill. Half-way up there were gates to the right and the left, and here the blown but wary hare had laid his first false trail. This unsuspected device roused the utmost indignation, and doubts were freely expressed as to its being legitimate. John was sent to the right to investigate; Peggy went off to the left, which proved to be the true trail, and in a very short time the dauntless five were once more in full cry. Rosie, who is a reader of books, afterwards said that no sleuth-hounds could have done the thing better. So by paths and ploughed fields and over gates and stiles the dreadful chase continued until there came another check. "These," said Helen, pointing to some pieces of paper, "are not newspaper. They are bits of letters." It was too true. *The Timeses* and *The Daily Newses* had given out, and the hare, omitting nothing that might lead to his destruction, had torn up all his available correspondence. It threw the pack out for a few minutes, but they rallied. In another hundred-and-fifty yards they ran into their hare, who, paperless and letterless, had taken refuge behind a tree and was ignominiously hauled out.



"TWELFTH NIGHT" (JAN. 6).

Mr. Lloyd George (as Malvolio). "Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused."—*Act IV., Scene 2.*

So ended our great Christmas paper-chase, an event which must remain justly celebrated both for the ardour with which it was undertaken and for the endurance with which it was pursued. What a chatter there was as we returned, what a narration of glorious incidents of pace, of skill and of cunning defeated by greater cunning. Falls there had been and shin-scrapes and the tearing of skirts and stockings, and legends were made up and told again and again. And at home the lady of the house had to hear it all once more, and the tea she gave us was voted the best in the world.

Copy of letter to Clerk of the Peace in reply to Jury Summons:—

DEAR SIR,—Your to hand re Sumons to Quarter Sessions on Jany 9/14

I beg to be excused from this as I have anf absess forming under a bad tooth and at the present time my face is very much swollen.

further that the 9th being a red letter day in my life being the day on which my dear wife passed away

and I have understood that all those over 60 year of age was exempt from these things. So I shall be extreemly obligid if you could free me this time answer by bearer will oblig your respectfully



AFTER A BAD DAY'S GOLF.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN."

CONTINENTAL INTELLIGENCE.

AN extraordinary domestic tragedy is reported from a remote province of Poland. A beautiful young woman, named Vera Alexandrina Polianowski, who had been married only about two years, was expecting the return home of her husband, a sailor. During his absence of five months a mournful calamity had befallen her in an affection of the larynx, which threatened to deprive her temporarily of the power to articulate. Realising her impending affliction, she had taught a grey parrot, which her husband had left with her, to exclaim repeatedly from just inside the door of her cottage, in joyous accents that bore no inconsiderable resemblance to her own once melodious voice, these touching words, "Enter, dearest Vladimir, and console me for my misfortune!"

It chanced, however, that before marrying Vladimir Polianowski, the sailor, Vera Alexandrina had had a lover in poor circumstances named Vladimir Crackovitch, whom, with the thoughtlessness of a beautiful young girl, she had encouraged to get rich as quickly as he could in America and then return to claim her as his bride. Vladimir Crackovitch had taken her at her word. With the silent determination of a great soul, he had amassed about a hundred thousand dollars in America in less than four years, and only two or three minutes before Vera Alexandrina's husband was due to arrive he himself stood at the cottage door with folded arms, asking himself if he should or should not enter and reproach Vera Alexandrina for her inconstancy.

His hesitation was suddenly overcome by the parrot. "Enter, dearest Vladimir, and console me for my misfortune!" it cried eagerly from within, and, not for an instant doubting that it was an invitation from the woman whom he still loved fondly in spite of her perfidy, and being unaware of her laryngeal affliction, he bounded into the house and hurried from room to room until he found Vera Alexandrina Polianowski.

But Vladimir, the sailor, had already in the meantime, from the top of an adjacent lane, beheld Vladimir Crackovitch at the door of his home, and, being a man of the most blindly passionate and jealous impulses, his next procedure may be imagined.

Several hours later a neighbour called at the cottage and discovered the three corpses in one sad heap: Vera Alexandrina Polianowski, shot through the breast; at her side, Vladimir Crackovitch, with a bullet in each eye; and, still clutching his revolver, Vladimir, the sailor, seated upon his grim cushion of the dead, his back supported against the wall under the domestic lamplit icon, with a smile of hellish satisfaction frozen upon his lips and the remaining three bullets buried in his heart.

The above is not necessarily a true story. It is a specimen of the small-print news with which the rather young Assistant Sub-Editor of *The Dullandshire Chronicle* (established 1763) is permitted, occasionally, to divert those of *The Chronicle's* subscribers who take an intelligent interest in continental affairs.

"You know the 'Tziganes,' don't you?—those marvellous gentlemen in red coats with sleek dark singlets, exotic complexions, and bold, rolling black eyes."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Strictly speaking, singlets, of whatever colour, should be worn *under* the coat.

THE HUNTSMAN'S STORY.

I HEARD the huntsman calling as he drew Threeacre Spinney;
He found a fox and hunted him and handled him ere night,
And his voice upon the hill-side was as golden as a guinea,
And I ventured he'd done nicely—most respectful and polite—
Jig-jogging back to kennels, and the stars were shining bright.

Old Jezebel and Jealous they were trotting at his stirrup;
The road was clear, the moon was up, 'twas but a mile or so;
He got the pack behind him with a chirp and with a chirrup,
And said he, "I had the secret from my gran'dad long ago,
And all the old man left me, Sir, if you should want to know.

"And he was most a gipsy, Sir, and spoke the gipsy lingos,
But he knew of hounds and horses all as NIMROD might have know'd:
When we'd ask him how he did it, he would say, 'You little Gringos,
I learnt it from a lady that I met upon the road;
In the hills o' Connemara was this wondrous gift bestowed.'

"Connemara—County Galway—he was there in 1830;
He was taking hounds to kennel, all alone, he used to say,
And the hills of Connemara, when the night is falling dirty,
Is an ill place to be left in when the dusk is turning grey,
An ill place to be lost in most at any time o' day.

"Adown the dismal mountains that night it blew tremendous,
A-sobbing like a giant and a-snorting like a whale,
When he saw beside the sheep-track ('Holy Saints,' says he, 'defend us!')
A mighty dainty lady, dressed in green, and sweet and pale,
And she rode an all-cream pony with an Arab head and tail.

"Says she to him, 'Young gentleman, to you I'd be beholden
If you'd ride along to Fairyland this night beside o' me;
There's a fox that eats our chickens—them that lays the eggs that's golden—
And our little fairy mouse-dogs, ah, 'tis small account they'll be,
Sure it wants an advertising pack to gobble such as he!'

"So gran'dad says, 'Your servant, Miss,' and got his hounds together,
And the mountain-side flew open and they rode into the hill;
'Your country's one to cross,' says he, and rights a stirrup-leather,
And he found in half-a-jiffey, and he finished with a kill;
And the little fairy lady, she was with 'em with a will.

"Then 'O,' says she, 'young man,' says she, ''tis lonesome here in Faerie,
So won't you stay and hunt with us and never more to roam,
And take a bride'—she looks at him—'whose youth can never vary,
With hair as black as midnight and a breast as white as foam?'
And 'Thank you, Miss,' says gran'dad, 'but I've got a wife at home!'

"Then, 'O, young man,' says she, 'young man, then you shall take a bounty,
A bounty of my magic that may grant you wishes three;
Come make yourself the grandest man from out o' Galway County
To Dublin's famous city all of my good gramarye?'
And, 'Thank you, Miss,' says gran'dad, 'but such ain't no use to me.'

"But he said, since she was pressing of her fairy spells and forces,
He'd take the threefold bounty, lest a gift he'd seem to scorn:
He'd ask, beyond all other men, the tricks o' hounds and horses,
And a voice to charm a woodland of a soft December morn,
And sons to follow after him, all to the business born.

And—but here we are at home, Sir. Yes, the old man was a terror
For his fairies and his nonsense, yet the story's someways right;
He'd the trick o' hounds and horses to a marvel—and no error;
And to hear him draw a woodland was a pride and a delight;
And—*was it luck entirely, Sir, I killed my fox to-night?*"

THE LITTLE WONDER.

THE crowd had gone, the lights had been extinguished, and the doors of the music-hall were shut. The Little Wonder was tired after the performance; his attempt to do the double somersault had strained him, and his failure had brought a whipping. Although the outhouse in which he was to lie was cold and damp and smelt horribly, he was glad when his master thrust him into it, and he was content to lie down in the straw and forget his misery in sleep.

He dreamt a beautiful dream. He dreamt that he was a master, and that he was presenting to a crowded audience what he had billed as "A Marvel of the Twentieth Century"—a performing man. The man was a creature with a pink face, oily hair, and a black moustache; and the Little Wonder, in his capacity as master, made the Marvel bark like a dog, whereat the audience yelped its approval. Then the collar of a member of the audience was handed on to the stage, while the Marvel was blindfolded, and, after sniffing the collar, he succeeded in tracking down its owner—like a dog again. And in whatever trick the Marvel did, the Little Wonder was close behind him, looking so friendly and threatening him with low growls at the same time. If the Marvel happened to remember for a moment his miserable condition and to look unhappy, his master would look still more kindly and threaten even more sternly. Then came the moment when the orchestra stopped suddenly, and the kettledrum rolled, and the eyes of the audience were fixed upon the Marvel. For this remarkable performing man was scratching in a tub of earth to find a bone—just like a real dog; and that was his greatest trick. When he had successfully performed it, his master (the Little Wonder) presented him with a twopenny cigar clothed in a flashy cummerbund, to show how generously he rewarded achievements. Then, as the curtain fell, he retired with many bows—and in the wings gave the Marvel a hot time for shirking the biscuit trick.

I question whether the Little Wonder in real life would have so ill-treated any creature; but things are different in dreams; and, as he slept, a smile seemed to come into the shaggy face of this little Irish terrier.

"In a fierce game at Ilfracombe yesterday morning several houses were partially unroofed, and an arcade blown in."—*Scotsman.*

Where was the referee?

RECORD RISKS.

(A Sequel to "Narrow Escapes.")

THE report that M. PADEREWSKI has been hunted by Nihilists out of Denver has suggested to the Editor of *The Musical Mirror* the happy thought of circularising a number of prominent musicians with a view to ascertaining the most dangerous experiences they have ever undergone.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE writes to say that the worst quarter of a minute he ever spent was while tarpon fishing off the coast of Florida, when a gigantic tarpon, weighing some 400 lbs., leaped into the boat with its mouth wide open. With great presence of mind the famous organist thrust into the monster's gaping jaws a full score of STRAUSS's *Elektra*, which he was studying between the casts, and the tarpon at once leaped out of the boat and was never seen or heard of again.

Madame MELBA's most perilous experience was on a tour in the Far East, when the liner in which she was travelling was caught by a tidal wave and hurled with enormous velocity towards the rocky coast of Sumatra. Noticing that a large whale was following the vessel, and remembering the peculiar susceptibility of these giant mammals to musical sounds, Madame MELBA sang the *scena*, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," with such persuasive force that the whale allowed itself to be made fast with a hawser and then towed the liner back safely into the open sea.

Mr. Bamborough (formerly M. Bamberger) recounted the episode, already alluded to in these columns, when he was partially eaten by cannibals in the Solomon Islands; but the details are too harrowing for reproduction, even in a condensed form. It is interesting to learn, however, that a punitive expedition was despatched by the British Government to avenge the insult, as a result of which Mr. Bamborough was awarded an indemnity of 1,000 bales of copra, 20 tons of sandalwood, and £3,000 worth of tortoiseshell.

Sir FREDERICK COWEN, in reply to the circular, states that the closest call he ever had was when adjudicating at a Welsh Eisteddfod. In consequence of an unpopular award he was besieged in his hotel by an infuriated crowd and only escaped by changing clothes with a policeman.

Professor Quantock de Banville relates how, while obtaining local colour for his new Choral Symphony, he was attacked by a gorilla in Central Africa, but tamed the mighty simian by the power of his eye.

In conclusion we may note that the only disappointing answer was received from Signor Crinuto, the famous pianist, who replied, "I have never had a close shave, and never intend to have one."



THE WEEK-END AND THE EXHAUSTED MIDDLE.

TIME—*Wednesday*, 4 P.M.

Client (to office-boy). "CAN I SEE MR. BROWN?"

Office-Boy. "AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END, SIR."

Client. "WHICH?" *Office-Boy.* "NEXT, SIR."

"A Christmas Tree Entertainment will be held in Pelican Lake schoolhouse on Tuesday, Dec. 23. Everybody welcome, no admission."—*Vermilion Standard* (Alberta. No relation to *The Sporting Times*).

You are at perfect liberty to hang about outside.

"No one can deny that it is essential London should have a thoroughly equipped ship hospital."—*Advt. in "Sphere."*

No footballer, anyhow.

From a General Knowledge (sic) Examination.

The Cat and Mouse Act is an Act by which a cat may not kill a mouse unless when necessary.

The Apocalypse is an ailment one has apolcalyptic fits.

Sea-legs are when you don't have legs but a tail.

The All Red Route is the human throat or swallow.

Ten instruments for an orchestra are banjo, pianola, concertina, mandoline, psalteries, shawms, bagpipes, bells to clash with, violins, and bassinette.

To die in harness means to die married.

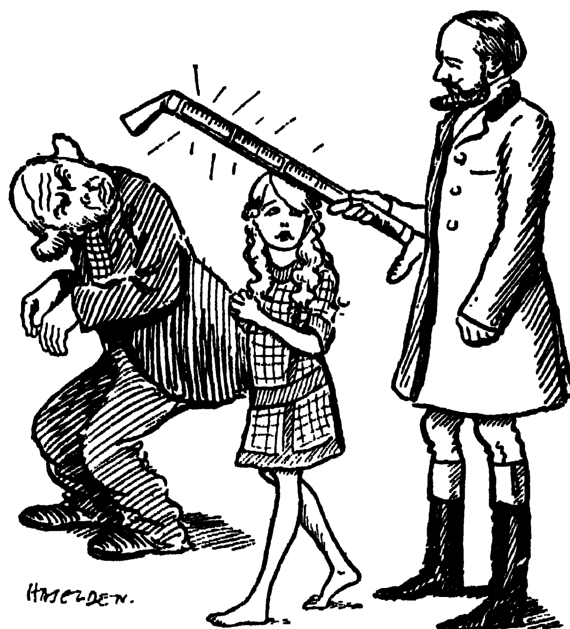
AT THE PLAY.

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL."

EMERSON says somewhere that there are great ways of borrowing; that, if you can contrive to transmute base metal into fine, nobody will worry as to where you got your base metal from. But, when it is the other way about, I think you must not be surprised if people ask you where you lifted your gold. And the answer, in the case of Miss ELEANOR GATES, is that the nuggets were the property of LEWIS CARROLL. She has taken the sprightly and fantastic humour of *Alice in Wonderland*, passed it through the alembic (if that is the word) of her American imagination, and the result is something that hardly lets you smile at all. It is not a typical product of native industry, but even that does not make it much easier for us to grasp the secret of its success over there. It would seem that nearly all Transatlantic humour, indigenous or adoptive, is apt, like certain wines, to suffer in the process of sea-transit.

Her "Poor Little Rich Girl" is poor because her parents are too rich. Her father is too busy with finance and her mother with social climbing to spare time for their daughter's company, so they leave her to the care of governesses and menials. Her nurse, anxious for an evening out at a picture-palace, gives the child an overdose of sleeping-mixture, with the result that she nearly dies of it. In the course of delirious dreams she finds herself in the "Tell-Tale Forest" (which threatens to recall *The Palace of Truth*), and here all the picturesque phrases which she has been in the childish habit of mis interpreting in their literal sense—"a bee in the bonnet," to "ride hobbies," "to play ducks and drakes," "to pay the piper," and so forth—are realised in human or animal form. With these are mixed the familiar figures of her waking life, all of them exposed in their true characters so that you can distinguish the devotion of the doctor (who now appears in pink because he likes riding hobbies) and the affection of the teddy-bear (now expanded to human proportions) from the serpentine nature of the governess and the double-faced dealings of the nurse. Her father, who is a stranger to her, comes on dressed in banknotes and chained to a safe; her mother, also a stranger, wears a society bee which buzzes in the place where her bonnet would have been;—and five samples of the fashionable world, where, as you know, everybody thinks the same thing at the same time, let off recitatives from time to time in unison. And there was much talk about "Robin Hood's Barn," a thing I was never told about at an age when I am sure it would have given me sincere pleasure.

Here and there the symbolism was obvious to the point of crudity; but you searched in vain for a consistent scheme. The father in his banknotes lashed to a ponderous safe was an easy personification of the slavery of wealth, and the pantomime ducks and drakes were simple to understand as symbolizing the career of a spendthrift (though the father was never that); but why, you asked, did the double-faced nurse exhaust all her spare moments and our patience pirouetting about the stage? Did she represent the levity of the dual life? Not at all: her actions bore no moral significance: she was just giving a literal illustration of a phrase—"to dance attendance."



WITH THE "TELL-TALE FOREST" HUNT.

The Hobby Rider (Mr. CHERRY) takes the temperature of *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (MISS STEPHANIE BELL).

The hound is Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE (*The Man who makes Faces*), well-known as *The Dog* in *The Blue Bird*.

I don't know how the children in the audience appreciated all this, but I confess that some of it left me wondering whether my intelligence was too raw or too ripe for the fancies of this Wonder-Zoo-Land.

The First Act, which showed the child's life at home, had fallen altogether flat; but the Third, in which she wakes in her pretty bedroom, restored from the jaws of death to her repentant parents, put us on better terms with ourselves, for we were not really hard to please. The sweetness of it was perhaps a little cloying, but it was all quite nice and sympathetic. Still, I am afraid I agreed more than I was meant to with the speech of pretty little Miss STEPHANIE BELL, when she told us before the curtain that they would cable to the author in America to say how glad we were that it was all over.

Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE, who was translated from an organ-grinder to a maker of faces, played very soundly, but seemed to me a little too deliberate and conscious in his speech. I found a more moving appeal in the slight pathetic sketch of an old faithful butler by Mr. GEORGE MALLETT. Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN might easily, with a little assistance from the author, have extracted a lot more fun from his Plumber. Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY had a simple and popular part as the good Doctor. Miss HELEN HAYE's cleverness was wasted on the character of a sinuous governess. Miss EVELYN WEEDEN did all that was asked of the mother in both worlds—the world of fancy and the world of fact. But, to speak truth, there was little attraction in the performance apart from the personality of Miss STEPHANIE BELL in the title *rôle*. If the play is to succeed—and its hope lies in the good temper and high spirits of holiday time—the author will owe most to the natural charm of this delightful young lady, who played throughout with a most engaging sincerity and ease. O. S.

"After fifty years of good conduct in the Ancona Penitentiary, the life sentence of Giacomo Casale has been remitted by King Victor Emmanuel. Casale's astonishment at the altered world in which he found himself on coming out of prison was unbounded. He immediately"—*Daily Express.*

Unfortunately our contemporary stops there, and leaves us all in an agony of doubt. Our own view is that CASALE bought the Mimosa Edition of a certain rival journal, and that the Editor of *The Express* only just censored the paragraph in time.

"The wireless station at Kamina, in Togo, German West Africa, has received a number of wireless telegrams from the station at Nauen, a distance of 3,348 miles. The Kamina station will not be able to reply until its new plant, which is being set up with the utmost speed, has been completed."—*Reuter.*

Indeed, the opinion is held by some that it would be quicker to reply by post.

"The prison buildings themselves are separated from this wall by a yard measuring twenty-five years across."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Of course a yard ought to measure thirty-six inches.



English Horse Dealer (to Irish horse dealer from whom he is buying a horse). "How 's he bred?"

Irish Dealer. "Well, how would ye like him bred? If he was for Sir Pathrick up at the castle he 'd be by Red Eagle out av an Asectic mare, but ye can suit yersilf."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If for nothing else, Mr. Jack London's latest story would deserve a welcome for its topicality. In these days of strikes and industrial conflict every one might be glad to know what a writer of his individuality has to say about unions and blacklegs and picketing. True, this is hardly the kind of thing that one has learnt to associate with his name; and for that reason perhaps I best liked *The Valley of the Moon* (Mills and Boon) after its hero and heroine had shaken the unsavoury dust of the town from their feet and set them towards the open country. But much had to happen first. The hero was big *Billy Roberts*, a teamster with the heart of a child and the strength of a prize-fighter —which was in fact his alternative profession. He married *Saxon Brown*, ("a scream of a name" her friend called it when introducing them to each other), and for a time their life together was as nearly idyllic as newly-wedded housekeeping in a mean street could permit it to be. Then came the lean years: strikes and strike-breaking, sabotage and rioting, prison for *Billy*, and all but starvation for *Saxon*. Perhaps you know already that peculiar gift of Mr. Jack London's that makes you not only see physical hardship but suffer it? I believe that after these chapters the reader of them will never again be able to regard a newspaper report of street-fighting with the same detachment as before, so vivid are they, so haunting. In the end, however, as I say, we find a happier atmosphere. The adventures of *Billy* and *Saxon*, tramping it in search of a home, soon make their urban terrors seem to them and the reader a kind of nightmare. Here Mr. London is at his delightful best, and his word-pictures of country scenes are as fresh and fine as anything he has yet done. *The Valley of the Moon*, in short, is really two stories—one grim, one pleasant, and both brilliantly successful.

It is perhaps a mistake to read a novel at a sitting, since the reaction is too sudden and the reader is apt to find the real life and the real people surrounding him highly unsatisfactory by contrast. Mr. James Prosper has reduced me to this state by *The Mountain Apart* (Heinemann), but it is my duty as critic to disregard my personal feelings and judge impartially between the fictitious and the actual. Duty, then, compels me to say that the *Mr. Henry Harding* who at the last solved all the difficulties of *Rose Hilton* by the simple expedient of a romantic proposal is a hollow fraud. The position was this: *Rose* was a woman of flesh and blood and all the human limitations, blessed and cursed with all the intricacies allotted by Providence to the sex. Her trouble was that she had to face life as it is, and this she found very trying. She suffered from her marriage to a man old enough to be her grandfather, and from her abortive grapplings both with the abstract problems of her soul and the concrete mischiefs of her female friends. The influence of Ibsen and a militant Suffragette didn't help her meditations, and when her husband died she had the mortification to find that the first man of her own age who professed love to her was no man but a series of artistic poses. Of her difficulties, real enough up to this point, the solution was the fraudulent *Henry*, fraudulent because he was just a stage hero whose actions and conversation resembled nothing on earth. *Henry*, in fact, is the sort of person that doesn't exist, and, if he did, would be intolerable to everybody except a novel reader worked up to a climax. I doubt if even such a reader could stand the fellow on a

longer acquaintance. To this conclusion all must come in their saner moments, and yet most will, I think, finish the book in one spell and be under the delusion at the end of it that all their troubles would be solved at once if only their friends would talk and conduct themselves more like *Henry*.

In *Theodore Roosevelt: an Autobiography* (MACMILLAN) the ex-President shows us how it was done: how he started life as a weakly lad and by perseverance made himself what he is to-day. But what is he? That is the insoluble problem. No two people, least of all Americans, seem to agree on the point. I have heard Mr. ROOSEVELT called everything from a charlatan to the Saviour of his Country. For myself, if I may intrude my own view, I have always admired the "Bull Moose." But, since nobody on this earth, in America or out of it, can really understand American politics, my respect has been for Mr. ROOSEVELT'S private rather than his public performances. And in the view that he is, take him all round, a pretty good sort of man, this book has confirmed me. He has told his story well. Nor is the Power of the Human "I" too much in evidence. It is just a simple, straightforward tale of a particularly interesting life. Whatever your views on Mr. ROOSEVELT may be, the fact remains that he has been a cowboy, a police commissioner of New York, a soldier on active service, and the President of God's Country, suh; and a man must have an unusually negative personality if he cannot make entertainment for us out of that. Now nobody has ever suspected Mr. ROOSEVELT of a negative personality; and it is certain that he has told a very entertaining story. There are in this volume battle, murder, sudden death, outlaws, cowboys, bears, American politics, and the author's views on the English blackbird, all handsomely illustrated, and the price is only what you would (or would not) pay for a stall to see a musical comedy. It 's a bargain.



IMPRESSION OF A FOOTBALL MATCH GATHERED FROM OUR ILLUSTRATED DAILY PAPERS.

Between the rising of the partisans of the Duchesse DE BERRI and the dawn of the Tractarian movement there would not seem, at first blush, to be any very close association apart from the coincidence of their dates; yet in *The Vision Splendid* (MURRAY), by D. K. BROSTER and G. W. TAYLOR, a link is furnished in the person of an English clergyman's daughter, who marries a Frenchman of the "Legitimist" aristocracy, and is loved, before and afterwards, by an enthusiastic disciple of the Oriel Common Room. But the link is too slight to give a proper unity to the tale; and we have to fall back upon contrasts. Even so, the two modes of life which made up, between them, the experience of the *Comtesse de la Roche-Guyon* (*née Horatia Grenville*) are too cleanly severed by the estranging Channel to be brought into sharp antithesis, except in the heart of the one woman. And, since it is difficult to understand why anyone so British in her independence and aloofness should have surrendered her heart to the first good-looking Frenchman who came her way, we never get to be on very intimate terms with that organ. The construction of the story tends to break up the action and make its interest desultory. While we are spending a hundred odd pages at one time and fifty odd at another in Paris and Brittany we forget, very contentedly, about Oriel; and while we are in residence at Oxford we are practically cut off—no doubt, to our spiritual gain—from the things of France. The authors seem to belong to the solid old-fashioned school that had the patience to spread itself and leave as little as might be to the imagination. I suspect one of them of supplying the foreign information and the other of being the correspondent on home and clerical affairs. I don't know how many of them—if any—are women, but I seem to trace a female hand in some of the domestic details. But the book contains strong matter, too—both of narrative and characterization; as in the dying of *Armand de la Roche-Guyon*, and the picture of his lover, *Madame de Vigerie*. And there is something of the inspiration of the Holy Grail in that "Vision Splendid" which heartens *Tristram Hungerford* to make sacrifice of his passion that he may give his soul unshared to the service of the Church.

Until I had read Mr. A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE'S book and revelled in his most wonderful photographs I had never wished to be a caribou; but now that I have fully digested *The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou* (HEINEMANN) there is only one animal whose lot in life I really envy. This is due not to a natural sympathy with caribous (for, as the author says, "In England it is quite the exception to find anyone who knows what the caribou is, unless he happens to have been to Newfoundland or certain parts of Canada," and I was never one of the exceptions), but to the extraordinary manner in which Mr. DUGMORE has imparted the affection that he himself entertains for his chosen beast. Although he shoots with no more formidable a weapon than a camera, the dangers and risks that he has run would appal many of the sportsmen whose aim is to destroy and not to study the lives of animals. He has, however, no contempt for hunters, provided that they will play the game and give a fair chance to their quarry. Another point in his favour, which appeals mightily to me, is that after nine consecutive seasons in Newfoundland he confesses that his knowledge of the caribou is still incomplete. This means that, when he does make an absolute statement, you may be pretty certain that it is true. If I ever have to argue about the habits of caribous, there is one shot that will remain in my locker until the very end of the argument, and it will be, "Well, DUGMORE says so."

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that the CHANCELLOR has, while in North Africa, been making a close study of camels, with a view to ascertaining the nature of the last straw which breaks their backs.

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It is denied that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in order to give a practical demonstration of his belief in the disarmament idea, has given instructions that all precautions against attacks on him by Suffragettes are to be discontinued.

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The Balkan situation is considered to have undergone a change for the worse owing to the purchase by Turkey of the Dreadnought *Rio de Janeiro*. For ourselves we cannot subscribe to this view. Is it likely that the Turks, after paying over £2,000,000 for her, will risk losing this valuable vessel in war?

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On the day of the marriage of the Teuton Coal-King's daughter to Lord REDESDALE's son last week there was snow on the ground. The Coal-King must have shown up very well against it.

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Sir REGINALD BRADE is to be the new permanent secretary at the War Office. Let's hope he has no connection with the firm of Gold Brade and Red Tape.

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It has been discovered that members of a certain Eskimo tribe have an extra joint in their waists. The news has caused the greatest excitement among cannibal tribes all over the world, and it is expected that there will be a huge demand for these people. Where there are big families to feed the extra joint will be invaluable.

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"OUR RESOLUTION IS TO GO FORWARD IN THE NEW YEAR."

advertises the London General Omnibus Co. A capital idea, this. Vehicles which simply go backwards are never so satisfactory.

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After one-hundred-and-fifty-years' careful consideration the War Office has given permission to the Black Watch and the King's Royal Rifle Corps to bear on their regimental colours the honorary distinction "North America, 1763–64," in recognition of services rendered during the war against the Red Indians.

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Not sixty people visited "La Gioconda" on one of the days after her return to Paris, when a charge of four shillings was made for admission, and, towards the end of the day, the smile is said to have worn a rather forced look.

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"Who are the best selling modern authors?" asks a contemporary. We do not like to mention names, but, as readers, we have been sold by several popular writers lately.

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We are not surprised that many persons are becoming rather disgusted with our little amateurish attempts at Winter. Thousands now go to Switzerland, and Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON is going even further afield. Meanwhile the Government does nothing to stem this emigration.



PANTOMIME FAUNA.

Extract from the note-book of the dramatic critic of "The Wampton Clarion":—

[Mr Clarence Tink delighted the audience with his truly life like representation of ~~wolf bear lion cat monkey~~ an animal of the furry tribe. The Pantomime ...

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The boxing craze among the French continues. M. VEDRINES, the intrepid aviator, has taken it up and been practising on M. ROUX's ears.

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The German CROWN PRINCE has become a member of the Danzig Cabinet Makers' Union. Later on he hopes to become a Chancellor-maker.

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Another impending apology? Headlines from *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"PNEUMONIA ON THE RAND.
DISCOVERY OF ITS CAUSE.
SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT'S
VACCINE TREATMENT."

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Could frugality go further? At the golden wedding celebrations of a Southend couple, a packet of wedding cake was eaten which had been put away on their marriage day in 1863.

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A soap combine, with a nominal capital of £35,000,000, is said to have been formed to exploit China, and the Mongols may yet cease to be a yellow race.

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The latest tall story from America is to the effect that some burglars who broke into the Presbyterian church at Syracuse, New York, stole a parcel of sermons.

YOUNG MOTHER'S SWAN-SONG.

["It was better for a young mother to start her new chapter unhampered: the less she knew the better it was for her."

Mrs. Annie Swan.]

How do you take a baby up?
What does it like to eat?
Do you put rusks in a feeding cup?
Have you to mince its meat?
Haven't I heard them speak of pap?
Isn't there caudle too?
How do you keep the thing on your lap?
Why are its eyes askew?
Is it a touch of original sin
Causes an infant to squall,
Or trust misplaced in a safety-pin
Lost in the depths of a shawl?
When do you "shorten" a growing child
(*Is* it so much too long)?
Should legs be lopped or the scalp be filed?
Both in a sense seem wrong.

"Kitchy," I think I have heard them say;
What shall I make it kitch?
"Bo" I believe in a mystic way
Frightens or soothes, but which?
Didn't I see one once reversed,
Patted about the spine?
Is it the way they should all be nursed?
Will it agree with mine?
Surely its gums are strangely bare?
Why does it dribble so?
Will reason dawn in that glassy stare
If I dandle it briskly? OH!!!
Grandmothers! Mothers! or Instinct, you!
Haste with your secret lore!
What, oh what shall I, what shall I do?
Baby has crashed to the floor!

"They adjourned to the Village Hall, where each child was presented with a parcel of suitable clothing."—*Tonbridge Free Press.*

Asbestos, no doubt.

A PRANCING PRUSSIAN.

(Showing how Colonel VON REUTER, *late of Zabern, appealed to his regiment to defend the honour of the Army. The following speech is based upon evidence given at the Strassburg trial.)*

My Prussian braves, on whom devolves the mission
To vindicate our gallant Army's worth,
Upholding in its present proud position
The noblest fighting instrument on earth—
If, in your progress, any vile civilian
Declines the homage of the lifted hat,
Your business is to paint his chest vermilion—
Kindly attend to that.

Never leave barracks, when you go a-shopping,
Without an escort loaded up with lead;
Always maintain a desultory popping
At anyone who wags a wanton head;
If, as he passes, some low boy should whistle
With nose in air and shameless chin out-thrust,
Making your scandalised moustaches bristle—
Reduce the dog to dust.

I hear a sinister and shocking rumour
Touching the native tendency to chaff.
If you should meet with specimens of humour
See that our soldiers get the final laugh;
Fling the facetious corpses in the fountains
So as the red blood overflows the brink;
Keep on until the blue Alsatian mountains
Turn a reflective pink.

Should any female whom your shadow touches
Grudge you the glad, but deferential, eye;
Should any cripple fail to hold his crutches
At the salute as you go marching by;
Draw, in the KAISER'S name—'tis rank high treason;
Stun them with sabre-strokes upon the poll;
Then dump them (giving no pedantic reason)
Down cellars with the coal.

Be on your guard against all people strolling
In ones or twos about the public square
Hard by your quarters; set your men patrolling;
Ask every knave what he is doing there;
And, if in your good wisdom you determine
To view their conduct in a dangerous light,
Bring the machine-guns out and blow the vermin
Into the *Ewigkeit*.

Enough! I leave our honour in your keeping.
What are your bright swords for except to slay?
Preserve their lustre; let me see them leaping
Out of their scabbards twenty times a day;
Unless we smash these craven churls like crockery
To prove our right of place within the sun,
Our martial prestige has become a mockery
And Deutschland's day is done!

O. S.

"The dancing, in the conventional bullet style, of Miss Sybil Roe, was quite good."—*Wiltshire Times.*

We confess that the bullet style is too fast for us.

"In all the best dress ateliers classic evening gowns are now being exhibited, and in many of these the lines of the corsage closely resemble the draperies to be seen on the Venus de Milo."

Daily Mail.

We must go and look at the Venus de Milo's corsage again.

THE NEW JOURNAL-INSURANCE.

[Several newspapers have been roused to a sense of their duties to their readers by the insurance competition between *The Chronicle* and *The Mail*. We make a few preliminary announcements of other insurance schemes which are not yet contemplated.]

VOTES FOR WOMEN.—A copy of the current issue nailed to your front door insures you absolutely against arson.

THE STAR.—All regular subscribers to *The Star* are insured with the proprietors of *The Daily News* for £1,000 in the event of being welshed on any race-course.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.—Annual subscribers to *The National Review* are guaranteed £10,000 in the event of being (*a*) robbed on the highway by a member of the present Ministry; (*b*) defrauded by a member of the present Ministry; (*c*) having house burgled by member of the present Ministry; (*d*) having pocket picked by member of present Ministry; always excluding any act or acts done by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in a strictly official capacity.

THE CHURCH TIMES.—All regular subscribers are insured for £500 against excommunication. £1,000 will be paid to the heirs or assigns of any reader who loses his head in a conflict with a Bishop (Deans, Rural Deans, Canons and Archdeacons being excepted from the benefit of this clause in the policy).

THE ENGLISH REVIEW.—Poetic contributors are insured for £500 in the event of a prosecution under the Blasphemy Laws.

THE DAILY EXPRESS.—You can sleep soundly in your bed, you can sleep soundly in your train, if the current issue of *The Daily Express* be on your person. All purchasers are insured for £10,000 against any conflagrations or explosions caused by bombs or combustibles dropped from German airships.

THE BRITISH WEEKLY.—All readers of *The British Weekly* are insured for £1,000 in the event of heart-failure caused by shock while reading the thrilling stories provided by SILAS, JOSEPH, TIMOTHY and JEREMIAH HOCKING.

THE RECORD.—£500 will be paid to any annual subscriber forcibly detained in a convent, provided that at the time of such detention a copy of the current issue of *The Record* be in his possession. £1,000 will be paid to the legal representatives of any reader burnt at the stake.

THE CRICCIETH CHRONICLE.—£3 a week for life, together with a poultry farm on a Sutherland deer-forest, to the owner of any shorn lamb which is found dead in a snow-drift with a copy of the current issue wrapt round it, to keep it warm.

The great world rolls on, but of the master-brains which direct its movement the man in the street knows nothing. He has never heard of the Clerk of the Portland Urban District Council; he is entirely ignorant of Army Order 701.

"Dear Sir" (writes the Clerk)—"A meeting of the Underhill Members of the Council will be held to-morrow (Saturday), at 8 o'clock p.m., in Spring Gardens (Fortuneswell) for the purpose of selecting a site for the Telegraph Post."

"With effect from 1st January, 1914" (says the Army Order) "rowigging of gun sponges will be done by the Ordnance Department instead of locally as at present."

"Inman was seen to greater advantage at yesterday afternoon's session in this match of 18,000 up, in Edinburgh, than on any previous day of the match, scoring 1,088 while Aiken was aggregating the mentally afflicted."—*Nottingham Guardian.*

One must amuse oneself somehow while the other man is at the table.



A SEA-CHANGE.

TORY CHORUS (*to* WINSTON). "YOU 'VE MADE ME LOVE YOU; I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT."



Amiable Uncle (doing some conjuring to amuse the children). "SEE, HERE I HAVE A BILLIARD BALL—I AM GOING TO TURN IT INTO SOMETHING ELSE." *First Bored Youngster (to second ditto).* "WHY SHOULD HE? IT'S A VERY NICE BALL."

WHAT TO TELL AN EDITOR.

IN view of *The Daily Mail's* praiseworthy efforts to instruct applicants for situations in the correct phrasing of letters to prospective employers, we propose to supply a similar long-felt want, and give a little advice as to the kind of letter it is desirable to enclose with contributions to periodicals.

Begin your letter in a friendly vein, hoping the Editor and his people are pretty well. Remember also that Editors like to know something of the characters and histories of their contributors. So let your communication include a *résumé* of your personal and literary career. Don't fall into the error of making your letter too concise.

The following suggestions may serve to indicate some of the lines of thought that you might follow:—

(1) State where you sent your first manuscript.

(2) What you thought of it, and of the Editor who returned it.

(3) Your height and chest measurement (an Editor likes to be on the safe side).

(4) State who persuaded you to take up literature, and give height and chest measurement of same.

(5) Give a short but optimistic description of your contribution, not to exceed in length the contribution itself.

(6) State whether literary genius is rife in your family or has been rife at any time since 1066.

(7) Give a list of journals to which you have already sent the enclosed contribution, and state your reasons for supposing that the Editors were misguided. Hint that perhaps, after all, their lack of enterprise was fortunate for the present recipient.

(8) Mention your hobbies and the different appointments you have held since the age of twelve, with names and addresses of employers. Also give your reasons for remaining as long as you did in each situation.

(9) State how long you have been a subscriber to the journal you are electing to honour, and whether you think it's worth the money. Point out any little improvements you consider desirable in its compilation, and mention other periodicals as perfect examples. Preface these remarks with some such phrase as this: "Pray don't think I want to teach you your business, but——"

(10) Give full list (names and addresses) of friends who have promised to buy the paper if your contribution appears.

(11) Give a brief outline, in faultless English, of your religious, political and police court convictions, your views on MR. LLOYD GEORGE, and any ideas you may have about the Law of Copyright.

Finally, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for the return of your article.

"It has always been supposed that Charles I. when Prince of Wales and travelling incognito with the Duke of Buckingham saw and fell in love with Marie Antoinette."

Not by us. We always supposed he fell in love with SARAH BERNHARDT.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

WE stood in a circle 'round the parrot's cage and gazed with interest at its occupant. She (Evangeline) was balancing easily on one leg, while with the other leg and her beak she tried to peel a monkey-nut. There are some of us who hate to be watched at meals, particularly when dealing with the dessert, but Evangeline is not of our number.

"There," said Mrs. Atherley, "isn't she a beauty?"

I felt that, as the last to be introduced, I ought to say something.

"What do you say to a parrot?" I whispered to Miss Atherley.

"Have a banana," suggested Archie.

"I believe you say, 'Scratch-a-poll,'" said Miss Atherley, "but I don't know why."

"Isn't that rather dangerous? Suppose it retorted 'Scratch your own,' I shouldn't know a bit how to go on."

"It can't talk," said Archie. "It's quite a baby—only seven months old. But it's no good showing it your watch; you must think of some other way of amusing it."

"Break it to me, Archie. Have I been asked down solely to amuse the parrot, or did any of you others want to see me?"

"Only the parrot," said Archie.

Evangeline paid no attention to us. She continued to wrestle with the monkey-nut. I should say that she was a bird not easily amused.

"Can't it really talk at all?" I asked Mrs. Atherley.

"Not yet. You see, she's only just come over from South America, and isn't used to the climate yet."

"Just the person you'd expect to talk a lot about the weather. I believe you've been had. Write a little note to the poulterers and ask if you can change it. You've got a bad one by mistake."

"We got it as a bird," said Mrs. Atherley with dignity, "not as a gramophone."

The next morning Evangeline was as silent as ever. Miss Atherley and I surveyed it after breakfast. It was still grappling with a monkey-nut, but no doubt a different one.

"Isn't it *ever* going to talk?" I asked. "Really, I thought parrots were continually chatting."

"Yes, but they have to be taught—just like you teach a baby."

"Are you sure? I quite see that you have to teach them any special things you want them to say, but I thought they were all born with a few simple obvious remarks, like 'Poor Polly,' or—or 'Dash LLOYD GEORGE.'"

"I don't think so," said Miss Atherley. "Not the green ones."

At dinner that evening, Mr. Atherley being now with us, the question of Evangeline's education was seriously considered.

"The only proper method," began Mr. Atherley—— "By the way," he said, turning to me, "you don't know anything about parrots, do you?"

"No," I said. "You can go on quite safely."

"The only proper method of teaching a parrot—I got this from a man in the City this morning—is to give her a word at a time, and to go on repeating it over and over again until she's got hold of it."

"And after that the parrot goes on repeating it over and over again until you've got sick of it," said Archie.

"Then we shall have to be very careful what word we choose," said Mrs. Atherley.

"What is your favourite word?"

"Well, really——"

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?" asked Archie.

"This is quite impossible. Every word by itself seems so silly."

"Not 'home' and 'mother,'" I said reproachfully.

"You shall recite your little piece in the drawing-room afterwards," said Miss Atherley to me. "Think of something sensible now."

"Yes," said Mrs. Atherley. "What's the latest word from London?"

"Kikuyu."

"What?"

"I can't say it again," I protested.

"If you can't even say it twice, it's no good for Evangeline."

A thoughtful silence fell upon us.

"Have you fixed on a name for her yet?" Miss Atherley asked her mother.

"Evangeline, of course."

"No, I mean a name for her to call *you*. Because if she's going to call you 'Auntie' or 'Darling,' or whatever you decide on, you'd better start by teaching her that."

And then I had a brilliant idea.

"I've got the very word," I said. "It's 'hallo.' You see, it's a pleasant form of greeting to any stranger, and it will go perfectly with the next word that she's taught, whatever it may be."

"Supposing it's 'wardrobe,'" suggested Archie, "or 'sardine'?"

"Why not? 'Hallo, Sardine' is the perfect title for a *revue*. Witty, subtle, neat—probably the great brain of the Revue King has already evolved it, and is planning the opening scene."

"Yes, 'hallo' isn't at all bad," said Mr. Atherley. "Anyway, it's better than 'Poor Polly,' which is simply morbid. Let's fix on 'hallo.'"

"Good," said Mrs. Atherley.

Evangeline said nothing, being asleep under her blanket.

* * * * *

I was down first next morning, having forgotten to wind up my watch overnight. Longing for company I took the blanket off Evangeline's cage and introduced her to the world again. She stirred sleepily, opened her eyes and blinked at me.

"Hallo, Evangeline," I said.

She made no reply.

Suddenly a splendid scheme occurred to me. I would teach Evangeline her word now. How it would surprise the others when they came down and said "Hallo" to her, to find themselves promptly answered back!

"Evangeline," I said, "listen. Hallo, hallo, hallo, hallo." I stopped a moment and went on more slowly. "Hallo—hallo—hallo."

It was dull work.

"Hallo," I said, "hallo—hallo—hallo," and then very distinctly, "Hal-*lo*."

Evangeline looked at me with an utterly bored face.

"Hallo," I said, "hallo—hallo."

She picked up a monkey nut and ate it languidly.

"Hallo," I went on, "hallo, hallo . . . hallo, *hallo*, HALLO, HALLO . . . hallo, hallo——"

She dropped her nut and roused herself for a moment.

"Number engaged," she snapped, and took another nut.

* * * * *

You needn't believe this. The others didn't when I told them. A. A. M.

From "Notes, Questions and Answers" in *T.P.'s Weekly*:—

"Author wanted, and where the whole poem can be found:—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I'll not ask for wine."

C. E. H.

[Herrick. A collected edition of the poems is published by J. M. Dent at 1s. net.—ED. N.Q.A.]"

Afterthought by ED. N.Q.A.: "At least I think it's HERRICK . . . or WORDSWORTH . . . but wait till the Editor comes back from Algiers. He's sure to know."

"Sir John Thornycroft kicked off in a football charity match at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, in which the combined ages of the players was 440 years."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

Why not?

"M. Timiriazeff, president of the Anglo-British Chamber of Commerce, followed with a speech."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We like his Anglo-British name.

WINTER SPORTS.

[*Some additional aspects of the fashionable topic that seem to have escaped the writers of similar articles in our contemporaries.*]

(I.)—BUYING THE HOTEL.

FOR this game several players are required, who form themselves into one or more parties according to numbers. A player, preferably a woman, is selected as leader, and should possess nerve, coolness, and an authoritative voice. The object of the game is to secure (1) The best rooms; (2) Tables with a view; (3) The controlling interest in all projects of entertainment. It is an important advantage for the leader to have stayed in the hotel at least once previously. If she is able to announce on arrival, "Here we are as usual!" and to greet the proprietor and staff by name, this often gives an initial blow exceedingly hard to parry. English visitors have been proving very adept at the sport this season, with Americans a good second. The German game, on the contrary, is slower and less subtle.

(II.)—SPOTTING THE PARSON.

An amusing game that has been very popular at many Swiss resorts lately, and one that calls for the qualifications of a quick brain and a keen eye. The universal adoption of sweaters and woollen caps makes the task of the players one of considerable difficulty. Envelope-reading should be forbidden by the rules, and some codes even debar the offering of a *Church Times* to a suspected stranger. The *Athenæum* and *Spectator* may, however, be freely employed as bait. A simpler version of the same sport called "HOW MANY SCHOOLMASTERS?" is often indulged in between December 20th and January 15th, after which latter date it loses its point.

Other games, seldom chronicled but requiring at least as much skill from their votaries as the better known varieties, are EARLY MORNING SKI-BAGGING—at which the Germans frequently carry all before them—and PRESSING THE PRESS-PHOTOGRAPHER, where the object of all the players is to appear recognizably in a snap-shot for the illustrated journals. At this the record score of three weekly and five daily papers has been held for two successive seasons by the same player, a gentleman whose dexterity is the subject of universal admiration.

THE WONDER ZOO.

CANADA has evolved a novelty described as a "new beef animal," which is a blend of the domestic cow and the North American bison. The resulting prodigy has the ferocious hump and shoulders of the bison, with the mildly benevolent face of the Herefordshire ox. It must not, however, be supposed that the old country is behind-hand in such experiments, as witness the following:—

Billingsgate salesmen have lately been supplied with advance copies of the new Codoyster fish. This epicurean triumph, which owes its existence to the research of several eminent specialists, is the result of a blend of the North Sea cod and the finest Whitstable native. The result is said to reproduce in a remarkable degree the succulent qualities of the original fish when eaten with oyster sauce, and caterers are sure to welcome the combination of these popular items in so handy a form.

Several fine examples of the Soho chicken have lately appeared upon the show benches at various important poultry contests. This ingenious creation, which has long been familiar to the patrons of our less expensive restaurants (hence the name), is said to possess qualities of endurance superior to anything previously on the market. Its muscular development is phenomenal, while the entire elimination of the liver, and the substitution of four extra drum-sticks for the ordinary wings and thighs, are noteworthy characteristics.

Success in another branch of the same endeavour is shown in the latest report of the Society for the Prolongation of Dachshunds. According to this the worm-ideal seems at last to be in sight, careful inter-breeding having now produced a variety called the Processional, selected specimens of which take from one to two minutes in passing any given spot. The almost entire disappearance of legs is another attractive feature.

Meanwhile Major-Gen. Threebottle writes from Oporto Lodge, Ealing, strongly protesting against any further complication of the fauna of these islands, and pointing out that the simple snakes and cats of our youth were already sufficiently formidable to a nervous invalid like himself without the addition of such objectionable novelties.



SCENE—*Interior of box at Fancy Dress Ball.*

Host of Party. "I SAY, BETTY, I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A CITY FRIEND OF MINE, *MR. JONES*."

Hostess (hospitably). "HOW D'YOU DO? OH, YOU'RE *AWFULLY* GOOD!"

Host (sotto voce). "TAKE CARE! HE'S NOT MADE UP AT ALL."

"Without warning, while the car was travelling at about fifteen miles per hour, the tyre of the front wheel burst."—*Scotsman.*

Our tyres are much better trained, and each of the four gives a distinctive cough before bursting.

"WAREHOUSEMAN (jun.), clothing dept., large corporation."
Advt. in "Glasgow Herald."

He should show off the new line in check waistcoats to the best advantage.

THE SECRET OUT.

AN INTERVIEW.

HE had a coarse confident face, a red nose, a Cockney accent and a raucous voice. He was dressed as a sluttish woman.

Directly I saw him I was conscious of a feeling of repulsion, which I fear my expression must have indicated, for he looked surprised.

"Why aren't you laughing?" he asked.

"Why should I laugh?" I asked in return.

"Because you are looking at me," he said. "I am accustomed to laughter the instant I appear."

"Why?"

"Because I am a funny man," he said.

"How?"

"I look funny," he said; "I say funny things; I draw a good salary for it. If I wasn't funny I shouldn't draw a good salary, should I?"

"You do draw it," I said guardedly. "Be funny now."

"'Wait till I catch you bending,'" he said with a violent grimace. "'What ho! 'Ave a drop of gin, ole dear?'"

"Be funny now," I repeated.

He looked bewildered. "I *was* being funny," he said. "I bring the house down with that, as a rule."

"Where?"

"In panto," he said.

"Oh!" I replied. "So you're the funny man of a pantomime, are you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Which one?"

"All of them," he said.

"Good," I replied. "I have long wanted a talk with you. There are things I want to ask you. Why, for instance, do you always pretend to be a grimy slum woman?"

"It seems to be expected," he said.

"Who expects it? The children?"

"What children?"

"The children who go to pantomimes," I said.

"Oh, those! Well, they laugh," he replied evasively.

"They like to see you quarrelling with your husband and getting drunk?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to hear you, as an Ugly Sister in *Cinderella*, singing 'Father's on the booze again; mother's off her chump'?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you as the wife of Ali Baba, finding pawntickets in your husband's pockets and charging him with spending his money on flappers?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as The Widow Twankay, visit a race meeting and get welshed and have your clothes torn off?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as Dick Whittington's mother, telling the cat that, if he must eat onions, at any rate he can refrain from kissing her?"

"They laugh," he said.

"They like to see you, as the dame in *Goody Two Shoes*, open a night club on the strict understanding that it is only for clergymen's daughters in need of recreation?"

"They laugh," he said again.

"But they don't know what you mean?"

"No. But I'm funny. That's what you don't seem to understand. I'm so funny that everything I say and do makes them laugh. It doesn't, in fact, matter *what* I say."

"Ah!" I replied, "I have you there! In that case why don't you say a few simpler and sweeter things?"

He seemed perplexed.

"Things," I explained, "that don't want quite so much knowledge of the seamy side of life?"

"Go on!" he said derisively. "I haven't got time to mug *that* up. I've got my living to get. You don't suppose I invent my jokes, do you? I collect them. I'm on the Halls the rest of the year, and I hear them there. There hasn't been a new joke in a pantomime these twenty years. But what you don't seem to get into your head, mister, is the fact that I make them laugh. Laugh. I'm a scream, I tell you."

"And laughter is all you want?" I asked.

"I must either make people laugh or get 'the bird.'"

"But hasn't it ever occurred to you," I said, "that children in a theatre at Christmas time are entitled to have a little fun that is not wholly connected with sordid domestic affairs and pot-house commonness?"

"Never," he said, and I believed him.

"Haven't you children of your own?"

"Several."

"And is that how you amuse them at home?"

"Of course not. They're too young."

"How old are they?"

"From six to thirteen."

"But that's the age of the children who go to pantomimes," I suggested.

"Well, it's different in your own home," he said. "Besides," he added, "it isn't children I aim at in my jokes. There's other things for them: the fairy ballets, the comic dog."

"And what is the audience you aim at?" I asked. "I suppose there is one definite figure you have in your mind's eye?"

"Yes," he said, "there is one. The person in the audience that I always aim at is the silly servant-girl in the front row of the gallery. That's why I so often say 'girls' before I make a joke. You've heard me, haven't you?"

"Haven't I?" I groaned.

THE GAME LICENCE.

IT was yesterday afternoon, towards the close of the last beat of our annual cover shoot, that I perceived a fellow in a yellow waterproof popping up his head from time to time (at no little risk to his life) over a dyke some way behind the line of guns. As soon as the beaters came out he advanced and introduced himself as an Excise Officer, asking "if this would be a convenient moment to examine the game licences of the party."

It was not at all a convenient moment for Walter—who hadn't got one. My thoughts flew at once to Walter in this crisis, for I knew he was bound to be had. Walter never does have game licences, season tickets, adhesive labels, telegraph forms or things of that sort. And as he had only returned from Canada two days before and this was the first time that he had been out, and further as he immediately disappeared and hid behind the hedge, I knew that my worst suspicions must be confirmed. While the Excise Officer was taking down the names and addresses of the rest of the party I went after Walter. He was sitting in the ditch with his head in his hands.

"If this had happened a few years ago, old chap," he said, "when I was a younger man, I should have run for it. But to-day I believe that fellor would overhaul me within half-a-mile. My wind's rotten. Do you think he'll find us here?"

"Yes," said I, "he is coming this way."

Walter got up. "There must be some way out of it," he said thoughtfully, "if one could only think of it." Then he boldly confronted his accuser.

"Since you put it to me," he said, "no, I have no game licence. But fortunately in my case it is not necessary. I am exempt."

The Officer stared at him a moment.

"Certainly it is necessary," he said.

"Kindly show me the form of this licence," said Walter, in the most lordly, off-hand, *de-haut-en-bas* tone of voice, and the Officer handed him one belonging to the Major, which he had been scrutinizing. "This, I perceive," said Walter, when he had read it carefully, "is a licence or certificate to kill game. It doesn't apply to me."

"Why not?"

"Because I haven't killed any game."

"But you have your gun in your hand at this moment."

"That is so. This is my gun. But where, I ask you, is my dead game? The truth is, my dear fellow," he went on, dropping his voice to a more confidential level, "though it's pretty humiliating to have to admit it and all that, especially before the beaters—the truth is that I haven't hit a blamed thing to-day. Rotten, isn't it?"

Walter isn't much of a shot and there weren't many birds anyway, and he hadn't been very lucky in his stands—and when one came to think it over one couldn't just exactly *remember* anything at all having fallen to his gun.

"I call all these fellows to witness," said Walter most impressively, "that I have killed no game. If it pleases me to discharge my gun, at short intervals, for the sake of the bang——"

"You require a gun licence," said the Officer.

"That is not the point. I may or may not have a gun licence, but our present controversy relates to a certificate to kill game. Do not let us confuse the issue."

It now appeared, however, that the Officer had been waiting behind the dyke rather longer than we knew. "I myself," he said firmly, "saw you bring down a cock pheasant at the beginning of the last beat."

Walter consulted the paper in his hand. "I observe," he said, "that this licence (or certificate) relates to killing game. There is nothing said of bringing it down. I may, as you say, have induced a cock pheasant to descend. I certainly didn't kill him. As a matter of fact he was lightly touched on the wing, and he ran like a hare."

"He's in that patch of bracken there," said the Officer. "If you will send a keeper and a dog with me——"

"No, I can't do that," said Walter, "unless you can show me a written authority empowering you, in the King's name, to borrow keepers and dogs."

It was then that the fun began. The Officer went off like a shot up the hillside, started the old cock, chased him up the ditch and through the hedge, and finally, to everyone's surprise and delight, collared him in a corner of the dyke. There were loud cheers from the enthusiastic crowd, but they were cut short by a sharp warning from Walter.

"Be careful how you handle that bird, Sir!" he cried. "If anything happens to him I shall hold you responsible. I have no reason to believe that you hold a licence (or certificate) to [illegible] game. If he suffers a mortal injury I shall report you."



THE FUTURE OF BRITISH BOXING.

Rough (to policeman who has knocked him down). "Well, it's worf it. To me belongs the credit of 'avin' discovered a bloomin' White 'Ope."

The Officer began to look rather bewildered and the old cock flapped his wings.

"I'll thank you for that bird," said Walter firmly, and he took it and tucked it comfortably under his arm.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the Officer.

I am going to nurse it back to health and strength," said Walter. "It only requires a little close attention. I shall be happy if you will call in about a week's time to enquire. Good afternoon. I am very pleased to have met you." And Walter held out his hand.

Well, that is where the matter rests. If Walter can keep the bird alive the case against him falls to the ground. If not, I suppose it means a three-pound licence and a ten-pound fine. He took him straight back to the Home Farm and secured for him dry and airy quarters in the poultry run, and did not leave him till he had seen to his comfort in every way and given minute directions as to his treatment. . . .

I am afraid the old cock passed a rather restless night, but he was able to take part of a warm mash, with two drops of laudanum in it, at an early hour this morning. At this moment I hear Walter getting out his motor-bicycle. I fancy he is going for the vet.

Says Mr. Clement Shorter:—

"There is a journal in London which has the impertinence to call itself *The Nation*, but . . . it does not represent the merest fraction of our countrymen."

Mr. Shorter's own paper is called, more modestly, *The Sphere*.



GETTING USED TO THE "SMILING EXPRESSION."

OUR SUGGESTION FOR A SYSTEM OF ADVANCED PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR PRUSSIAN OFFICERS BEFORE TAKING UP COMMANDS IN THE ALSATIAN DISTRICT, WHERE THE POPULACE IS SAID TO BE ADDICTED TO HUMOUR.

OLD FRIENDS.

I WAS in the train because I had to go to Birmingham; I was in the dining car because I had to dine. With all respect to the Company I cannot pretend that I regarded myself as doing anything remarkable or distinguished. The little man opposite me, however, felt differently. I have since been told that they of Birmingham are very proud of their non-stop train service by both routes.

"This, Sir," said the stranger, as I lowered my paper to help myself to a proffered roll—"this is one of the Two-Hour trains."

"You don't say," said I politely but not encouragingly.

"Two hours," he repeated impressively.

"Indeed? Two whole hours and not a moment less?" and I returned to my paper pending the soup's arrival.

"Is it not wonderful," he resumed when I was at his mercy again, "to be travelling at sixty miles an hour and eating soup at the same time?"

"Some people eat soup," said I, "and some drink it. For myself, I give it a miss," and I returned to the news.

With the fish: "I came up by the breakfast train this morning," said he, "and I now return by the dining train." He meant by this to give credit to the Company rather than to himself, but even so it seemed to fall short of the complete ideal. There was something wanting. It was luncheon, of course.

"They run luncheon cars too," said he.

"Then there seems to be no reason why you should ever leave the train at all," I remarked, seeking refuge again in my paper. In spite, however, of my coldness, he continued to assail me with similar facts every time I emerged. Finally he took a sheet of slightly soiled paper and pencilled on it a schedule of our movements. It ran:—

Mileage.	Place.	Time.
	Euston .	6.55 P.M.
	Willesden	[7.4]
	Watford.	[7.18]
	Bletchley	[7.50]
	Rugby .	[8.24]
	Coventry	[8.36]
	Birmingham	8.55

"To give this the very careful consideration it deserves," said I, "I must be left absolutely to myself."

Later on, feeling that I had perhaps been rude, I offered the man a cigar by way of compensation. He accepted it as a mark of esteem and burst forth into more conversation. By now a little fed up with trains himself he suggested, for the sake of something new to say, that he had met me before somewhere. At first I had some idea of asking for my cigar to be returned, but instead I gave in to his persistence. More, I joined in the conversation with an energy which surprised him.

"Now I come to think of it we *have* seen each other before; but where?" I said.

He thought promiscuously, disconnectedly and aloud. I could accept none of his suggestions because all referred to commercial rooms in provincial hotels, places to which I have not the *entrée*. "But I know how," I declared brightly; "it was at a place just this side of London that I saw you first."



THE SAND CAMPAIGN.

Scene—*Algeria, on the border of the desert.*

THE ARAB AND THE CHANCELLOR
WERE WALKING HAND-IN-HAND;
THE LATTER WEPT A LOT TO SEE
SUCH QUANTITIES OF SAND:
"WHY ARE YOU HOLDING UP," HE SAID,
THIS VERY FERTILE LAND?"



Harold (who has just been kissed by his sister). "I say, I wonder what she's up to?"
Friend. "Sign of affection, isn't it?"
Harold. "*Affection*, you goat! She never does that till the last day of the hols, and there's a week to go yet."

"First?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said I. "I have seen you more than once. Surely you haven't forgotten that time at Watford?"

He felt that I had the advantage of him. "When was that?" he asked.

"Not very long after the first time; and the next occasion I remember seeing you was at a place called—called—something beginning with a B."

He was quite unable to cope with the situation.

"And the next time," I continued, "I happened to be passing through that town where the school is—you know, Rugby. I distinctly recollect noticing then that you hadn't changed in the least since I last saw you."

He couldn't decide whether to be more flattered at my remembering or more annoyed at his own forgetting.

"Come, come," I exclaimed, "you surely cannot have forgotten that little chat we had at Coventry?"

"Coventry?" he asked. "But how long ago was that?"

"Quite recently," I asserted.

"But I haven't set foot in Coventry for years," said he.

"Nor have I, ever," said I.

I could understand his feelings thoroughly. It might be that I was a liar; it might be that I was a lunatic. In either case he did not wish to converse further with me. Happily, I had two newspapers available.

* * * * *

As the speed of our train, in which of old he had taken such a pride, began to slacken: "And I shouldn't be surprised," I said from behind my paper, "if you and I saw each other again quite soon. The world is a small place and these things soon develop into a habit."

He made no answer from behind his paper.

"If you ask me when and where" (as in fact he didn't), "I should say it is just as likely as not to happen at Birmingham at about 8.55 P.M.," I estimated, relying upon his own schedule.

"The play was preceded by 'The £12 Hook,' another Barrie comedy of more recent date."
Sydney Morning Herald.

We should prefer to call it "The £12 Eye."

"Labour in South Africa.
Black Outlook."
Morning Post.

Let us hear both sides. What is the White Outlook?

"The grievance of the men is in regard to the rate of pay. They are paid 5½d. per hair."
Glasgow News.

And then when they are old and bald they have to starve.

"Tango Rapidly Dying.
Dance Upheld by Mr. Max Pemberton."
Daily Chronicle.

This is the sort of thing that the Revue King has to put up with. Truly the lot of royalty is not an enviable one.

From an advertisement of Tango matinées in *The Lyceum*:—

"Reserved Tautenils (4 first rows)	10/-
Tautenils (tea included)	7/6
Tautenils (tea not included)	6/ "

Gourmet (planking down his seven-and-six). "Tea and tautenils, please."

Seen on a Liverpool hoarding:—

"Quo Vadis: Whither goest thou in eight reels?"

Answer. "Anywhere in reason, but not home."

IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

WEARY of the struggle and the squalors
Which beset the politician's life—
Work that for a modicum of dollars
Brings a whole infinity of strife—
Three of England's most illustrious cronies
Started on a winter holiday,
With no thought of MURRAY or Marconis—
GEORGE and HENRY and the great TAY PAY.

Never since ÆNEAS and his raiders
Stayed with DIDO in the days of yore
Did such irresistible invaders
Land upon the Carthaginian shore.
GEORGE, of course, the largest crowds attended,
But I'm told the kind Algerians say
That ÆNEAS wasn't half so splendid
Or so pious as the good TAY PAY.

Noble sheikhs and black and bearded Bashas
Bowed, whene'er they met them, to the ground;
Festas and fantasias and tamashas
Followed in a never-ending round.
GEORGE no more on his detractors brooded;
HENRY simply sang the livelong day;
While unmixed benevolence exuded
From the loving heart of kind TAY PAY.

Side by side they read the works of HICHENS;
Hand in hand they sampled the bazaars;
Ate the sweetmeats cooked in native kitchens;
Flew about in sumptuous motor-cars;
Golfed where once great HANNIBAL was scheming;
Joked where luckless DIDO once held sway;
For the finest jokes were always streaming
From the lips of comical TAY PAY.

Other days they spent in caracoling,
Mounted each upon a mettled barb,
Or along the streets serenely strolling
Clad in semi-oriental garb;
HENRY with a cummerbund suburban;
GEORGE disguised to look like ENVER BEY;
While a kilt surmounted by a turban
Veiled the massive contours of TAY PAY.

Daily they partook of ripe and juicy
Fruit, and Mocha coffee and kibobs;
Daily they conversed with EL SENOUSSI
And a lot of other native nobs;
HENRY practised Algerine fandangos;
GEORGE upon the tom-tom learned to play;
And a dervish taught ten Arab tangos
To the light fantastical TAY PAY.

Whither will they wander next, I wonder?
Not, I hope and pray, within the reach
Of the tribes who live on loot and plunder,
Fanatics who practise what they preach.
Fancy if these horrible disturbers,
Swooping on our countrymen astray,
Touaregs and Bedouins and Berbers,
Carried off the succulent TAY PAY!

Hardly had this agonizing presage
Taken shape within my tortured brain,
When good REUTER flashed the welcome message,
"Chancellor Returns," across the main.
Neptune, be thy waters calm, not choppy,
As they speed them on their homeward way,
GEORGE and HENRY and, bowed down with "copy,"
Our unique arch-eulogist, TAY PAY.

THE MARRIED MAN'S ADVANTAGE.

PERSONALLY I think too much respect is paid to age. There is nothing clever in being old—nothing at all. On the other hand, youth has a charm of its own. Besides, twenty-two is not young; you wouldn't think me so if you really knew me. The doubt arises, I suppose, from a certain innate light-heartedness. It is really rather pathetic.

Daphne chooses to see humour in the situation, which is very absurd of her, and, as I point out, merely reflects on herself. Surely she doesn't wish to admit that it is foolish to love her.

And that, to make a clean breast of it, is exactly what I do, and do madly.

I follow her about, reverently watching her every movement, hanging on her every word—no light task. And my reward? A scant unceremonious "Hallo!" when we meet; a scanter "Night" or "Morning," according to the circumstances, when we part. A brave smile from me and she is gone, an unwitting spectator of a real tragedy.

Up to a few days ago I was content to bear with my lot, but last week I rebelled. It was at a dance, after supper. Daphne had certainly shown a sort of affection for me, motherly rather than otherwise, I think; nevertheless an affection. But then, and not for the first time, I had seen her flirting with another.

I decided to lose my temper. I went into the smoke-room and deliberated very close to the fire. In five minutes I left the room heated.

I found Daphne at once.

"Our dance," I said. "We will sit out."

My manner must have been rather terrifying. At any rate we sat out.

"Daphne," I began, "I am in a mood that brooks no trifling. For weeks I have loved you. You spurn me."

"Oh, Billy, do be sensible," Daphne murmured.

I moderated my tone. "Well, look here," I said, "why are you so cold to me and yet flirt with my cousin? I saw you putting his tie straight and patting his arm just now; and you won't let me even hold your hand. It's pretty hard, Daphne."

She laughed. "My dear Billy——"

"Many thanks for yours of yesterday. I am having a very good time and it is really kind of me to write."

"If you won't be sensible——"

"I am. It's just because I'm so serious that I jest. All the wittiest men are broken-hearted. Go on."

"Well, my dear Billy, you mustn't be foolish. I'm very fond of you, but you're so ridiculously young."

"You haven't a revolver about you?" I enquired.

Daphne sighed. "Billy, you're quite hopeless. Do let me try to explain. You see, I can't—well—flirt with you, because I don't really flirt, of course, and besides your cousin's different—he's married."

I got up quickly. "Good-bye," I said. "You must excuse my leaving you."

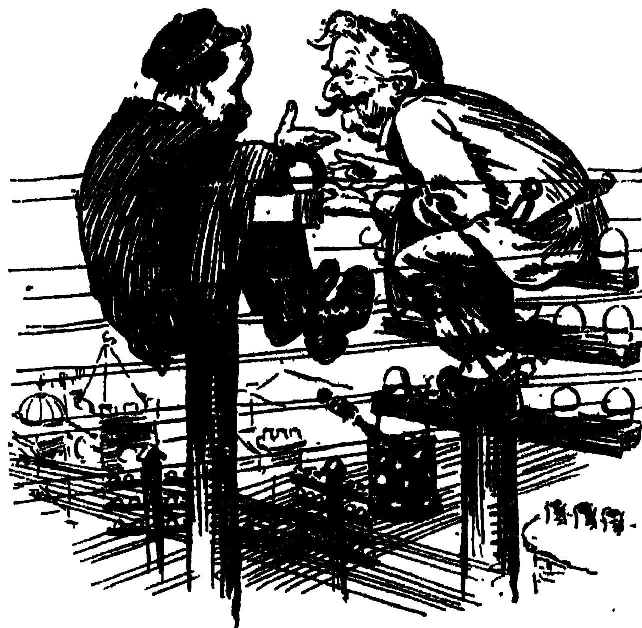
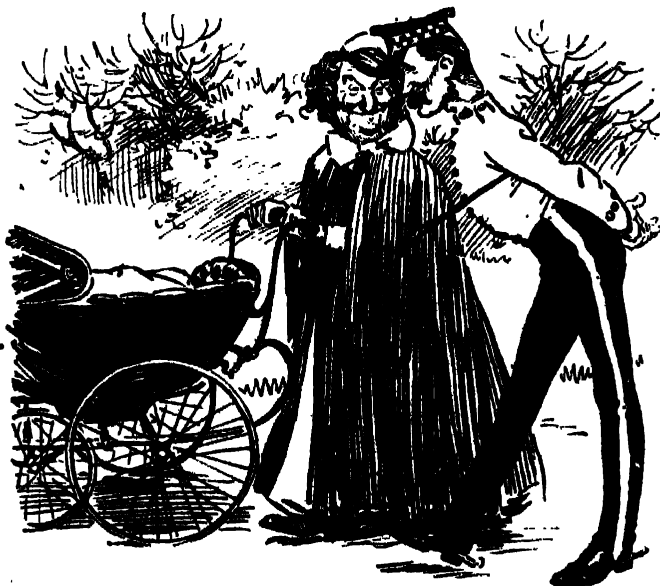
Daphne looked surprised. "Where are you going?" she enquired.

"To get married." I walked away with my head in the air.

* * * * * * *

A week later I wrote Daphne a letter. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR DAPHNE,—I am going to get married. Tina


IN VIEW OF THE EXAGGERATED AND MISLEADING REPORTS OF WHAT OCCURS AT THE CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN MR. ASQUITH AND MR. BONAR LAW ON THE ULSTER QUESTION WE VENTURE TO THINK THAT A LITTLE MAKE-UP AND CAREFUL CHOICE OF RENDEZVOUS WOULD ENABLE THE LEADERS TO HAVE MANY A LONG CHAT ON THE SUBJECT WITHOUT ANYONE BEING AWARE OF THEIR HAVING MET.

is nineteen, the same as you, and is in the chorus of a musical comedy. She has real jet black hair, so I am quite lucky. I hope you are fonder of me already.

Yours devotedly, BILLY."

In reply, and by return of post, I received an invitation to tea at Daphne's. Daphne, looking beautiful, was awaiting me.

"How d'you do?" I said gravely.

"Billy," Daphne began, "will you be really serious with me?"

I immediately assumed a business manner and coughed.

"Well?" I said.

The word was sharp and incisive, a regular lawyer's question.

"Of course, you're joking about this chorus girl?"

"Joking! Daphne, you know I'd do anything for you."

Daphne smiled. "But, Billy, I shan't like you any better if you marry her."

I bit a piece of cake coldly. "I don't understand you, Daphne," I said. "When I ask you to show me a little affection, only just what you show others, you tell me I'm young and married men are different. I arrange to be different at considerable personal sacrifice, and you tell me you won't like me any better." I swallowed convulsively.

"But, Billy—dear—you're not actually engaged?"

"I'm not so sure," I replied. "These girls are wonderfully sharp; and then, of course, I'm so young." (A good touch.)

There was a silence.

"I shall hate you if you marry a chorus girl," said Daphne.

"Then why did you tell me married men were different?"

"Because most of them are." Daphne smiled slowly. "I think I might like you better if you were married to some really nice girl."

I laughed bitterly. "To you, for instance?"

"Yes, to me," said Daphne very sweetly.

TO OBEY OR NOT TO OBEY.

8th December, 1913.

MR. and Mrs. Melbrook request the pleasure of Mr. Hugh Melbrook's company at the marriage of their daughter Muriel Irene with Mr. Adolphus Smith, at St. Peter's, Hashton, on Wednesday, December 31st, 1913, at 1.30 o'clock, and afterwards at

Westlands, Hashton. R. S. V. P.

9th December, 1913.

Mr. Hugh Melbrook thanks Mr. and Mrs. Melbrook for the opportunity of being present at the wedding of their daughter Muriel Irene, but much regrets that, owing to great pressure of work, he cannot be there. He desires that Mr. and Mrs. Melbrook should not feel constrained to alter their present arrangements on that account.

26th December, 1913.

MESSRS. HALL, MARK & Co., Silversmiths.

SIRS,—Kindly despatch at once to the address given below a seasonable wedding gift, costing no more than the amount of the enclosed postal order. I send my card for inclusion. Whatever change there may be please return it to me, and oblige

Yours faithfully,
H. MELBROOK.

27th December, 1913.

H. MELBROOK, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour of yesterday's date and beg to advise you that we have this day forwarded to the address you gave a handsome cut-glass anchovy dish with a finely-chased silver lid and tray. We enclose the receipted bill for the dish, which stands in our list at exactly the amount remitted by you.

We are, dear Sir, Yours faithfully,
HALL, MARK & Co.

29th December, 1913.

MY DEAR HUGH,—Thank you *very*, *very* much for the sweet little butter-dish. It's ripping. Do try to get down, Hugh, there's a good boy! If you can find time to choose me such a nice present—I know what you are, it must have taken you hours—surely you could take the day off for once. Say yes.

In tremendous haste, and thanking you again and again,

Your affectionate cousin,
MURIEL.

P.S.—I 've just heard that Mr. Parsley, who is to marry us, is very strict about *obedient* weddings, and I promised Geraldine I wouldn't "obey" if she didn't. Now it's my turn. Tell me something to do.

30th December, 1913.

MY GOOD MURIEL,—That's a caviare dish! Caviare dishes, I understood, were all the rage just now, and here am I slaving away to be in the fashion, and you calmly write back and say, "Thank you very much for the butt——" My good Muriel!

I really wanted to send you something quite different, something equally novel but more seasonable; no less, in fact, than a nose-muff or nose-warmer. It is a little idea of my own, the Melbrook "Rhinotherm." Briefly, the mechanism consists of pieces of heated charcoal, potato or what-not, encased in some non-conducting material, the whole being then unostentatiously affixed to the frigid end of the nose. Stupidly, I forgot to take a plaster cast of your nose. You 'll forgive me, won't you?

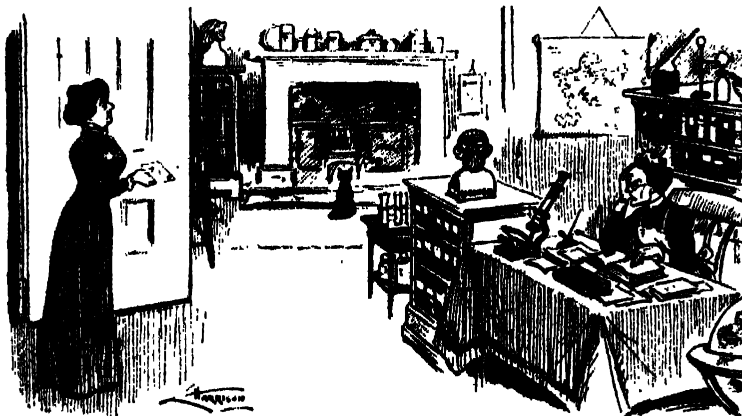
And now about coming down on the happy day. I feel very hurt about it. You know perfectly well that I wanted you to be married on a Saturday, but you wouldn't. It isn't as though you get married every day, and I do think you might have considered me a little more. But, even if I did come, even if by working all night Monday and Tuesday I could scrape together a few hours of freedom, I know what it would be. I should never be allowed in the vestry afterwards, while all the fun was going on. And yet you have the effrontery to sit there and ask my help in evading your responsibilities as a married woman. Still, if you promise to breathe not a word of this to any woman I may marry hereafter, here's a dead snip for you. Listen! When you come to the words "to love, cherish and to obey," you simply drop the second "to" (nobody will miss it) and run the "d" of the "and" into the "obey," and lo! we have a French word, to wit, *dauber*, meaning to cuff, drub or belabour. What say you to that, my bonny bride? I think that deserves an extra large slice of cake, to put under my pillow. And I say, Muriel, I do hope there won't be any of those rotten cassowary seeds in it. If there are, for pity's sake rake them out and give them to someone who likes them. And I 'll have his share of the marzipan.

Your affectionate cousin, HUGH.

NEWSPAPER EXCERPT.

. . . During the service an amusing incident occurred. It was noticed that the bride, who is rumoured to have feminist leanings, betrayed some difficulty in pronouncing the vow of obedience. The Rev. Thos. Parsley considerately paused and helped her to repeat the words after him in a clear and audible manner. In an interview with our representative, Mr. Parsley smilingly explained that he was determined, in his parish at any rate, to discourage any possible evasion of the matrimonial vows. He considered that a great deal of post-nuptial unhappiness was attributable to the lamentable laxity of the clergy in joining young people in matrimony without requiring their future relations to be clearly defined at the outset. The young bride refused to make any comment, but seemed highly amused at the incident. . . .

"*Hashton Weekly Hash.*"



SPREAD OF THE SERVANT-GIRL GRADUATE IDEA.

(Interior of a super-kitchen.)

Mistress. "WOULD YOU MIND LEAVING YOUR SOPHOCLES FOR A MOMENT, MARY, AND RUNNING TO THE POST?"

"A gem ring lost last summer by Franz Schroder while travelling in a steamer on the Danube, near Prague, was found inside a carp caught at Mayence by his nephew."

Manchester Evening News.

The fact that Mayence is not on the Danube need not bother you. Only last week our uncle lost a white elephant while travelling in a barge on the Regent's Park Canal, near Maida Vale, and it was found inside the hat-box of the Editor of *The Manchester Evening News* by FRANZ SCHRODER. Bless you, these things are always happening.



Irate Cottager. "HI! YOU 'RE BREAKIN' MY 'EDGE!"

Mild Sportsman. "OH, NO; YOUR HEDGE IS BREAKING MY FALL, AND IF YOU WILL KINDLY PUSH ME BACK AGAIN I SHALL TRY TO REJOIN MY HORSE."

THE COWARD.

IT is impossible to describe to you exactly how Herbert looked. But shame, defiance and unconcern were the principal ingredients in his expression as he stood on the kerb and stared across the road.

He started guiltily as I approached.

"Hallo, Herbert!" I began with my customary *bonhomie*.

"Hallo!" he said dismally.

"What are you doing here?" I asked sternly.

"Nothing," said Herbert. "Have you ever noticed what a fine building that post-office is?"

"No," I said; "neither have you. Herbert, you are concealing something from me. What have I done to deserve it? Have I not enjoyed your confidence these many years, and have you ever known me betray it? Is it marriage that has changed you thus? Is it——"

"Shut up," said Herbert. "I'll tell you, if you stop talking."

I stopped talking.

"It 's this way. My wife and I have had a little discussion. And I stated my belief that there was nothing in an ordinary way that a woman could do that a man couldn't. Whereupon she defied me to go out and—er—buy a bloater. As you see, I have gone out, and—er——"

"Yes," I said, "you have gone out. Splendid of you! And all that remains to be done is to buy a bloater. Why not? Yonder, if I mistake not, is the shop of a bloaterer."

"But a bloater!" said Herbert. "It isn't fair. If she 'd said some salmon, or a lobster, or even a pound of sausages; or if she 'd allowed me to 'phone for it. It 's not as if I 'd ever had any practice. It 's not decent to start a beginner on a hand-bought bloater."

"Tush!" I said. "This is not manly. Remember, our sex is at stake. Come!"

I took him by the arm. He advanced under protest.

Four paces from the shop he stopped abruptly and laughed—a horrible laugh.

"Do you know," he said, "I do believe I 've come out without a cent on me."

"*I* don't believe it for a moment," I said, "but as it happens I can lend you pounds and pounds—almost enough for two bloaters."

Herbert reluctantly found some money in one of the seven pockets he had not felt in. Then we advanced once more.

This time there was no going back. Right into the body of the fishmonger's we strode and stood firmly opposite the salesman.

"*Now*," I whispered tensely.

But Herbert hesitated, and even as he wobbled the salesman began his suggestions.

"Yes, Sir? Lobsters or prawns, Sir? Some very good salmon this morning—very fine fish indeed, Sir."

"Er, as a matter of fact," said Herbert, "we just wanted to know if you would be so kind as to direct us to the nearest post-office?—the one just across the road, you know," he added nervously.

"Herbert," I said in his private ear, "be a man."

Herbert pulled himself together. "Would you," he said to the salesman, "would you please let me look at some b-b-blobsters?"

A BAD DREAM.

Sunday.—Great news! The plan suggested by the Anglo-German Alliance Committee is at last to be carried out. There is to be an exchange of garrisons, that is to say, certain English towns are to be garrisoned by German regiments, while certain German towns are to have English garrisons. Our own town, though a small one, is to have the distinguished honour of being the first to give this mark of friendship to the world. All the arrangements have been made, and to-morrow the 901st Prussian regiment of infantry is to march in. It will be a great day for Dartlebury, and we shall all do our best, though the public notice has been short, to give our gallant visitors a warm and truly British reception.

Monday.—Our German friends have arrived. At 11 o'clock this morning it was announced that they were approaching, headed by their band. The Mayor, Alderman Farthingale, and the whole Corporation, including the three Labour members recently elected, immediately proceeded to the old city wall to meet them. They were accompanied by the municipal band in full uniform, playing "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," which they had been assiduously practising. Unfortunately this led to what might have been a somewhat painful contretemps. On meeting the municipal band the Prussian commander, Colonel von Brausebrum, halted his soldiers and in a loud voice declared that our men were playing out of tune. Perhaps this was true, but the offence was involuntary and in any case it was hardly serious enough to call for the arrest of the whole band. Arrested, however, they were, and it was a melancholy sight to see them marched off by a corporal's guard. Mr. Zundnadel, the chief of the band, is himself of German origin, and his feelings can be better imagined than described. The Mayor saved the situation by making an extremely cordial speech, in which he spoke of the English and the Germans as ancient brothers-in-arms. The Colonel in his reply said his mission was a glorious one, and everything would depend on the way we conducted ourselves. What can he have meant? The march was then resumed, but another halt was made in the High Street to remove the French flag which Mucklow, the linen-draper, had very tactlessly stuck up over his shop. He too was arrested, with wife and family, and was lodged in jail. Luckily no further incident disturbed the harmony of the proceedings.

Tuesday.—This morning Lieutenant von Schornstein, while walking in Brower's Alley, trod on a piece of banana-skin and fell heavily on the pavement. As he rose he observed that two small boys were, so he alleged, laughing at him. He immediately ran after the two urchins, and was proceeding to put them to the sword when the Brewery men interfered and disarmed him. He pleaded that his uniform had been insulted and that it was necessary for him to punish them. "*Ich muss sie durch den Leib rennen*" were his words. The men, however, were not inclined to admit the force of this plea, especially as they understood no German, and they sent him back to barracks in a taxi-cab. The Mayor at once wired his apologies to the Colonel, and it is hoped that nothing further will be heard of the incident. I ought to add that the boys deny that they laughed, but the lieutenant is certain that they wore a smiling expression.

The "Friendship Banquet" was held this evening in the Town Hall, with the Mayor in the chair. No very great enthusiasm was shown, and when the Mayor, in proposing the health of our visitors, alluded to the friendly rivalry of the two nations in commerce and the arts of peace, the Colonel pulled him back into his seat and begged him not to proceed. "*Maul halten*," he said. The three Labour members of the Council were afterwards arrested for not having joined with sufficient heartiness in the singing of "*Deutschland über Alles.*"

Wednesday.—A state of siege has been declared in Dartlebury, and we are all living under martial law. Lord Gruffen was arrested for having knocked up against a soldier. The magistrates, on leaving the police-court, were handcuffed and removed to barracks. A crisis is evidently approaching.

Thursday.—An insurrection started this morning. A huge crowd attacked the barracks and overpowered all resistance. Blood flowed like water, but in an hour all was over. There is a strong feeling that the experiment of the Alliance Committee was a rash one, though no doubt it was well meant. We live and learn.

LOOP! LOOP!!

(A story of aerial prowess in the provinces.)

THEY said, "He goes a-tumbling through the hollow
And trackless empyrean like a clown,
Head pointed to the earth where weaklings wallow,
Feet up toward the stars; not such renown
Even our lord himself, the bright Apollo,
Gets in his gilded car. For one bob down
You shall behold the thing." "Right-o," I said,
Clapping the old brown bay leaves on my head.

So to the hangars. Time, about eleven,
The air full chill, the ground a mess of muck,
And long time gazed I on the wintry heaven
And thought of many a deed of Saxon pluck;
How DRAKE, for instance, good old DRAKE of Devon,
Played bowls at Plymouth Hoe. Twelve-thirty struck.
No one had vaulted through the air's abyss;
DRAKE would have plunged tail up an hour ere this.

Brief interval for lunch, and then a drizzle
Fell on the dreary field. Like some dead moth
The thing remained. Chagrin commenced to sizzle,
And certain people cried, "A thillingth loth."
Others, "Hey, Mister Airman, it's a swizzle!"
Then a stern man came out, and with a cloth
Lightly, as one well used to such a feat,
Swaddled the brute's propeller and its seat.

The skies grew darkling, and there went a rumour,
"The thing is off; he will not fly to-day;"
And forth we wandered, some in rare ill-humour,
But not, oh, not the bard. Yet this I say—
There are two kinds of courage: one's a boomer
Avid of gold and glory; this is A,
Crowned with a palm, and in her hands I see
Sheaves of press cuttings. There is also B.

Not venturesome, this last, to brave the billows,
To beard the panther in his hidden lair,
To probe the epiderms of armadillos,
Nor execute wild cart-wheels in the air;
But who shall say how much Britannia still owes
To B, the kind of courage that can bear
Dauntless to wait, whate'er the skies portend,
(Having paid entrance) to the bitter end?

The heavenly hero in his suit of leather
Soars through Olympus with the world beneath
Sometimes, and sometimes, owing to the weather,
Scratches his fixtures in the tempest's teeth.
Shall the high gods, who gaze on both together,
Count him the nobler, or confer their wreath
On the brave bull-dog bard, who risks his thews
Standing about all day in thin-soled shoes?

EVOE.



"Here's one I'm sure you'll like, Trevor." "What is it?"
"*Robinson Crusoe.*" "In what language?"

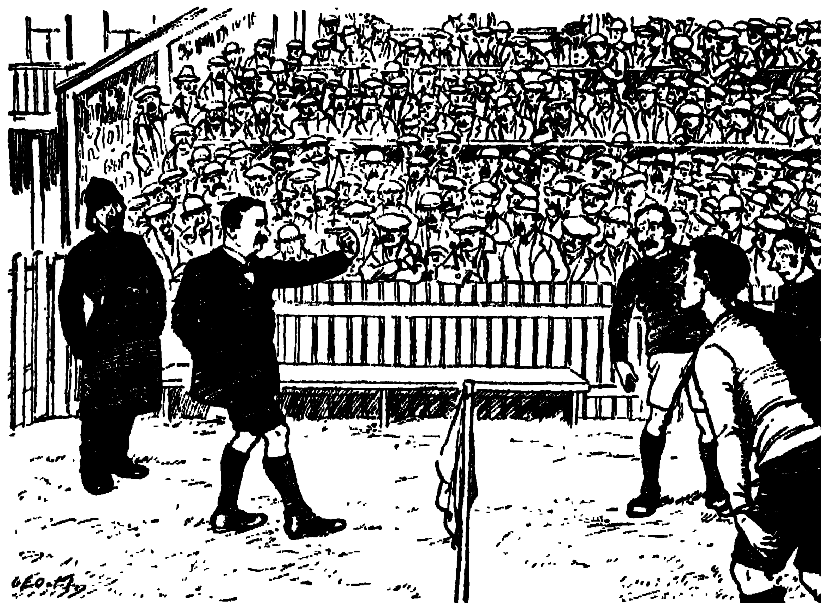
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JUST as one may say of certain novelists that they write at the top of their voices, so, I think, one might describe Miss VIOLA MEYNELL as writing in a whisper. This certainly is the effect that *Modern Lovers* (SECKER) produced upon me. The gentle method of it invested the story—which of itself is a very slight thing—with an odd significance almost impossible to communicate in criticism; but the reading of a few pages will show you what I mean. The title is apt enough, for the tale is about nothing but love, as it affects a group of five young people, three men and two girls. Of the girls, who are sisters, *Effie Rutherglen* is the more important and detailed figure. *Effie*, in the time before the story opens, had an affair with *Oliver Bligh*; then, summoned North to live with her futile and uncomprehending parents, she fell (as did her sister *Milly* and most of the local spinsters) under the fascination of one *Clive Maxwell*, who was an author and had appealing eyes and obviously a way with him. Then *Oliver* turned up again, and poor *Effie* didn't know which of them she wanted. I speak lightly, but, if you think all this made for comedy, your conception of Miss MEYNELL's methods is very much at fault. Love to her is very much what it was to *Patience* in the opera—by no means a wholly enviable boon. I can hardly praise too much the exquisite refinement and restraint of her treatment of commonplace things. But one small point baffled me: *Oliver* appears to have been a professional diver and bath-keeper—we are told, indeed, that he had occupied that position at Rugby (a statement that I have private and personal reasons for discrediting)—yet we find him staying as a welcome and honoured guest in the house of the *Rutherglens*, whom I take to be more or less "county." Surely this, though of no real importance, is at least remarkable?

"What," I asked myself, "is just the matter with this apparently quite nice book?" (It was *Joan's Green Year*, and written by E. L. DOON and published by MACMILLAN.) It is the kind of book that grows out of a romantic disposition and an assiduously stuffed commonplace book. It consists of letters from *Joan*, a paying guest in the Manor House Farm at Pelton, to her brother *Keith*, a soldier in India, telling him all about her year of holiday and "soul discipline" in the country, the village gossip, her proposals and her one acceptance, and giving a sort of farmer's calendar of the seasons as interpreted by the guileless amateur. *Joan* has what is known as a nice mind. But to tell truth she has chosen a difficult and dangerous if alluring art form. Of course letters enable you to evade some of the difficulties of the novelist's task, to be discursive, allusive and incomplete. But you can't be let off anything of the precision and subtlety of your characterisation. On the contrary. And *Joan* makes everyone in Pelton (except the rustics, whose authenticity I gravely suspect) talk as *Joan* writes. They have nearly all seen her commonplace book, I judge. Then, again, you must not have (like *Joan*) a large list of acquaintances, or you breed confusion and dissipate interest accordingly. *Joan* is very young in many ways. She is extravagant in the matter of the equipment of her heroes. *Bob Ingleby*, the farmer (a gentleman, because he had been at Winchester), is a "great comely giant," yet wins events one and three of the Hunt Steeplechase, though thrown badly in number two. I have a suspicion that this work is really *Joan's* tee shot, and that after a notable recovery, which on the best of her present form I can safely prophesy, she will reach her green year next time.

Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR has written a fascinating book. *My Beloved South* she calls it, and PUTNAMS publish it. There is not a lifeless page in the 427 that make up a bountiful feast. Every one contains vivid reproductions of incidents in social life in the South "befo' de wa'" and after. At the outset we make the acquaintance of a typical Southron, Mrs. O'CONNOR's grandfather, Governor of Florida when it was still a Territory, with native Indians fighting fiercely for their land and homes. Mrs. O'CONNOR was, of course, not to the fore in those early days. But so steeped is she in lore of the South, much of it gained from the lips of nurses and out-door servants, so keen is her sympathy, so quick and true her instinct that she is able to revivify the old scenes and reproduce the atmosphere of the time. The darkey nurse of earliest childhood lives again, sometimes bringing with her plantation songs like "Voodoo-Bogey-Boo," quaintly musical. Many passages of the grandfather's conversations are preserved, in which we may detect the voice of the gifted granddaughter. But the influence of heredity is strong, more especially "down South." Also there are many charming stories redolent of the South. I was about to mention the page on which will be found the thrilling history of a mule aptly named "Satan." On reflection I won't spoil the reader's pleasure in unexpectedly coming upon it somewhere about the middle of the book. Nobody—man or woman, girl or boy—who begins to read *My Beloved South* will skip a page. So the story cannot be over looked.



CONSCIENTIOUS REFEREE ORDERING HIMSELF OFF THE GROUND FOR BEING HASTY TO AN IMPERTINENT PLAYER.

In *Lost Diaries* (DUCKWORTH) Mr. MAURICE BARING travels by an easy road to humour, and he does not pound it with too laborious feet. This is perhaps a fortunate thing, for a farcical reconstruction of history in the light of modern sentiment and circumstances might easily tire; a Comic History of England, for instance, is stiffer reading to-day than GARDNER or GREEN. Sometimes, however, Mr. BARING seems to carry to extreme lengths his conscientious avoidance of efforts to be funny; and in the imaginary records of one or two of his subjects there is little more to laugh at than the unaided fancy of the student has long ago perceived. *Tristram* loved two *Iseults*, and JOHN MILTON was an exasperating husband; but these things I knew, and the author of *Lost Diaries* has made no more capital out of the situations than the eternal merriment which the bare statement of the facts inspires. But where Mr. BARING, pleasantly disdainful alike of consistency and taste, examines the pocket-book of the "Man in the Iron Mask," and finds him complaining of the noise and disturbance in dungeon after dungeon until he is removed at last to the lotus island of the Bastille; or records the blameless botanical pursuits of TIBERIUS in seclusion; or the first consumption of the Colla di Gallo by COLUMBUS in the newly discovered West, he is, for all the simplicity of his methods, amusing enough. Yet even so I am inclined to think that the first of his essays, which reads like an actual transcript from the jottings of a nineteenth-century private-school boy, is the diary which I most heartily congratulate Mr. BARING on having rediscovered, and which I should be least willing for him to lose again.

With the Land Question staring us in the face, *Folk of the Furrow* (SMITH ELDER) should attract the attention of those who wish thoroughly to understand what the agricultural labourer wants and why he wants it. Mr. CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY is no amateur, for as Mr. STEPHEN REYNOLDS has lived with fishermen and shared their daily lives so he has lodged in labourers' cottages and hoed and dug with the best (and worst) of them. The result is a book that is stamped with the hall-mark of a great sincerity; and three facts at least can be gathered from it by the very dullest of gleaners. First, and I think foremost, that the decencies of life cannot be observed if children of very various ages are to be crowded into cottages too small to hold them; secondly, that it is useless to expect morality from youths who have few or no amusements provided for them; thirdly, that the passing of the old families and the advent of the week-end "merchant princes" do not make a change for the better. All which may be stale news, but after reading this book I think that you will admit that Mr. HOLDENBY has contrived to make an old tale very impressive. In some instances it is true that I could bring evidence directly in opposition to his, but on the whole he deserves well for the way in which he has won the confidence of a class naturally suspicious and silent, and for his manner of stating his case. Had I for my sins to cram our M.P.'s for the debates that lie before them, I should feed them liberally upon *Folk of the Furrow*.

TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN

ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

NOT yet the end; only the end of strife.
  But now—while still the brave unwearied heart,
  Fixed upon England, fain to keep its part
    In her Imperial life,

Beats with the old unconquerable pride—
  Now leave to younger limbs the dust and palm,
  And let the weary body seek the calm
    That comes with eventide.

There take your rest within the sunset glow,
  All feuds forgotten of your fighting days,
  Circled with love and laurelled with the praise
    Of friend and ancient foe. O. S.



"NOT VERY SPORTING LINKS, ARE THEY?"



EVEN EARTHQUAKES HAVE THEIR USE.



AH, THAT'LL MAKE BETTER GOLF.'

CHARIVARIA.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, chief of the U.S.A. General Staff, has reported that the American Army is, practically speaking, unarmed, and advises the immediate expenditure of £1,200,000 for artillery and ammunition. We fancy, however, that the present state of affairs is the result of a compromise with the American Peace party, who will not object to their country having an army so long as it is unarmed.

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"VICTORY FOR THE ORANGE WOMEN.
DRURY LANE INSTITUTION TO CONTINUE."

This should put heart into the Orange Men of Ulster.

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We hear that, to celebrate the recent glorious victory in Alsace, the little town of Zabern is to be re-named Säbeln.

The Rev. N. FITZPATRICK, describing a visit to the Balkan States in a lecture at the Camera Club, spoke of the difficulties he had with his laundry. The same bundle of clothes was soaked in Roumania, rough-dried in Bulgaria, and ironed in Servia. We are astonished that the lecturer should have made no mention of mangling, which we understand is done well in the Balkan States.

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The KAISER, we are told, has given instructions that his *menus* are in future to be written in German. What, by the way, *is* the French for *Sauerkraut?*

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Mr. ARCHIBALD, a member of the Australian House of Representatives, has calculated that the value of the property of the five million inhabitants of the Commonwealth is £780,000,000. We cannot but think it is a mistake to divulge the fact with so many dishonest people about.

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I do like your eyes is the latest bright thought for a Revue title. To be followed, no doubt, by *Her nose isn't bad, is it?* and *What's wrong with her toes?*

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"FRENCH BATTLESHIP DROPPED."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Very careless of someone.

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Reading that one of the features of the new British battleship class will be less draught, Aunt Caroline remarked that she was glad to hear this: she had always understood that during even half a gale it was very easy to catch cold at sea.

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Sir RUFUS ISAACS has decided to take the title of Lord READING. This still leaves it open to a distinguished literary man, should he be made a peer, to become Lord Writing.

The age of pleasure! Where will it stop? Extract from *The Witney Gazette*:—"On Monday evening a very successful dance was given in the Corn Exchange . . . The company numbered over one hundred, and dancing to the strains of Taylor's Oxford Scarlet Band was enjoyed till the early hours of Wednesday morning."

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While Police Constable JAKEMAN was in Eldon Road, Reading, last week, a cat suddenly pounced on him and bit him. We have not yet received a full account of the incident, but apparently the constable was on detective duty and cleverly disguised as a mouse.

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One of the cats shown at the Grand Championship Cat Show had her fur cut and trimmed like a poodle's. The matter has been much discussed in canine circles, and we understand that there may be trouble.

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An express train travelling from Nice to Macon was, last week, beaten by an eagle, which raced it over a distance of eighteen miles. Birds are evidently being put upon their mettle by the aeroplanes.

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Alleged notice outside Drury Lane:—

SLEEPING BEAUTY.

N.B.—CHAUFFEURS ARE KINDLY REQUESTED NOT TO HOOT WHEN PASSING.

From Paris comes the news that a successor to the Tango has been found in the form of a Chinese dance known as the Tatao. The name, presumably, is a contraction of the words "Ta-ta, Tango."

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A new character named "It" appears in the revival of *The Darling of the Gods*. We presume it is The Limit.

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The manager of the Little Theatre is making arrangements for shilling seats for the first time in the history of the house. How is it going to be done? By *Magic*, of course.

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"The Shepherdess without a Heart" continues to make good progress, and the medical profession is much interested.

A FAREWELL TOUR.

THIS is positively CHUM's last appearance in print—for his own sake no less than for yours. He is conceited enough as it is, but if once he got to know that people are always writing about him in the papers his swagger would be unbearable. However, I have said good-bye to him now; I have no longer any rights in him. Yesterday I saw him off to his new home, and when we meet again it will be on a different footing. "Is that your dog?" I shall say to his master. "What is he? A Cocker? Jolly little fellows, aren't they? I had one myself once."

As CHUM refused to do the journey across London by himself, I met him at Liverpool Street. He came up in a crate; the world must have seemed very small to him on the way. "Hallo, old ass," I said to him through the bars, and in the little space they gave him he wriggled his body with delight. "Thank Heaven there's *one* of 'em alive," he said.

"I think this is my dog," I said to the guard, and I told him my name.

He asked for my card.

"I'm afraid I haven't one with me," I explained. When policemen touch me on the shoulder and ask me to go quietly; when I drag old gentlemen from underneath motor-'buses, and they decide to adopt me on the spot; on all the important occasions when one really wants a card, I never have one with me.

"Can't give him up without proof of identity," said the guard, and CHUM grinned at the idea of being thought so valuable.

I felt in my pockets for letters. There was only one, but it offered to lend me £10,000 on my note of hand alone. It was addressed to "Dear Sir," and though I pointed out to the guard that I was the "Sir," he still kept tight hold of CHUM. Strange that one man should be prepared to trust me with £10,000, and another should be so chary of confiding to me a small black spaniel.

"Tell the gentleman who I am," I said imploringly through the bars. "Show him you know me."

"He's *really* all right," said CHUM, looking at the guard with his great honest brown eyes. "He's been with us for years."

And then I had an inspiration. I turned down the inside pocket of my coat; and there, stitched into it, was the label of my tailor's with my name written on it. I had often wondered why tailors did this; obviously they know how stupid guards can be.

"I suppose that's all right," said the guard reluctantly. Of course I might have stolen the coat. I see his point.

"You—you wouldn't like a nice packing case for yourself?" I said timidly. "You see, I thought I'd put CHUM on the lead. I've got to take him to Paddington, and he must be tired of his shell by now. It isn't as if he were *really* an armadillo."

The guard thought he would like a shilling and a nice packing case. Wood, he agreed, was always wood, particularly in winter, but there were times when you were not ready for it.

"How are you taking him?" he asked, getting to work with a chisel. "Underground?"

"Underground?" I cried in horror. "Take CHUM on the Underground? Take—— Have you ever taken a large live conger-eel on the end of a string into a crowded carriage?"

The guard never had.

"Well, don't. Take him in a taxi instead. Don't waste him on other people."

The crate yawned slowly, and CHUM emerged all over straw. We had an anxious moment, but the two of us got him down and put the lead on him. Then CHUM and I went off for a taxi.

"Hooray," said CHUM, wriggling all over, "isn't this splendid? I say, which way are you going? I'm going this way? . . . No, I mean the other way."

Somebody had left some of his milk-cans on the platform. Three times we went round one in opposite directions and unwound ourselves the wrong way. Then I hauled him in, took him struggling in my arms and got into a cab.

The journey to Paddington was full of interest. For a whole minute CHUM stood quietly on the seat, rested his fore-paws on the open window and drank in London. Then he jumped down and went mad. He tried to hang me with the lead, and then in remorse tried to hang himself. He made a dash for the little window at the back; missed it and dived out of the window at the side; was hauled back and kissed me ecstatically in the eye with his sharpest tooth . . . "And I thought the world was at an end," he said, "and there were no more people. Oh, I am an ass. I say, did you notice I'd had my hair cut? How do you like my new trousers? I must show you them." He jumped on to my lap. "No, I think you'll see them better on the ground," he said, and jumped down again. "Or no, perhaps you *would* get a better view if—" he jumped up hastily, "and yet I don't know——" he dived down, "though of course, if you—— Oh lor! this *is* a day," and he put both paws lovingly on my collar.

Suddenly he was quiet again. The stillness, the absence of storm in the taxi was so unnatural that I began to miss it. "Buck up, old fool," I said, but he sat motionless by my side, plunged in thought. I tried to cheer him up. I pointed out King's Cross to him; he wouldn't even bark at it. I called his attention to the poster outside the Euston Theatre of The Two Biffs; for all the regard he showed he might never even have heard of them. The monumental masonry by Portland Road failed to uplift him.

At Baker Street he woke up and grinned cheerily. "It's all right," he said, "I was trying to remember what happened to me this morning—something rather miserable, I thought, but I can't get hold of it. However it's all right now. How are *you?*" And he went mad again.

At Paddington I bought a label at the bookstall and wrote it for him. He went round and round my leg looking for me. "Funny thing," he said as he began to unwind, "he was here a moment ago. I'll just go round once more. I rather think . . . *Ow!* Oh, there you are!" I stepped off him, unravelled the lead and dragged him to the Parcels Office.

"I want to send this by the two o'clock train," I said to the man the other side of the counter.

"Send what?" he said.

I looked down. CHUM was making himself very small and black in the shadow of the counter. He was completely hidden from the sight of anybody the other side of it.

"Come out," I said, "and show yourself."

"Not much," he said. "A parcel! I'm not going to be a jolly old parcel for anybody."

"It's only a way of speaking," I pleaded. "Actually you are travelling as a small black gentleman. You will go with the guard—a delightful man."

CHUM came out reluctantly. The clerk leant over the counter and managed to see him.

"According to our regulations," he said, and I always dislike people who begin like that, "he has to be on a chain. A leather lead won't do."

CHUM smiled all over himself. I don't know which pleased him more—the suggestion that he was a very large and fierce dog, or the impossibility now of his travelling with the guard, delightful man though he might be. He gave himself a shake and started for the door.

"Tut, tut, it's a great disappointment to me," he said, trying to look disappointed, but his back *would* wriggle. "This chain business—silly of us not



THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

REFRAIN BY NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA AND KIKUYU.



Kindly Hostess (to nervous reciter who has broken down in "The Charge of the Light Brigade"). "NEVER MIND, MR. TOMPKINS, JUST TELL US IT IN YOUR OWN WORDS."

to have known—well, well, we shall be wiser another time. Now let 's go home."

Poor old Chum; I *had* known. From a large coat pocket I produced a chain.

"*Dash* it," said Chum, looking up at me pathetically, "you might almost *want* to get rid of me."

He was chained, and the label tied on to him. Forgive me that label, Chum; I think that was the worst offence of all. And why should I label one who was speaking so eloquently for himself; who said from the tip of his little black nose to the end of his stumpy black tail, "I 'm a silly old ass, but there 's nothing wrong in me, and they 're sending me away!" But according to the regulations—one must obey the regulations, Chum.

I gave him to the guard—a delightful man. The guard and I chained him to a brake or something. Then the guard went away, and Chum and I had a little talk . . .

After that the train went off.

Good-bye, little dog. A. A. M.

"Lady Strachie wishes to thoroughly recommend her permanent Caretaker and Husband."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

Lord STRACHIE should be a proud man to-day.

HOW GREAT MEN SHOW EMOTION.

[Mr. HANDEL BOOTH, speaking in Hyde Park recently, declared that, when he informed Lord ABERDEEN of the conduct of the police during the Dublin riots, the Lord Lieutenant "buried his head in his hands."]

Mr. Leo Maxixe, writing in *The Irrational Review*, states that he has it on the best authority that when the GERMAN EMPEROR read the Criccieth New Year's interview with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE he exclaimed, "This beats the Tango," and fell heavily on the hearth-rug.

Mr. James Larvin, addressing a meeting of the Confederates at the Saveloy Hotel, informed his hearers that when Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL read the article in *The Daily Mail* on his future he stood on his head in the corner for three minutes, to the great embarrassment of Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD, who was present.

Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, writing in *The British Weekly*, asserts that when Mr. MASSINGHAM read "C.K.S.'s" recent reference to *The Nation* in *The Sphere* he kicked the waste-paper basket round the room and tore the hair out of his head in handfuls.

Mr. CECIL CHESTERTON, addressing a meeting of non-party fishmongers at Billingsgate last week, stated that he had heard that when Mr. GODFREY ISAACS informed the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE that Mr. HANDEL BOOTH had retired from the Dublin Police Inquiry Lord READING OF EARLEY burst into tears and hid his face in his wig.

Why Mr. Chesterton shuns the Isle of Wight.

Extract from local time-table:—

"10.45 a.m. Motor Service between Freshwater and Newport for light passengers only."

"Referring to the plea of Dr. Budge, the poet laureate, for purer English, a writer in the 'Daily Chronicle' says . . . ."

Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Purer spelling of names is what the POET LAUREATE would really like to see.

It was very touching of *The Evening News* to give so much space to the distressing story of the real Duchess who could not get a seat at Olympia—(surely they might have thrown out a common person to make room for her?)—but it was tactless to go on:—

"'If you will bring me a couple of chairs,' said the duchess, 'I will sit down in the gangway with the greatest pleasure.'"

It makes one wonder which of our larger duchesses it was.

THE HOUSE OF PUNCH.

[He "married a princess of the House of Punch."—*Excerpt from an account of the life of a former King of Kashmir.*]

HAIL, Master, and accept the news I bring.
I come to make a solemn mystery clear,
One that affects you deeply; for I sing
Of a most ancient king
Nine hundred years ago in fair Kashmir,
Who yearned towards a bride, and—hear, oh hear,
Lord of the reboant nose and classic hunch—
"Married a princess of the House of Punch."

Yes, you are royal, as one might have seen.
The loftiness of your despotic sway,
Your strange aloofness and unearthly mien
(Yet regal) might have been
A full assurance of monarchic clay.
Had but the fates run kindly, at this day
Yourself should be a king of orient fame,
Chief of the princely house that bears your name.

Methinks I see you at it. I can see
A shamiana* loftily upreared
Beneath a banyan (or banana) tree,
Whichever it may be,
Where, with bright turban and vermilion beard
(A not unfrequent sight, and very weird),
You sit at peace; a small boy, doubly bowed,
Acts as your footstool and, though stiff, is proud.

Fragrant with Champak scents the warm wind sighs
Heavily, faintly, languorously fanned
By drowsy peacock-plumes—to keep the flies
From your full nose and eyes—
Waved from behind you, where on either hand
Two silent slaves of Nubian polish stand,
Whose patent-leather visages reflect
The convex day, with mirror-like effect.

Robed in a garment of the choicest spoil
Of Persian looms, you sit apart to deal
Grace to the suppliant and reward for toil,
T'abase the proud, and boil
The malefactor, till upon you steal
Mild qualms suggestive of the mid-day meal;
And, then, what plump, what luscious fruits are those?
What goblets of what vintage? Goodness knows.

Gladly would I pursue this glowing dream,
To sing of deeds of chivalry and sport,
Of cushioned dalliance in the soft hareem
(A really splendid theme),
The pundits and tame poets at your court,
And all such pride, but I must keep it short.
Once let me off upon a thing so bright,
And I should hardly stop without a fight.

But now you stand plain Mister; and, no doubt,
Would have for choice this visioned pomp untold.
Yet, Sire, I beg you, cast such musings out;
Put not yourself about
For a vain dream. If I may make so bold,
Your present lot should keep you well consoled.
You still are great, and have, when all is done,
A fine old Eastern smack, majestic One.

The vassals of your fathers were but few
Compared with yours, who move the whole world wide;
You still can splash an oriental hue,
Red, yellow, green or blue,
Upon a fresh and various outside;
While you support—perhaps your greatest pride—
High pundits for your intellectual feast,
And some tame bards, of whom I am the least.

DUM-DUM.

* Tent.

GIVEN AWAY.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times* writes:—"The *Niva*, the Russian *Family Herald*, promises to annual subscribers, in addition to a copy of the paper every week—

The complete works of Korolenko in twenty-five volumes.
The complete works of Edmond Rostand.
The complete works of Maikof.
A literary supplement every month.
A fashion book.
A book of patterns of fancy-work designs.
A tear-off calendar for 1914,"

and adds, "Where does English or American journalistic enterprise stand beside this?"

We understand that our more enterprising contemporaries have no intention of allowing this question to remain unanswered, and the wildest rumours are afloat as to the nature of the gifts which will be offered next year to annual subscribers by various British journals.

With a view to test the accuracy of these rumours our Special Representative called yesterday upon the Editors of several leading publications, and, although much secrecy is still maintained, he has succeeded in collecting some valuable information. For instance, the report that *The Nineteenth Century and After* would include among its gifts the dramatic works of the MELVILLE BROS., *How to Dance the Tango*, and *Sweeter than Honey*, a novel with a strong love interest, lacks confirmation; nor are we in a position to assert definitely that *The Spectator* will present a beautiful coloured supplement, entitled "Susie's Pet Pup," and a handsome mug bearing the inscription: "A Present from Loo," though we believe that such may be the case.

On the other hand, *The Times'* reply to an inquiry as to whether they would present to each reader half a ton of supplements was that they had done so for some years past; and *The Daily Mirror* did not deny that they were considering the proposal to present a framed copy of the portrait of John Tiffinch which appeared in their issue of February 29, 1913. (Tiffinch, our readers will remember, was brother-in-law to the man who discovered the great emerald robbery.)

The British Medical Journal's list will include the works of GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and the Life of Mrs. EDDY; but the report that *The Tailor and Cutter* would present *Wild Tribes of Central Africa* is emphatically denied.

Finally, *The Boxing World* had not thought of offering any free gifts, but on learning that BOSWELL had written a Life of JOHNSON seemed inclined to reconsider their decision.

"In order to counteract a tendency to stoutness which ex-President Taft is now overcoming, the Kaiser has lately undergone a systematic course of outdoor 'training.'"—*Daily Mail.*

This is very friendly of the KAISER, but Mr. TAFT will probably do it better by himself.

Says an Edinburgh tram-car advertisement:—

"THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.
Conductor .. .. E. Mlynarski.
Solo Violinist .. .. .. Duci Kerekjarto."

You should see these natives when they get among the haggis. Hoots!

THE KAKEKIKOKUANS;
OR, THE HEATHEN IN HIS BLINDNESS.

THE country of Kakekikoku, as its name suggests, lies in the vicinity of Timbuctoo, the well-known African resort; and at the present time, when so much interest is centred upon that little-known land, it may be profitable to our readers, as well as to the writer, to give some information about it.

A famous Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, who has travelled widely, not only in this country but in Belgium and the Channel Islands, has stated that Kakekikoku is richly endowed with the bewilderments, perils and mysteries of primitive and unexplored African territory. A warlike and exclusive folk, the Kakekikokuans extend a red-hot welcome to the foreigner who ventures within their borders. They are possessed of a fine physique and an intelligence of a subtler kind than many savage races can pretend to; yet while having all the qualities that should go to the building up of a strong nation, certain conditions of their life bar the way to such an achievement. In a word, the Kakekikokuans are in the clutches of the medicine-man. Each of these despots has his own little following, and wields a distinctive influence, it being a point of honour with him that his teaching should differ in some way (usually in but a trivial detail) from the teaching of any other of his kind. The solemnity of their discussions and the heat of their dissensions about the minutiæ of their creeds would be laughable were it not so pathetic.

And not only do the medicine-men dispute among themselves, but their followers engage even more vehemently in bitter strife. For instance, there is a national belief that the juby-juby nut, which grows in the forests in profusion, possesses some supernatural virtue that will make a man who chews it impervious to the weapons of his enemies. That this virtue exists is generally accepted; but when it comes to a discussion of how, when and where to chew the nut, much wrangling goes on; and such men as survive in battle claim that their particular method is proved to be the correct one, while such as succumb are cited in proof of the error of their process of absorbing the juices of the juby-juby nut. The survivors include, of course, representatives of various schools of thought, and a battle against a common enemy rarely goes by without being immediately followed by a conflict among the surviving Kakekikokuans in order to put to final proof their respective theories about their remarkable fruit. Thus a promising people is committing race-suicide; for this sort of thing goes on not only in connection with this particular problem, but over such questions as the number of beads to wear round one's neck when visiting the medicine-man, whether the national custom of saluting the rising sun need be observed on cloudy mornings, and whether the medicine-man is entitled to the pick of the yams on any day but Sunday. People of different opinions on these points decline to eat together or to enter into social intercourse with one another; and their children are forbidden to mingle in play.

The good news has just come to hand, however, that a band of Church of England missionaries, despatched by the Bishop of ZANZIBAR, has now entered the country; and it is delightful to contemplate the beneficent result that may be expected from their broad-minded attitude and their sane teaching on the subject of the brotherhood of man.



Observant Lady (*to gentleman alighting from 'bus*). "I THINK YOU'VE DROPPED A PENNY!"

"The Berlin critics have been accusing Mr. Bernard Shaw of having committed in his 'Pygmalion,' produced in Germany the other day, a plagiarism from Smollett's novel, 'Peregrine Pickle.' Mr. Shaw denies that he has ever read the novel in question, and, in an interview in the London 'Observer,' remarks: 'The suggestion of the German papers that I had Pygmalion produced in Germany lest I should be detected in my own country of plagiarism, shows an amusing ignorance of English culture.'"—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

It does. Why even our most cultured countryman, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, has never read *Peregrine Pickle*.

"Mr. Spademan, of Woodrowton, Northants, placed a dozen eggs under a hen some time ago, and there were hatched out thirteen chickens, one of the eggs being double-yolked. All the young birds are doing well.

Burroughes and Watts' billiard tables for accuracy."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

They are, in fact, a lesson to Mr. SPADEMAN's hens.

LACONICS.

"As a matter of fact," said the doctor, "you ought not to speak at all. But that's asking too much. So let it go at this—not a word more than is necessary. Good-bye."

He left the room and I lay back pondering on his instructions. How many words were really necessary?

The nurse soon after entered.

"So the doctor's gone," she said.

Obviously it wasn't necessary to say Yes, since the room was empty save for me and her; so I made no reply.

She went to the window and looked out. The sky was blue and the sunshine was brilliant.

"It's a fine day," she said.

No, I thought, you don't catch me there; and said nothing. But I reflected that yesterday I might myself have made the same inane remark as she.

"Would you like the paper?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, and then almost regretted it, for having waited nearly fifty years for yesterday's news surely I could wait longer. Still, the paper would help to pass the time.

While she was fetching it I remembered a dream of last night which I had intended to tell her this morning.

But why do so? A dream is of no account even to the dreamer. Still, the recital might have made her laugh. But why should laughter be bothered about?

The nurse brought the paper and I signified Thank you.

"I'll leave you for a while now," she said. "The fire's all right. Your drink's by the bed. You'll ring if you want anything."

All these things I knew. My drink is always beside the bed; the bell is the natural communication between me and the house. What a foolish chatterbox the woman was! I nodded and she went out.

On her return an hour or so later she asked, "Is there anything in the paper?"

Before answering I examined this question. What did it mean? It did not mean, Are the pages this morning absolutely blank, for a change? It meant, Is there a good murder? Is any very important person dead? In reply I handed the paper to her.

Instead of reading it she began a long account of her morning's walk. She told me where she had been; whom she had seen; whom she had thought she had seen and then found that it was some one else; what somebody had said. Not a syllable mattered, I now realised; but yesterday I should have joined in the talk, asked questions, encouraged her in her foolishness.

Just before lunch my brother and a guest came into the room and began to talk about golf. My brother said that he had been round in 98. This was his best since September, when he went round in 97. He described his difficulties at the tenth hole.

It all seemed very idiotic to me, for the game was over and done with. Why rake it up?

The guest said that he had lost two balls, one of which was expensive. His driving had been good, but in the short game he had been weak. He could never quite make up his mind whether he putted best with a gun-metal putter or a wooden one.

My brother asked me if I remembered that long drive of his two years ago?

I nodded.

The nurse came in and told them to go. She then asked me if I was hungry.

"Very," I said.

She brought me some beef-tea and calf's-foot-jelly, remarking that they were easily taken and "would not hurt my throat."

That was why they were chosen, of course.

In the afternoon I had a visit from my Aunt Lavinia, who sat down with the remark that she would tell me all the news.

"You remember Esther?" she began.

Esther is my cousin and we were brought up together. How could I have forgotten her?

What she told me about Esther was of no consequence. Then she told me how she had nearly lost her luggage at Brighton—she quite thought she had lost it, in fact—but, as it happened, it turned up. "And if I had lost it," she said, "it would have been dreadful, for I had a number of dear Stella's beautiful sketches in one of my trunks. Quite irreplaceable. However, it is all right."

Then why tell me?

And so she rattled on.

"You don't say anything," she said at last.

It was true. I had said nothing. I told her what the doctor instructed.

"Quite right," she remarked. "I wish other people even in good health could have the same prescription."

Just before dinner my brother came in again. "You've had Aunt Lavinia here," he said.

I had.

"Getting quite grey, I thought," he ...

I had noticed it too.

He was smoking, and while he was with me he emptied his pipe and filled it again. He thought he had knocked the burning ash in the grate, but it had fallen in the turn-up of his right trouser leg.

Should I tell him? I wondered. He would, of course, find it out from the smell, but meanwhile the cloth would be burned through.

"Your trouser's burning," I said.

That was the only remark I volunteered all that day; and really, except now and then on business, I don't see why one should ever talk more.

CURLING.

(The Game and how to Play it, by a Winter Sport.)

TAKE a piece of ice (you'll want Switzerland for this). Draw two circles, one at each end. Draw a line a short distance from each circle. The drawing can be done with a pin, pocket-knife, diamond, axe, friend's razor or other edged or pointed instrument. I give no dimensions because they are dull things and I hate guessing. Talk of the circles at each end as "houses" and the lines as "hogs," and you are well on the road to become a curler.

Take two narrow pieces of tin with prickly eruptions on one side. Place one each end of the ice-patch, prickly side down, and stamp on the smooth side. Why these pieces of tin are called "crampits" I can't tell you, unless it's just part of the fun.

You now have a prepared patch that can be used for hop-scotch, shove-halfpenny, Rugby football or curling. If you have named the things as directed you really ought to use it for curling.

We now come to the question of players. This is one of the most important parts of the game. Four a side is the almost ideal number, but a few more or less do not make any very great difference. But be sure to get some Scotchmen. They take the game seriously and do much to make the whole affair bright and mirthful. A slight sprinkling of Irishmen often serves to bring out more prominently the flavour of the Scottish humour.

Don't play for money unless you have the majority of Scotchmen on your side.

The game is played with "stones," or, to use their Scotch pseudonym, "stanes." To every man twa stanes. You can either get your "stanes" in England and travel out with them, or hire them in the locality. They make the most pleasant travelling companions and at times are the cause of many amusing incidents which beguile the tedium of the journey. Also they often



LIFE'S LITTLE TRAGEDIES.

SHY AND NERVOUS HUSBAND, ABANDONED IN COSTUME DEPARTMENT BY HIS WIFE WHO HAS GONE TO THE FITTING-ROOM TO HAVE HER DRESS FITTED, AND SURROUNDED BY TALL AND BEAUTEOUS YOUNG LADIES WHOSE ONLY BUSINESS SEEMS TO BE TO MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE A WORM.

lead to your picking up chance acquaintances. I have known one stone placed in a dimly lighted corridor of a train productive of much merriment and harmless banter. Being of considerable weight they do not readily respond to a playful kick, but having no sharp corners they are seldom responsible for serious injury to the kicker.

Every stone, when new, has a handle. Be careful to preserve the handle intact on the upper part of the stone. If this adjunct be lost or mislaid the stone is less amenable to transit and almost useless for its original purpose.

You will also require a long-handled carpet-broom, which you will on arrival re-name a "cow." Most dressing-bags constructed for foreign travel are now fitted with these useful and picturesque articles. The "cow" is used for two purposes. If you are lucky enough to be appointed scorer for your side you mark the score on the handle in such a way as to be indecipherable by everyone but yourself. This prevents disputes with regard to the accuracy of your arithmetic. You also use it to sweep the ice in front of a friendly stone which appears likely to give up prematurely from exhaustion. Sweeping is carried out under the direction of your captain, and the process is known in the vernacular as "sooping 'er oop." You are not allowed to retard the progress of a stone, friendly or otherwise, by intentionally sweeping obstructions into its path. To discard a portion of your "cow" in front of a rapidly advancing stone is actionable.

Over-enthusiasm in "sooping 'er 'oop" should be avoided. Ice is proverbially slippery, and if you fall on to a friendly stone from excess of energy or from debility, your side is "huffed" that stone. This is a serious matter, and even if you are able to continue the game you are looked on with disfavour by your friends.

The object of the game is to get your stone as near as possible to the centre of the circle at the other end of the rink. With this object you stand on the piece of tin or "crampit" before referred to, grasp the stone firmly by the handle and hurl it along the ice. It is almost essential to let go the stone at the right moment, otherwise it will hurl you. The game is almost identical with the commoner game of "bowls," except for the language, which is worse. The term "wood" is inappropriate and must be avoided, as the use of it may lay you under a charge of ignorance or flippancy, which you will find almost impossible to live down.

I will conclude with a few hints to novices. Preserve a cool head and steady eye. Whilst you are playing your shot your captain will be dancing about in the circle at the other end of the ice. You will find it best to disregard his maniacal shoutings and gesticulations. You will probably not understand half of them and will not agree with the other half. If he should break a blood-vessel do not take any notice unless some part of his fallen body is likely to obstruct your stone. In this case you are entitled to have him moved.

If, after you have played, cries of "hog" or "wobbler" arise, remember that you are engaged in a sport and not in politics and that there is nothing really offensive in the terms. Finally, never scoff at the language used, and above all, remember that what is one man's game may be another's religion.



"EH, BUT I HAD A RARE TIME LAST YEAR-R. A WAS AT MA COUSIN MACWHUSKIE'S A WHOLE FORRTNICHT, AN' A DIDNA ONCE KEN A WAS THERE!"

REVENGE

(Or, a Hint to a House-agent after coming away from his Office).

YOUR voice was pleasing and your face was fat;
With soap *ad libitum* you sought to dabble us;
But when I told you we must leave the flat
Did I not notice, underneath the spat,
The bifurcated boot that marks *Diabolus?*

I know that in a brief while you 'll have found
The house I wanted (*sic*), superbly roomy,
With a fine view and every comfort crowned,
A short three minutes from the Underground;
Also I know that you are safe to "do" me.

There will be something wrong; but you shall fill
My ears with praises specious and irrelevant
Of this and that; and you shall have your will,
And heave a deep sigh when I 've paid my bill,
Having got off at last some rare white elephant.

And when things happen to "The Yews" or "Planes"
Left by the Joneses like a haunt of lazars;
When the roof falls, or in the winter rains
The dining-room breaks out in sudden blains,
And every feast we have recalls BELSHAZZAR'S;

You shall be smiling. But you have not guessed
One thing, for all your wisdom, child of Lucifer:
You did not know I was a bard, whose breast
Could boil with bitter language when oppressed
Like a bargee's; if anything, abusiver.

This is the high reward of sacred song;
The minstrels' voices are like falling honey
When the gods please them, but when things go wrong
They speak their mind out straight, and speak it strong,
Especially on points concerned with money.

So, if you "do me down," I have my lyre,
And I shall trumpet (at the normal Press wage)
Such things about that house, and with such fire,
That all men ever after shall conspire
To shun the said demesne and curse that messuage.

And spiders on the broken panes shall sit,
And the grey rats shall scuttle in the basement,
Until the Borough Council purchase it
And cleanse and decorate, and lastly fit
A fair blue *plaque* above the study casement,

Saying, "Here lived a while and wove his spell,
Eusebius Binks the bard, the unforgotten;
The house is mentioned in his 'Lines to Hell,'
Also the agents, Messrs. Azazel,
And the then drains which, so he sang, were rotten."

EVOE.

The Daily Telegraph says of the Portsmouth Corporation telephone system:—

"At present there are 1,899 subscribers and 2,528 distinct telephones."

Why doesn't the Post Office experiment with this new sort of telephone.

"Yet it is necessary to state emphatically, although no representative of a daily newspaper seems to have been under this impression, that not for twenty years have I been so bored."

C.K.S. in "The Sphere," on the 'Edwin Drood' trial.

But how are the poor reporters to know so much about C.K.S. as that?



COULEUR D'ORANGE.

Mr. Asquith (*on the Riviera*). "LUCKY FOR ME THERE AREN'T ANY 'CONVERSATIONS' HERE—I MIGHT AGREE TO ALMOST ANYTHING."

THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

DEAR UNCLE,—Its your birthday to-day. I sent you some nice pairs of hankerchifs because its your birthday. They for your nose. Its funny our birthdays being so close. And now no more from your loving neice
NANCY.

MY DEAR NANCY,—Thank you very much indeed for the nice pocket-handkerchiefs. I am very pleased with them. Nobody has ever troubled to give me handkerchiefs before with pretty flowers worked in the corners. I have been wearing them to-day, or rather one of them. They are so nice that I really meant to have kept them specially for parties and things like that, but, as I was obliged to leave home in a great hurry this morning, and someone had hidden my everyday handkerchiefs, I took one of yours.

Such a funny thing has happened. I sent you for your birthday a pretty card with birds on it, and somehow or other it got taken in quite a different direction, and was returned to me this morning by—whom do you think? Auntie Maud, all the way away in Ireland. But we mustn't blame the Postmaster-General without being absolutely sure of ourselves. It is very difficult in mysterious cases like this to be absolutely sure. Didn't you get my parcel? I sent it off at the same time as I sent the card, and I haven't had the parcel back. I wonder where it is. It looks as though things were going on that you and I know nothing about. I shall be very angry with him if he has forgotten to give you your parcel.

Hoping you are quite well, thank you, Your loving
UNCLE HENRY.

DEAR UNCLE,—Thank you for your pretty card for my birthday. I didnt got your parsel. Its very naughty of him when its my birthday. I hop youll be very very angry with him because its my birthday and I didnt get your parsel. And now no more from your loving neice NANCY.

The Postmaster-General.

SIR,—On Tuesday last I despatched by book-post a parcel from the South-Western District Office. It is now Friday, and the parcel has not been delivered. I should esteem it a favour if you would kindly give the Official Handicapper for the District in question instructions to allow my parcel to start forthwith. Yours faithfully,
HY. FRESHFIELD.

The Postmaster-General.

SIR,—In reply to your enquiry as to the nature of the parcel, I beg to inform you that it was oblong in shape and done up in brown paper and tied securely with string. To assist you still further in the task of identification, I may mention that it is addressed to Miss Nancy Freshfield, c/o F. E. L. Freshfield, Esq., 47, Ottalie Gardens, Westminster, S.W.

Trusting that nothing serious has occurred to disqualify my parcel,
Yours faithfully, HY. FRESHFIELD.

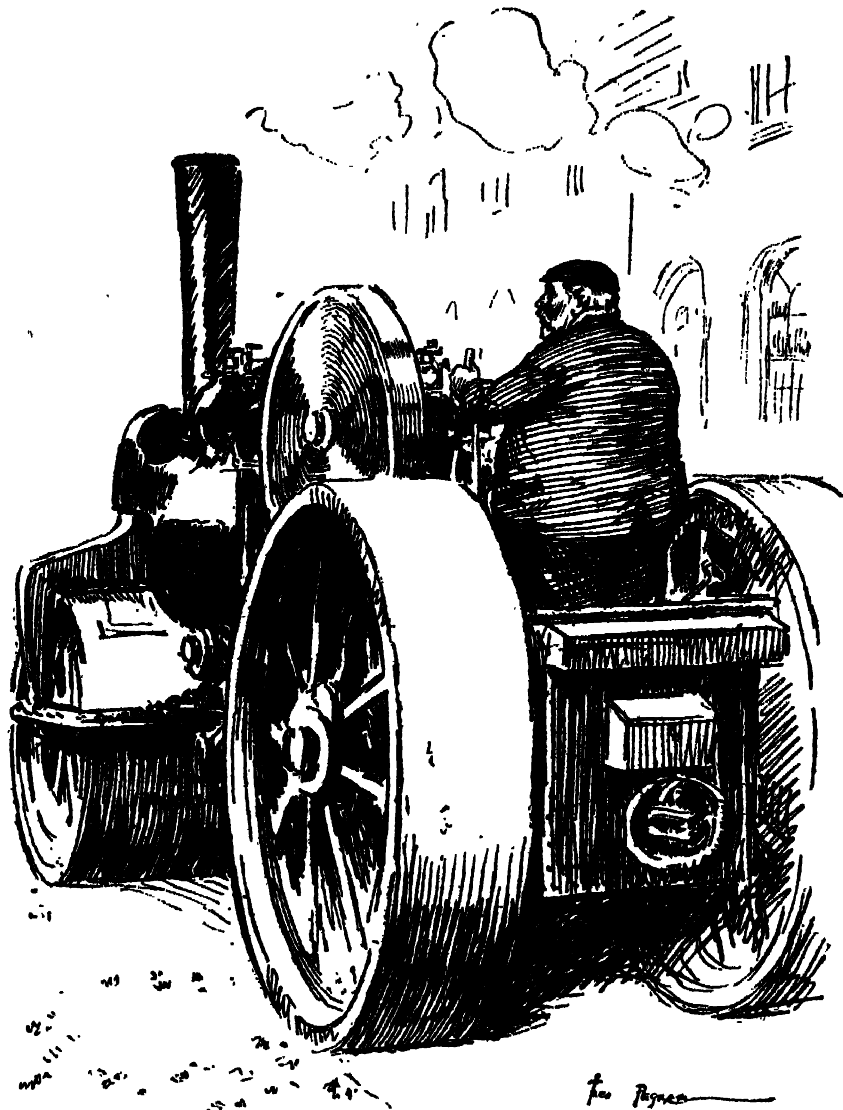
DEAR UNCLE,—I thought it was such a long time my parsel didnt come I would write to you dear Uncle. I hop you were very angry with him. And now no more from your loving neice NANCY.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that your parcel has now been traced.

The name of the addressee was correctly stated by you, but you omitted to append such further instructions for the guidance of the Post Office as to indicate the destination to which you desired it to go. I have the pleasure to add that the fuller information has been copied in from your letter, and the parcel despatched. . . .

DEAR NANCY,—By the same post that brought me your letter I heard from our absent-minded friend, the Postmaster-General. You will be pained to learn that he is even more absent-minded than we thought he was. Although, when I handed him your parcel, I distinctly told him it was going to Westminster, the moment my back is turned he must needs forget all about it.

I feel really rather sorry for him, and I don't think we ought to be angry any more. He can't possibly forget now, because I have written the address down for him. Your loving
UNCLE HENRY.



WHAT TO DO WITH OUR FAT MEN; OR, EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

A CABINET CRISIS.

IT had to be faced at last. There is a demand for them occasionally, and people won't put up with that excellent one taken under the crab-apple tree any longer.

I was caught just right there. The sun was in an indulgent mood and winked at the signs of advancing The bald patch was out of sight, and the smile would have softened the heart of an income-tax assessor. I acquired the negative from the amateur performer, and had it vignetted, which made it better still, as there was a space between the cashmere sock and the spring trousering in the original that I did not want attention drawn to. I had a large number of prints made, and dealt them out to anybody who asked for a photograph of me. At first they aroused considerable enthusiasm, but after five or six years a look of doubt began to appear on the faces of the recipients. Hadn't I got a later one? This was very nice, but — I pointed out that I hadn't changed at all, or only a very little. At my best I was still like that; and didn't they want me at my best?

At last a person described by himself as plain-spoken, and by other people as offensively rude, said that I had never really been as good-looking as that, with all possible allowances made, and any way he wanted a photograph and not a memorial card. I took a firm stand, and said that if he wasn't satisfied with that one he could go without altogether, and he said in the most insulting way that he supposed he should be himself again in time if he took a tonic.

A few more episodes of that sort eventually drove me to it. I passed my *viva-voce* examination at the hands of the young lady at the desk, paid my fees, got my testamur, and was shown into the torture-chamber, where the head executioner was busy adjusting his racks and screws.

I was rather taken with the rustic seat that was standing on a white fur mat in front of a scene representing the Jungfrau, but he headed me off it. If I liked the Jungfrau as a background I could have it, but not with the seat; that was for engaged couples only. He recommended a pair of skis, or a bob-sleigh; he could put a fine fall of snow into the negative. But as I had arrayed myself in a black coat, with one of those white waistcoat slips, and a flowing tie with a pearl pin, I refused this offer, and we decided we wouldn't have a background at all.

As the man who administered the laughing gas was out at lunch, I prepared to go through with it in cold blood, and seated myself in the operating chair in the most natural attitude I could assume—something like the one I had taken under the crab-tree. I thought I would show them that there wasn't so much difference after all. But it did not suit the head mechanic at all. He looked at me with his head on one side, and then took hold of mine by the chin and the hair and gave it a twist. I had never worn it at that angle in my life, and I knew it would put my collar all wrong; but I had to do what he told me. He arranged my coat so that it should look as if it had been made to fit somebody else, and disposed my arms in such a way as to give the sleeves the appearance of trouser legs with rucks in them. I felt almost more sorry for my tailor than for myself, but I shall send him one of the prints when I get them; it will be good for him.

We were now ready to tackle the expression. I had chosen one that would have been suitable for a man with a fair No Trump hand, but with one suit not fully guarded, as I didn't want to overdo it; but, judging from the inquisitor's remarks about the graveside, I am quite ready to admit that it might not have come out like that. I hastily dealt myself a hundred aces and a long suit of clubs, and he said that that was better, but I must put off the idea of the funeral altogether. It was not until I had assumed the appearance of a reach-me-down Nut with a dislocated neck, being made love to by six chorus-girls at once, that he condescended to take a look at me through the peephole. Then he ran up to me, gave my chin another hitch, pulled my neck another foot or two out of my collar, added a ruck or two to my sleeves, and said he liked the other side of my face better, after all.

So we went through it all again, and I worked at it with a will, for I wanted to see him get under his black cloth and finish the business.

It wasn't as bad as I had thought, but he was not done by any means when he had fired his first shot. He rammed more cartridges into the breach, and twisted me into three fresh contortions. He said he was sure that some of the efforts would turn out magnificently.

I don't feel quite the same confidence myself. I am anxiously awaiting the result, and trying to get rid of the crick in my neck and to unbuckle the smile in the meantime. If it doesn't turn out satisfactorily, I shall get a few lines — not too deep—put into the negative of the one taken under the crab-tree, and a little hair painted out—but not too much.



"WORK! I'M NOT AFRAID O' WORK, BUT I CAN'T GET ANY IN MY LINE."

"WHAT IS YOUR LINE?"

"I USED TO BE A STOCKBROKER, LIDY."

"Lemnos and Samothrace are to pass to Greece, and Chios and Wtylene are to be neutralised."—*Daily Citizen.*

We shall remain anxious until the last-named is sterilized.

THE TRAGEDY OF MIDDLE AGE.

WHEN I was a mid-Victorian nut
With a delicate taste in ties,
A highly elegant figure I cut,
At least in my own fond eyes,
And used to regard unwaxed moustaches
As one of the worst of social laches.

But now I find in my youngest son
The sternest of autocrats.
He tells me the things that must be done
And orders my collars and spats;
Prescribes mild exercise on the links
And advises me on the choice of drinks.

I've faithfully striven to imitate
My Mentor in dress and diction,
And loyally laboured to cultivate
A taste for the latest fiction;
Though I still read DICKENS upon the sly,
And even SCOTT, when nobody's by.

It's true I've managed to draw the line
At going to tango teas,
For, after all, I am fifty-nine
And a trifle stiff in the knees;
But I've had to give up billiards for "slosh,"
And pay laborious homage to "squash."

Long since my whiskers I had to shave
To please this young barbarian,
But still for a while I stealthily clave
To the use of Pommade Hungarian;
But now my tyrant has made me snip
The glory and pride of my upper lip.

"My dear old man," he recently said,
"If you go on waxing the ends,
You're bound to be cut, direct and dead,
By all of my nuttiest friends.
For it's only done, so *The Mail* discovers,
By Labour leaders and taxi-shovers."

So the deed was done, but whenever I gaze
On my face in the glass I moan
As I think of the mid-Victorian days
When my upper lip was my own.
For now, of length and of breadth bereft,
The ghost of a tooth-brush is all that's left.



Indulgent Householder. "WHY ARE YOU SINGING CAROLS, MY LITTLE MAN? DON'T YOU KNOW CHRISTMAS IS OVER?"

Youthful Caroller. "YES, SIR; BUT I 'AD MEASLES ALL FROO CHRISTMAS."

"MISSING NAVY PAYMASTER ARRESTED."
"Evening Standard" Poster.

So that's where it was all the time!

"The Under-sheriff said . . . . rumours against a man's character were like a rolling stone, gathering moss as it went."
Western Mail.

"As fond of the fire as a burnt child," is another of the Under Sheriff's favourite sayings.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

GLAMOUR.

ONCE upon a time there was a peer who knew the frailty of unennobled man.

Having occasion to entertain at dinner a number of useful fellows, he instructed his butler to transfer the labels from a number of empty bottles of champagne to an equal number of magnums of dry ginger-ale, at ten shillings the dozen, and these were placed on the table.

At the beginning of the repast his lordship casually drew attention to the wine which he was giving his guests, and asked for their candid opinion of it, as he was aware that they were all good judges, who knew a good thing when they saw it, and he would value their opinion.

And they one and all said it was an excellent champagne, and two or three made a note of it in their pocket-books. And such was their loyal enthusiasm that the banquet ended in a fine glow of something exactly like hilarity.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY-GIRL."

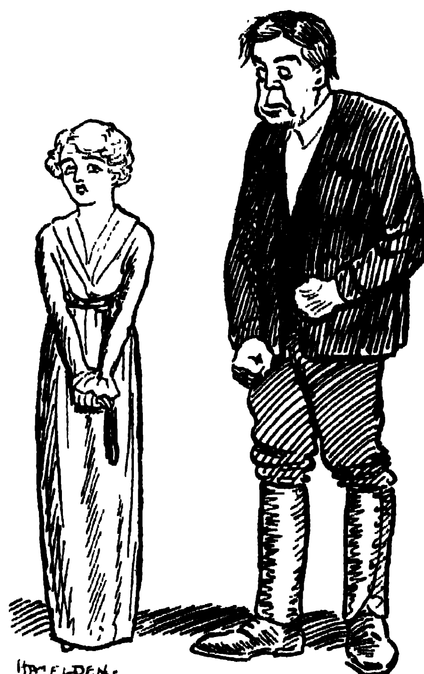
"I'M not going to give up my daily bath!" In these pregnant and moving words rang the *cri de cœur* which was to precipitate the tragedy of *Mary Sheppard*. To you the attitude of mind which provoked this cry may seem as natural as it was sanitary. But you must understand that it ran directly counter to *Ezra Sheppard's* ideal of the simple God-fearing life. Godliness with him came first, and cleanliness followed where it could. In his view a tub once a week was all that any sane person should need. Apart from this hebdomadal use its proper function was to hold dirty dishes and soiled clothes for the washing. And indeed this had at one time been *Mary's* own view (though tempered by vague aspirations towards a softer existence, as we might have guessed from the elegance of her brown shoes) before a year of the higher life had shaken her content. Let us go back.

Ezra Sheppard was by profession a market-gardener, and his favourite recreation was preaching in a barn. We have the picture of a frugal but happy interior, with a new-born infant (*off*). The trouble began with an offer made to his wife of a situation as foster-mother to the baby (also *off*) of a neighbouring Countess. The wages were to be high and she was to be delicately entreated; but there were hard conditions. She was not to hold communication with her husband or child for twelve months. I am sorry to say that *Mary* did not flinch from these conditions quite so much as I could have hoped. *Ezra*, however, rejected them for her with manly scorn, until he was reminded that the high wages would speed the end of his own ambitions—namely, to replace his barn with a conventicle of brick. So he let his wife loose into Eden with the Serpent.

And now we see *Mary* seated in the lap of luxury, with soft gowns to wear, and peaches to eat and instant slaves at her beck. You will, of course, expect her virtue to fall an easy prey; but you will be wrong. The Earl's attitude is pleasantly parental, and the attentions of the Countess's cavalier—an author—are confined to the extraction of copy. And anyhow *Mary's* instincts are sound. Now and again she remembers to pity the loneliness of her husband, whose cottage light she can see from the window of her bower; and once, by a ruse, she gets him to break the conditions and visit her; but when he learns that the invitation came from her, and not, as alleged, from the Countess, his conscience will not permit him to take advantage of his chance. So you have the unusual spectacle of a true and loving wife pleading in vain for the embraces of her true and loving husband.

But if her virtue, in the technical sense, remained intact, the Serpent had overfed her with *pommes de luxe*. On her return home—where the restoration of her child might have helped matters, but it doesn't know who she is and refuses to part from its foster-mother—we find her lethargic, off her feed, indifferent to the claims of menial toil, and clamorous (as I have shown) for her rights of the daily bath.

In the first joy of conjugal reunion



Mr. McKINNEL (*Ezra Sheppard*) to Miss MAY BLAYNEY (*Mary Sheppard*). "You've been lying again! You know how I hate it—I told you so in this very theatre when we were playing in *Between Sunset and Dawn*."

Ezra consents to tolerate the discomfort of this change, but in the end he loses patience and hits her. She leaves for London the same afternoon.

Six black months pass over the husband's bowed head, and then, on a very windy night (the wind was well done), she makes a re-entry, and confesses that, under stress of need, she has lapsed from virtue. This is bad news for *Ezra*, but he is prepared to forgive a fault in which he himself has had a fair share. Only there must be a sacrifice of something, if moral justice is to be appeased. So he chooses between his wife and his chapel and does execution on the latter. He goes out into the storm and sets the thing alight. His conscience is thus purified by fire, the gale being favourable to arson.

It is a pity that so excellent an object as a brick chapel should be the evil genius of the play. Yet so it is. Built of the materials of Scandinavian drama, it is always just round the corner, heavy with doom. We never see it, but we hear more than enough about it, and in the end it becomes a bore which we are well rid of.

The theme of the perils of foster-motherhood is not new, but Mrs. MERRICK has treated it freshly and with a very decent avoidance of its strictly sexual aspects. But her methods are too sedentary. She kept on with her atmosphere long after we knew the details of the cottage interior by heart; while a whole volume of active tragedy—*Mary's* six months in London—was left to our fevered imagination. And the sense of reality which she was at such pains to create was spoiled by dialogue freely carried on in the immediate vicinity of persons who were not supposed to overhear it.

The chief attraction of *Mary-Girl* (a silly title) was the engaging personality of Miss MAY BLAYNEY. Always a fascinating figure to watch, she showed an extraordinary sensitiveness of voice and expression. As for that honest and admirable actor, Mr. McKINNEL, who made the perfect foil to her charms that every good husband should wish to be, he seems never to tire of playing these stern, dour, semi-brutal parts. That more genial characters are open to him his success in *Great Catherine* showed. Miss MARY BROUGH, as a charwoman, supplied a rare need with her richly-flavoured humour and its clipped sentences. All the rest did themselves justice. Miss HELEN FERRERS was a shade more aristocratic than the aristocrat of stage tradition; and it was not the fault of Miss DOROTHY FANE (as her daughter, *Lady Folkington*) that she was required to behave incredibly in the presence of her inferiors. I have not much to say for the manners of Society in its own circles; but it is probably at its best in its intercourse with humbler neighbours. Mrs. MERRICK'S picture of the *Countess* on a visit to the *Sheppards'* cottage might have been designed for a poster of the Land Campaign.

There was no dissenting note, I am glad to say, in the reception of Mrs. MERRICK'S charming self when she appeared after the fall of the curtain.

"A pretty authoress!" said an actress in the stalls.

"Is that your comment on the play?" I asked.

"Yes!" she said. O. S.

"*Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry and John.*"—*Liverpool Echo.*

Where was Lord SAYE AND SELE?



"COME, COME, SIR! THAT'S HORSE WE KEEP FOR QUITE YOUNG CHILDREN! HE WANTS TO *PLAY* WITH YOU, SIR!"

THE LAST STRAW.

I SING the sofa! It had stood for years,
  An invitation to benign repose,
A foe to all the fretful brood of fears,
  Bidding the weary eye-lid sink and close.
Massive and deep and broad it was and bland—
In short the noblest sofa in the land.

You, too, my friend, my solid friend, I sing,
  Whom on an afternoon I did behold
Eying—'twas after lunch—the cushioned thing,
  And murmuring gently, "Here are realms of gold,
And I shall visit them," you said, "and be
The sofa's burden till it's time for tea."

"Let those who will go forth," you said, "and dare,
  Beyond the cluster of the little shops,
To strain their limbs and take the eager air,
  Seeking the heights of Hedsor and its copse.
I shall abide and watch the far-off gleams
Of fairy beacons from the world of dreams."

Then forth we fared, and you, no doubt, lay down,
  An easy victim to the sofa's charms,
Forgetting hopes of fame and past renown,
  Lapped in those padded and alluring arms.
"How well," you said, and veiled your heavy eyes,
"It slopes to suit me! This is Paradise."

So we adventured to the topmost hill,
  And, when the sunset shot the sky with red,
Homeward returned and found you taking still
  Deep draughts of peace with pillows 'neath your head.
"His sleep," said one, "has been unduly long."
Another said, "Let's bring and beat the gong."

"Gongs," said a third and gazed with looks intent
  At the full sofa, "are not adequate.
There fits some dread, some heavy, punishment
  For one who sleeps with such a dreadful weight.
Behold with me," he moaned, "a scene accurst.
The springs are broken and the sofa's burst!"

Too true! Too true! Beneath you on the floor
  Lay blent in ruin all the obscure things
That were the sofa's strength, a scattered store
  Of tacks and battens and protruded springs.
Through the rent ticking they had all been spilt,
Mute proofs and mournful of your weight and guilt.

And you? You slept as sweetly as a child,
  And when you woke you recked not of your shame,
But babbled greetings, stretched yourself and smiled
  From that eviscerated sofa's frame,
Which, flawless erst, was now one mighty flaw
Through the addition of yourself as straw.

R. C. L.

"A really acceptable present for a lady is a nice piece of artificial hair, as, when not absolutely necessary, it is always useful and ornamental."—*Advt. in "Aberdeen Free Press."*

Still, it might be misunderstood.

"Theologians and mystics might say, 'Is that not mere anthropomrhpism?'"—*Mr. BALFOUR according to "The Daily Mail."*

But a Welshman would say it best.

"An aggressive minority succeeded in showing that the Little Navyites do not represent the bulk of public opinion."—*Daily Express.*

It is, of course, always the aggressive minority which really represents the bulk of public opinion.

A BYGONE.

When I see the white-haired and venerable Thompson standing behind my equally white-haired but much less venerable father at dinner, exuding an atmosphere of worth and uprightness and checking by his mere silent presence the more flippant tendencies of our conversation; when I hear him whisper into my youthful son's ear, "Sherry, Sir?" in the voice of a tolerant teetotaler who would not force his principles upon any man but hopes sincerely that this one will say No; and when I am informed that he promised our bootboy a rapid and inevitable descent to a state of infamy and destitution upon discovering no more than the fag end of a cigarette behind his ear, then I am tempted to recall an incident of fifteen years back, lest it be forgotten that Thompson is a man like ourselves who has known, and even owned, a human weakness.

Dinner had begun on that eventful evening at 7.30 P.M., and it was drawing within sight of a conclusion, that is, the sweet had been eaten and the savoury was overdue, at 9.45 P.M. Four of us had trailed thus far through this critical meal: my father, a usually patient widower who was becoming more than restless; the Robinsons, never a jocund brace of guests, who were by now positively sullen, and myself who, being but a boy of twenty odd years and having little enough to say to a woman of fifty-five and her still more antique husband, had long ago settled down to a determined silence. Meanwhile Thompson, then in his first year of service with us, tarried mysteriously heaven knows where.

The intervals of preparation before each course had been growing longer and longer and the pause before the savoury threatened to be infinite. My father commanded me to ring the bell severely. Longing to escape from the table I did so with emphasis, and my ring summoned (to our surprise, for we were not aware of her existence in the house) a slightly soiled kitchen-maid.

"Where is Thompson?" asked my father sternly.

"At the telephone, Sir," stammered the maid.

"The telephone!" cried my father. "Whatever is the matter?"

The maid started to mumble an explanation, burst into tears and fled in alarm, never again to emerge from the back regions. My father commanded me to the bell again, but as I rose Thompson entered. He was even then a stately and dignified person, and it was with a measured tread and slow that he advanced upon my father.

"Will you please serve the savoury at once?" said my father.

"I am afraid it cannot be done, Sir," said Thompson. "May I explain, Sir?"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked my father, fearing some terrible disaster below stairs, and sacrificing politeness to his guests with the hope of saving lives in the kitchen.

Thompson cleared his throat. "For some weeks, Sir," he said, "I have been much worried with financial affairs. Like a fool I have invested all my savings in speculative shares, and the variations of the market have unduly depressed me. When I am depressed I take no food, and that depresses me even more."

You will be as surprised as we were that this was allowed to continue, but when a man of so few words as Thompson chooses to come out of his shell he is always master of the situation. "And so, Sir," he continued, "I have taken the liberty of telephoning to the mews for a cab."

He paused and bowed, as if this made it all clear, and was about to withdraw. "Kindly finish serving dinner at once, and don't be impudent," my father got out at last.

Thompson sighed. "It is absolutely out of the question, Sir," said he. "Quite, quite impossible."

"Why on earth?" cried my father.

Thompson became, if possible, more solemn and deliberate than before. "I am drunk, Sir," said he.

At this point Mrs. Robinson, whose indignation had slowly been swelling within her, rose and left the room. Robinson, as in duty bound, followed. Neither of them, to my infinite joy, has ever returned . . .

"Depressed by want of food, Sir," continued Thompson, by sheer duress preventing my father from following his guests and attempting to pacify them, "I have taken to spirits. I do not like the taste of spirits and they go at once to my head. They depress me further, Sir, but they intoxicate me. Yes, I am undoubtedly tipsy."

My father seized the opportunity of his pause for reflection to order him to leave the room and present himself in the morning when he was sober.

"You dismiss us without notice, Sir," he stated, referring to himself and his wife in the kitchen. "First thing in the morning we go. And so I have ordered the cab to take us."

This was a very proper fate for Thompson but came a little hard on my father. "But what am *I* to do?" asked he.

Thompson regarded him with a desultory smile. "The Mews desires to know, Sir," said he, "who will pay for the cab?"

I ought to be able to state that there followed with the cold light of day an apology, with passionate tears and remorse, from Thompson, or at least a severe reprimand from my father before he consented to keep him on. I regret to say that my father, next morning, postponed the interview till the evening, and from the evening till the next morning, and—that interview is still pending. If this seems weak, you have only to see Thompson to realize that no man with any sense of the incongruous could even mention the word "Drink" in his presence.

As for the cab which Thompson had ordered, though we never saw it we later heard all about it. It went to the wrong house because, as the proprietor of the mews informed us with shame and regret, the driver entrusted with the order had been very much under the influence of alcohol. Altogether it is a sordid tale, made no better by the fact that the house which the drunken driver chose to go to and insult was the Robinsons' . . .

LOVE AT THE CINEMA.

Inert I watched the Hero sacked
For lapses clearly not his own;
The midnight murder on the cliff,
The wonted ante-nuptial tiff,
The orange-blossoms, bored me stiff.
The picture-hall was simply packed,
But I was all alone.

Alone! Two little hours could span
The gloom that bound me stark and grim
(No melancholy pierced me through
Before the 7.32
Had ravished Barbara from view),
And yet I brooked it like a man
Until I noticed HIM.

He sat extravagantly near
His Heart's Delight. To my distress,
When temporary twilight fell,
He squeezed her hand (and squeezed it well!),
Possessed her waist, and in that shell,
That damask shell she calls an ear,
Breathed words of tenderness.

The blood ran riot to my head
And still I held my madness thrall,
My lips repressed the frenzied shriek,
My straining heart was stout as teak;
But, when he kissed her mantling cheek,
I broke—and two attendants led
Me wailing from the hall.



THE LOST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Maid (to postman delivering long-delayed parcel). "WHAT IS IT?"
Postman. "LABEL SAYS, 'WILD DUCKS,' BUT THEY 'RE 'UMMING-BIRDS NOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is at least one thing that will surprise you about *It Happened in Egypt* (METHUEN), and that is that, although C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON are the writers, motor-cars are hardly so much as mentioned throughout. It is a tale of the Nile and the Desert, of camels and caravans, told with a quite extraordinary power of making you feel that you have visited the scenes described. But this, of course, if you have any previous experience of the WILLIAMSON method, will not surprise you at all. As for the story that strings the scenes together, though it promised well, with almost every possible element of fictional excitement—buried treasure, and spies, and abductions, and secrets—somehow the result was not wholly up to the expectation thus created. To borrow an appropriate simile, the great thrill remained something of a mirage, always in sight and never actually reached. Also I wish to record my passionate protest against stories of treasure-trove in which the treasure is not taken away in sacks and used to enrich the hunters; I am all against leaving it underground, for whatever charming and romantic reasons. No, it is not so much as a novel of adventure that might have happened pretty well anywhere that I advise you to read this book, but as a super-guide to scenes and sensations that happen in Egypt and nowhere else. From the moment when, as one of the WILLIAMSON party, you sit down to breakfast on the terrace of Shepherd's, till you take leave of your fellow-travellers in the mountain-tomb of QUEEN CANDACE, you will enjoy the nearest possible approach to a luxurious Egyptian tour, under delightful guidance, and at an inclusive fare of six shillings.

Mr. SETON GORDON is a bold man. It is one thing to call a book *The Charm of the Hills* (CASSELL) and quite another to succeed in conveying that charm through the medium of the printed word. Perhaps, however, he was encouraged by the success that has already attended these pen-pictures of Highland scenes in serial form; certainly he knew also that he had another source of strength in a collection of the most fascinating photographs of mountain scenery and wild life, nearly a hundred of which are reproduced in the present volume. So that what Mr. GORDON the writer fails to convey about his favourite haunts (which is not much) Mr. GORDON the photographer is ready to supply. The papers, which range in subject from ptarmigan to cairngorms, are written with an engaging simplicity and directness, and show a sympathetic knowledge of wild nature such as is the reward only of long familiarity. The glorious mountain wind blows through them all, so that as you read you feel the heather brushing your knees, and see the clouds massing on the peaks of Ben-something-or-other. Perhaps Mr. GORDON is at his most interesting on the subject of the Golden Eagle. There are many striking snapshots of the king of birds in his royal home; and some stories of court life in an eyrie that are fresh and enthralling. One thing that I was specially glad to learn on so good authority is that the Golden Eagle, so far from being threatened with extinction, is actually increasing in the

deer forests of the North. This is intelligence as welcome as it is nowadays unusual. The book, which is published at 10*s*. 6*d*. net, is dedicated "to one who loves the glens and corries of the hills"; and all who answer to this description should be grateful to the writer for his delightful record.

Goodness knows that of all London's teeming millions I am the possessor of the most easily curdled blood, but my flesh declined to creep an inch from the first page to the last of *Animal Ghosts* (RIDER). I think it was Mr. ELLIOTT O'DONNELL's way of telling his stories that was responsible for my indifference. He is so incorrigibly reticent. His idea of a well-told ghost story runs on these lines:—"In the year 189 , in the picturesque village of C—, hard by the manufacturing town of L—, there lived a wealthy gentleman named T— with his cousin F— and two friends M— and R—." I simply refuse to take any interest in the spectres of initials, still less in the spectres of the domestic pets of initials. I am no bigot; by all means deny your ghost his prerogative of clanking chains and rattling bones; but there are certain points on which I do take a firm stand, and this matter of initials is one of them. Not one of these stories is convincing. Mr. O'DONNELL taps you on the chest and whispers hoarsely, "As I stood there my blood congealed, I could scarcely breathe. My scalp bristled;" and you, if you are like me, hide a yawn and say, "No, really?" There is a breezy carelessness, too, about his methods which kills a story. He distinctly states, for instance, that the story of the "Headless Cat of No. —, Lower Seedley Street, Manchester," was told to him by a Mr. ROBERT DANE. In the first half of the narrative this gentleman's brother-in-law addresses him as *Jack*, and later on his wife says to him, "Oh, *Edward*." What a man whose own Christian name is so much a matter of opinion has to say about seeing headless cats does not seem to me to be evidence.



ONE OF THE FEW HISTORIC MANSIONS OF ENGLAND WHERE QUEEN ELIZABETH DID *NOT* SLEEP.

There seems to be an increasing public for the volume of reflections. At all events Mr. REGINALD LUCAS, who has already two or three successes in this kind to his credit, has been encouraged to produce another, to which he has given the pleasant title of *The Measure of our Thoughts* (HUMPHREYS). It is, of course, difficult to be critical with a book like this; either it pleases the reader or it doesn't, and that is about all that can be said. One reason for my belief that Mr. LUCAS's *Thoughts* will please is that he has put them into the brain of a definitely conceived and very well drawn character. They are told in the form of letters by this character to his old tutor. The writer is supposed to be the rather unattractive and self-conscious eldest son of a noble house, who suffers from the presence of a father and sister who think him a fool, and a brother whose charm is a continual and painful contrast to his own lack of it. The special skill of the letters is their self-revelation, which brings out the pathos of the writer's position, while at the same time showing quite clearly the defects that explained it. Mr. LUCAS, in short, does not commit the error of making his hero merely a mute, misunderstood paragon, whom anyone with common penetration must have recognised as such. On the contrary, we sympathise with him, especially in the big tragedy of his life, while quite admitting that to any casual acquaintance he must have appeared only a dull and uninteresting egoist. This I call clever, because it shows that Mr. LUCAS has created a real thinker, rather than striven to give him any unusual profundity of thought. An agreeable book.

In the sixteenth chapter of the First Part of *The Rocks of Valpré* (FISHER UNWIN) *Trevor Mordaunt* married *Christine Wyndham*, and on the last page (which is the 511th) of the book, "she opened to him the doors of her soul, and drew him within. . . ." Granted that *Mordaunt*, with the eyes of steel, was not exactly an oncoming man and that when he married *Christine* he received, as wedding presents, two or three brothers-in-law who sponged hopelessly upon him, I still think that Miss ETHEL DELL has given us too detailed an account of the domestic differences between *Mordaunt* and his wife. For my own part I became frankly tired of the pecuniary crises of the *Wyndhams* and of their incurable inability to tell the truth. Had *Mordaunt* got up and given these feckless brethren a sound hiding I should have been relieved, but he preferred to make them squirm by using his steely eyes. In the future I suggest to Miss DELL that she should leave these strong silent men alone. They have had their day and gone out of vogue. The best part of this book, and indeed the best work Miss DELL has yet done, is her treatment of the romantic friendship between *Christine* and *Bertrand de Montville*. It is handled so touchingly and so surely that I resent with all the more peevishness the banality of the steel-eyed one.

"His lordship dismissed the application, with costs, and the jury found in his favour, assessing the damages at £1,000."

We should like to be a Judge. It seems to be easy and well-paid work.

From the synopsis of a Singapore play—just the last scene or two:—

"Samion, after going through Nyai Dasima's fortune, maltreated her, and told her to leave his protection. He also commissioned a wicked man called Puasa to murder Nyai Dasima. Puasa murdered Dasima, and threw her body into a river. The corpse of Dasima floated and entangled in the bathing-place of William. William, seeing this, at once reported to the Police of Dasima's death. Puasa and others were arrested and imprisoned. The Judge investigated the case, and Puasa was sentenced to be hanged. Samion got mad and died. Mah Buyong also got mad."

And so home to bed.

CHARIVARIA.

LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN is starting a movement with the admirable object of reinvigorating the drama in Wales by forming a travelling troupe of first-rate actors. It is rumoured that an option has already been obtained on a native comedian who is at present a member of the Cabinet.

* * *

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER received last week a deputation of the Men of Kent in order to hear their views in support of the preservation of the custom of gavelkind; and many persons, we believe, were surprised to hear that it is a custom and not a disease.

* * *

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, in a speech at Dundee last week, described Mr. CHURCHILL as the worst Liberal First Lord of the Admiralty that had ever occupied the position. It is reported that the right honourable gentleman is having a large number of copies of this statement printed off as a testimonial.

* * *

"The Labour organ, *The Evening Chronicle*," says a Johannesburg telegram, "appeared to-day with the leader column blank." The leaders were, of course, all in gaol.

* * *

In addition to Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON's little party an Austrian expedition to the Antarctic is also being organised. Such persons as were intending to go to these regions in the hope of finding quiet and rest there would do well to hesitate, for it looks as if they may be rather overcrowded.

"The American Ambassador," we read last week, "is confined to his room at the Embassy owing to a cold." Colds, we know, are nasty catching things, but we consider it shows cowardice on the part of the staff to have, apparently, locked their chief in his room.

* * *

The Duke of ATHOLL celebrated his jubilee as head of the house of STEWART-MURRAY last week. In these days to have remained a Duke for so long as fifty years shows no little grit.

* * *

"A Farnham resident," a contemporary informs us, "was badly stung by a wasp last week." At this time of year these insects are apt to sting badly, but in the summer they do it quite well.

* * *

The Roman Temple which has occupied a prominent position in the grounds of the Crystal Palace during the last three years is to be removed to Bath, and re-erected there. To the grave regret of the *élite* of Sydenham, an attempt to get Kew to take over the large glass house has failed.

* * *

A little while ago, at the Palladium, there was a Moore and Burgess revival. It has evidently been discovered that there is a taste for this sort of entertainment, for it is now announced that Mr. OSCAR ASCHE will produce this year a play by Sir RIDER HAGGARD in which the popular actor and his wife will appear as Zulus.



First Urchin. "SEE, 'ERB, A AIREOPLANE!
Second Urchin. "WHERE?"
First Urchin. "SEE, THERE—THAT LOOSE BIT."

* * *

Joseph, we read, is to be produced at Covent Garden next week. Apparently Sir HERBERT TREE's friend has now parted from his Brethren.

* * *

A lady in the front of the first circle at Drury Lane, *The Express* tells us, laughed so heartily the other day in the paper-hanging scene that her artificial teeth fell out and dropped into the stalls. This accentuates the importance of having one's teeth plainly marked with one's name and address.

* * *

Mr. Fred Burlingham, who recently descended into the heart of Vesuvius, has written a book entitled "How to become an Alpinist." The idea is good. One likes to learn how to cool oneself after a visit to a crater.

* * *

A little girl of our acquaintance has given the most vivid description of a cold that we have yet heard. "Well, Phyllis," we said, "how goes it to-day?" "Horrid," came the answer. "Have to make myself breathe."

* * *

"For the first time for forty years," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "a wild swan, supposed to have flown across the North Sea, has been shot in the marshes of the Isle of Sheppey." It does not say much for the marksmanship of the local sportsmen that this poor creature should have been shot at all those years without being hit.

* * *

We learn from *The Tailor and Cutter* that a garment of double fabric, with india-rubber balls inside to absorb the shock, has been designed for motorists by a Budapest tailor. But surely it is rather the pedestrian who needs this armour?

* * *

Mr. W. McDOUGALL declared in a lecture at the Royal Institution last week that the cranial capacity of the savage was equal to that of the average Oxford undergraduate. Cambridge has suspected this for years.

"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

"Hitherto more or less content with a wet sea and a flowing sail . . ."
"Times" Literary Supplement.

It would be terrible if *The Times* disapproved of the sea being wet.

"MULTIPLY YOUR INCOME BY 3.
£152 × 3 = £375
Think what you could do if you had three times the income you have now."
Advt. in "Church Times."

Sums perhaps.

"Mr. R. G. Knowles, the famous comedian, is now out of danger, and, acting on his doctor's orders, will start on Thursday for a trip to the Argentine. He will be back in London before the end of Barch."
Liverpool Daily Post.

Without that biserable cold, we hope.

Our Picturesque Language.

Extract from Japanese letter:—

"Our markets do not improve yet but as I working hard as twice than last year our business do not much decay than other person, which I am glad."

We share this gentleman's joy.

A COCKAIGNE OF DREAMS.

[*Based on Sir* ASTON WEBB'S *recent vision of what London might be like in a hundred years' time.*]

THANKS to a gift of piercing sight
(Not far removed from that of MOSES),
Beyond the secular veil of night
I see a City crowned with light,
A London redolent of roses.

I note an air of morning prime,
As used by bards for their afflatus,
Recovered from the spacious time
Ere yet a triple coat of grime
Had blocked our breathing-apparatus.

Swept clean of smuts and chimney-stacks
Each roof becomes a blooming garden,
And there, reclining on its backs,
All day the jocund public slacks
As in the thymy glades of Arden.

On Thames's bosom, crystal-clear,
Glad urchins bob about like bladders;
The fly is cast from Wapping pier,
And over the Pool's pellucid weir
Salmon go leaping up their ladders.

I dream how Covent's gritty bowers
(By leave of MALLABY'S line) shall wear a
Fat smile to greet the sunnier hours
For joy of battles fought with flowers,
As it might be in Bordighera.

New Bond Streets on the Surrey side
Shall flaunt their gems and rare chinchillas
To swell the local mummer's pride,
And every bridge shall span the tide
With Arcadies of ASTON villas.

I see, in fact, old London rise
From smokeless ashes, like a Phœnix,
To moral planes where Beauty lies
And Electricity supplies
The motive power of pure Hygienics.

But not in *our* time (hush, my heart!);
A score of lustres will have fleeted
Before the Ministry of Art,
Though it should make an early start,
Can hope to see the thing completed.

Meanwhile this London is my place.
Sad though her dirt, as I admit, is,
I love the dear unconscious grace
That shines beneath her sooty face
Better than all your well-groomed cities.

O. S.

"A BELGIAN PRINCESS AND HER CREDITORS.

'Le Soir' (Brussels) announces that the creditors of Princess Louise will receive the sum of 4,172 millions of francs, and consequently the legal proceedings before the Court of Appeal will not take place."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Such a paltry sum to make a fuss about! But, as usual, we hide our real feelings behind this flippant mask. Reading between the lines we confess to strange apprehensions. Why has the Princess so gravely exceeded her dress allowance? Has she, on behalf of her beloved country, been collecting war-ships? Has she 50 or 60 *Dreadnoughts* up her sleeve to upset the balance of naval power on "the day"? We make the German Chancellor a present of these disturbing reflections.

HIS SON'S FATHER.

IN at least one of our daily newspapers the attention of the public was recently drawn to a brilliant young orator, ANTHONY ASQUITH by name, who began a series of lectures at Antibes before influential audiences. The first two of the series dealt with aviation and music respectively. We understand that the titles of the remainder of the series will include "Physical Culture," "The Limitations of Radium," "The Place of Theosophy in Metaphysics," and "The Proper Education of the Child."

We learn from a correspondent that this gifted gentleman (who, by the way, is still quite young, being well on the bright side of his teens) is a member of a highly-respected London family resident within a stone's throw of Whitehall.

After a career full of promise at Oxford, Master ANTHONY ASQUITH'S father was called to the Bar; and although he no longer follows the profession of barrister (in which, by the way, he rose to the distinction of King's Counsel), he is not forgotten by many of his old colleagues in Lincoln's Inn. It was at one time common knowledge that he would certainly have been made a judge had he only remained active in his profession. He has devoted the last few years, however, to political work, which has always had a particular attraction for him. As a man of sound judgment and ready acumen, Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH'S father is much honoured in the councils of his own party; he is also a very effective speaker, and is sure of a large and appreciative audience whenever he addresses a meeting, whether it be in London or elsewhere.

We venture to predict that the world will hear further of the man whom the remarkable performance of his youthful son has established within the public eye.

THE NEW "AGONY COLUMN."

[*A forecast of "Servants Wanted" advertisements, by Mr. Punch's own Steno-Volapuker. With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."*]

CK-GEN, 9·90, £145, rsng £50 yrly, fam 2 (poss mre), no bsmt, stps, wndws, boots, wshg. R.S.V.P. Mrs. Bolt, Laurel Villa, Lee Green, S.E.

CK, any age, any wage, 3 fam (wrttn gntee furthr arrvls immed disposed of) no stairs, spats, fncy socks, knves, frks, spoons. Exclnt matrimnl prosps. The Vicarage, Great Outerly.

CK, marrd or sing, if marrd husb can shre 1st flr suite, beaut furn, pri bth rm, sth asp, telephne, mo 'bus psses dr, ex cellar kept. Mrs. Bland, "Nil Desperandum," Muswell Hill, N.

GEN, bright, yng (under 75), £180, pens aftr 6 mnths servce, free costumes, taxis, theatr tics, rail fres, week-ends sunny sth cst (best hotls). Interv Carlt Grill Rm, 8 morrow, eve dress op, will intro husb to engd applcnt, aftwds to Hippo. Mrs. St. John Vernour, Stewkley Mans., W.

GEN, age op, no fam (loathe fams), no early dins, late dins, or hot dins. Wages half emplyrs inc (Chart Accts cert), evry wk-end off, lib breakges (best china only), charm neighbd, young soc, exc golf clb, amatr theatrcls (leadg prts guarntd), Cindrlla dnce Twn Hll twce mnthly, ann hol Deauville, all exes pd, pre-historic CKNG only, no veg, caps, aprons, restrictns. Lchkey, long gard, summr hse. Mrs. Rex Jones, The Awnings, Bourne End (Pic pal 3 min).

IMBECILE, as GEN, £18, 9 fam (last census), honest, wllng, oblg, early risr, pln ck, fond hse wk, chldrn, one eve mthly. Mrs. Spero, The Warren, Stickham-in-Clay, Bucks.



THE TRUST CLINCH.

President Wilson. "BREAK AWAY THERE, GENTLEMEN!"

[In his Message to Congress upon legislation regarding Trusts, President Wilson advocated "the effectual prohibition of interlocking" amongst great industrial and financial corporations.]

SCALE OF IMPORTANCE IN THE PRODUCTION OF A MODERN REVUE.



COSTUMIER. PRINCIPAL ACTRESS. COMEDIAN. PRODUCER. SCENE PAINTER. COMPOSER. AUTHORS.

MUSIC AND MILLINERY.

THE luminous suggestion that ladies attending the forthcoming performances of *Parsifal* should wear mantillas instead of aigrettes is almost the first serious attempt to bring the arts of music and dress into a true and fitting relation. We are therefore not in the least surprised to learn that a movement is on foot to promote sumptuary legislation to secure this end as part and parcel of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's far-reaching programme of social reform. Pending the realisation of these schemes the Editor of *Music for the Million* has had the happy thought of interviewing a number of distinguished musicians, whose views may be summarised herewith.

Sir HENRY WOOD said that conductors and orchestral players were extraordinarily sensitive to sartorial influences. Unfortunately the force of tradition was so strong that he found it impossible to indulge his tastes. It was *de rigueur* to conduct in either a frock or an evening coat, but if he had his own way he would vary his garb for every composer. For example, he would like to wear a harlequin's dress for STRAUSS, a full-bottomed wig and ruffles for BACH, HAYDN and GLUCK, a red tie and a cap of Liberty for SCHÖNBERG, and the uniform of a Cossack of the Ukraine for TCHAIKOVSKY. Instead of which the utmost liberty that he was allowed was a butterfly tie. He thought that members of the orchestra ought to be permitted to consult their individual tastes in dress. Certain restrictions would of course be needed. Thus, uniforms were all very well for dance and restaurant bands, but he would not like to see the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra competing with Blue Bessarabians or Pink Alsatians.

Herr KUBELIK declared that a violin *virtuoso* could never play his best by daylight. Artificial light, full evening dress and diamonds were indispensable in an audience. You would not play *bravura* music to people in morning costume; it was like drinking champagne out of a teacup.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON said that as the highest form of musical composition was a Funeral March he was in favour of making black obligatory for all persons who attended high-class symphonic concerts. The kaleidoscopic colours affected by modern women of fashion distracted serious artists and sometimes made them play wrong notes. An exception might perhaps be allowed in favour of dark purple, because of its association with mourning, but the glaring colour schemes now in vogue were to be deprecated as prejudicial to solemnity. It pained him to see music reduced to the menial position of the handmaid of levity.

Professor BANTOCK said that he was entirely in favour of establishing an equation between music and the costume of those who performed or listened to it. For instance, he felt that his *Omar Khâyyâm* would make a far deeper impression if the audience were all clad in Persian garb. The same need for local colour would be felt in the case of his new Siberian symphony, though he admitted that it would be a little trying if the work was performed in the dog days. The expense was perhaps a consideration, but people could always afford to purchase a costume for a fancy ball, and why not for a Symphony concert?

Madame CLARA BUTT said that she found the *timbre* of her voice was affected by the costumes of the audience. She strongly condemned the practice followed by some ladies of fashion of bringing their Pekinese dogs with them to concerts. It showed disrespect to the performers and involved cruelty to animals, since the Pekinese only appreciated the Chinese five-note scale and detested European harmonies.

Cabinet and Admiralty.

ANOTHER DISCLAIMER.

A correspondent writes:—"There is no reason to believe that the Cabinet will remit to the Board of Admiralty the report of the Land Committee appointed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a view to securing the views of the Sea Lords, as possessing a wide knowledge of naval affairs, on this aspect of the Government's policy."

"The men demand, roughly, an increase of 1*d.* a ton."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Perhaps if they asked politely they might get it.

SILVER LININGS.

"We want some more coal," said Celia suddenly at breakfast.

"Sorry," I said, engrossed in my paper, and I passed her the marmalade.

"More coal," she repeated.

I pushed across the toast.

Celia sighed and held up her hand.

"Please may I speak to you a moment?" she said, trying to snap her fingers. "Good; I've caught his eye. We want——"

"I'm awfully sorry. What is it?"

"We want some more coal. Never mind this once whether INMAN beat HOBBS or not. Just help me."

"Celia, you've been reading the paper," I said in surprise. "I thought you only read the *feuill*—the serial story. How did you know INMAN was playing HOBBS?"

"Well, POULTON or CARPENTIER or whoever it is. Look here, we're out of coal. What shall I do?"

"That's easy. Order some more. What do you do when you're out of nutmegs?"

"It depends if the nutmeg-porters are striking."

"Striking! Good heavens, I never thought about that." I glanced hastily down the headlines of my paper. "Celia, this is serious. I shall have to think about this seriously. Will you order a fire in the library? I shall retire to the library and think this over."

"You can retire to the library, but you can't have a fire there. There's only just enough for the kitchen for two days."

"Then come and chaperon me in the kitchen. Don't leave me alone with Jane. You and I and Jane will assemble round the oven and discuss the matter. B-r-r-r. It's cold."

"Not the kitchen. I'll assemble with you round the electric light somewhere. Come on."

We went into the library and rallied round a wax vesta. It was a terribly cold morning.

"I can't think like this," I said, after fifteen seconds' reflection. "I'm going to the office. There's a fire there, anyway."

"You wouldn't like a nice secretary," said Celia timidly, "or an office-girl, or somebody to lick the stamps?"

"I should never do any work if you came," I said, looking at her thoughtfully. "Do come."

"No, I shall be all right. I've got shopping to do this morning, and I'm going out to lunch, and I can pay some calls afterwards."

"Right. And you might find out what other people are doing, the people you call on. And—er—if you *should* be left alone in the drawing-room a moment . . . and the coal-box is at all adjacent . . . You'll have your muff with you, you see, and —— Well, I leave that to you. Do what you can."

I had a good day at the office and have never been so loth to leave. I always felt I should get to like my work some time. I arrived home again about six. Celia was a trifle later, and I met her on the mat as she came in.

"Any luck?" I asked eagerly, feeling in her muff. "Dash it, Celia, there are nothing but hands here. Do you mean to say you didn't pick up anything at all?"

"Only information," she said, leading the way into the drawing-room. "Hallo, what's this? A fire!"

"A small involuntary contribution from the office. I brought it home under my hat. Well, what's the news?"

"That if we want any coal we shall have to fetch it ourselves. And we can get it in small amounts from greengrocers. Why greengrocers, I don't know."

"I suppose they have to have fires to force the cabbages. But what about the striking coal-porters? If you do their job, won't they picket you or pick-axe you or something?"

"Oh, of course, I should hate to go alone. But I shall be all right if you come with me."

Celia's faith in me is very touching. I am not quite so confident about myself. No doubt I could protect her easily against five or six great brawny hulking porters . . . armed with coal-hammers . . . but I am seriously doubtful whether a dozen or so, aided with a little luck, mightn't get the better of me.

"Don't let us be rash," I said thoughtfully. "Don't let us infuriate them."

"You aren't afraid of a striker?" asked Celia in amazement.

"Of an ordinary striker, no. In a strike of bank-clerks, or—or chess-players, or professional skeletons, I should be a lion among the blacklegs; but there is something about the very word coal-porter which —— You know, I really think this is a case where the British Army might help us. We have been very good to it."

The British Army, I should explain, has been walking out with Jane lately. When we go away for week-ends we let the British Army drop in to supper. Luckily it neither smokes nor drinks nor takes any great interest in books. It is a great relief, on your week-ends in the country, to *know* that the British Army is dropping in to supper, when otherwise you might only have suspected it. I may say that we are rather hoping to get a position in the Army Recruiting film on the strength of this hospitality.

"Let the British Army go," I said. "We've been very kind to him."

"I fancy Jane has left the service. I don't know why."

"Probably they quarrelled because she gave him caviare two nights running," I said. "Well, I suppose I shall have to go. But it will be no place for women. To-morrow afternoon I will sally forth alone to do it. But," I added, "I shall probably return with two coal-porters clinging round my neck. Order tea for three."

Next evening, after a warm and busy day at the office, I put on my top-hat and tail coat and went out. If there was any accident I was determined to be described in the papers as "the body of a well-dressed man." To go down to history as "the body of a shabbily-dressed individual" would be too depressing. Beautifully clothed, I jumped into a taxi and drove to Celia's greengrocer. Celia herself was keeping warm by paying still more calls.

"I want," I said nervously, "a hundredweight of coal and a cauliflower." This was my own idea. I intended to place the cauliflower on the top of a sack, and so to deceive any too-inquisitive coal-porter. "No, no," I should say, "not coal; nice cauliflowers for Sunday's dinner."

"Can't deliver the coal," said the greengrocer.

"I'm going to take it with me," I explained.

He went round to a yard at the back. I motioned my taxi along and followed him at the head of three small boys who had never seen a top-hat and a cauliflower so close together. We got the sack into position.

"Come, come," I said to the driver, "haven't you ever seen a dressing-case before? Give us a hand with it or I shall miss my train and be late for dinner."

He grinned and gave a hand. I paid the greengrocer, pressed the cauliflower into the hand of the smallest boy, and drove off. . . .

It was absurdly easy.

There was no gore at all.

* * * * * *

"There!" I said to Celia when she came back. "And when that's done I'll get you some more."

"Hooray! And yet," she went on, "I'm almost sorry. You see, I was working off my calls so nicely, and you'd been having some quite busy days at the office, hadn't you?"

A. A. M.



THIS IS NOT A CLOAK-ROOM BUT THE LOUNGE OF A FASHIONABLE LONDON HOTEL.

OLYMPIC TALENT.

(A topical fantasy suggested by the decay of our athletic prowess and the apparent apathy of the nation as to the fate that may befall it in the international contest of 1916.)

My England, so the chance has fled!
  Olympian years to come shall knot not
The athlete's guerdon for thy head
  But crown the wigs of Serbs and what not.

There were who sought thy shame to shield
  From men that mocked the sea-kings' fibres
By opening funds, but these appealed
  To singularly few subscribers.

"A trifling hundred thou.," they wrote,
  "To ease the joints and stiffening sockets."
The public acted like a goat,
  They kept the cash inside their pockets.

So mused I sadly; and since new
  Sensations oft from grief can jerk us
I went to see the "Wonder Zoo,"
  Herr HAGENBECK's surprising circus.

There where the Model Homes were built
  That left some while ago the bard bored
I watched the Nubian lions wilt
  In imitation lairs of cardboard.

And sudden, whilst I saw them roll—
  Those monster cats—beyond their ha-ha,
A solace came into my soul,
  I murmured *sotto voce*, "Aha!

"If but yon sunken fence were filled,
  So that these grim-faced brutes might cross it,
Are there no athletes here undrilled,
  Veiled by their adipose deposit?

"In slothful ease Britannia shirks;
  But haply, near these sundering ditches,
Some mute inglorious miler lurks
  Under a morning coat and breeches.

"Oh, if the gulf were bridged! What late,
  What all undreamed-of hurdle-winners
Might blossom from a natural hate
  Of forming parts of feline dinners?

"Yes, even I, the motley fool,
  Starting from scratch and willy nilly
Might prove it needs no Yankee school
  To knock the level hundred silly.

"The gymnast's art should all be mine
  As, clambering from the scene of pillage,
I roosted safe in yon red pine
  (Left over from the Russian village).

"Ay, and if all old tales are wrong
  And lions climb—from that asylum
I should come out extremely strong,
  Using my brolly for a pilum."

EVOE.

THE INDOMITABLES.

THERE is trouble ahead for some of our Peers.

I have just come across three fore-warnings of it.

The first was in the train. A fat man was telling his grievance to a thin man.

"I'll stick at nothing," he said. "I mean to see this through. The idea! Why, we've only been in the house seven weeks. Remember that. Remember also that gas is half-a-crown a thousand. And understand that we're most economical; we're always turning the lights down, my wife and I. Now then; in spite of this the rascals want me to pay on sixty thousand feet! It's preposterous. We couldn't have got through so much if we had never let a burner or a stove go out day or night. And we're economical! What do you say to that?"

The thin man said that he had never heard anything so infamous in his life.

"But I'm going to fight it, I can tell you," said the fat man. "Oh yes. If necessary I'll take it to the House of Lords."

"Quite right," said the thin man, picking up his paper.

The second case was late at night, in the corner of a restaurant. Two men were talking near me and I heard most of it.

"It was like this," said one, who might have been a journalist from the look of him, to the other, whom I could not exactly place, but fancied he was perhaps remotely connected with music. He yawned rather more than I should have liked had I been the narrator. "It was like this. There were eight of us to dinner and five of us had old brandy at two bob a go. Only five. The first lot was poured out by the waiter, so there can be no trouble over that; that's ten bob. Then three or four of us had another go. Do you see?"

The musician came back to earth and said that he saw.

"Very well. Even supposing that we did overpour a little, we didn't have more than ten portions altogether. That I can swear to. Yet what do you think the bill said? 'Liqueurs, two pounds.' Think of it!"

The musician woke up and made the motions of a man thinking of it and finding it the limit.

"Of course I refused to pay," the journalist went on.

"Of course," said the musician.

"And now we're fighting it. But I don't care if it breaks me, I'll resist it. If necessary I'll take it to the House of Lords."

The third case happened only this morning. I met in the street an artist friend.

"Hullo," I said, "I don't often see you out and about at this hour when there's so little decent daylight."

"No," he said, "it's an awful bore, but I've got to see a lawyer. The fact is I'm in for litigation."

"You?" I cried.

"Yes, me. It's dead against my nature, I know, but this is serious. In the public interest a fellow must do something unpleasant now and then."

"What is it?" I asked, drawing him towards a comfortable resort where cordials against this appalling weather were obtainable.

"The fact is," he said, "my wife's been poisoned."

"Poisoned!"

"I don't mean in the BORGIA way. Not any CATHERINE DE MEDICI tricks. No, merely in a London restaurant. Out shopping the other day she had lunch in one of those West End places and she's been ill ever since. A dish of curry. Well, I'm going to have those people's blood, and incidentally some money too, I hope."

"I wish you joy of the experience," I said.

"I know all about that," he replied dismally; "but it's got to be done. And I'm going through with it."

"You'll stick at nothing?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied. "If necessary——"

"I know," I said.

"What?"

"If necessary you'll take it to the House of Lords."

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"I guessed it," I replied; "but you'll be horribly congested there."

And so, I repeat, there is a busy time ahead for some of our Peers.

UNCLE STEVE'S FAIRY.

You've 'eard 'em tell o' fairy folk
  An' all the luck they bring?
Now don't you 'eed the lies that's spoke;
  They don't do no such thing,
You see my thumb, Sir, 'ow it's tore?
You'll say, may'ap, a badger boar
  'As done it? By your leave,
An' that's a bloomin' fairy, Sir, that bit
    old Uncle Steve!

'Twas me an' Ebenezer Mogg
  An' little Essex Jim,
The chap that's got the lurcher dog
  That's cleverer than 'im,
As met to 'ave a bit o' sport
Among the covers at the Court,
  Upon the strict q.t.—
That's Ebenezer, then, an' Jim, an'
    Toby-dog an' me.

At 'alf-past ten or so that night
  We left "The Chequers'" bar;
'Twas dark, an' down the velvet 'eight
  Of 'eaven fell a star;
The moon was settin' through the trees
As big an' white as 'alf a cheese,
  The very best she could,
Since we 'ad got the long-net out to try
    the 'Ome Park wood.

We laid it 'long the cover side,
  A furlong "mesh-an'-pin";
We sent the lurcher rangin' wide
  To drive the rabbits in;
A soft, sweet night in late July—
We lay among the bracken 'igh
  That 'eld the mid-day sun,
While mute an' wise ole Toby ranged
    enjoyin' of the fun.

But soon we 'ears the rabbits squeak,
  A-kickin' in the cords,
An' gets among 'em, so to speak,
  Like gentlemen an' lords;
We slips along their necks to wring,
When Mogg 'e 'ollers out, "By Jing!
  Look, lads, 'ere's summut fresh—
A bloomin' fairy-airy's got 'isself into
    the mesh!"

We flashed the lanthorn on to 'im;
  I tell you, Sir, 'e lay
A nasty, ugly little limb,
  An' yallerer than clay;
An' wicious Ebenezer Mogg
Wanted to back 'im 'gainst the dog;
  But Jim 'e says, "No go;
This 'ere'll fetch a mort o' brass for
    Mr. BARNUM's show!"

I grabs the little jumpin'-jack;
  Says I, "It's gettin' late;
We'll shove the beggar in the sack
  An' see, at any rate."
'Twas then ole Buckshot an' his
    crew
Come dashin' at us 'cross the dew;
  The varmint bit like mad;
I shook 'im off—'e disappeared; but
    I was fairly 'ad!

They brought me up at Thornleigh
    'Eath;
  I got a fortnight's stretch;
An' still I feels 'is wicked teeth,
  That spiteful little wretch;
An' still my thumb's all any'ow
In weather (as it is just now)
  That's frosty, 'ard an' chill;
'Tis few things seems to do it good....
  Why, thank 'ee, Sir, I will!

Why our Chemists are so bright and healthy.

"FOLLE.—How charming to have a manicure set presented to you! When filling it with the necessary manicure preparations, include the — Nail Polish, which all chemists keep; it keeps them so bright and healthy."

Lady's Pictorial.

BILLIARDS À LA GOLF.

"I WANT a billiard cue," I said; "one I can travel with comfortably—that folds up, or telescopes, or does something of that kind, you know."

"Yes, Sir," said the salesman. "This style of cue with a secret joint would probably suit you. It unscrews in the middle, is handy to carry, and absolutely reliable when fitted together."

"And now about a case?"

"Yes, Sir. Do you want a case for the secret-jointed cue only, or a case for your whole kit?"

"My whole kit?"

"Your complete set of cues, Sir."

"Never heard of such a thing."

"I assure you, Sir, that all the best people go in for sets—just as with golf, Sir. This is a complete set; the whole, including the case, for ten guineas." And he showed me a long green-lined mahogany box containing foreign-looking cues (in addition to a secret-jointed one) packed as carefully as a set of drawing instruments.

"Would you mind explaining this mystery box to me?" I asked.

"Certainly, Sir," said the obliging young man. "This set of cues has been designed for the billiard player who spends his summer on the golf links and comes back in the autumn to billiards with the golf-habit highly developed. That is, the habit acquired on the links of using different clubs for the various shots. Now this cue——"

"Oh, that, of course, is an ordinary cue," I interrupted. "Never mind that one; introduce me to the others."

"Pardon me, Sir, it only *looks* like an ordinary cue. A steel tube has been inserted down its interior——"

"Do I understand that billiard cues have also taken to hunger-striking?"

The shopman forced a polite but cheerless smile and continued, "This makes the cue perfectly rigid and inflexible——"

"It has the same effect on the hunger-strikers, I am told."

"—and eminently suitable for its special purpose. We call it the 'Driver' cue—for driving off from baulk and for follow-throughs, forcing strokes and all-round cannons."

"Ah, and what is the hammer-headed instrument for? It looks more like a club than a cue."

"Yes, Sir. There is nothing in the rules to prevent the use of a club. If I may point it out to you, Sir, there is here a special appeal to the ladies, who are now coming into the game in ever increasing numbers. Up to the present time most lady players have failed completely to bring off a successful massé shot; but with the 'Hammer' cue used as a club—over the shoulder (*so*)——"

"I see! You play it with a downward smashing blow, eh? An appeal to the militant billiardette?"

"Precisely, Sir."

"And what is this for?" I pulled out of the case a cue with the point flattened on one side, as if some one had begun to sharpen it like a pencil and left off after the first big slash.

"That is called the 'Jumper,'" explained the young man, "and may be roughly likened to the niblick in golf. Playing it with the flat side of the point lying on the table (*so*) you can lift or jump a ball over any obstacle, such as a cut in the cloth, or ash accidentally dropped from your opponent's cigar. In Snooker it is a *sine qua non*.

"Here, again, is what we call the 'Potter'; it is telescopic. One hand only is required when using the 'Potter.' You take aim as with a pistol, the inner tube or cue being projected against the ball by means of concealed springs which are worked by this trigger in the butt. The sights are adjustable for long or short shots."

"And this fellow with the open nozzle?"

"That is our 'Patent Vacuum' cue, Sir, for screw-back shots. By means of this miniature bellows in the butt



Harassed Shopman. "AH, MRS. JUDKINS, I AM HAVING AN AWFUL TIME JUST NOW. MY RIGHT HAND IS AWAY WITH A SWOLLEN FOOT."



THE BARGAIN.

"Look here, old chap, I'll dance twice with your ugly little sister if you'll take my mater down to grub."

a jet of air is pumped upon the ball, through the open nozzle or tip, at whatever velocity is desired. When the striking ball has made contact with the object ball, suction is immediately produced by releasing this fan, which you may see just inside the nozzle."

"By Jove!" I said, "I must have one of those. No, I won't take the whole set; I can't afford a caddie to go round a billiard room with me."

"Thank you, Sir," returned the shopman. "Perhaps you might consider our latest marking-board for your own room—our Cinema-Board. For the slate in the centre we have substituted revolving illuminated films showing the leading players at work. Information and instruction hand-in-hand with pleasure. When you go to the board to register the score you often get a hint from the moving picture. . . . No, Sir? Have you seen our musical pockets? Quite the latest New Year billiard novelty. When the ball drops into the net the weight presses on this stop, which releases a musical phrase from a musical-box under the table. We have some delightful rag-time effects for Pool. . . . Not to-day, Sir? Thank you, Sir. The 'Vacuum Patent' and the secret-jointed cue shall be delivered this afternoon. Good day, Sir."

THE PIDGIN TROT.

THE Paris Academy of Dancing Masters, according to a contemporary, announce a real successor to the Tango in the "Ta-tao." This dance is at any rate of respectable antiquity, as it has been popular in China since the year 2450 B.C. We anticipate an influx of slit-eyed professors from the Middle Kingdom, and are therefore brushing up our pidgin English in order that *Mr. Punch's* readers may be able to deal with the situation in the ball-rooms and at Ta-tao teas. Thus:—

Student. Chin-chin, Mr. Dance-pidgin-man!

Plofessor. Chin-chin, sah!

Student. You jussee now come this-side?

Plofessor. My hab jussee come Lun-tun.

Student. You talkee Yin-ke-li?

Plofessor. Can do. My sabby Englishee allo same you. My talkee tlue pidgin, no talkee lie pidgin.

Student. That b'long first chop! My wantchee catchee you teachee my, allo same same you dancee ta-tao.

Plofessor. My teachee numbah one plopah!

Student. So-fashion, eh? How muchee plice?

Plofessor. My no makee squeeze-pidgin. My teachee velly well. S'pose you talkee plice . . .

Student. S'pose you catchee two dollah one-piecee time? Can do?

Plofessor. No can! My wantchee save face! My plice ten dollah, by'mby twenty dollah one-piecee time, allo same tango fashion.

Student. That ting no b'long leason! You b'long clevah inside—understand? My sabby heap foleign debble. . . . You catchee plenty cumshah!

Plofessor. My no lose face. . . .
etc., etc., *da capo.*

Nut. *You*-piecee here? Chin-chin!

Noisette. Allo same you. You sabby plenty girl-chilo here?

Nut. My *don't* tink. Who-man b'long that boy-chilo you jussee talkee down-side?

Noisette. That b'long *my* pidgin!

Nut. Solly! S'pose you wantchee one-piecee dance? My b'long numbah one good boy!

Noisette. Can do first chop!

Nut. You sabby dancee ta-tao?

Noisette. Can do two-piecee step so-fashion, one-piecee step *so*-fashion. . . .

Nut. You b'long quite top-side. . . . I say, this lingo is about the edge. Put me down for the chow-chow—I mean supper, what!

Noisette. Sorry. Full up. Ta-tao!

ZIG-ZAG.



THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.

Mr. Punch. "You seem a little anxious, Madam."

Britannia. "Yes; I'm waiting to know whether I'm to lay down the ships I want——" Mr. Punch. "Or lay down your trident!"



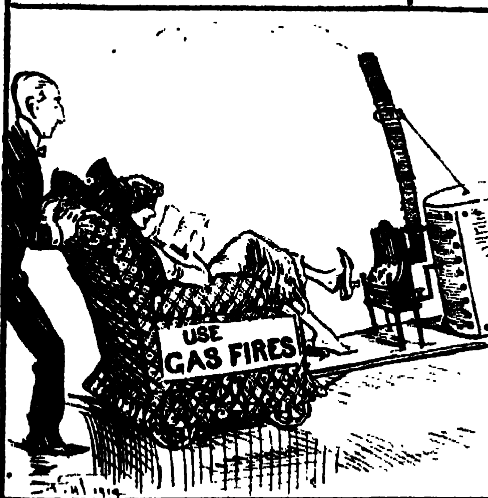
Mrs. A as "Furthest North."



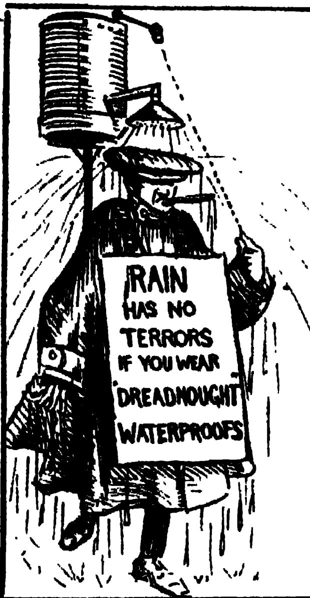
Mr. B as "A Bath."



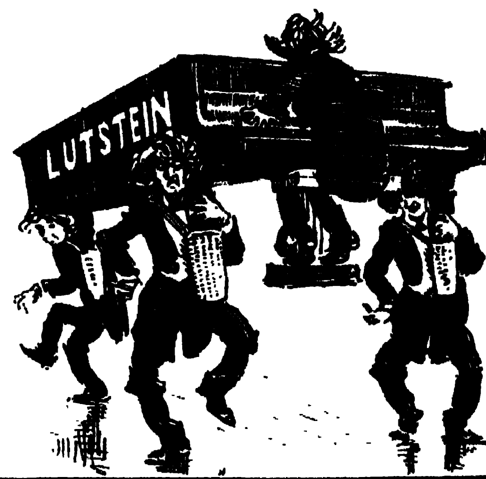
Mr. C as "The Duke of Marlborough."



Miss D as "A Comfy Winter Evening"



Mr. E as "A Country Squire."



The Brothers F as "A Baby Grand."

THEATRE AND TYRE COMPANIES ARE NO LONGER GOING TO BE ALLOWED A MONOPOLY IN ADVERTISING AT FANCY BALLS. FROM PRIVATE INFORMATION WE ARE ABLE TO ANTICIPATE SOME NOVELTIES FOR THE NEXT CARNIVAL.

THE MOAN OF THE OLD HORSES.

[See correspondence in *The Spectator* upon the sufferings of old horses exported alive to Antwerp.]

"MASTER, it was long ago you rode me;
  Master, you were careful of me then;
Never was there anyone bestrode me
  Equal to my master among men.
When we flew the hedge and ditch together—
  '*Good lass!*'—how it made me prick my ear!
Horn and hound, bright steel and polished leather,
  Long ago—if you but saw me here!"

Pitiless wind and heaving surge,
  A fevered foot and a running sore,
The siren's shriek for a funeral dirge,
  And a hobble to death on the further shore.

"Master, it was long ago you bought me;
  Master, you were proud to see me strain,
Matching all my might as nature taught me
  With the loaded burden of the wain.
When I drew the harvest waggon single—
  '*Good lad!*'—how I turned my head to see!
Chain and hames and brasses all a-jingle,
  Long ago—do you remember me?"

Pitiless surge and driving hail,
  A ship a-roll in a dazing rear,
A shoulder split on an iron rail,
  And a hobble to death on the further shore.

"Master, you were saddened when we parted,
  Begged of my new master to be kind;
Divers owners since and divers-hearted
  Leave me old and weary, lame and blind.
Voices in the tempest passing over—
  '*Good lass!*'—I can scarcely turn my head.
Oats and deep-strewn stall and rack of clover,
  Long ago—and oh that I were dead!"

Piteous fate—too long to live,
  Piteous end for a friend of yore;
Was it too much of a boon to give
  A merciful death on the nearer shore?

The New "White Hope."

"'I passed through several drawing-rooms,' she says. 'I saw ladies who were so shy that they couldn't utter a word before me, but who suddenly put a ribbon round my wrist to measure it'—you know, of course, by reputation Polaire's 16-inch wrist."—*Sunday Chronicle.*

If the biceps is in proportion, Bandsman BLAKE should tremble.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Darling of the Gods."

Though the Gallery, on the night when I attended, received it with rapt interest rather than delirious enthusiasm, *The Darling of the Gods* promises once more to justify its title. The play has undergone very little modification since it was produced a decade ago. It remains pure melodrama incidentally set in a Japanese dress, and sprinkled with a few Japanese words. Here and there it may reproduce the Japanese attitude of mind, as distinct from details of custom; but the general spirit of it follows the traditional Anglo-Saxon lines. Anybody who knows no more of Japan than may be gathered from the pages of Lafcadio Hearn will at least have learned that her youth is taught to regard the love-interest of an ordinary English novel as an indecency; and so will recognise the improbability of the romantic element in the play. Still, all that is of little consequence, for there must have been very few who went to His Majesty's to improve their acquaintance with comparative ethnology.

The play has pleasant things for the eye; and one of the best of them was the face of Mr. George Relph as *Kara*, leader of the Samurai. But there were horrors, too; notably the senile amorousness of *Zakkuri* and the offensive little figure of *It*, his shadow—an interpolation in the bill of fare. A properly qualified dwarf I might have welcomed; but this precocious babe with the false moustache and the sham bald crown and the cynical giggle, who ought to have been in the nursery instead of serving his master with liquid stimulants and assisting in all sorts of wickedness, was a peculiarly nauseating object, and got on my nerves far more than the terrors of the torture-chamber. This painful business was done off, and indeed most of the bloody work was carried on out of sight—a curious economy in a play where there was so much talk of lethal tools. It is true that an arrow once flopped on to the stage, but it only brought a note from a friend's hand. Swords, too, were now and then raised to strike, but were always arrested in mid-air. Even in the last stand of the Samurai, where one might reasonably have hoped for some hand-to-hand play, nothing happened except one fatal shot from an unseen musket, and even then the stricken body fell into the wings. If it hadn't been for the throttling of a spy and a touch or two of hara-kiri in the dark of the Bamboo Forest we should have had practically no corpses at all.

Sir Herbert Tree was again the most likely exotic, and played his revolting part with great gusto and a permissible amount of humour. Miss Marie Löhr, whose delicate grace of feature and colouring lost something by her dusky disguise, was sufficiently Japanese in the first scene, and did the right twittering with her feet; but when the virgin light-heartedness of *Yo-San* was changed to tragic despair she mislaid her Orientalism and reverted to her attractive English self. She brought a true pathos into the scene where she is left out of mind by her lover, to whom, at a pinch, all that is unfair to love was fair in war. I shall never, by the way, quite understand how *Kara* so far forgot his manners and obligations as to threaten her with death for a betrayal to which he owed his own life and with it the opportunity of killing her. With this reservation, *Kara* is a brave and noble figure, and Mr. Relph made him look like it.

I was disappointed that Mr. Philip Merivale should have had no better chance than was afforded by the part of a dumb servant for the display of that delightful personality which so shone in his *Cassio* and his *Doughty*; but he was quietly admirable in the most thrilling scene of all—outside the Shoji of *Yo-San*. One missed the fine performance of Miss Hildyard as the outcast Geisha, with its suggestion of Sadi Yakko's manner.

The play was again admirably mounted, and the final scene of reunion in the clouds (reached after an interval where every minute, by Greenwich time, was a hundred years) contrived to escape the banality which commonly attends these transfigurations. I was glad, too, to observe that, in the code of etiquette which prevails in "the first Celestial Heaven," the European habit of osculation is recognised; though it seems that you have to go through a very hell of a time before you get to it.

O. S.



Burglar (holding jewel-case). "Sorry to trouble yer, Mum, but would yer mind helping me choose a present for the Missus? It's her birthday termorrer."

THE OLD MASTER.

As these things go, I reckon our sale went pretty well. Just before closing time we held a rubbish auction, with Ginger in the chair. Ginger would make an absolute Napoleon among auctioneers. He can bully, lie, despair, wheedle and take you into his confidence in one breath.

He had sold four table-centres and a pair of babies' boots for songs when Mrs. James Allen came up to his platform and explained a parcel which she handed up in agitated whispers.

Ginger accepted it with a whistle that was not without its moral effect on the mass. He released it from its wrappings reverently and, after a short scrutiny, spake out.

"We have here, ladies and gentlemen, what I have no hesitation in regarding as the gem of the sale. It has by a highly unfortunate mischance lain hidden up to five minutes ago. It is nothing less, in fact, than an indisputably genuine Van Ruiter—(sensation)—which Colonel Allen has very nobly consented to sacrifice for—for the splendid cause which has assembled us here to-day. (Applause.) This little canvas, ladies and gentlemen, apart from being an authenticated example of such an artist as Van Ruiter, is a possession which any man might be proud of. It is called 'The Two Windmills' and is, I hope, known to most of you by reputation. What shall we say for this, ladies and gentlemen?"

"Sevenpence," said a humourist.



Chauffeur of Large Car (who has been admonished for taking up too much of the narrow road). "GARN! IF THERE AIN'T ENOUGH ROOM FOR YER, PUT THAT THING ON YER FOOT AND ROLLER-SKATE WITH IT ON THE PAVEMENT."

"Mr. Archer is pleased to be amusing," said Ginger with more than his usual asperity. "Mr. Archer says sevenpence. Well, I 'll say five guineas. Any advance on five guineas, ladies and gentlemen? Going, going——"

Now I shouldn't have thought there were sixteen shillings left in the bazaar grounds outside the stall boxes. But before the hammer showed any signs of descent a still small voice from the background said, "Six pounds."

It was Mrs. Newman. She is worth anything between five and six figures, and hunts the antique indiscriminately.

Ginger bowed comprehendingly and began talking again.

"Ladies and gentlemen, six pounds offered for a *signed* Van Ruiter. Look, you can see the signature. Is this to go at six pounds? There 's no reserve. Van Ruiter's 'Two Windmills' going at six pounds. Any advance? Sir Robert, a man of your taste——"

Sir Robert Firley had been looking on waveringly. He is a man of no taste at all except it be in the matter of old brandy; but he hates Mrs. Newman and he wavered no longer.

"Six guineas," he said.

"Seven pounds," said Mrs. Newman.

"Guineas," growled Sir Robert.

"Eight pounds," said Mrs. Newman.

"Guineas," from Sir Robert.

"Ten pounds," said Mrs. Newman more shrilly.

"Guineas." Sir Robert was now well set and looked good for a century.

Mrs. Newman hesitated. Ginger gave her the right sort of look. To speak was to break the spell. She set her teeth.

"Fifteen pounds," she said through them.

"Guineas," said Sir Robert with his unfailing originality.

Amid furious but suppressed excitement the struggle went on. It was only at seventy-five pounds that Sir Robert began to feel silly and the prize fell to Mrs. Newman.

"I congratulate you, madam," said Ginger warmly. "Even as it is you have got it at a remarkable price."

She went away happy.

Afterwards I approached Ginger.

"*Was* that a genuine Van Ruiter, really?" I asked.

"Sure," said Ginger carelessly.

"But—er—" I asked, "who is Van Ruiter? What 's his school? I don't know much about these Dutchmen."

"Van Ruiter," said Ginger severely, "is a painter in oils. His work has been known to fetch as much as seventy-five pounds. As for his school, there *was* a man of that name at Marlborough with me. And as the canvas of 'The Two Windmills' is dated 1912 it might be him."

A Child Among the Prophets.

The Evening News called attention to the following as one of the "special features" of a recent issue:—

"FORECASTS OF SPRING MILLINERY
BY MISS BESSIE ASCOUGH (AGE 7)."

"To relieve a burn make an application of common soda moistendono islnnuhi irriisnurbh-i oisoonr g mh honis nunso snhoro ronoh ibnonhiso iioosocmfw shrd cmfw shr tscseshto

As a rule, single women live longer than single men."—*Mackay Daily Mercury.*

Perhaps they don't read *The Mackay Daily Mercury.*

MIRANDA'S WILL.

I am not legal adviser to Miranda's family; nevertheless she came to see me on business the other day. I saw at once by her serious air that it was something of first-rate importance.

"I want a will," she said; "one of those things that people leave when they die."

"Some people leave them and some don't," I said.

"I mean the things that show who is to have your belongings."

"Undoubtedly you mean wills."

"Do you sell them?"

"Sometimes."

"I should like to see some."

"What size?" I asked facetiously.

"Sixes—long ones," said Miranda, looking at her hands.

"I remember," I murmured.

Miranda looked up with a start and assumed her severest expression.

"I'm afraid you're not treating the matter seriously. Perhaps I had better go to father's solicitor; he's older and quite serious. But then he's rather bald and uninteresting. I think he takes snuff."

I retorted in my most professional manner. "I beg your pardon; I think you must have misunderstood me. I meant that all wills are not quite the same; some are longer than others."

"Not too long, then," she said. "You might show me some medium size ones. I should like to do the thing fairly well."

"We don't exactly stock them; they're generally made to order."

"I'm sorry; I wanted one at once. You know I was twenty-one the other day." (I know it to my cost.) "Father says that everyone over twenty-one ought to make a will."

"Your father's views on the subject are very sound. If you'll give me your instructions, I'll make you one." I spread a sheet of paper in front of me.

"But surely you can make a will without my help?"

"Not very easily. It's something like being measured for a gown. I must know what you have to leave and to whom you wish to leave it."

"But I don't want anybody to know."

"I'm not anybody."

"I know. I don't think, though, that I quite care to tell you."

"Then I'm afraid there'll be some little difficulty about executing your wishes in the matter."

"How much do wills cost?" she asked irrelevantly.

"It depends on the length."

"How much a yard?"

"We mostly sell them by the folio, not by the yard."

"How many feet are there in a folio?"

"You'll have to ask a law-stationer that."

"How much would a medium-sized will cost? Half-a-crown?"

"More than that," I said.

"Much more?" She turned over some coins in her purse.

"A good deal more."

"But I saw some in a chemist's for ninepence. Perhaps I'd better buy one of those."

"You might," I said doubtfully.

"You said that as though you didn't think that chemists sell very good wills."

"There's nothing really the matter with them. They consist of some printed words and spaces—mostly spaces. If you happen to execute them the right way the Judge afterwards decides what they mean."

"But how does he know?"

"He doesn't. That's what makes it so interesting. After a number of barristers have explained what they might mean, the Judge says what they ought to mean, and they mean that."

"So there would have to be a law-suit?"

"Almost inevitably."

"And you make good wills?"

"My wills are all of the very best quality."

"Then I suppose I must let you make me one. What sort of things do people leave?"

"All sorts of things. Anything they've got and quite often things they haven't got."

"Animals? Dogs? Can I will away Bobs, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Can I leave anything to anyone I like?"

"Yes, to anyone you like or don't like." I was thinking of Bobs. He is not a very amiable dog and no friend of mine.

"I think I'll leave Bobs to you." I had felt it coming.

"But I might die before Bobs. Bobs being a specific legacy would then lapse and fall into residue," I hurriedly explained.

"That doesn't sound nice."

"It isn't nice. Bobs would never be happy there. You had better leave him to some one younger."

After we had settled Bobs on a young cousin we got on quite quickly. We left her old dance programmes and several unimportant things of doubtful ownership to her greatest rival; her piano (with three notes missing), on which she had learnt to play as a child, to her Aunt in Australia, said Aunt to pay carriage and legacy duty; her violin to the people in the next flat; her French novels to the church library; her golf clubs and tennis racket to her old nurse; her Indian clubs to the Olympic Games Committee; her early water-colour sketches to the Nation. We divided up all her goods. Everybody got something appropriate. It was a good will. And when I suggested that there should be no immediate charge, but that the cost should be paid out of the estate in due season, Miranda very cheerfully agreed; and even went so far as to express a generous hope that I should outlive her.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

January 23, 1914.

Who is the happy tradesman? Who is he?

I mean in this peculiarly horrible weather?

The chemist.

There is no happier tradesman than he. He stands all day long, and a large part of the night, among his bottles and boxes and jars and jarlets and pots and potlets and tabloids and capsules, selling remedies for colds and coughs and sore throats and rheumatism and neuralgia.

The colder it is the more he is on velvet, the chemist.

In America he is called a "druggist," but "chemist" is better, even though it confuses a mere peddler of ammoniated quinine with Sir William Ramsay and Sir William Crookes.

The old-fashioned spelling was "chymist," and there are still one or two shops in London where this spelling holds, but I think it's affectation.

Meanwhile the chemist (or chymist) is coining money.

Not even his lavish expenditure of clean white paper and red, red sealing wax, and the gas that burns always to melt that red, red sealing-wax, can make his profits look ridiculous.

Not even the constant loss of small articles from the counter, such as manicure sticks, and digestive tablets, and jujubes, and face cream and smokers' cachous, which never ought to be spread about there at all, because they are so easily conveyed by the dishonest customer into pocket or muff, can seriously upset the smiling side of the chemist's ledger.

Every night, when at last, laden with gold, he climbs to his bed, he hopes piously that the morrow may be colder.

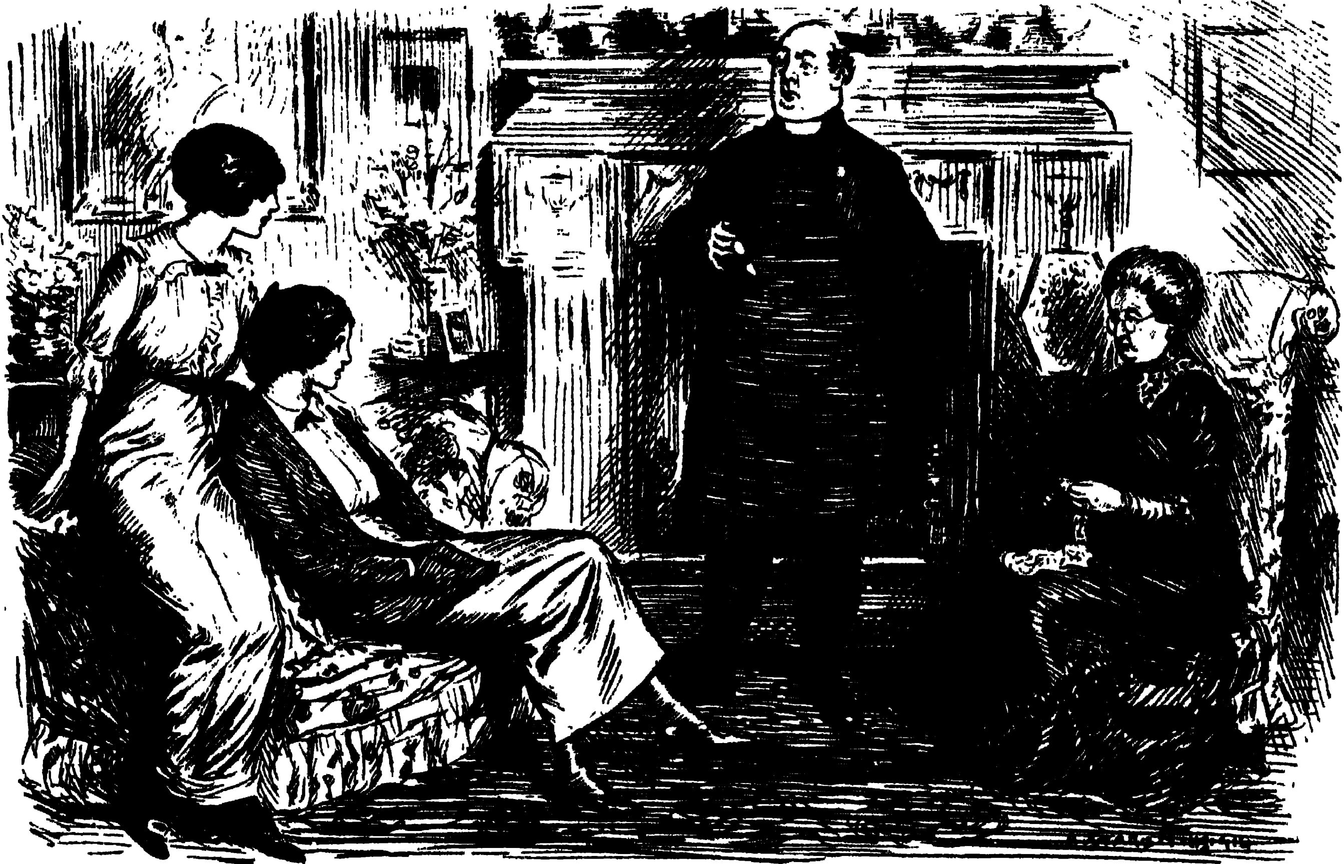
And it usually is.

He will soon be a millionaire.

It is only a warm wind that can blow the chemist no good.

I wish I was a chemist, but it is now too late.

Still, I wish I was a chemist.



Aunt. "I can't think of letting you two girls go alone, and as I shall not be able to go your Uncle will look after you."

Niece. "That's very kind of him, Auntie; but I hope you don't expect us to cling to his apron strings all the

THE BEER-FIGHT.

(*Suggested by Mr. Chesterton's "The Flying Inn."*)

Of G. K. C. a tale I tell, of Gilbert Chesterton,
And how he met Gambrinus once and how they carried on.
Each roared a lusty challenge out, as only topers can,
And sat him down and called for beer, and then the bout began.

One had a *Seidel* to his hand, and one a pewter pot;
They drank potations pottle deep, in fact they drank a lot.
And as they drank the barrels dry they rolled them on the floor,
And sang a stave and drained a quart and called aloud for more.

Their glowing souls o'ertopped the stars; they had their hearts' desire,
The while the world spun round and round its busy track of fire.
"I've lived for this," said G. K. C. and tossed his flaming head;
"*Der Kerl ist stark, das Bier ist gut,*" was what Gambrinus said.

The sun looked on, the moon looked on, the comets all stood still
To see this stout and jolly pair who never had their fill.
And still they drained their beer as if they'd only just begun;
And no one dared to interfere to settle which had won.

PRESSIMISM.

(*The Bard to the schemer of newspaper placards.*)

Why, crystalliser of the world's diurnal
Experience, why plunge my soul in gloom
With tidings that are ghastly and infernal?
Why dim my morning eye with tales of doom,
Of flood and fire, of pestilence and drouth—
Leaving me down, distinctly, in the mouth?

Why stun me with: "Explosion in a Larder:
Cook and Policeman Blown to Bits"; "The Girl
That Poisoned Half a Parish"; "Weather Harder
And Death Rate Rising"; "Poacher Brains an Earl";
Why blazon blackly forth such blighting news,
Nor give a glimpse of life's less dismal hues?

Why not proclaim such gladness as the following:
"Twins Born in Tooting: Trio doing well";
"Chelsea Churchwarden much Improved, and Swallowing
Beef-Tea with Ease"; "A Famous Barking Belle
Gets off at Last"; "A Navvy's Love of Greek";
"Young Poet Earns a Guinea in a Week"?

"Velour Hat, pretty blue, trimmed large elephant."—*Advt.*

A small seagull looks prettier and is less in the way at *matinées.*

THE CONVERTED STATISTICIAN.

A SUDDEN jolt as we thundered over some points caused me to shoot a piece of bread-and-butter on to the floor. I stooped to pick it up.

"Stop a moment, please!" cried my companion. He jumped to his feet and examined it. "Ah," said he, "buttered side downward!"

"It's always the same," I said, as I jerked the thing viciously out of the window. "It's *always* buttered side downward."

"No, there you fall into a common error," protested the other. "You may take it that fifty-seven per cent. fall buttered side upward, and only forty-three per cent. buttered side downward."

"H'm," I said dubiously.

"You must pardon me for my officiousness," he went on, "especially as I have now no reason to be interested in such things. But habits are strong."

I looked at him curiously. "Habits?" I said.

"Yes, habits. For years I kept an accurate record of every slice of bread-and-butter I saw fall to the ground. I had better explain myself. Nearly all my life, you must understand, I have maintained the view that the generally accepted theory of the 'cussedness of things' is all wrong. You know that to most people 'cussedness' is the governing factor of life."

"Rather!" I agreed.

"Well, I disbelieved it, and I set to work to collect materials for a book which was to prove my case. For years I incessantly gathered statistics on the subject. Do I bore you?"

"Not at all," I assured him.

"The results were extraordinary. Take, for example, catching trains. It is highly important that you should catch a train at short notice. In nine cases out of ten, you will say, your taxicab breaks down, or your tram is held up by a block in the traffic, or the current fails on the Underground."

"Certainly it does."

"On the contrary—I am speaking from memory, but I think my figures are accurate—the taxicab only breaks down in 1·5 per cent. of cases; with the tram the percentage rises to 1·8; with the Underground it falls to ·2."

I gasped.

"Or take the case of studs," he went on. "You drop a stud, and it promptly and inevitably rolls away into some quite impossible hiding-place. So most of us believe. As a matter of fact it only does so approximately three times out of a hundred. Or bootlaces. If you are exceptionally late in the morning, your bootlace always snaps, you say. Not at all. It breaks in such circumstances only four times out of a possible hundred. And with bicycles, to take another example. If ever you get a puncture, you fancy that it always occurs on some occasion when you are sorely pressed for time. Again, not at all. Out of a hundred punctures only seventeen are sustained at such unfortunate moments."

"You seem to have studied the subject pretty deeply," I remarked.

"Oh, my dear Sir, I cannot myself recall a tithe of the material I collected. I carried out my inquiries in every conceivable direction. Suppose we take the obscure case of a—let me see—of a burglar. This was one of my most difficult researches. A burglar will assure you, if you happen to be in his confidence, that every time he enters a house, at a moment when absolute quiet is from his point of view essential, a door slams, or a pot of jam falls off a shelf, or a—a canary commences to sing loudly, or there occurs one of a hundred other unlucky noises he will name. As you may imagine, my investigations into this problem were extraordinarily difficult. But the result was a triumph. In only ·375 per cent. of cases is our burglar disturbed by an unexpected noise for which he is not himself responsible. As for the specific examples given, the results here are even more striking. The pot of jam, for instance, only falls down in, I think, ·0025 per cent. of cases, the canary bursts into song in only ·00175 per cent., and so on."

"It is astonishing," I admitted. "I must certainly obtain a copy of your book. Perhaps——"

"I never published it," he interrupted. "As a matter of fact I became converted."

"Converted?" I exclaimed in amazement. "In the face of all your statistics?"

"Yes," he said meditatively. "I remember the occasion well. It happened a few months ago, in early Spring. I had just completed the last chapter of my book, and I laid down my pen with a sigh. There before me lay all the statistics I had so laboriously collected, neatly tabulated and arranged with the proper explanatory notes and diagrams. It was finished after all these years! I can assure you it was an emotional moment. I don't know if you have ever brought a great work to a successful conclusion; if so, you can understand my feelings."

"I can imagine them," I said.

"Well, I opened the French windows and stepped out into the garden to calm myself. It was a lovely March day, I remember, sunny and fresh, and I paced up and down the garden till my emotions subsided and I gradually recovered my self-control. Then I went indoors again."

The train slowed down and he began to gather his things together. "While I was gone," he said sadly, "the wind blew my manuscript and the best part of my notes into the fire."

"How excessively unfortunate!" I murmured sympathetically. "And this converted you to the 'cussedness' theory?"

"Yes," said he, as he stepped down to the platform. "It was the only book I ever wrote, and it was burned practically to a cinder. It works out you see, at exactly 100 per cent. . . ."

THE EPIDEMIC.

[A French contemporary, commenting upon the fact that the sudden appearance of cold weather in London is accompanied by an equally sudden disappearance of cats, demonstrates the cause of this coincidence.]

WHAT boots it, Sir, to boggle at
The truth? So be it said
Quite candidly, our Thomas-cat,
McCorquodale, is dead.

When winds from East and North conspire
To freeze the very breath,
To you it means the mere desire
To skate or sit too near the fire,
To him 'twas sudden death.

The cat that leaves the hearth and strays
Abroad is over-bold;
McCorquodale would go his ways,
Despite the frost. To use a phrase
Belittled in these careless days,
He caught his death of cold.

'Twas not from native lack of fur
That his demise was such.
We did not see the end occur,
But, though it be to cast a slur
Upon humanity, infer
(And you will catch our meaning, Sir)
He had a coat too much.

* * * * *

And now, when Northern winds are bluff
And veering to the East,
And Beauty shuns their rude rebuff
By hiding hands (and powder-puff)
Inside her Russian sable muff,
We tell ourselves, "Why, sure enough
There goes, disguised as better stuff,
McCorquodale deceased!"

Advice to Mothers.

"January 20, at Kenyon-road, Wavertree, to Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Unsworth, a son (bath well)."—*Liverpool Echo.*

"ARTISTS IN GENTLEMEN'S HEADWEAR."
Advt.

This always creates surprise. Somehow one still expects to see them in sombreros.



THE HUNT BALL SEASON.

First Nut. "It's Miss Smith-Brown. She's all right—they're lookin' after her."
Second Nut (*pulling up*). "Good gracious, my dear chap, it's my Tango partner!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Looking about among the very best *clichés* (my own and others)—"supersubtle analysis," "intimate psychology," "masterly handling," "incomparable artistry"—I found nothing that it didn't seem a sort of impertinence to apply to Joseph Conrad's *Chance*, which Methuen has just had the good luck to publish. For the whole thing is much nearer wizardry than workmanship. I put the book down with a gasp, so close had I been to realities as conjured up by one to whom realism is a servant and not a master. I had come to know, in that piecemeal way in which one actually gets to know one's fellows—waiting for later experience to confirm or modify earlier impressions—the hapless, tragic *Flora*; her father, *de Barral*, the pseudo-financier, fraudulent through unimaginative stupidity rather than criminal intent; the kindly-cruel pair of *Fynes*; that perfect, chivalrous knight of the sea, *Captain Anthony*, *Flora's* fiery-patient lover; his splendidly staunch second officer, *Powell*, and the analytic *Marlow*, also a sailor-man, who acts in the capacity of ultra-modern chorus to this tragedy of chance. The central idea is the old wonder that such vast issues can hang upon such trivial happenings, not merely in the outer realm of fact but on the inner stage of character. And, this being his theme, perhaps Mr. Conrad ought to have been more scrupulously careful to use no such strained coincidence as *Powell's* detection of *de Barral's* attempt at revenge on his fancied enemy, *Anthony*. But this is indeed a slight defect in a work of brilliantly sustained imagination and superb craftsmanship. I wonder if the author's magic has so seduced my judgment as to make me feel that the somewhat shadowy characters of *Captain Anthony* and *de Barral* are deliberately suggested in fainter outline just because *Marlow* has in fact not known them personally, but only through the reports of others. I am prepared to believe the author of *Typhoon* subtle enough for that, or for anything else, and I have this only grudge against him, that he intrigued me to the point of feverishly "skipping," out of sheer excitement to know if and how the deplorable misunderstanding between *Flora* and her quixotic *Captain Anthony* was to be cleared up, just like any ordinary decent library-subscriber, instead of the case-hardened critical fellow I naturally take myself to be.

There are two things for which I have a special affection. One is an old friend who has often persuaded me that this world is rather a place for smiles than for gloom; and the other is a new book of stories which have life in them, which make their effect with a seemingly artless certainty and leave the pleased reader with the impression that they are, if anything, a shade or so too short. Both these things I have obtained in *One Kind and Another* (Secker), by Mr. Barry Pain. "The Journal of Aura Lovel," with which Mr. Pain leads off, is a delightful performance. It has freshness and charm and its sentiment seems to me to be exactly right—the sentiment of an eager and attractive young girl relating the feelings of her heart in the tenderest and prettiest style as far removed from preciosity as it is from a silly simplicity. All the stories have the essential merits of brightness and lightness, and most of them have that peculiar kind of ingenuity which is one of Mr. Pain's strong points. Suddenly they land you at a point which is

nowhere near to that to which you thought you were travelling. The characters, even when they are engaged in paradoxical and preposterous actions, are real men and women, such as you could meet almost anywhere in a day's walk, and they are set off with Mr. PAIN'S fancy so as to become additionally lifelike. Many things have struck me in the reading of this book. One is that Mr. PAIN'S new novel is overdue. Another is that he has an uncanny familiarity with the ways of solicitors. "There is," he says, "no historical instance of a solicitor after the age of forty having made any change whatever in the manner of his clothing."

I will confess that it took a little time—say four chapters or so—for the peculiar charm of *Simple Simon* (LANE) to take hold upon me. It is not, I quite honestly think, that I object to being laughed at. Goodness knows we ordinary folk get enough of that nowadays at the hands of these clever young satiricals; and most of us have enough common honesty to appreciate our tormentors. It is that, just for a time, I was troubled with a genuine doubt whether Mr. A. NEIL LYONS was not becoming too satirical to be sincere, and allowing his gift for facetiousness to betray him. The device of inventing a simple-minded young enthusiast, and making him ask perpetual questions to the undoing of all those who accept blindly the beliefs which Mr. LYONS is out to ridicule—well, there was nothing specially enlivening in that. Briefly, young *Simon Honeyball* in his parents' home threatened to weary me. But later, when he had migrated with his money and his extraordinary collection of *protégés* to Silverside, E., and there set up his preposterous household, and become a Guardian (with what devastating municipal results you may guess!) I found myself the grateful admirer of both *Simon* and his creator. Mr. LYONS' sympathetic drawing of certain odd London characters is a thing that I have ungrateful young woman whom he had befriended, and the trenchant speech with which she expressed her resulting opinion of his sagacity. She and others are also depicted in some very attractive drawings which illustrate (for once the right word) a book that, while perhaps not for every reader (parents please take note), will certainly delight those who can appreciate it.

Lean, clean, brown Englishmen bear the stamp of the Public Schools upon them and have made England what she is. Smug-faced missionaries grow fat on the spoils they have collected from smug-faced church-and-chapel-goers at home. Labour Members are in the pay of Germany and frequent infamous flats in the West-End. Liberal Cabinet Ministers—sometimes, more shame to them, of decent birth—wince consciously when reminded of the taint of their association with plebeian colleagues. These things, and many more of equal moment, I have learnt from Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT, who in *The Way of the Cardines* (WERNER LAURIE) describes how *Sir Gerald*, of that famous family, captured, with reckless profusion of local blood, the independent island of Katu. Katu is in the Malay Archipelago. Of vital importance as a key to the Eastern trade route it is eagerly sought after by Germany, and to Germany's protection, after *Sir Gerald's* exploit, a pusillanimous and almost more than Liberal English Government basely ceded it. But what could you expect when *Sir Joseph Darkin*, smug-faced hypocrite (I am sorry, but almost everybody in this book except the *Cardines* had a smug face), was a member of our Cabinet? Were it not that Mr. HYATT writes with a distinct sense of style and some power of narrative, I should boldly label *The Way of the Cardines* as one of the most amazingly humorous books I have read for a long time. In the circumstances my amusement was mingled with a certain amount of respectful sorrow. *Sir Gerald Cardine* took morphia tablets freely; on the essence of what strange herb Mr. STANLEY PORTAL HYATT had been browsing before he began to write *The Way of the Cardines* I simply dare not think. I should recommend readers to mitigate the crudity of his opinions, as I did, by softening the C of *Sir Gerald's* perpetually reiterated surname all through. The story sounds even more beautiful so. And I like to think that, when the hour of England's need comes, a *Sir Pilchard* of the historic house, and reared in some famous school, will not be found wanting.



A WORLD'S WORKER.
CHEF TIMING A MIXED GRILL.

Our Gallant Bishops.

"The Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness rendered timely assistance yesterday in an accident which occurred in the main street of Carlisle. Part of the harness of a heavily-laden cart broke, and the horse was h

A lesser man would have pinched the carter's cap.

Mr. Balfour's Gifford Lectures.

"As everything is illusory, we had better make our illusions as pleasant as possible. 'That,' he said, 'has been my view.'"—*Times.*

"As everything was necessarily illusory, we had better make our illusions as pleasant as possible. (Laughter.) That had never been his view. (Applause.)"—*Westminster Gazette.*

Which of these reports is right must remain a matter of philosophic doubt unless Mr. BALFOUR can clear it up.

At once, respectable Youth, for small milk round; a good milker; live in."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

What is the good of a Pure Milk Bill if this sort of thing goes on?

CHARIVARIA.

The statement, made at the inquiry into the Dublin strike riots, that 245 policemen were injured during the disturbances has, we hear, done much to allay the prevailing discontent among the belabouring classes.

* * *

"Coaling the Stores" is a headline which caught our eye in a newspaper last week. To be followed, after the strike, we imagine, by "Storing the Coals."

* * *

A Russian officer, last week, shot the leader of a gipsy choir in a St. Petersburg restaurant, not because he sang out of tune but merely because he expressed resentment at the officer's conduct towards his daughter. It is thought that the incident may lead to an Entente between Germany and Russia.

* * *

Our Navy standard of 16 *Dreadnoughts* to 10 of the next most powerful Navy is, says Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, rough and ready. Well, in this matter our standards may or may not be rough, but let's hope they're ready, anyhow.

* * *

An organisation called "The Parents' League" has been formed in New York for the purpose of simplifying the lives of children. This has caused a considerable amount of uneasiness in juvenile circles, and it is said that a "Hands-off-our-jam" party has already been formed.

* * *

In a letter of Mrs. Carlyle's just published, the wife of the Chelsea sage describes a cat as "a selfish, immoral, improper beast." This has given no little satisfaction in canine circles, where the deceased lady is being hailed as a human being with the insight of a dog.

* * *

The Cambridge Review is talking of dropping the publication of the University sermon. It is possible, however, that the mere threat may have the effect of making the sermons more entertaining.

* * *

A volume entitled "The Great Scourge and How to End it" has made its appearance. We had imagined this to be a treatise on the anarchist activities of a certain section of the Suffragists until we discovered the name of Miss Christabel Pankhurst as its authoress.

* * *

Messrs. Hutchinson's interesting *History of the Nations*, the first part of which has just appeared, is something more than a mere compilation of facts already known to us. We had thought that both photography and limited companies were comparatively recent inventions. An illustration, however, in this new work, entitled "Charles I. going to execution," bears the description, "Photo by Henry J. Mullen, Ltd."

* * *

Councillor Sherlock has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin for the third time in succession, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will be interested to hear that there is some talk now of calling the local Mansion House "Sherlock's Home."



THE HELPMATE.

Newly-wedded Husband (fresh from the altar). "Excuse me taking the liberty, Sir, but do you happen to know of any place where my wife could get a little charring to do?"

* * *

Belief in the innocence of the dove dies hard. At Driffield, last week, a Mr. Dove, who was charged with conducting a lottery, was acquitted in spite of his pleading guilty.

* * *

A music-hall performer gave a turn in a King's Bench court the other day. There was a time when a judge would have objected to his court being turned into a theatre, but since the advent of comic judges the line of demarcation has become blurred.

* * *

According to Dr. Frank E. Lakey, of the English High School, Boston, U.S.A., boys are at their naughtiest between 3 and 4 p.m.; and at their best at 10 a.m. But surely most boys are awake and out of bed at 10 a.m.?

* * *

"Popular Microbes
Audience of 2,000 at a Blackpool Lecture."
Daily News.

One is so accustomed to think of the little chaps in millions that this seems rather a poor attendance.

HONORIFICS.

A cowardly hoax was recently perpetrated in Paris, where a number of politicians consented to assist in raising a statue to Hégésippe Simon, the educator of the Democracy and author of the famous epigram, "The darkness vanishes when the sun rises," only to discover later that Hégésippe Simon had never existed.

Needless to say, this has produced a profound impression upon public men in this country, who are regarding invitations of a similar character with the gravest suspicion.

For instance, Mr. William Archer, on receiving a request for his assistance in raising a monument to Ibsen, is reported to have replied cautiously that he would like to know more about this writer before giving an answer.

Mr. Clement Shorter, on being asked to join the committee of a Brontë memorial, replied suspiciously, "Why do you ask *me* of all people?"

Mr. J. L. Garvin, on being approached on the subject of a bust of Mr. Filson Young, is reported to have consulted his assistant editor as to whether the name might not be a pure invention; while Mr. G. K. Chesterton remarked, when asked to assist in raising a bas-relief to Charles Dickens, that he didn't believe there was no sich a person.

"Mr. M'Call, K.C., said Dr. Keats had charge of the boys in the infirmary, and for the purpose of maintaining order he was sometimes compelled to resort to corporal astonishment."—*Glasgow Daily Record.*

Billy Brown (*surprised*): Ow!"

In our last issue, quoting from a Johannesburg telegram, we referred to *The Evening Chronicle* as a "Labour organ." Its London Manager writes protesting against this description; and we now offer our heartiest regrets for the grave injustice that we seem to have done to our South African contemporary.

SMITHERS, B.C.

I saw it on a map, most large and fine
(I saw it with the naked eye—no dream),
Showing how trains upon the Grand Trunk line,
Grand but Pacific, run along by steam
Right to Prince Rupert on the sea (a port)
And there are brought up short.

Smithers! I saw it on a map, I say,
A panoramic map in Cockspur Street.
And sudden in my heart began to play
Echoes of old romance, and all my feet
Fluttered responsive to the name's sheer beauty,
So rhythmical and fluty.

Smithers! The music of it filled my mouth.
I saw Provence and that enchanted shore,
And lotus-isles amid the dreamy South,
And champions out of mediæval lore
Looking at large for ladies in distress
Round storied Lyonnesse.

I was a *trovatore* (with guitar);
Venezia's airy domes above me shone;
I heard Alhambra's fountains, faint and far:
I broke the Kaliph's line at Carcassonne;
All kinds of lost chords latent in my withers
Woke at the name of Smithers.

Ah, if in Avalon's vale I may not rest
When envious Time has worn me to a thread,
Then let me go to Smithers in the West,
And on my gravestone let these words be read
Attracted by its name to this fair scene,
He died a Smitherene. O. S.

THE COMMERCIAL SIDE.

Now that the Headmaster of Bradfield has decided to start a "Commercial side," to enable boys to prepare at school for a business career, it may be of interest to publish these fragments from the diary of another Headmaster who has done pioneering work in a similar direction:—

January 20.—First day of term. This morning, in Hall, I made the momentous announcement that the School would shortly have a new "side"—devoted to Business. School-boys are usually so conservative that I had anticipated some signs of disapproval. Nothing of the sort. The speech was received with loud cheers, renewed when I prophesied that the Waterloo of the future would be won on the "Commercial side" of Fadfield. Truly a hopeful outlook.

January 21.—As I expected, the Commercial side has been the chief topic of conversation among boys and masters. The latter are, I fear, reactionary—realising, no doubt, their incompetence to deal with business subjects. The boys are enthusiastic. I am constantly approached in the corridors by lads who say it has always been their ambition to become a Tipton or a Whiteridge, or a Gilling and Warow, as the case may be. One little fellow quaintly confessed that he had always longed to be a "Mother Spiegel." Great Britain's future in trade is assured if this spirit continues.

January 22.—Even the Classical VI. seems interested in my new project, and questions proving a genuine keenness were asked me when I was taking Homer this morning. One boy propounded the doubtful but stimulating notion that Homer was really the name of some early Greek Co-operative Stores, and that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were parts of a gigantic scheme of advertisements. This is very illuminative and indicates that a real desire for efficiency exists in the most unlikely quarters.

January 23.—An example of the sort of prejudice one has to contend against occurred to-day. Henderson, one of the House masters, sent across a note asking what I should wish done in the following case. It appears that a boy in his House named Montague has by some form of bargaining already deprived three new boys of their pocket-money for the term. "Montague has exhibited such an extraordinary commercial aptitude in this matter," Henderson wrote, "that I propose to flog him. Before doing so however I thought I would ask for your assent, as you might prefer to make him a prefect."

January 24.—Brown Major, the Captain of Football, has been deputed to ask me if I could arrange a Jumble Sale match against Giggleswick. Have had to explain to a boy, Lipscombe, sent up for gambling, that the rule against this is inviolable, and that I could not accept as an excuse for his breaking it the fact that he intends, on leaving school, to adopt the business of a bookmaker. Specialisation at school in all branches of business is of course impossible.

January 26.—M. Constantin, the French master, has come to me with a complaint. Two days ago, for trying to dazzle him during lessons with a sun-glass, he gave a boy named Dawkins 500 lines. To-day, instead of the usual Racine, Dawkins handed in lines copied from an advertisement in the daily press beginning:—"Perhaps you are suddenly becoming stout, or it may be that you have been putting on weight for years. . ." As Constantin is disposed to adiposity, he is convinced that Dawkins meant this for impertinence. Dawkins, however, has explained to me that he is profoundly interested in Patent Medicines, the sale of which he hopes to take up as soon as he has qualified on the Commercial side. Pardoned Dawkins and accepted M. Constantin's resignation.

January 27.—I fear the school is taking the Commercial side too literally—with unforeseen results. To-day there was a regrettable incident in the tuck-shop, outside the door of which, unknown to Mrs. Harrison, a placard was nailed up announcing "Harrison's Winter Sale. All goods at sacrificial prices. Must be cleared. No offer refused." As a consequence the boys burst into the place in a crowd, ate and drank everything they could lay hands on, and paid for nothing. I have undertaken to rectify this matter.

January 28.—Mutiny is rampant. The boys, inflated by their success in the tuck-shop, held "A Great White Sale" in most of the dormitories last night. As a consequence, all towels, sheets, pillows, flannels, etc., are inextricably mixed up, and a very large number can only be described as "remnants." Seven masters have resigned, including Herr Wolff, who was informed by a boy that he refused to handle the works of Schiller, because they were "made in Germany." Personally flogged the boy.

January 29.—Things are becoming intolerable. Three boys appeared in the lower Modern class this morning in frock coats and false waxed moustaches which they must have written to London for. They were sent up to me and had the audacity to explain that they hoped to be shop-walkers some day and wanted to practise. Another boy asked if a Hair Drill could be substituted for the ordinary drill. Verily the reformer's task is a thankless one.

January 30.—*Actum est* . . . This morning I announced to assembled boys that I should not proceed with the Commercial side. The speech was received in silence, except that one boy (whom, I regret to say, I was unable to identify) called out, "And the next thing, Sir?" I fear there is no real commercial zeal as yet among boys.



EXIT TANGO.

The Spirit of Dancing (*waking up*). "WELL, THANK HEAVEN THAT 'S OVER; ONE OF THE DULLEST NIGHTMARES I EVER MET."

LIDBETTER.

The shopkeeper said he had not got it in stock, but he would get it for me.

"When?"

"By to-morrow morning."

"Before lunch?"

"Yes."

"For certain?"

"Yes."

Very well then, I would have it.

"Can I send it?" he asked.

"No, someone will call."

Very well. It should be ready for my man before lunch.

How did he know I had a man? I wondered. I had never been to the shop before. Do I look like a man who has a man? I suppose I must. Yet I always rather hoped that I didn't.

What had I said exactly? I had said, "someone will call."

Either, then, "someone" means, in such shops, a man-servant; or the fact that I am a man-keeping animal is visible all over me.

I went on to wonder if, should he see Lidbetter, he would know that he belonged to me. Did I not only betray the fact that I kept a man, but also what kind of a man I kept?

Good old Lidbetter—what should I do without him? I wondered. How get through the day at all? How, to begin with, get up?

The morning tea, the warmed copy of *The Times* and *The Mail* (only Lidbetter would ever have thought of warming them), the intimation that the bath (also of the right temperature) was ready—how should I be thus looked after without Lidbetter?

And then the careful stropping of my razors. Without Lidbetter how could I get that done for me?

Without him I am sure I should never change my neck-tie till it was worn out, or get new shirts until mustard and cress had begun to sprout on the cuffs of the old ones, or have a crease down my trousers like Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, or go out with anything but a dusty overcoat and dustier hat.

But with Lidbetter . . .!

How do people get on without Lidbetters? I wondered. I suppose there are men who do not keep men and yet exist—men who can't say, "My man"? An odd experience.

I wondered how old he was by now—Lidbetter. Difficult to tell the age of that type, so discreet and equable. He might be anything from thirty to fifty.

And what was his other name? Curious how I had never ascertained that. I must ask him, or, better still, get him to witness something and sign his full name. My will, say.

Talking of wills, perhaps I ought to leave Lidbetter something after such faithful service.

Good old Lidbetter!

Thus musing I walked home.

The next morning I went to the shop and asked for the parcel.

"You surely won't carry it yourself?" the shopkeeper said. "I would have sent it only I understood that your man would call."

"I haven't got a man," I said. "I've never had one."

"Pardon," he replied, and gave me the parcel.



COMMERCIAL CANDOUR AT THE SALES.

"I assure you, Madam, these kitchen knives represent the greatest value ever offered at the price."

"They certainly look nice and seem very cheap. The only question is—will they cut?"

"Ah, Madam, if you ask me that, I'm bound to say they will not; but that is their *one* fault."

"Two quite unique golf performances have been made on the Lutterworth course. The Rev. W. C. Stocks and Mr. F. Marriott were playing a round of eighteen holes last Friday, and at the third hole, which is an iron shot (145 yards), Mr. Marriott surprised himself and amazed his opponent by holing out with an iron. Then when they came to the eighth hole, which is 188 yards distance, the rev. gentleman went one better. Taking his brassey, he had the delightful experience of seeing his ball roll into the hole. Both shots were magnificently directed."

Market Harborough Advertiser.

We guessed at once that they must have been fairly straight.

THE YELLOW FURZE.

(A Tragedy in One Act, which may be played by the Abbey Theatre players without fee.)

SCENE I.

[*The kitchen in the* M'Ganns' *house.* Mrs. M'Gann, Sheila M'Gann, Molly M'Gann, Aloysius Murphy, *and* Jeremiah Dunphy *sit round the fire, top left centre. The door is top right centre. On the left side is a window. Four large grandfather clocks are standing here and there round the room. In front of the fire is seated a little wee bit of a pigeen. The Stranger is seated by the window, apart from the rest. As the curtain rises one of the clocks strikes two, another strikes eleven, while the others remain silent. It is thus impossible to tell what time it is. The Stranger gazes out of the window. No one speaks. The curtain falls.*

SCENE II.

[*Much the same, except that the window is now on the right side. The women are engaged in peeling potatoes. The Stranger is obviously much embarrassed at the sudden change in the position of the window.*

Jeremiah. 'Tis a terrible night—a terrible wet night.

Molly. Sure an' it's yourself that has no call to say the same, Jerry Dunphy, an' you saying a minute since that ye were as dry as ye could be!

[*The rest break into a roar of laughter, with the exception of the Stranger and the pig.*

Aloysius (slapping his knee). A good wan, that! It's yourself is the smart girl, Molly!

[*The door is suddenly flung open with great violence and young* Michael *enters. He is carrying a number of hurls.*

Jeremiah. Power to ye, Michael avick! And did ye win to-day?

Michael. Is it win? And will ye tell me why wouldn't we win?

[Sheila *is about to speak, but checks herself as a thin piping voice is heard chanting outside.*

The Voice.

"There is a little man
In a dirty wee shebeen,
And the spalpeens do be leppin' in the bog."

[*The voice ends on a high note, which quavers away into silence.*

Sheila. The blessed Saints preserve us! What was that?

Mrs. M'Gann. Musha, don't be frightened, child! Sure, it's only poor ould Blithero* Pat. (*She goes to the door and opens it.*) Come in, Pat, and have a bite an' a sup to warm ye this terrible night.

[*The old man enters. He comes slowly over to the hearth, tapping with his stick, and seats himself in front of the fire. He seems to stare at the glowing turf. At last he speaks.*

Blithero Pat. Comin' over the bog I met Black Finnegan. He had a powerful drop o' the drink on him.



SCENE—*Village Concert—Squire's turn to sing.*

Official. "'OPE YOU GETS ON ALL RIGHT, SIR. IT'S BEEN FAIRLY GOOD OOF

Molly. The Saints preserve us from that man!

Blithero Pat (continuing in a dull monotone). And Shaun M'Gann was with him.

[Mrs. M'Gann *sits back with a look of horror on her face.*

Aloysius. Shaun does be a terrible man when he's on the drink.

[*The pig rises and goes out by the door, which has been left open.*

Sheila. The crathur! 'Tis himself can't bear to hear his master miscalled.

Blithero Pat (still continuing in the same tone). Shaun told me to tell ye, Mrs. M'Gann, that he was coming home the way he'd kill ye entirely.

Jeremiah (starting up quickly, as the others recoil in horror). We must stop him. He's coming by the bog, ye said, Pat?

Blithero Pat. Ay! Be the bog it is.

Aloysius. Come on, all of ye!

[*Exeunt hastily all but* Blithero Pat *and the Stranger.*

[Blithero Pat *chuckles softly. He then addresses the Stranger in a hoarse whisper.*

Blithero Pat. Divil the bit he's comin' be the bog. He's comin' be the cross-roads.

[*The Stranger makes no reply.* Blithero Pat *laughs hideously and goes out.*

SCENE III.

[*The same. The air is heavy with the scent of stout.* Mrs. M'Gann *sits before the fire. She still peels potatoes. The Stranger is almost concealed behind grandfather clock number four, from the shelter of which he peers nervously at the window, which has returned to its original position. A heavy step is heard outside.*

Mrs. M'Gann (starting up in terror). That's Shaun's step!

[*The door is kicked open and* Shaun *enters. He is fairly far gone in drink. As he looks at her she backs a step or two and stares at him wildly. He kicks over grandfather clock number one, which is evidently damaged by the fall, as it commences to strike wildly and insistently.*

Mrs. M'Gann. Shaun!

[*He staggers over and looks at her closely for a moment. Then he catches her by the throat, hurls her to the ground, and begins to kick her savagely. He laughs as he kicks her, for at heart he is not a bad-natured man. She gradually becomes still. At last he stops and looks at her.*

Shaun. Mary! (*A pause. Then in a louder tone, with a note of alarm in his voice*) Mary!

[*He looks at her for two minutes in a dazed way and then staggers out of the room. The Stranger, who until this moment has not said a word, does not speak now. Grandfather clock number one continues to strike insistently.*

CURTAIN.

* A Connemara word signifying blind.

"The first brick of the structural work was laid on Tuesday, Jan. 6th, and is proceeding rapidly."—*Clacton Times.*

Destination unknown.



THE MASCOT CRAZE: A CUP-TIE OF THE FUTURE.

IVORY.

O, CHIEFLY procured by a fate that is harshish
From ponderous pachyderms' innocent shapes!
O, shipped of old time by the navies of Tarshish
For SOLOMON'S court and the wondering gapes
Of Jerusalem's Great Age,
The invoice for freightage
Including some items of peacocks and parcels of apes!

O exquisite surface of Orient idols!
O, hewn by the workmen of cunning Cathay
For the sword-hilts of kings and their saddles and bridles!
O, carved for Athene! O, chosen to-day
For the match now proceeding
Betwixt those two leading
And infantile billiard antagonists, NEWMAN and GRAY!

O, how shall I sing of thee, loved of immortals?
Remember what breaks of thy boon have been born?
Or describe how the dreams that go out at thy portals
Are true by the test of the amethyst morn,
Whilst the hopes that encumber
Our profitless slumber
Fare forth through the benzoline exit—I should say the horn?

Shall I ask why it is that the sagest of mammals
Is toothed with such splendour, for woe or for weal,
As compared with giraffes or hyenas or camels
Or wombats? Why man, when he falls to a meal,
Can suffer no tusk-ache
From marmalade *plus* cake
To rival the infinite sorrows that Hathis may feel?

These things I might prate of and should do with pleasure
Except that they're far from the point of my song,
Which is aimed at a dental adornment, a treasure
Unheard of as yet by the ignorant throng,
But an ivory fairer,
More fleckless and rarer,
Than ever was looted by trader from elephant's prong.

For I care not for elephants, no, not a particle;
Sorrows they have, but they cause me no ruth;
And a fig for their tushes! I mentioned the article
Merely to lead you along to the truth,
To the fact of all wonder,
Our baby (no blunder—
You can not only feel, you can see it) has cut his first tooth.

EVOE.

Box and Cox.

"The doctors have stopped issuing bulletins regarding Sir Lionel Phillips whose condition continues to give satisfaction. He is able to leave his bed for a short time daily."—*Natal Mercury.*

"When Lord Kitchener arrived in Cairo very few people were aware that, travelling on the same train as his lordship, were a crocodile, two hyenas and two civet cats. These animals had been presented to Lord Kitchener when he was at Kosti."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

We wish we had had the luck to attend this levée.

THE STRONG MAN.

[*A fragment of a diary, signed H. H. A., which may be picked up in Bouverie Street some day.*]

Monday.—Although I continue to wear an enigmatic smile in public, I may confess to myself that the situation causes me anxiety. The Home Rule Bill was passed five days ago, and already there are signs of military activity in Ireland. Anthony thinks I ought to proclaim martial law. In the course of a short lecture at breakfast this morning he referred to the historic case of South Africa, and reminded me of the enthusiasm with which the Unionist Party greeted this stirring exhibition of the strong hand. Martial law, he says, supersedes all other law, and the deportation of any person whose presence is not desired becomes—— At this point I had him deported to the nursery, for I desired to be alone. All the same I feel that there is a good deal in what he says, and I shall think it over to-night.

Tuesday.—Martial law proclaimed. I have decided to be The Strong Man of England. Force may be no remedy, but it is much esteemed by the Unionist Party, and I don't see why Winston should be the only popular member of the Cabinet.

Wednesday.—Excellent. Carson has been safely smuggled out of the country. He travelled from Belfast to Liverpool in a packing-case labelled "Oranges," and was then embarked in a whaler for Greenland. The ship, I understand, has no wireless installation and will not stop at any port on the way. As he had to leave Belfast rather hurriedly, without packing, I have lent him a spare suit of Wedgwood Benn's clothes. The authorities have orders to deal with the other leading members of the Ulster Provisional Government in the same way.

Thursday.—The Ulster leaders have been safely deported. Unfortunately, there was no ship immediately available for them, and at the present moment they are in a pantechnicon labelled "Theatrical Troupe" (a tip from Botha) touring the Cromwell Road. They go up and down twice in a day, I am told, stopping nowhere on the way. Without their leaders the Ulstermen are weakening, and they may be expected to accept the Home Rule Act peaceably in the course of a few days. Martial law is certainly an extraordinary solvent of the most difficult situation, and I can only wonder that I never thought of it before.

Saturday.—However hard one tries one can never please everybody. In a fierce speech at Bootle last night, Bonar denounced me as (among other things) a Tyrant, a Dictator, and an Autocrat! (The other things were not so polite.) By an exhibition of the strong hand I have practically stifled the Ulster Revolution, and this is all the thanks I get from the Unionist Party. I have sent him a note, asking him to drop in in a friendly way and chat about it. We haven't had one of our little conversations for a long time.

Monday.—Bonar refused my invitation indignantly, and actually made another speech on the same lines at Pudsey. Even the Liberal papers confessed that it was enthusiastically received; in fact, P.W.W. in *The Daily News* went so far as to say that a staunch Radical in the gallery "paled suddenly" and later on "blenched." There was only one way of dealing with this situation. Bonar Law had become a serious danger to the State (me), he was fomenting rebellion against authority (mine), and he would have to go. I telegraphed instructions, and within half an hour Bonar had left Pudsey for Farnborough as a grand piano. To-night he is strapped on to an army aeroplane and launched into the *Ewigkeit*. The aeroplane has no wireless installation and will, I am informed, stop nowhere until it reaches its destination.

Tuesday. — Strict Press censorship ordered. Unionist Papers are forbidden to comment adversely on my operations. As a result, the first nineteen columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette* were blank this afternoon. In the evening edition, however, the editor could no longer restrain himself, and he is now waiting at the docks as a consignment of cocoa for Shackleton's South Pole party.

Wednesday.—Overheard an unexpected compliment (paid me by a Unionist) in a District train this evening. This gentleman said, "After all, he's a strong man. One does know where one *is* with a man like that." He had to confess, however, that he didn't know where Bonar Law was. Neither do I. My new-found friend got out at the Temple, and I wish I could have followed him and asked him to tea one day, but the fact that I was disguised and on my way to Blackfriars Pier to see the Lord Mayor's departure in a submarine prevented me. I have always wanted to witness one of these deportations, and certainly the police were very nippy, if I may use the word. The Lord Mayor descended from a taxi in a straw-filled crate labelled "St. Bernard—fierce," and was in the submarine in no time. It was his own fault for summoning a non-party meeting of protest at the Guildhall. I hate these non-party meetings—they're always more insulting than the other sort.

Friday.—Anthony says that I shall have to get an Indemnity Bill through the Commons; otherwise, when martial law is over, I may get hanged or something. This is rather annoying. Deported Anthony to bed, but could not get rid of my anxiety so easily. The Unionists of course will vote against an Indemnity Bill, and so, I fear, will a good many Liberals and Labour men, who say that I am undemocratic. Awkward.

Saturday.—Still a little anxious about the I.B., but a great victory over the Chancellor of the Exchequer at golf in the afternoon has restored my spirits somewhat. We were square going to the eighteenth, and when I got into a nasty place in the bunker guarding the green it seemed all over; but with a sudden inspiration I proclaimed martial law (which, as Anthony says, supersedes the ordinary laws) and teed my ball up. Thence easily to the green and down in ten, David arriving in his usual mechanical eleven. He was a little silent at tea, I thought.

Wednesday.—Excellent. This martial law is a wonderful thing. On Monday I had the whole of the Opposition kidnapped and sent down by one of the special Saturday trains, well guarded and labelled "Football Party," to Twickenham. The train was guaranteed to stop for some hours at every station on the way, and is not due at Twickenham till to-morrow morning. Meanwhile my Indemnity Bill went triumphantly through the House this evening, and now all is well.

Thursday. — End of martial law. Rather a dull day on the whole.

A. A. M.

Answer to a Clergyman.

No, dear Sir, your high calling does not excuse you from observing the rules of civility common amongst laymen when writing to the Editor of a paper which has expressed views that do not happen to accord with your own.

"Dancing was engaged in around the bonfire to the skirl of the philabeg."—*Glasgow Herald.*

On reading this we immediately went round to our tailor and ordered a new pair of bagpipes.

"A change has come over the domestic habits of the French middle class. This means that the money that would have been accumulated for the girl's diary is now in some cases diverted into other channels."—*T. P's Weekly.*

Probably squandered on a packet of those useless New Year's cards.

LOCAL COLOUR.

I.

From the Editor of "The Globe Fiction Magazine" to Aubrey Aston, Esq.

May 5th.

Dear Mr. Aston,—We are extremely sorry that we cannot see our way to using *Red Shadows.* The idea is an excellent one, if a trifle improbable. But you must be aware that West Africa has been worse handled by fiction-writers than any other locality, and we are afraid we dare not risk publishing a story in which the writer has drawn on his imagination for local colour, however vivid that imagination may be. The West African expert at our office assures us that *Red Shadows* contains some inaccuracies which would be bound to spring to the eye of any reader who had been near the West Coast. We cannot imperil the reputation of a magazine so widely circulated as ours, and we feel that in returning the MS. we are in some degree safeguarding your own. Thanking you for the many excellent stories you have let us have, Yours very truly,

J. W. Ingleby, Editor.

II.

Aubrey Aston to the Editor.

Laburnam Rise, Hornsey.

May 8th.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Thanks for your note. I cannot help feeling that you were to some extent influenced by your knowledge of the fact that I had never been near the West Coast. I hope, however, to visit the White Man's Grave shortly and will possibly let you have some stuff from the spot.

Yours, A. A.

III.

The Same to the Same.

From Sherbro, Sierra Leone.

June 18th.

Mr. Aubrey Aston begs to enclose to the Editor of "The Globe Fiction Magazine" another West African effort, and hopes that it may pass his critic.

IV.

The Editor to Aubrey Aston.

July 31st.

Dear Mr. Aston,—Herewith proof of *The Case of Mr. Everett.* I trust you will be able to let us have some more West Coast tales while you are out. Stories with the true African ring about them, from such a practised pen as your own, are hard to come by. Our "critic" passed *Mr. Everett* with honours. You will no doubt see yourself by now how comparatively bald and unconvincing *Red Shadows* is, when set against a tale "hot from the oven." Yours very truly,

J. W. I.

P.S.—Our West African expert asks me to thank you for information on several points on which he had been hazy. It is news to him that the Mendes have an Arabic strain in their blood; he had believed them to be pure Zishtis. He had also been in the dark as to the origin of the "leopard" murders.

V.

From Aubrey Aston to the Editor.

Hornsey, September 20th.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Many thanks for the proof (forwarded to me from Sierra Leone) of *The Case of Mr. Everett*—which I return corrected—and for your very gratifying note.

I'm afraid I have not yet found time to visit West Africa, but I still hope to. When I do, I will perhaps let you have some tales "hot from the oven." In the meantime I find the Travel section of our local library a more comfortable and probably a more accurate source of copy. But I still have to draw on my imagination to some extent. The Mendes may be pure Yanks for all I know to the contrary; but I hope for their own sakes they



Bosun (to new deck hand who has trodden on his toes while hauling on a rope). "'Beg your pardon,' indeed! That's bloomin' fine language to use to a ship's bosun."



FLOWERS OF SPEECH (U.S.A.).

Wealthy American Westerner (anxious to show his great appreciation of the able and enthusiastic way in which the duchess has pleaded the cause of her pet charity). "Waal, good-bye, Duchess. I will send you a cheque, sure. I guess some of these charities wouldn't be so sick if they had crazy boomers like you to boost 'em along."

aren't Zishtis. It sounds such a horrible thing to be.

As for the "leopard" murders, I got my information from Major Kingsley, D.S.O., who has been a Government officer in Nigeria and Sierra Leone for fourteen years, so there may be something in it. As he is a close friend of mine I sent my story to him out there for him to look through before letting you have it, and he very kindly posted it direct to you. He has written to tell me that the ignorance shown in it was such as to preclude any possibility of improvement by revision.

By the way, Major Kingsley was the author of *Red Shadows.* He asked me as a special favour to godfather it, as he believed an unknown writer stood no chance. It is a perfectly true story. My kindest regards to your expert.

Yours very truly, Aubrey Aston.

"Many correspondents have asked whether Mrs. Cornwallis received this compensation because her husband was a reader of this journal."—*Daily Mail.*

Could they have meant—correspondents being notoriously rude—that the husband deserved it more?

A CHARM

(whereby a modern male adult mortal may be pleasantly initiated into the fairy state).

O male adult, O male adult!
This is the way we make a fairy:—
Quicunque vult
Silvis terrisque imperare,
Think upon oaks and thorns and ashes,
On glow-worms and on fire-fly flashes,
On rooty loams and stony brashes!
Then upon thyme and tansy think,
On fields of sainfoin, ruddy pink,
On dells deep down and rocks upreared,
On lad's-love and on old-man's-beard,
On spearmint and on silver sages,
On colewort and on saxifrages!
Then think on pools in dimmest haunts,
Unwhipped of any wind that rages,
Where the lithe flag her purple flaunts,
Where frogs go plopping round the edge
And gnats are humming through the sedge,
And on the leaf of each wide lily
The scaly newts do lay their eggs
And the small people dip their legs
To shatter the moonshine floating stilly
O'er the pool's mystic weedy dregs!
Think yet again on rolling hills
Where little sleepy new-born rills
Are bedded deep in upland mosses,
Where tiny stars of tormentils
Peer skyward with their golden gaze,
Where lichened dikes and shallow fosses
Are signs of far-forgotten days—
Forgotten save by us who roam
Those uplands nightly after gloam,
And, linking in our magic rings,
Whirl in a dazzle of dancing wings—
Us only whose hot eyes beheld
Fordone delights of vanished eld!
Think on it! think on it!
And think no more on what you quit—
On hearth and home, on streets and shops,
On trousers, ties, and hunting-tops—
Think no more on City dinners,
On office hours and all the winners—
For you are fitted by field and dell
Us to follow, with us to dwell,
To be for ever free from harm,
A fairy changeling by this charm,
To be the lord of light and mirth,
To be the lord of all the earth.



[After ORCHARDSON'S picture of NAPOLEON en route for St. Helena.

THE NEW BELLEROPHON:

OR, BOTHA'S SURPRISE PACKET.

[The Government of S. Africa are sending, as a present to the Mother-country, the ten men whom they regard as their leading undesirables.]

A MODERN IDYLL.

(With acknowledgments to various distinguished writers in this vein.)

To me the robin is a peculiarly attractive bird. It bears itself with a sort of pompous pathos which moves me to a friendly tear and gentle laughter.

One came to the ledge of my parlour window the other morning, a not infrequent occurrence. "Good morning, Robin Red-breast," quoth I; and it acquiesced in an expressive silence. The conversation is generally one-sided on these occasions. "Bird," I continued, "it may interest you to know that I am writing a book. What about, you wonder? About any old thing that happens to crop up—yourself, for instance." The robin tripped hither and thither with vast self-importance. "Not so much of it," said I. "It isn't your intrinsic worth but the fact that you chanced to crop up first, that got you this publicity."

The robin flew away in high dudgeon as Martha entered the room bearing the boiled eggs and tea with which it is my custom to break my fast.

* * *

How long the greater tragedies of life lie hidden beneath the careless surface! From a chance remark of this excellent Martha's, I have but now discovered, after many years' experience of it, that what I have always fondly supposed to be tea, she, who makes it, equally fondly supposes to be coffee.

* * * * *

There is only one other thing worth mentioning about Martha, and I will mention it. For very many years, as she is in the habit of telling me once a week, she has been walking out with a policeman. This has suggested to me a quaint thought, that to marry a policeman is the cheapest and most effective way of insuring against burglary, but otherwise, I confess, I have shown and felt but little interest in this *affaire de cœur*.

A letter lay on the table beside my plate. It was addressed to me. I picked it up and, holding the envelope in my left hand, with the first finger of my right hand I tore open the flap. I then withdrew the enclosure and, standing with my back to the window so that the light fell on to the written sheet, I read it.

* * * * *

It was from my sister, my little sister Clare, and it told me that she was engaged to be married. My sister, my little sister Clare, engaged to be married, and to a partner in a firm of publishers of all people! Here was news indeed! I own that Clare's publisher interested me very much more than Martha's policeman.

I remember nothing more until I looked up a few moments later to see a robin once again upon my window-ledge. I would not swear that it was the same bird, but, feeling that one robin was as good as another, I told it all about Clare's publisher and what this might mean to all of us.

* * *

Some days later I came down to breakfast, to find another letter lying on the table beside my plate. This letter also was addressed to me. Having gone through much the same process as that used with regard to my earlier correspondence, I discovered that this was from Clare's *fiancé*. He thanked me for my very kind congratulations of the 13th ultimo, and went on to say that, with regard to the latter part of my letter, he was not quite sure exactly what an idyll might be, and so my interesting description of my embryo book conveyed little to him. Even so, he went on, he would have been honoured to publish any book written by any relative of his dear Clare, but that he dealt, to be candid, exclusively in legal text-books.

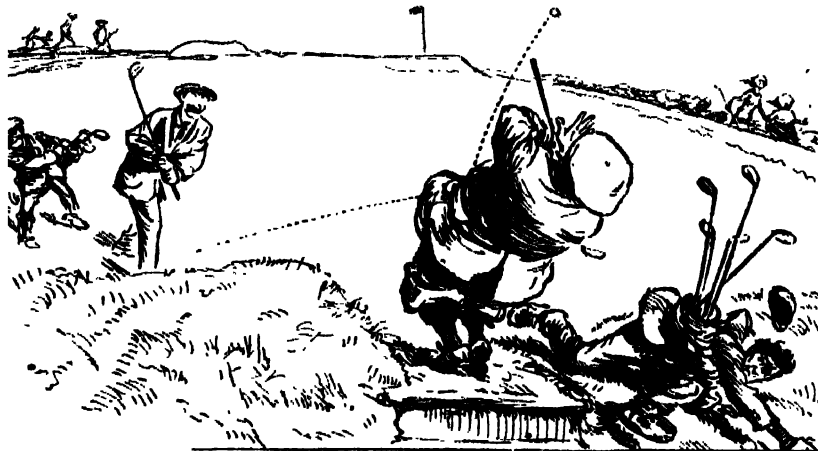
To Martha, entering at this moment, I confessed that there was at least this to be said for her and her man, that they had never concealed their connection with that odious thing, the Law.

* * * * *

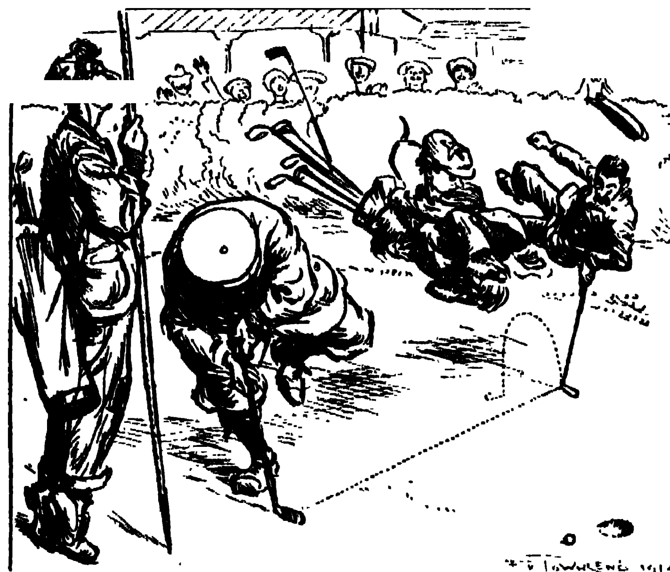
Later, I read an extract from my manuscript aloud to the robin. He wore an air of abstraction and I could see that his thoughts were running on other matters more immediately concerned with his own interests.

* * * * *

To me the robin is a peculiarly human bird.



THE WORLD-WIDE ATTENTION AROUSED BY THE RECENT CORRESPONDENCE ABOUT RULE 18, BY WHICH A PLAYER LOSES THE HOLE IF HIS OPPONENT'S BALL STRIKES HIM, HIS CADDIE OR HIS CLUBS, IS ALREADY BRIGHTENING GOLF. THE DOCTOR, WHO WAS PLAYING "THREE MORE," GOT "DORMY" AT THE SEVENTEENTH WITH A BEAUTIFUL QUARTER BRASSIE BACKHANDER, WHICH TOOK THE COLONEL IN THE LOWER CHEST.



BUT THE COLONEL SAVED THE GAME ON THE LAST GREEN. THE DOCTOR (WHOSE CADDIE'S PLAY WAS BEYOND ALL PRAISE) WAS CAUGHT NAPPING, FOR HE FAILED TO AVOID A STAB TO LEG (THE ODD) WHICH JUST FOUND HIS PUTTER.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Revues and Things.

Park Lane.
January 31st.

Dearest Daphne,—I've been putting in quite a pleasant little time down at Much Gaddington with Bosh and Wee-Wee. Theatricals were the order of the night, and the best thing we did was a *revue* written for us by the Rector of Much Gaddington, who's a perfectly sweet man and immensely clever. It's a better *revue* than *any* of those at the theatres, and as that dreadful Censor had, of course, nothing to do with it the dear rector could make it as snappy as he liked. Wee-Wee and I were two "plume girls," Sal and Nan, in aprons, you know, and feathers and boots stitched with white; and our duet, "Biff along, Old Sport!" with a pavement dance between the verses, fairly brought down the house. The rector himself was *impayable* in his songs, "Wink to me only," and "Tango Tangoing—Tangone!" But the outstanding feature of the whole affair was certainly Dick Flummery, who introduced his new and sensational *Danse à trois Jambes*, entirely his own invention!

What Dick doesn't know about dancing isn't worth knowing, and he says all the steps that *can* be done with two legs have *been* done, and for *anything* really novel another leg must be added So he's had a clockwork leg made, and he winds it up before beginning and makes its movements blend in with the steps of his *real* legs, and the effect is simply enormous!

People wrote to Wee-Wee from far and near begging to come and see "Hold Tight, Please!"—that's the name of the rector's *revue*—so we decided to give it in the village schoolroom for charity. Since then Dick's been fairly snowed under with offers from London managers. They offer him big terms, and if his colonel decides that the prestige of the regiment won't suffer through one of its officers doing a three-legged dance at the Halls Dick will accept. If the colonel objects, Dick will still accept, for then he'll send in his papers and go on the music-hall stage in earnest.

The rector has also had good offers for "Hold Tight, Please!" and he's busy toning it down before it's given in front of the dear old prudish public. He made us laugh one evening by telling us how he met his bishop lately at a Church Congress or something, and the bishop said, "There's a report that you've been seen once or twice lately at the Up-to-Date Variety Theatre, Piccadilly Square, London. You're able to contradict it, of course?" "Oh, that's quite all right, bishop," answered the dear rector; "I *have* run up to town several times in order to go to the Up-to-Date, but it was for business, not amusement. I'm responsible for the new ballet there, 'Fun, Frills and Frocks.'" So of course the bishop had no more to say.



BACK FROM SWITZERLAND.

(1) Snapshot, illustrating the coolness displayed by the intrepid mountain-climber, as sent to friends. (2) A full-sized unexpurgated edition of the same.

I was talking to Norty yesterday about the state of Europe, and *when* we're to know who's who in the Near East, and which of the kingdoms out there are to be absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on, and he threw a new light on things by telling me that these matters are a good deal in the hands of the *stamp-collectors*—that when *they* agree among themselves as to what's to be done it *will* be done. A great many people who matter very much indeed are stamp-collectors, it seems, and it would make an *immense* difference in the value of their collections if certain countries were absorbed or abolished or allowed to go on. For instance, suppose anyone had a complete set of Albelian stamps, and Albelia wasn't allowed to go on, the set would become almost priceless. Norty says also that *heaps* of stamp-collectors who have been opposed tooth and nail to Home Rule on principle have been won over by the Coalition with the promise that an absolutely *sweet* set of Irish stamps would be issued as soon as H. R. became an accomplished fact. *Ainsi va le monde.*

The swing of the pendulum is going to make the coming season a *stately* one. It will be correct to be haughty and dignified. *Features* will be *de rigueur*, and aquiline noses will be very much worn. Dancing is to be deliberate and majestic, and partners will not touch each other; as Teddy Foljambe put it, "Soccer dancing will be in and Rugby dancing out." As far as one can see at present, the most popular dance at parties will be the war-dance of the Umgaroos, a tribe who live on the banks of some river at the back of beyond. I can't tell you anything about them except that they were found near this river doing this dance, and someone's brought it to Europe. It's very slow and impressive, and a native weapon, like a big egg-boiler with a long handle, is carried. The dance grows faster towards the end and the native weapon is twirled. In a crowded room there'd be a little danger here, and one would have to practise carefully beforehand. Already Popsy Lady Ramsgate's maid, has brought an action against her for "grievous bodily harm." In practising the war-dance of the Umgaroos, Popsy twirled her weapon too wide and struck the girl on the head.

What do you think of the New Music, my child? No answer is expected. It's a question few people *dare* to answer. Norty's definition of the New Humour—"the old Humour without the Humour"—won't do for the New Music. It's quite out by itself. But on the whole it's darling music, full of new paths to somewhere or other, and ideas and impressions of one doesn't know what, and sprinkled all over with delicious accidentals that seem to have been shaken out of a pepper-pot.

I've just got some piano studies of Schönvinsky's, to be played with the eyes shut and gloves on, and they're too wonderful for words!

Ever thine, Blanche.

THE LEGEND OF EVERYMATRON.

(Showing one of the reasons why the Tango is already *démodé*.)

(*With apologies to Mr. Kipling.*)

This is the sorrowful story told at the Tango Teas
Of the old folks dancing together, frivolous as you please:—

"Our mothers came to the dances; dignified matrons, they,
They smilingly sat and watched us after we waltzed away.

"Our mothers looked on at the dancing—that was their business then;
Frowned on the detrimentals, smiled on the right young men.

"Then came this Tangomania, and when the fad was new
Badly it shocked the old folks—now they are doing it too!

"Now we may watch our mothers, smiling and flushed and gay,
Doing it, doing it, doing it, tangoing night and day,

"Stamping a Texas Tommy, wreathing a Grapevine Swirl,
Gleefully Gaby Gliding, young as the youngest girl.

"We may not laugh at our mothers, for (between me and you)
They can out-dance us often—get all our partners too!"

This is the sorrowful story told by a chastened lot
Of maidens sitting together, watching their mothers trot.



Nervous Lady (in whose street there have been several burglaries). "How often do you policemen come down this road? I'm constantly about, but I never see you."

Policeman. "Ah, very likely I sees you when you don't see me, Mum. It's a policeman's business to secrete 'isself!"

THE OBLIQUE METHOD.

"I want to engage the next cook myself," I had said to my wife.

"Why?" she asked.

"Chiefly," I said, "because I am the only person in the house who minds what is placed on the table. If the food is distasteful I complain of it; you defend it; and we lose our tempers. Now it is perfectly clear that you cannot guard against certain culinary monstrosities when you engage a cook. I can. And coming from a man it will impress her more."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Because you haven't," I said. "You have engaged scores of cooks in your time and everyone does a certain thing which infuriates me."

"Have it your own way," she said.

I meant to.

In course of time the prospective cook was ushered into my study. If I liked her she was to stay.

"Good morning," I said. "There's only one thing I want to discuss with you. Apple tart. Can you cook apple tarts really well?"

She said it was her speciality, her *forte*.

"Yes, but can you do them as I like them, I wonder."

How did I like them?

"Well, my idea of an apple tart is that there should be so much lemon in it that it tastes of lemon rather than apple."

"Mine, too," she said. "I always put a lot of lemon in."

"And," I went on, "wherever the tart doesn't taste of lemon I like it to taste of cloves."

"I was just going to say the same. I always put in plenty of cloves."

"In short, the whole duty of a cook who is given an apple to cook is," I said, "to see that every scrap of the divine—of the flavour of the apple is smothered and killed."

She looked at me a little in perplexity.

"Isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes," she faltered.

"Well," I said, "I've recently been to see my doctor and he says that there are two things I must never touch again, at least in an apple tart: lemon and cloves. Otherwise he can't answer for the consequences. Will you help me to avoid them, at home at any rate? Will you?"

She was a good woman with a kind heart and she promised.

She has kept her promise.

Apple tarts in our house are worth eating.

TRYING ON.

"I AM going to London," I said.

"Going to London?" said the lady of the house. "What for?"

"To live a double life," I said. "Many men do it and are never found out till they have been dead quite a long time. I'm going to begin to-day, and first I'm going to call on my tailor."

"But you can't call on your tailor in those clothes."

"Why not?" I said. "He made the clothes, and the least he can do is to look at them after I've worn them all these years."

"Dad's going to London in his old brown suit," said Helen to Rosie, who had just entered the room.

"Oh, but he simply *can't*," said Rosie in a shocked voice.

"*I* like the suit," said Peggy. "The trousers are so funny."

"They do bag at the knees," I admitted. "But then all sincere and honourable trousers do that. There is, of course, an unmanly variety that never bags and always keeps a crease down its middle, but you wouldn't have me wear those—now would you?"

"You can wear what you like," said the lady of the house, "so long as you don't wear what you've got on."

"Well," I said with dignity, "I'm not the man to insult an old friend. I shall wear this suit, and, what's more, I shall get my hair cut, too."

"That's right; get yourself cropped like a convict."

"You ought to be proud," I said, "to have a husband who's got any hair to crop. Some husbands are quite bald."

"And some want to look as if they were quite bald."

"Very well," I said, "I will give up the hair-cutting. Next week you shall see me in love-locks for the rest of my life."

I then went up-stairs and changed into patent leather boots, black tail coat and all that is necessarily associated with a black tail coat. This costume I completed with a top hat extracted from its dim and dusty lair, a dark overcoat, a walking-stick and a pair of gloves. Thus attired I set out for the station.

In the garden I found the junior members of the family gathered together to escort me. When they saw me they assumed an air of profound solemnity and doffed imaginary hats in my honour.

"He's got his Londons on after all," said Peggy, thus lightly alluding to my serious garments.

"Will his lordship deign to take my humble arm?" said Rosie."

"John," said Helen brightly, "run on, there's a good boy, and see if they've got out the red carpet. We must certainly knight the station-master."

They then formed up as a festal band—mostly big drums—and preceded me to the garden gate, where they scattered and left me with a final cheer.

At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon I found myself in the West-end—not, of course, in the whole of it, but in that particular part of it where my tailor has his establishment. Up to that moment I had been eager to see him, but now that I stood before his door all desire had vanished just as a toothache disappears when you get almost within forceps distance of a dentist. However I encouraged myself. "Those clothes," I said, "have been waiting for months in a half-sewn state and with makeshift button-holes. They must be put out of their misery. It's to-day or never."

My entrance was warmly welcomed: "Try on? Yes, Sir. I'll call Mr. Thurgood. Will you step in here, Sir?"

I stepped in, through a door in a glass partition and found myself in the familiar torture-chamber. The old coloured plates of distinguished gentlemen in dazzling uniforms still hung on the walls. *Their* trouser-knees didn't bulge an inch. They fitted into their suits as wine fits into a decanter. Why couldn't I be like that? Also there were the looking-glasses artfully arranged to show you your profile or your back, a morbid and detestable revelation of the unsuspected.

"You're quite a stranger, Sir," said Mr. Thurgood, coming briskly into the room, accompanied by a transitory acolyte bearing clothes. "Shall we try the blue serge first?"

"No, Mr. Thurgood," I said, "we will first talk about uniforms. Could you make me a uniform like that?" I pointed to an expressionless person tightly wedged into a dark blue dress.

"An Elder Brother of the Trinity House," said Mr. Thurgood. "I did not know—am I to congratulate? Of course we shall be proud to do it for you."

"Well, perhaps not yet, Mr. Thurgood. We must wait and see—ha-ha—wait and see, you know. Let us get on with the blue serge." I took off my coat and waistcoat.

"Let me help you with the trousers," said Mr. Thurgood. "They'll come off quite easily over the boots." They did, and I caught a glimpse of my undergarment as they came off, and clapped my hands on my knees. Why had I not noticed this before? Each knee was picturesquely darned in an elaborately cross-hatched pattern.

"I don't think," I said, "we'll worry about the trousers. I can take them on trust."

"Do you really think so, Sir? It's a difficult leg to fit, you know. Plenty of muscle here and there. Not like some. You set us a task. There's a good deal to contend against in a thigh like yours."

"That's it," I cried with enthusiasm. "You can't do yourself justice unless you've got lots to contend against. I shall make it harder for you if I don't try on, and your triumph will be all the more glorious."

"It's a curious thing," said Mr. Thurgood, looking meditatively at my hands; "I've got just such another patch of darning on *my* knee," and he pulled up his trouser. "It's funny how you forget to notice a little thing like that."

"In that case," I said, "we will proceed with the trying on," and I removed my hands. "I've got two of them, you see."

"So have I," said Mr. Thurgood. "They generally go together."

R. C. L.

From a story in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"'Willie was right,' he muttered. 'The evil men do live after them. The good oft lies interred in their bones, but maybe it was only folly with me, not evil.'"

WILLIE was certainly right; but that's not exactly how (in *Julius Cæsar*) he put it.

"When the men went to the scale, the Welshman was found to be half-a-pound over the stipulated 8st., but he was allowed time to get this off, and just before three o'clock he passed the weight, while Ladbury weighed 7st. 14¼lb.—*Yorkshire Post.*

Rather bad luck on the Welshman, who had been sprinting madly round the arena for some hours with eight ounces which nobody wanted, to find afterwards that LADBURY'S extra four ounces were entirely ignored.

"Since tea the crowd had swelled considerably."

South African News.

An air of dough-nuts hangs over this sentence.



The Lady. "HALLO, COUNT! WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

The Count (who has come off at the third obstacle). "ONCE I JUMP AND MY HORSE HE CATCH ME; THEN I JUMP AND HE ONLY CATCH ME A LITTLE; ANOZER TIME I JUMP AND HE MISS ME ALTOGEZER."

THE QUALITIES THAT COUNT.

(Suggested by a recent vindication of the "right but ruffling attitude" of the new and true artist.)

IF you're anxious to acquire a reputation
  For enlightened and emancipated views,
You must hold it as a duty to discard the cult of Beauty
  And discourage all endeavours to amuse.
You must back the man who, obloquy enduring,
  Subconsciousness determines to express;
Who, in short, is "elemental," "unalluring,"
  But "arresting" in his Art—or in his dress.

Again, if you're desirous of attaining
  Pre-eminence in places where they play,
Don't supply the smallest spoonful of the pleasing or the tuneful
  Or you'll chuck your very finest chance away.
But be truculent, ferocious and ungentle
  And the critics will infallibly acclaim
Your work as unalluring, elemental
  But arresting and exalted in its aim.

Or is your cup habitually brimming
  With water from the Heliconian fount?
Then remember the hubristic, the profane and pugilistic
  Are the only kinds of poetry that count.
So select a tragic argument, ensuring
  The maximum expenditure of gore,
And the epithets arresting, unalluring,
  Elemental, will re-echo as before.

But if your bent propels you into fiction,
  You should clearly and completely understand
That your duty in a novel is not to soar, but grovel,
  If you want it to be profitably banned.
So be lavish and effusive in suggesting
  A malignant and mephitic atmosphere,
And you're sure to be applauded as arresting,
  Elemental, unalluring and sincere.

If you meditate a matrimonial venture
  That will turn the cheek of Mrs. Grundy pale,
Don't be lured by pretty faces or by dainty airs and graces
  That entrap the unsophisticated male.
No, look out for what is vital, transcendental,
  And ask yourself, before you choose your wife,
"Is she wholly unalluring, elemental
  But arresting in her attitude to life?"

In fine if you believe in self-expression
  And disdain to be a law-abiding man,
You must cultivate a hobby of insulting ev'ry bobby
  Whenever you conveniently can.
You'll find him quite impervious to jesting,
  But he has another less attractive side,
Elemental, unalluring and arresting
  When his patience is intolerably tried.

SECURITY.

"It's got to be," I said.

I must have been thinking aloud, for Joyce said quickly—

"What's got to be?"

"The silver," I said.

"It doesn't sound sensible," said Joyce.

"It isn't," I said, "at all sensible, but it's inevitable."

"What's inevitable?"

"That about the silver," I said.

"But you didn't say anything about the silver, except that it's got to be."

"Well, it's got to be—hypothecated."

"What's that?"

"I mean," I said, "that I'm—er—temporarily embarrassed, and the silver has got to be made security for a loan—pawned, in fact—so that I can pay the balance of the rent and catch up with my outgoings. Is that clearly put?"

"Perfectly; but we can't spare the silver just now. The Armisteads are coming to tea on Friday."

"But," I protested, "you don't understand. We don't keep a valuable stud of silver tea-things for the Armisteads' amusement, but for our own, and as—er—collateral." I was sure this would be beyond Joyce.

"But what am I to do?"

"Call out the reserves," I said.

"But they're such a mixed lot," said Joyce. "I should be ashamed of having anyone to tea with them."

"Better," I said, "than having the bailiffs to dine and sleep."

"Ugh," said Joyce, "is it as bad as that?"

"It is," I said, "and all because Short won't send that cheque on account of royalties till I've made some alterations to the last chapter. Our landlord is becoming unmanageable. Besides," I said, "I hear there have been one or two burglaries in this road lately, so the silver will be safer."

"Look here," said Joyce, who declined to be scared by the idea of burglars. "To-day's Tuesday. Wait till Thursday. Something's sure to turn up."

"Yes," I said, "a bailiff. But I'll wait till to-morrow if you like."

"Good. And in the meantime we'll both think hard of some other way."

That evening at dinner Joyce said, "I have an idea, but I'm not going to tell you yet. Have you thought of anything?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got a brilliant scheme, but I'm going to keep it to myself for the present."

"I knew you'd think of a way out," Joyce said, "if you gave your mind to it."

My brilliant scheme was to pop the silver, and I managed to get away with it next morning (Wednesday) without arousing Joyce's suspicions. I got £20 on it at the local hypothecary's, squared the landlord, leaving a few pounds in hand, and hid the ticket in my writing-case. I spent the morning on the alterations for Short, and the afternoon on the links, and lost three good balls—curious coincidence, as I had found three such useful ones at the pawnbroker's in the morning.

The evening of Wednesday passed off quietly. Joyce looked very cheerful and didn't say a word about the silver, so I felt sure she hadn't missed it. Uncle Henry had called, she said, and wanted us both to go and dine with him at the Fitz on Saturday night, and she had accepted.

"Good," I said.

I suppose I looked very cheerful because Joyce said—

"Your scheme's come off, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "it's come off—er—quite well. How's yours?"

"Mine was quite successful, thank you, and I shall get a new frock for dinner on Saturday."

As I didn't want to give my scheme away just then, I didn't press Joyce to reveal hers, and we retired for the night with honours easy.

When I got home on Thursday from a day in town, Joyce met me at the gate. She looked scared.

"We've had a burglar," she said. "The silver's gone. Oh, why didn't I take the warning?"

This was my big scene, but I never believe in rushing a good climax, so I simply said—

"The silver gone? Dear, dear. A burglar, did you say? I told you they were about."

"Really, I'm not joking," said Joyce. "Both Jessie and I were out this afternoon and he must have got in by the scullery window, which I'm afraid was unlatched."

I was enjoying her consternation immensely.

"A burglar?" I repeated. "How very interesting!"

"Oh," said Joyce, stamping her foot, "can't you *do* something?"

"My dear Joyce," I said, fixing her with my eleven-stone look, "let us stop this mummery. Behold the burglar!" and I struck the attitude that I thought would have done credit to Sir Herbert.

"You!" she said; "but——"

"Yes," I said. "Alone I did it. Aren't you glad? Come, do look glad and ring down the curtain. The play is over."

"But that was on Wednesday."

"Yes," I said, "it was. On Wednesday, at ten o'clock of the forenoon."

"Well, on Wednesday after lunch, I wanted an envelope and at last found one in your writing-case. I also found a ticket."

"Then you knew all the time?"

"Listen," said Joyce. "Uncle Henry called——"

"And asked us to dinner—good egg!"

"Well, I borrowed £25 from him and took the silver out of pawn."

THE HOSPITABLE DOOR.

[*A housewife in a contemporary says*:—"If my guests have friends in the neighbourhood they can ask them in without consulting my convenience at all, take them up to the bedroom, light the gasfire and make them quite comfortable there."]

Dear Tom, when your neighbours invited me first,
I made up mind to refuse,
But that was before I was properly versed
In the up-to-date hostess's views.
If I (like Achilles) remain in my room,
She'll never give vent to complaining.
Though she misses my jests, she will kindly presume
I am nevertheless entertaining.

And so, since I've many a friend on the spot,
I've quitted the comforts of town
In order to keep open house for the lot
In a chamber provided by Brown.
They shall come to my bedroom; I'll give them good cheer;
I'll ring for a handmaid and tell her
To serve us at once with a dinner up here,
Including the pick of the cellar.

And then in due course round the gas glowing red
Brown's choicest cigars shall be lit,
And, if we like resting our feet on the bed,
We may—it won't matter a bit.
Our talk of old times shall be joyous and bright,
Undisturbed we will gossip like billy-o,
And I shan't break away to bid Brown a good night;
'Twould savour of needless punctilio.

Dear Tom, since I love you the best of them all,
Call round here whenever you care,
And, if you should run against Brown in the hall,
Just give him an insolent stare.
And when, from rusticity taking a rest,
You come up to London and meet me,
Remember the evenings when you were my guest,
And take me out, Thomas, and treat me.



Zealous Boy Scout. "You can cross by this bridge, Sir. It will save you a long walk round."
Cautious Stout Party. "Thank you, my boy, but I'm afraid it would hardly bear me."
Zealous Boy Scout. "Oh, that's all right, Sir. We have first aid and ambulance on the other side!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The author of *Pantomime* (Hutchinson) has placed me in something of a quandary. In an ordinary way, finding a story with this title, in which moreover the chief characters are spoken of as Princess and Principal Boy, and the narrative is broken every now and then by fantastical little dialogues with Fairies, I should have said at once that here was a clever young writer whom a natural admiration for the work of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop had betrayed into the sincerest form of flattery. But Mr. (or perhaps Miss) G. B. Stern has disarmed me by an open avowal of discipleship and a dedication of the tale to Mr. Calthrop himself. It is a quite pleasant tale. Personally I may confess to a preference, which I suspect most readers will share, for getting this precise form of whimsical romance from the original firm; but there is more than enough spirit in G. B. Stern's work to persuade me that he or she will one day be worth reading in an individual and unborrowed style. Two things in this story of *Nan* pleased me especially. One was the chapter relating her experiences at the Dramatic Academy, which is full of life and actuality, and should be read by all middle-aged supporters of that institution who wish to obtain a glimpse of its hard-working and high-spirited heart. The other is the episode of the muddled elopement, in which *Nan* and *Tony*, having got as far as Dover on their way to the Higher Liberty, severally—— But I don't think I will spoil for you the delightful comedy of what happens at Dover by repeating it. This at least shows G. B. Stern as the owner of a happy gift of humour. Let us have some more of it soon, please, but if possible in a more original setting.

Mrs. Leverson is one of those authors who baffle criticism by sheer high spirits. She gives me first and last a prevailing impression that novel-writing must be tremendous fun; and this is so cheering that it is really impossible to be angry with her. Otherwise I might have some very sharp things to say about her light-hearted disregard of syntax and punctuation. Her pronouns, for example, are so elusive that not only am I frequently in doubt as to whom the heroine will marry in the end but as to which of the characters is speaking at any given moment. And not infrequently what can only be careless proof-reading leaves sentences that contradict each other into an effect of nonsense. But just when I should be noting all these subjects for legitimate censure I am probably devouring page after page with giggles of delight for the wit and jollity of them. *Bird of Paradise* (Grant Richards) is in every respect a worthy companion to its predecessors. There are no very severe problems in this story of a group of Londoners, but plenty of the lightest, most airy dialogue, and some genuine character-drawing, conveyed so deftly that you only detect it afterwards by the way in which the persons remain in your memory. The whole thing, of course, is modern to the last moment; tango-teas and Russian ballets and picture-balls besprinkle the conversation.

There is even a passage about a certain famous shop that made me wonder whether the New Advertising, familiar to readers of the afternoon journals had also invaded the realm of fiction. You will observe that I have made no effort to repeat the story; as it contains at least three heroines and five heroes the task would be too complicated. But you can take it on trust as a comedy of want of manners, brilliantly alive, exasperatingly careless, and altogether the greatest fun in the world.

Once upon a time there were two highwaymen, *Charlie* and *Crabb Spring*; two men, not highway, *Saul Coplestone* and *John Cole*; two marriageable sisters, *Sarah* and *Christina Rowland*. The highwaymen, being pestilential and murderous, badly wanted catching; of the two potential heroes, *Saul* was a stout enough fellow on the surface but a poltroon at bottom, while *John*, though less terrific in physique, was modest and courageous to a degree. Of the sisters, *Sarah* had most of the looks and *Christina* all the merits, so that at the beginning of things both *Saul* and *John* were concentrated upon the former, who, being a little fool, preferred *Saul*, but, being also a little vixen, encouraged both. The brothers *Spring* appearing Dartmoor way, *Sarah* promised, in an expansive moment, to marry whichever of her suitors caught them single-handed. This was apparently impossible, but nevertheless one of them did it. Need it be said which? Need it be said which of the two sisters the proved hero ultimately took to wife? No, this is one of those cases in which it is impossible for the reader, with the best intentions in the world, not to prophesy and prophesy accurately. None the less it is worth while to spend time and money on *The Master of Merripit* (WARD, LOCK) for the following adequate reasons. It is from the pen of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS; if the conclusions are foregone, the excitement throughout is intense; the local colour and the supernumerary characters are charming as usual, and the scheme by which the villains were entrapped is admirable in design and execution. This learned clerk, for all his expert knowledge of the art of catching highwaymen, neither anticipated it nor, upon the most critical reflection, is able to find a flaw in it.



USEFUL INVENTIONS.

THE FLOATING COLLAR-STUD—JUST THE THING FOR YACHTSMEN.

I was discussing Mr. GILBERT CANNAN with a friend, and he said, "I have read many reviews of his books, nearly all of them good reviews, but not one that made me want to read the book itself." Well, I am afraid this one won't make him want to read *Old Mole* (MARTIN SECKER). The hero, *Old Mole*, otherwise *H. J. Beenham, M.A.*, had himself written a book, and this is what Mr. CANNAN says of it: "The essay was cool and deliberate, broken in its monotony by comical little stabs of malice. The writing was fastidious and competent. Panoukian thought the essay a masterpiece, and there crept a sort of reverence into his attitude towards its author . . . Then, to complete his infatuation, he contrasted Old Mole with Harbottle." I am no *Panoukian*. Mr. CANNAN'S opinion of *Old Mole's* book may stand as mine of Mr. CANNAN'S book. But I can understand the *Panoukian* attitude; and when I read the *Panoukian* reviews—referring inevitably to the "damnable cleverness" of Mr. CANNAN—then I suspect that they have been contrasting him with the *Harbottles* of the literary world, the gushers and the pushers and the slushers. After a month of these a fastidious writer may well infatuate a reviewer. For myself, who have not had to wade through *Harbottles*, I remain unstirred by *Old Mole*. Not a single character, male or female, moved me to the least interest; they were all cold, dead people, and Mr. CANNAN talked over their bodies. Clever talk, certainly—he shall have that adjective again—but when it was over I had a wild mad longing to take to the Harbottle. Even Mr. HALL CAINE . . . but this is morbid talk.

In a preface to *In the Cockpit of Europe* (SMITH, ELDER) Lieut.-Colonel ALSAGER POLLOCK states that "the personal experiences of George Blagdon, in love and war, have been introduced solely in the hope of inducing some of my countrymen to read what I have to say about other important matters"—an ingenuous confession which deprives my sails of most of their wind. Otherwise I should have said that this book is not so much a novel as an airing-ground for grievances, adding for fairness that these grievances are national and not personal. A terrific war with Germany gives *Blagdon* opportunity to win various distinctions, and *Marjory Corfe* affords him ample justification for falling in love; but although I grant, even in the face of that preface, that *Blagdon* is not completely a puppet, he is used mainly to emphasize his creator's ideas. Officials at the War Office who read *In the Cockpit of Europe* may possibly require some artificial aids to digestion before they have finished it, but both they and the Parliamentary and Ministerial strategists will have to admit that their critic's honesty of purpose is beyond all manner of doubt.

BUDDHA.

THE little jade Buddha (his favours increase!)—
He 's soapy and bland,
And he sits on his stand
And he smiles, and he smiles in an infinite peace;
For he 's old, and he knows that, whatever befall,
There is nothing that matters, no, nothing at all.

The little jade Buddha (on us be his balm!)—
The Wheel turneth just
As it must, as it must,
So he sits in an ageless, ineffable calm
Where apples and empires may ripen or fall,
But there 's nothing that matters, no, nothing at all.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR EDWARD GREY is to accompany the KING on his visit to Paris in April next. Nobody will grudge the FOREIGN MINISTER this little treat, which he has thoroughly well earned.

* * *

According to *The Express* the South African police discovered an elaborate plot for kidnapping all the Ministers as a preliminary to declaring a Labour Republic. In Labour circles, however, it is declared that the scheme was drawn up for a joke. To this the South African Government will no doubt retort that the kidnapping of the Labour leaders was also a joke—and so the whole matter will end in genial laughter.

* * *

Speaking at Toronto, ex-President TAFT stated that the world would have been much worse off without England. We believe that this is so. Without England there might have been no American nation to speak of.

* * *

Sir EDWARD GREY remarked at Manchester that at "the time when we built the first *Dreadnoughts Dreadnoughts* were in the air." So our backwardness in naval aviation is no new thing.

* * *

An attempt is to be made to raise thirteen French warships which were sunk when the English and Dutch fleets routed the French off Cape La Hogue. It is feared in nervous quarters that this may be used by the Germans as an excuse for further increasing their fleet.

* * *

Although it is frequently stated that our army is fit to cope with the army of any Foreign Power it is evident that the War Office itself is not quite satisfied, and reforms are instituted from time to time. For instance last week it was officially announced that the title of Deputy-Adjutant-General, Royal Marines, had been altered to Adjutant-General, Royal Marines.

* * *

"Arising out of" KID LEWIS's victory last week over PAUL TIL, it is the opinion among a good many Germans that the French Government, being determined that the Entente should not be imperilled, decided to send over a French boxer whom an Englishman could defeat.

* * *

Letchworth Garden City is now considered large enough to possess its own police court, and the Herts County Council has sanctioned its erection. Four Letchworth residents have been made J.P.'s, and it is now up to the residue to supply sufficient criminals to make the venture a success.

* * *

Last week, in the City of London Court, a man was ordered to pay £15 damages and costs for pouring a basin of thick ox-tail soup over another man. We are glad that this action has been held to be illegal, as thick ox-tail is such nasty sticky stuff.





The Colonel. "DASH IT, SIR, WHAT DO YOU MEAN HAVING A LIGHT ON YOUR CONFOUNDED HOOP?"

Meanwhile what the law is as to clear soup is a point which still remains to be tested.

* * *

According to figures published in our bright little contemporary, *Fire*, property amounting to £359,875 was destroyed by fire in Great Britain during the past year. This seems to us more than enough, but it is not easy to satisfy a militant suffragette.

* * *

Mr. "MARK ALLERTON" has suggested that London ought to have a special golf course for beginners. If it could be arranged for spectators to be admitted at a moderate charge we believe this might become one of the most successful places of amusement in the Metropolis.

A suggestion that school children shall be taken to museums, as a reward for good school work, has been made by Lord SUDELEY. This is scarcely a new idea. We remember that when we were at school there was a feeling that the very good boys ought to be in a museum.

* * *

We have been favoured with the sight of a letter from a money-lender, in which the following remarkable passage occurs:—"The above terms are for short periods, *to be repaid* as mutually agreed upon *before the advance made*." The italics are ours, but the proleptic idea is a happy invention of the author himself.

* * *

"SPRING IN THE AIR."
Daily Mail.

We are sorry not to oblige our contemporary, but advancing years have taken something from our resiliency.

Another Impending Apology.

"Dr. Glover, in giving up the Editorship of this most valuable periodical, has earned the grateful thanks of the whole Diocese."
Chichester Diocesan Gazette.

"A ridiculous fad that some society ladies are adopting at the present time is not to place any month on the date of their correspondence, simply giving the day of the year. Thus to-day will be marked '34, 1914.' This is not very difficult, but when it comes to, say, '271, 14,' it will need more than a little calculation to discover the actual date."
Pall Mall Gazette (Feb. 4).

Even "to-day" is too difficult for our contemporary.

"POTATOES, POTATHOS.'
Advt. in "Bedale Chronicle" (its full title being "Bedale, Leyburn and Hawes Chronicle," but that would make the name of the paper longer than the quotation from it—always a mistake.)

We don't care for the second helping.

Ha! ha!' the others laugh in their native tongue."—*Evening Dispatch.*

You should hear us gargle in German.

The Editor of *Punch* has reproved his Dramatic Critic for referring to *It*, in *The Darling of the Gods*, as "a precocious babe." He is assured that Mr. BURTIE, who plays this neutral part, "has seen some five-and-twenty summers, and has advanced intellectual views about most things." *Mr. Punch's* Dramatic Critic has been instructed to "give him double bowing" by way of deferential compensation.

BOWLES WITHOUT A BIAS.

[With the author's congratulations to "Cap'n" Tommy Bowles on the appearance of his new quarterly review, *The Candid*, whose declared aim is "to deal with Public Affairs faithfully and frankly . . . and without Party bias." Among its contents are articles on "The New Corruption: The Caucus and the Sale of Honours," and "An Opposition Impotent."]

I know a man of simple mind,
Gamaliel Nibbs by name,
Whose early faith in human kind
Burned like a Vestal flame;
No wind of doubt that stirs the dust
Fluttered that bright and constant taper;
But oh, he had his dearest trust
Pinned to his daily paper.

Not once he paused awhile to ask
Whence was their wisdom caught
Who undertook the nightly task
Of shaping England's thought;
He pictured gods that drove the pen
Aloof on high Olympian levels,
And not a staff of haggard men
Hustled by printer's devils.

Then came a shock eight years ago:
The Rads, he thought, were dished;
The Tory Press had just to show
The People what it wished;
And yet, for all its wealth and size,
For all its mammoth circulations,
The country saw the Liberals rise
And sweep the polling-stations.

And, when the same sad case occurred
Twice in a single year,
Gamaliel, moulting like a bird,
Mislaid his lightsome cheer;
Yet, even so, he would not let
His confidence in all that's best rust
Until *The Pall Mall* went and set
Its teeth against "The Press Trust."

The writer dropped some dreadful hints
Of One whose sole decree
Governed the views of various prints
Not to be named by me;
He disapproved of paper rings;
In language almost rudely blunt he
Dilated on the puppet-strings
Pulled by a monstrous *Bunty*.

Our hero's faith grew sick and pale,
Yet was not all forlorn,
Till Mr. Maxse charged *The Mail*
With blowing Winston's horn;
And drew his axe and dyed it pink
With blood of Tories, blade to handle—
Blood of a Press that chose to blink
The late Marconi scandal.

This finished off Gamaliel Nibbs.
Beside his morning mess
No journal lies to-day: he jibs
At all the Party Press;
He counts it stuff for common souls,
And means to get his mind expanded
By sampling truths that Mr. Bowles
Embodies in *The Candid*.

Browsing on Tommy's fearless Tracts,
A strong and generous food,
He'll take his fill of meaty facts
Not to be lightly chewed:—
Corruption in the highest seats;
Impotence in the Opposition;
The Ship of State, with flapping sheets,
Moving to mere perdition.

A sovereign (net) for entrance fee—
And Nibbs is on the list
Of patrons who support a free
Impartial pessimist;
Yet shall his faith not wholly burst;
He shares, in common with his "Cap'n;"
The view that, when we reach the worst,
Then nothing worse can happen. O. S.

THE CABINET MEETS.

Mr. Asquith. Perhaps the most important point before us, now that the Naval Estimates are settled satisfactorily, is the question how we're to get through the Session. The Labour Party seems discontented.

Mr. Harcourt (airily). I like talking over their denunciations with them as they walk through the lobby with us afterwards.

Mr. Asquith. Yes, I agree that their attitude is not of overwhelming importance. Oh, by the way, I have had an interview with Mr. Redmond. He is pleased to say that at present he is favourably disposed to us.

All (except Lord Crewe). That's all right.

Lord Crewe. H'm.

Mr. John Burns. I——

Mr. Asquith. Pardon me if I interrupt, but there is a bad feeling in the country. A paper known as *The Spectator* even suggests the impeachment of the Government.

Mr. Lloyd George. I am not surprised. Unprincipled attacks are often made on me by political muckrakers. I sometimes think that I shall give up politics.

Lord Crewe. H'm.

Mr. Birrell. And suggestions are made that Ministers should be hanged in Downing Street. Now in Dublin one allows a certain latitude, but in Downing Street!

Mr. McKenna. I have consulted the police authorities on the point. They inform me that the lamp-posts would only bear an exceedingly light weight.

Lord Haldane. That is most reassuring.

Colonel Seeley. There's another threat. They talk of the Lords throwing out the Army Bill.

Mr. Lloyd George. Good—a saving of thirty (or is it fifty?) millions—a great democratic Budget—and an election-winning cry, "The Lords destroy the Army."

Lord Crewe. H'm.

Colonel Seeley. But we need the Army.

Mr. Lloyd George. What for? Its elimination would be a great moral example to Germany. *Some* nation must take the lead in the peace movement.

Mr. Churchill. The third great election-winner! I suppose National Insurance and Land go back to the stable.

Mr. Burns. I——

Mr. Birrell (hastily). But there's Ulster. What about Ulster?

Mr. Churchill. The solution is simple. We revive the Heptarchy.

Mr. Lloyd George. The Heptarchy was a Saxon institution. It makes no appeal to the ardent, fervid intensely religious Celt.



A CLEAN SLATE.

Botha (*to himself*). "I beg to present you with this token of my sincere approbation."

Himself (*to Botha*). "I accept it in the spirit in which it is given."



Crafty Neighbour (to stout old lady who has just entered carriage with four on each side). "Excuse me, Mum, but you'll find more room on the other side—there are only four there."

Old Lady. "Thankee, Sir, so there be; I 'adn't noticed." *(Changes over.)*

Lord Crewe. H'm.

Mr. Burns. I——

Mr. Harcourt (interrupting). But what are we to do about Ulster?

Mr. Asquith. We must await the reply to our offer.

Mr. Birrell. But have we made an offer? I said we had, but have we?

Mr. McKenna (acutely). We might await a reply to our tentative offer of an offer.

Mr. Asquith. Good, McKenna, very good. I appreciate the delicate distinction.

Lord Haldane (aside to Lord Morley). Had McKenna been caught young and forcibly educated, he would have made a metaphysician.

Mr. Asquith. We have not yet considered whether anything can be done to remedy the temporary unpopularity of the Government.

Colonel Seeley. Suppose Hobhouse resigned. *(A hum of approval.)*

Mr. Asquith. Say, rather, accepted a lofty Imperial post.

Mr. Hobhouse. And made room for Lloyd George's Man Friday! It would mean a by-election in Bethnal Green, where he comes from. *(Consternation.)*

Mr. Burns. I——

Mr. Asquith (suddenly). I accept your resignation with great regret, Burns.

Mr. Burns (indignantly). I was about to say that under no circumstances would I resign.

Mr. Asquith (sadly). Pardon me. I thought you were anxious for leisure to complete your autobiography. Well, if there are no resignations, I think we have ended the business of the day.

THE CLUB MUSIC HALL.

The Royal Automobile Club having decided to enter into serious competition with the Music Halls in order to encourage active membership, it is rumoured that one or two other clubs are determined not to be left behind, and the following announcements may be expected shortly:—

PATHÉNAEUM CLUB.

Notice to Bishops-Elect.

Every Evening at 8 and Matinées (Weds. and Sats.) at 2.30:

"SHOULD A WOMAN CONFESS?"

Kinoplasticon drama by The Dean of Tooting.

Evenings at 10:

"The Sarum Lily" in her marvellous Ecclesiastical Dances.

THE UNITED DIVERSITIES CLUB.

Every Afternoon at 2.30 and Every Evening at 9:

Grand Co-operative Concert and Variety Entertainment.

Davy Lloyd in his Great Land Act, with Troupe of Performing Scotch Woodcocks.

Bonnie Lawder . . . "*My True Blue Belfast.*"

Ted Carson and Chorus of Outlaws.

Bertie Samuel . . . *Heard at the Telephone* (farcical comedy).

Reggie McKenna . . . "*Nose-bagtime.*"

By-election-scope.

The Retrograde.

"He wanted to see the town grow larger and the dates grow less."
Birmingham Daily Post.

"Come where the dates grow smaller!"

A KEY TO CUBISM.

The chief exponent of "the new geometric art" explains the whole movement in the following passage, as reproduced in *The Observer*:—

"'Primitive space has entered into us, as it were. . . . Against that space within us, as against the space that appalled the savage from without, we erect always more hard and logical images. . . . All brute material, animate and inanimate, of earth, becomes an organism to confront the soul. Formerly the soul as a simple figure, like a ballet, faced the environing vagueness.

"Appearance then, at present, becomes a dyke around the invision from within. And, as a consequence even of this, the appearance, as it is seen in art to-day, tends to be more removed from everyday objective reality than at any former period of art. A new religion is being built up, girder by girder, around the vague spirit. *Space*, the physical space of savage shyness, *is now on our side*.'"

The comment of the writer in *The Observer* runs thus: "This, at any rate, is the language of people who know what they are about."

Mr. Punch, being a little fearful lest the average reader of the above passage may not share this knowledge of "what they are about," ventures to add his own views on Cubism, confident that even those who disagree will applaud his clarity.

From Raphael until Peeszy Turgidoff (the brilliant young Slav whose canvas has recently been acquired by the Royal Geological Museum) all true artists have striven to adumbrate the eternal conflict between the morbid pathology of Realism and the poignant simplicity of Nihilism. In other and shorter words, chaos must ever be on the side of the angels. But, until the advent of the new Truth, the whole mission of art had trickled into a very delta of arid sentiment. The critic could walk all the galleries of Europe and find nothing to lighten his melancholy until he entered one of those caverns of earliest man and stood in ecstatic reverence before the incomparable masterpieces wherein the first of the Futurists created (with perfect parsimony of a sharpened flint) Man, not as he is to his own dull eye, but Man as he is to the inner retina of the universe. Man, the simple triangle on two stilts, the creature on one plane and of one dimension, an outline without entity, a nothingness staring, faceless, at the nothingness which baffles his soul.

Emotion, idealism, beauty—these have been always the evil spirits that have fettered art. The new art has so exorcised them that they have fled from it with demoniac cries. Pulziacco's splendid rhomboid, "Cleopatra"; Weber-Damm's tender parallelograms, "The Daughters of James Bowles, Esq., J.P."; Todwarden Jones's rectilineal wizardry, "A Basket of Oranges"; and Arabella Machieu's triumph of astigmatism, "The Revolving Bookcase," are examples of this conquest of the inner retina over the brutal insistences of form and matter.

Of still deeper significance is that terribly sad picture of Philip Martini, "The Mumpers: a Group at Lloyds." Nothing is more illustrative of the courage demanded for the struggle of the new art against convention than this poignant work, wherein, true to the verities, the artist has confounded realism in its own domain by the unrecognisable faces of his sitters.

Let us sum up the new movement so clearly that the dullest will apprehend. Surely the inhibition of all apperceptions in art is correlative to the inner *ego*? That simple postulate granted, it will be unquestioned that the true focus of vision should co-ordinate the invisible. Faith we must have, or we faint by the roadside of the intelligible. The only altruism is that which can defy the cold brutality of things as they *are*, and convince us with things as they *are not*. Thus alone can the contemplation of art bring us back to primal infelicity, and restore in our souls the perfect vacuity of infants and cows. Thus only can we achieve the suffusion of vision of the happy inebriate.



Sunday-school Teacher. "And now, Tommy, about your prize—would you like a hymn-book?"

Tommy. "A yim-book 's all right, teacher, but—er—er I 'd sooner 'ave a squirt."

THE TROPHY.

I 'd dined at home; I 'd read till ten;
I 'd thought, "The space upon the wall
Above the stuffed Thames trout
Wants filling." That was really all;
And then I closed my eyes, and then
I let my pipe go out.

We crawled, the Khan of Khot and I,
On a Thibetan precipice
(It *was* Thibet, I think),
A place of snow and black abyss;
We lay on rock—mid wind and sky—
Above a beetling brink.

For lo, along the ridge there fed
The sheep that ne'er a shepherd knew
Save the shrill wind of morn,
Five "*Ovis Ammon*" of the snow;
I saw the big ram lift his head,
Twin-mooned in mighty horn.

Broadside he turned, a mountain-god
In sweep of coronal sublime,
And the fierce whisper broke—
The Khan of Khot's, he hissed,
"*Tak time*!"
And handed me my spinning-rod;
And as he did I woke!

One thing at least is clear, and that 's
My empty wall is yet to fill;
Though oft with even's shade
I see that great head from the hill,
Unstable as the Cheshire cat's,
Look down therefrom and fade.

Two quotations from *The Publisher's Circular*:—

"Mr. Robert Bowes (who by the way is in his sixty-seventh year) . . ."

"Mr. Robert Bowes is in his seventy-ninth year . . . But then he is much younger than many older men."

So are all of us. Mr. Bowes's distinction is in being twelve years younger than himself.

ALL'S WELL THAT BEGINS WELL.



THE MAYORESS KICKS OFF FOR SQUASHAM UNITED.



MISS DOTTY DEVEREUX FOR THE STAGE.



A FAMOUS SCANDINAVIAN POET FOR THE AUTHORS.



HER LADYSHIP FOR THE VILLAGE.



LITTLE ROSIE FOR THE RAMBLERS.



A BOROUGH COUNCILLOR FOR THE "OLD BOYS."

THE LESSON.

I was showing Celia a few fancy strokes on the billiard table. The other members of the house-party were in the library, learning their parts for some approaching theatricals—that is to say, they were sitting round the fire and saying to each other, "This *is* a rotten play." We had been offered the position of auditors to several of the company, but we were going to see *Parsifal* on the next day, and I was afraid that the constant excitement would be bad for Celia.

"Why don't you ask me to play with you?" she asked. "You never teach me anything."

"There's ingratitude. Why, I gave you your first lesson at golf only last Thursday."

"So you did. I know golf. Now show me billiards."

I looked at my watch.

"We've only twenty minutes. I'll play you thirty up."

"Right-o. What do you give me—a ball or a bisque or what?"

"I can't spare you a ball, I'm afraid. I shall want all three when I get going. You may have fifteen start, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Well, what do I do first?"

"Select a cue."

She went over to the rack and inspected them.

"This seems a nice brown one. Now then, you begin."

"Celia, you've got the half-butt. Put it back and take a younger one."

"I thought it seemed taller than the others." She took another. "How's this? Good. Then off you go."

"Will you be spot or plain?" I said, chalking my cue.

"Does it matter?"

"Not very much. They're both the same shape."

"Then what's the difference?"

"Well, one is more spotted than the other."

"Then I'll be less spotted."

I went to the table.

"I think," I said, "I'll try and screw in off the red." (I did this once by accident and I've always wanted to do it again). "Or perhaps," I corrected myself, as soon as the ball had left me, "I had better give a safety miss."

I did. My ball avoided the red and came swiftly back into the left-hand bottom pocket.

"That's three to you," I said without enthusiasm.

Celia seemed surprised.

"But I haven't begun yet," she said. "Well, I suppose you know the rules, but it seems funny. What would you like me to do?"

"Well, there isn't much on. You'd better just try and hit the red ball."

"Right." She leant over the table and took long and careful aim. I held my breath . . . Still she aimed . . . Then, keeping her chin on the cue, she slowly turned her head and looked up at me with a thoughtful expression.

"Oughtn't there to be three balls on the table?" she said, wrinkling her forehead.

"No," I answered shortly.

"But why not?"

"Because I went down by mistake."

"But you said that when you got going, you wanted - - - I can't argue bending down like this." She raised herself slowly. "You said—— Oh, all right, I expect you know. Anyhow, I *have* scored some already, haven't I?"

"Yes. You're eighteen to my nothing."

"Yes. Well, now I shall have to aim all over again." She bent slowly over her cue. "Does it matter where I hit the red?"

"Not much. As long as you hit it on the red part."

She hit it hard on the side, and both balls came into baulk.

"Too good," I said.

"Does either of us get anything for it?"

"No." The red and the white were close together, and I went up the table and down again on the off-chance of a cannon. I misjudged it, however.

"That's three to you," I said stiffly, as I took my ball out of the right-hand bottom pocket. "Twenty-one to nothing."

"Funny how I'm doing all the scoring," said Celia meditatively. "And I've practically never played before. I shall hit the red hard now and see what happens to it."

She hit, and the red coursed madly about the table, coming to rest near the top right-hand pocket and close to the cushion. With a forcing shot I could get in.

"This will want a lot of chalk," I said pleasantly to Celia, and gave it plenty. Then I let fly. . . .

"Why did that want a lot of chalk?" said Celia with interest.

I went to the fireplace and picked my ball out of the fender.

"That's three to you," I said coldly. "Twenty-four to nothing."

"Am I winning?"

"You're leading," I explained. "Only, you see, I may make a twenty at any moment."

"Oh!" She thought this over. "Well, I may make my three at any moment."

She chalked her cue and went over to her ball.

"What shall I do?"

"Just touch the red on the right-hand side," I said, "and you'll go into the pocket."

"The *right*-hand side? Do you mean *my* right-hand side, or the ball's?"

"The right-hand side of the ball, of course; that is to say, the side opposite your right hand."

"But its right-hand side is opposite my *left* hand, if the ball is facing this way."

"Take it," I said wearily, "that the ball has its back to you."

"How rude of it," said Celia, and hit it on the left-hand side, and sank it. "Was that what you meant?"

"Well . . . it's another way of doing it."

"I thought it was. What do I give you for that?"

"*You* get three."

"Oh, I thought the other person always got the marks. I know the last three times——"

"Go on," I said freezingly. "You have another turn."

"Oh, is it like rounders?"

"Something. Go on, there's a dear. It's getting late."

She went, and left the red over the middle pocket.

"A-ha!" I said. I found a nice place in the "D" for my ball. "Now then. This is the Gray stroke, you know."

I suppose I was nervous. Anyhow, I just nicked the red ball gently on the wrong side and left it hanging over the pocket. The white travelled slowly up the table.

"Why is that called the grey stroke?" asked Celia with great interest.

"Because once, when Sir Edward Grey was playing the German Ambassador—but it's rather a long story. I'll tell you another time."

"Oh! Well, anyhow, did the German Ambassador get anything for it?"

"No."

"Then I suppose I don't. Bother."

"But you've only got to knock the red in for game."

"Oh! . . . There, what's that?"

"That's a miscue. I get one."

"Oh! . . . Oh well," she added magnanimously, "I'm glad you've started scoring. It will make it more interesting for you."

There was just room to creep in off the red, leaving it still over the pocket. With Celia's ball nicely over the other pocket there was a chance of my twenty break. "Let's see," I said, "how many do I want?"

"Twenty-nine," replied Celia.

"Ah," I said . . . . and I crept in.

"That's three to you," I said icily. "Game."

A. A. M.

OUR READY WRITERS.

The astonishing rapidity attained by Mr. Walter Melville in the composition of his plays as revealed in the evidence given in court last week has suggested an appeal to other leading authors for information as to their rate of production. We append the results herewith:—

Mr. Max Pemberton observed that the speed of composition varied with the literary quality of the work produced. Personally he found that by far the most laborious and protracted mental effort was entailed in the writing of *Revues*. He had calculated that the amount of brain force he had spent on his last masterpiece was fully as large as that expended by Gibbon on his monumental *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In evidence of the strain he added the following interesting statistics. He had worn out thirteen of the costliest gold-nibbed fountain pens; seven expert typists had been so exhausted that they had to undergo a rest-cure; and finally he himself had consumed no fewer than nineteen seven-and-sixpenny bottles of Blunker's Sanguinogen.

Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., poohpoohed the notion that the moderns were more rapid producers than their forefathers. As the result of his investigations he had conclusively proved that Bacon was an infinitely more rapid producer than any living author. His time-table worked out as follows. Bacon wrote *Chaucer* in a little less than three weeks. He completed the *Faerie Queene* in one sitting, allowing for refreshments, of seventy-four hours. The Plays of Shakspeare occupied him from first to last not more than ten months. *Montaigne* was dashed off in just a fortnight, while *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Marlowe*, *Greene*, *Webster* and *Ben Jonson* took him exactly 37½ days. Next to Shakspeare's Plays the *Divina Commedia* was his most protracted effort, costing him nearly four months of unremitting labour. Sir Edwin added in pathetic proof of the degeneracy of the moderns that his own famous pamphlet had taken him twice as long to compose as *Chaucer* had taken Bacon.

Mr. Hall Caine strongly deprecated the tendency to put a premium on rapid composition, as though there were any special virtue in speed. His own novels, which were written with his heart's blood, represented in their ultimate form a rigorous condensation of materials ten or even fifteen times as bulky. It was in this process of condensation that the self-sacrificing side of true genius was most convincingly shown. But, great as was the strain involved in this painful process, even greater was that imposed on a successful author by the cruel importunity of the interviewer on the eve of publication. Such methods were absolutely alien to his nature, but he had to set against his own convenience the immeasurable disappointment which his refusal would cause his readers. It was one of the most pathetic tragedies of genius that the dictates of an austere reticence were so often set at nought by the impulses of a tender heart.

Sir H. H. Howorth said that the 6,500 columns of *The Times* which he had filled in the last thirty years had been covered in exactly 3,000 minutes or 500 hours. In his contributions to *The Morning Post*, where he was accorded a larger type, he had attained a slightly greater velocity, almost equalling that of Lope de Vega, the most prolific writer on record. On the other hand, in his *History of the Mongols* he had adopted a rate of progress more in keeping with the leisurely habits of the race whose records he was collating. He added the interesting fact that, in spite of the saying *nomen omen*, both Dean Swift and Archdeacon Hare were slow composers.

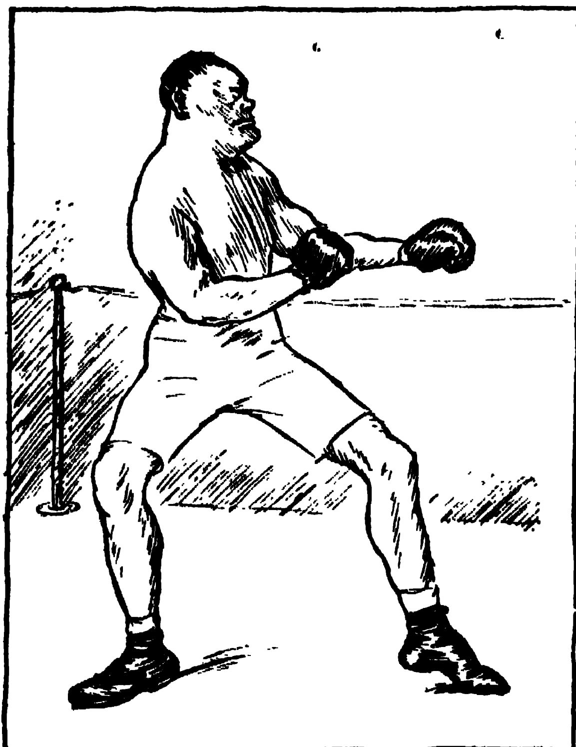


THE SECRET OF OUR COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY.

Clerk (to applicant for post of office-boy). "The guvnor's out. Call to-morrow at nine."
Applicant. "Oh, I say! Can't you make it later? I have my breakfast at nine."

"Coroners' juries have frequently placed on record their disapproval of amateur doctoring."
Manchester Guardian.

Which, in the opinion of *Mrs. Gamp*, they ought to mind their own business and not interfere with matters connected with religion.



The picture of a boxer as published fifty years ago.



And the picture of a boxer as published to-day.

MANES À LA MODE.

(A vision suggested by the inspiriting rumour that green hair is about to become fashionable.)

In Springtide when the copses stir
And hawthorn buds on boughs are seen,
My love shall seek the hairdresser
And have her hair dyed green.

Gay priestess of a Dryad cult
With leaf-like locks she'll haunt the trees,
Securing this superb result
With Boffkin's verdigris.

And feathered songsters all secure,
The merle, the lark, shall come and sit
Amongst her emerald *chevelure*
And build their nests in it.

But when sweet Maytime draws to close
Neaera still shall mark the date;
She'll steal the red fires of the rose
And daub them on her pate.

The ensanguined peonies shall grudge
Her flaming top-knot's stolen hue
(The bill shall come from Messrs. Fudge,
"To tincture, Two Pound Two").

And bees and wasps to sip its bloom
Shall buzz about that glorious tire
And, having sipped, shall feel a gloom
And painfully expire.

Sad Autumn shall arrive, and still
To suit the note the glades have struck,
Most sweetly shall Neaera swill
Her poll with barber's muck.

And now with gold and purple glow,
Now russet and now rather wan,
Weekly her scalp shall undergo
Some transformation.

Till lastly, when by chymic jolt
And sheer corrosion of the thatch,
What time the withering woodlands moult
My love shall moult to match,

And all those curls I loved to beg
For keepsakes on the earth be strewed,
Leaving her cranium like an egg
Incomparably nude.

What matter? She can start again
And ape the season's altering rigs
More simply, having lost her mane,
With *repertoires* of wigs.

Evoe.

A Gold Coast Nut.

(Copy of Letter addressed to a London Tailor.)

"Dear Sir,—I beg to say these words to you. I deem you will not have any vexation about my requirement. You may be pleased for my saying, your name having recommenod to me by a certain friend of mine. He knows very well, else he could not give your name to me. Because no one knows you in this Gold Coast, with exception of him. That you are the best tailor at city called London. I desiderate to deal with in England. On the receipt of this note, genial forward me your samples by returning mail together with price list. I will be pleased to open a great business with you. . . . I will gladly submit your good reply by my great opportunities. hoping you will not fail. Yours faithfully —— ".

"To name a girl after a battle or other public event," says *The Daily News*, "is positively wicked, as it gives away her age. The numerous 'Almas' christened during the Crimean War had good reason to know this; so have the 'Jubilees' and the 'Trafalgars.'" Quite so. We know a dear lady who might easily pass for twenty if her parents had not named her "Ramillies."



THE GIFT HORSE.

Mr. Asquith. "There you are, sir; warranted quiet to ride or drive. He's by 'Conversations' out of 'Parliament,' and I've called him 'The Limit.'"

Mr. Bonar Law. "Many thanks; but I don't seem to care much for his teeth."



QUESTION TIME.

Effie. "Mummy, when you and Daddy was engaged did you engage him or did he engage you?"

THE THREE WISHES.

(*A Story for Little Innocents.*)

Once upon the usual time, a poor but comparatively honest woodcutter dwelt in a tiny hut on the edge of a great forest. Since he was so poor, his fare was simplicity itself: black bread and a cheese of goat's milk, washed down by draughts of cold water bottled at a neighbouring spring—in a word, just those articles of food which your dear mamma has nowadays to order specially from the most expensive shops.

Well, one winter evening the poor man was enjoying (if you can call it so) his frugal supper as above, when there came a gentle tap at the door; and on opening it he perceived upon the threshold a very old woman dressed in a cloak of faded rags. She was so old and so remarkably ugly that had she been a duchess not the most inventive of reporters could have done better for her than "distinguished looking." So the woodcutter, not unnaturally, regarded his visitor with some suspicion.

"Kind Sir," quavered the old woman, "I perish with hunger. Grant me, I entreat you, a crust of bread."

"Ah!" said the woodcutter—to gain time. He was, of course, well aware that there was at least a sporting chance of the old woman being a fairy in disguise, in which case it would be perfectly sickening to have neglected so good a thing. On the other hand he knew also that there were a great many undeserving cases. As he was deliberating, however, he perceived beneath the old woman's gown the glitter of a white satin toe, and this decided him to risk it. [N.B. For our youthful readers, this is an infallible sign for the detection of disguised fairies—try it at the next pantomime you go to.] "Come in and welcome, Mother," said the woodcutter, and flung wide the door.

Accordingly the old woman entered the hut, and having done apparent justice to what was left of the woodcutter's meal, "Now," said she, striking an appropriate attitude, "behold!" and in the twinkling of an eye there she stood, the complete fairy, all shimmer and spangles.

"Well!" exclaimed the woodcutter, looking as astonished as he could manage, "I haven't a notion how that's done!"

"And as a reward for your hospitality," continued the fairy, "choose three wishes, and they shall be granted."

"I assure you," began the woodcutter politely, "nothing was further from my——" but a look in the fairy's eyes stopped him. "Of course, if you insist," he said; adding in rather a different tone, "Perhaps you'll excuse me for putting the matter on a business-like footing."

So saying, he produced from his pocket a small pamphlet entitled, *On Transactions with Fairies; with Some Hints to Beginners.* Having studied this for a moment, "I suppose," said the woodcutter, "that by 'wishes' you mean without restriction? Not anything within reason, or economies of that sort?"

The visitor looked surprised and a little hurt. "There is no such thing as reason in Fairyland," she said stiffly.

"The mistake was mine," said the woodcutter.

"Only one wish is closed to you," resumed the fairy; "you may not wish to have any more wishes."

"That 's a pity," said the woodcutter, "especially as I 'd only just thought of it."

"An obvious precaution that we were obliged to take in our own interests. We lost heavily in that way at one time. But consider well. You have the choice of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. You can become the most powerful monarch in the world. Beauty can be yours, or wisdom or piety. You can——"

"I wonder," asked the woodcutter, "if you 'd mind not talking for a moment? This is a delicate crisis and demands concentration. I think that first of all," he continued thoughtfully, "I will suggest that you endow me with perfect and unalterable self-esteem for ever, so that in case I make a fool of myself over the other two wishes I shall not have the misery of perceiving it."

"It is done," said the fairy, and at once the woodcutter was sensible of an inward elation like the effect of good champagne, only more so.

"I 'm really managing this rather well," he thought with a smile. "I wish the foreman of the lumber works, who called me a fool yesterday, could see me now!"

And immediately there was the foreman, blinking and rubbing his eyes, and gazing with irritation at the fairy and the woodcutter. The latter laughed pleasantly.

"That," he said to the fairy, "is distinctly one up to you! If it wasn't for the gift of self-esteem I should be calling myself every kind of idiot. But the best of us are liable to error!"

"You have now," the fairy reminded him, "one wish left. Will you desire that your task-master here be returned to the place whence he came?"

"I will not," said the woodcutter. "If it amuses him to stay, he is quite welcome. If not, I imagine him to be capable of walking. Let me see. At the present moment the only wants I can suggest are both few and simple: a million pounds invested in Government stock, the constitution of a gladiator, and to be as wise as the greatest fool on earth imagines himself—these are the lot. But no doubt I shall recollect others presently."

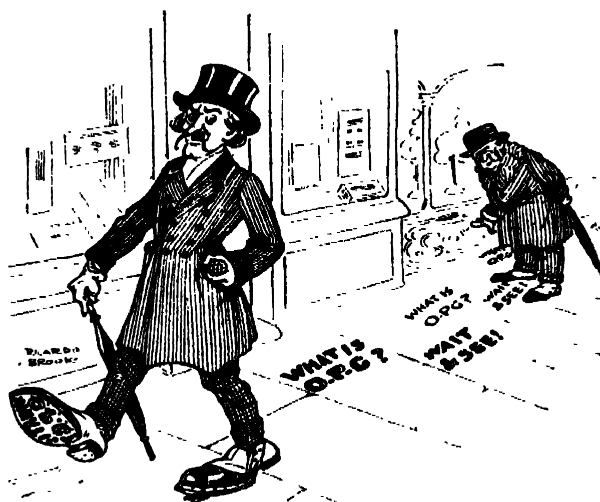
"One wish only," the fairy repeated a little sharply, "and that without delay, for time presses."

"You needn't rub it in," said the woodcutter. I have already made my choice. Are you ready? Go! I wish to have everything I really want in the world." He paused expectantly, and even a little apprehensively.

"It is done," said the fairy; but nothing happened.

"That 's all right!" said the woodcutter with obvious relief. "I will now, as an extra, wish both you and the foreman good evenin

Whereupon he bowed them politely out of the hut and returned chuckling to his hygienic diet. Which appears to show that even in the year Once men were not always the fools that they are usually represented.



AIDS TO ADVERTISERS.

Miles of Free Advertisements by using Rubber Letter Soles. (These can be inked at will by bulb attached to tubes running down legs of operator.)

THE NOSE HAS IT.

I was presiding at one of my periodical stocktakings.

"Sort them all out," I had said, "and let me see them."

When I had reached home they were all there, on view.

There were thirty-four this time. I went through them—A.H.L., T.W.T., E.F., G.H., M.L.K., O.T., B., F.W.H., and so forth.

"What a lot," I said.

"Yes; I think it 's the biggest lot you 've ever had. Last time there were only seventeen."

"And what did we do about them?" I asked.

"You went through them and nothing happened."

"I didn't send any back?" I said in astonishment.

"No. You got ready to, and then, I don't know why, but you didn't."

"What a low trick!" I said. "Worse than borrowing books. Some of these are pretty good, aren't they?"

"Yes, this one"—holding up F.W.H.—"is a beauty. The very finest quality."

I took it and felt it.

"It is," I said. "I wonder where he buys them. Bond Street, I suppose. Is there anything else as good as that one?"

"No, nothing quite so good; but these are all right;" and I was handed E.F. and M.L.K.

I felt them too.

"Yes," I said, "they 're first-rate."

I laid them on one side.

"Very well," I said, gathering the rest into a bunch, "see that all those go back with my compliments, best thanks and regrets for the delay. I 'll keep these three a day or so longer for patterns."

Did I say that all this happened last year? It did.

Yesterday I had another borrowed-handkerchief parade and found forty-three. The spectacle was not without its pathos. F.W.H. now had a lot of holes; so had E.F. and M.L.K. But of a softness still!

All the old friends were there too, in spite of what I had directed.

"I thought those were to have gone back," I said. "Didn't I say so?"

"Yes; but——"

"But what?"

"I didn't think you really meant it."

I suppose I didn't.

"Herr Ballin . . . spends his whole day in the offices of his company on the Alster, and rarely leaves Hamburg except for business journeys or to escape from some public cemetery."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Why is he so unpopular?

"Some day, perhaps a few centuries hence, if it is desired to turn the ship to the starboard, the order starboard will be given, and to the star-order 'starboard' will be given, and to the star-simpler, does it not?"

Naval and Military Record.

Much.

"With the exception of the police, Press representatives, and photographers there were comparatively few people in the thoroughfare. The photographers were requested by the police to refrain from operating, and they withdrew, while the remainder found their virgil very cold and unexciting."

Newcastle Daily Journal.

We confess that the Roman poet often used to leave us cold and unexcited too.



First Motorist (*after very narrow shave*). "But *why* all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us."
Second Motorist. "I *know* I can't, Sir, I *know* I can't; that's just my point."

LOVE'S LABOUR.

I walked into Charles's room with undoubted meaning—that is to say, he could see I intended to be there.

"Hello!" said Charles. "Help yourself to a chair."

"Thanks," I said—"thanks," and I sat down.

Charles looked at me thoughtfully. "There's something the matter," he said.

"Ah! You've noticed it too, Charles. I thought so myself."

"Have you any idea what it is?" he asked.

I looked him steadily in the face. "Charles," I began, "you are a stockbroker. You know the value of money." He groaned.

"Very well, I have a question to ask you—a simple financial question. It is this. What, in your opinion as a stockbroker, a level-headed stockbroker, is the least one can start on?"

"It all depends," he said. "Of course there's the deposit of securities, £1000, and then——"

I waved my hand. "My dear man," I said, "I'm not thinking of marrying the Stock Exchange."

Charles closed his eyes. "Good Lord," he murmured. "Poor old thing. I never thought of this. Take a cigarette—or perhaps you don't smoke now."

I took a cigarette with a fine independence. I carried it further and borrowed a match.

"Now," I said, "we must try and keep to the point. What is the least one can start on?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I've never begun. By the way, I must congratulate you. Who is she?"

"Daphne," I said, and smiled wanly.

"You don't look well."

"I love her," I said simply, and the pathos of it all fairly gripped me.

Charles smoothed his hair. "We'd better stick to business," he said.

In an instant I was a business man. "Right," I said crisply. "Let me put the question in another way. What is the least on which one can start?"

"Well, it all depends on what sort of an establishment you wish to keep up. If you——"

"Nothing," I said quickly, "is good enough for Daphne. She's so absolutely sweet. She sings, Charles, divinely. She dresses perfectly. She plays the pianoforte exquisitely. She sings, did I say, divinely."

"Talking of establishments," said Charles——

"You're right," I agreed, and I moved into a chair by the table and drew out my fountain pen. "We shall want a house," I began helpfully.

"A house? Oh, yes, I know. One of those things with rooms. Just one house would do for a start, I suppose?"

I regarded him sorrowfully. "Charles, this is a serious matter."

"There's humour in everything if you look for it. How about eight hundred?"

"Eight hundred!" I laughed brokenly.

"Well, seven hundred?"

"Ha! ha!"

"Six hundred? Dash it, that's very little."

"Charles," I pleaded.

"I don't want to be hard," he said, "but in justice to the people who come to stay with you I can't go any lower."

"Not if we did without wine?"

"Six hundred."

"Wine and cigars, Charles?"

"Six hundred."

"I'll give up auction."

Charles cleared his throat as though about to make a concession.

"Make it five," I pleaded. "Make it five and you shall be my best man."

"Very well," he said, "I make it five hundred."

"And now, Charles, good-bye."

"Why good-bye?"

"I love her," I said simply.

"Poor old thing,' he said. "Let me know about the wedding. I must make a point of being there."

I pressed his hand. "You're a brick," I said.

Then I hurried out into a taxi and drove to Daphne's.

She refused me.

THE LEAN-TO SHED.

(*Communicated by an eight-year-old.*)

I 've a palace set in a garden fair,
And, oh, but the flowers are rich and rare,
Always growing
And always blowing
Winter or summer—it doesn't matter—
For there 's never a wind that dares to scatter
The wonderful petals that scent the air
About the walls of my palace there.
And the palace itself is very old,
And it 's built of ivory splashed with gold.
It has silver ceilings and jasper floors
And stairs of marble and crystal doors;
And whenever I go there, early or late,
The two tame dragons who guard the gate
And refuse to open the frowning portals
To sisters, brothers and other mortals,
Get up with a grin
And let me in.
And I tickle their ears and pull their tails
And pat their heads and polish their scales;
And they never attempt to flame or fly,
Being quelled by me and my human eye.
Then I pour them drink out of golden flagons,
Drink for my two tame trusty dragons. . . .
But John,
Who 's a terrible fellow for chattering on,
John declares
They are Teddy-bears;
And the palace itself, he has often said,
Is only the gardener's lean-to shed.

In the vaulted hall where we have the dances
There are suits of armour and swords and lances,
Plenty of steel-wrought who 's-afraiders,
All of them used by real crusaders;
Corslets, helmets and shields and things
Fit to be worn by warrior-kings,
Glittering rows of them—
Think of the blows of them,
Lopping,
Chopping,
Smashing
And slashing
The Paynim armies at Ascalon. . . .
But, bother the boy, here comes our John
Munching a piece of currant cake,
Who says the lance is a broken rake,
And the sword with its keen Toledo blade
Is a hoe, and the dinted shield a spade,
Bent and useless and rusty-red,
In the gardener's silly old lean-to shed.

And sometimes, too, when the night comes soon
With a great magnificent tea-time moon,
Through the nursery-window I peep and see
My palace lit for a revelry:
And I think I shall try to go there instead
Of going to sleep in my dull small bed.
But who are these
In the shade of the trees
That creep so slow
In a stealthy row?
They are Indian braves, a terrible band,
Each with a tomahawk in his hand,
And each has a knife *without a sheath*
Fiercely stuck in his gleaming teeth.
Are the dragons awake? Are the dragons sleepers?
Will they meet and scatter these crafty creepers?
What ho! . . . But John, who has sorely tried me,
Trots up and flattens his nose beside me;
Against the window he flattens it
And says he can see
As well as me,
But never an Indian—not a bit;
Not even the top of a feathered head,
But only a wall and the lean-to shed.

R. C. L.

IN EXTREMIS.

A Nut lay dying. He was twenty-five. He had had a good time—too good—and the end was near.

There was no hope, but alleviation was possible. "Is there anything," he was asked, "that you would like?"

He was plucky and prepared for the worst.

"Yes," he said, "I 'd like to know what I 've spent since I was twenty. Could that be arranged?"

"Easily," they said.

"Good," he replied. "Then tell me what I 've spent on my bally old stomach—on food."

"On food," they replied. "We find that you have spent on yourself an average of a pound a day for food. For five years that is, roughly, £1825."

"Roughly?" said the Nut.

"Yes. Counting one leap year, it would be £1826. But then you have entertained with some freedom, bringing the total to £3075."

"Yes," said the Nut. "And what about drinks?"

"We find," was the reply, "that on drinks your average has been eighteen shillings a day, or £1643 8*s.* 0*d.* in all."

"Good heavens!" said the Nut. "What a noble thirst! And clothes?"

"The item of clothes comes to £940," they said.

"Only three figures!" said the Nut. "How did I come to save that odd £60, I wonder?"

"Not by any idea of economy," they replied. "Merely a want of time."

"And let 's see," said the Nut, "what else does one spend money on? Oh, yes, taxis. How much for taxis?"

"Your taxis," they said, "work out at seven shillings a day, or £639 2*s.* 0*d.*"

"And tips?" the Nut inquired.

"Tips," they said, "come to £456."

The Nut lay back exhausted and oxygen was administered. He was very near the end.

"One thing more," he managed to ask. "What have I paid in cloak-room fees for my hat and stick?"

"Only £150," they said.

But it was enough: he fell back dead.

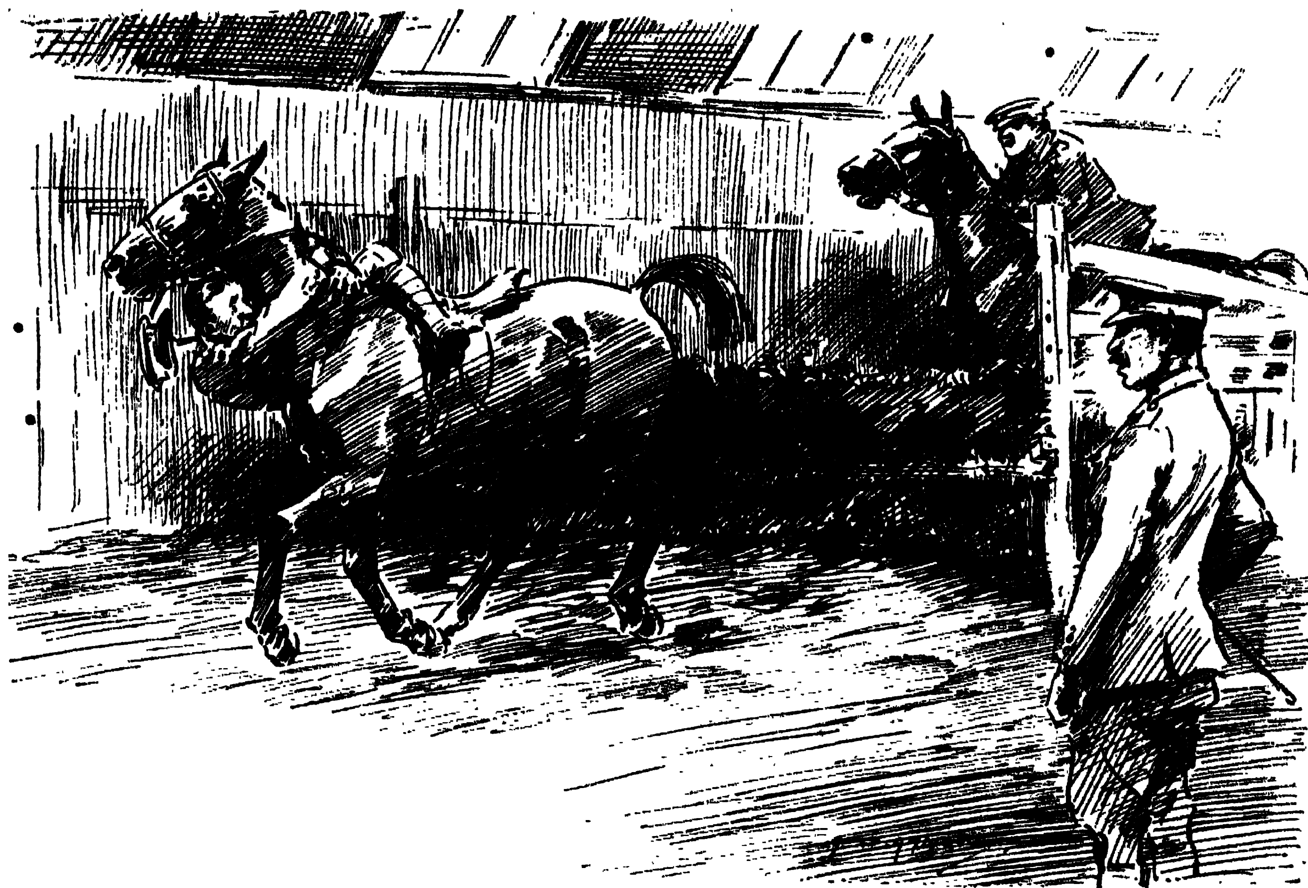
"An extremely able statement of the case for Federation is made up in a little book by Mr. Murray Macdonald and Lord Charnwood, which is just published (T. Fisher Unwin, 2*s.* 6*d.*)"—*Daily News.*

Look out for a really big book by the same authors, at £22.

We have long waited for a good definition of "tact," and here it is in *The Transvaal Leader*:—

"The police handled the large crowds who assembled at the station with considerable tact. One obstreperous fellow who appeared to be the worse for liquor got the butt-end of a rifle in his jaw after grossly insulting a constable, and he was then chased off by the crowd, who appeared to appreciate the tact of the police."

A chance for Mr. Lloyd George:—The Deforestation of Bootle.



Instructor. "NOW THEN, NONE OF THAT HUPSIDE DOWN FLYING 'ERE; YOU AIN'T IN THE HAVIATION CORPS."

"FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES."

"You know this sort of thing isn't good enough," said I, returning the document to Minerva.

"His charges are certainly high," observed the lady of the house; "but I don't think, Jack, we could get as good a doctor anywhere for less money."

"I don't complain about the charges; I suppose they are all right. What I object to is this pompous way of telling me I am in his debt: '*Mr. John Spratt to Dr. Thom. For Professional Services to date, Ten Guineas.*'"

"But, my dear, they all do it like that."

"Then they shouldn't. Tradesmen give full particulars of all charges made for their services: why not doctors?"

"Oh, they would never agree to *that*, Jack!" said Minerva in surprise. "It isn't etiquette. After all, a doctor is a doctor!"

"Let us hope so. At times I doubt it. But that is not the story. How do you suppose I am to check this account without the necessary details?"

"My dear," exclaimed Minerva, "how positively quaint you are! One never dreams of checking a doctor's account; one simply pays. Imagine asking a doctor for an invoice! The idea!"

"And a jolly good idea too," I said. "Then we should know where we were. Would you pass your butcher's bills if they merely said, '*For Commercial Services to date*'?"

"That is quite a different matter. Doctors are not butchers."

"Sometimes surgeons are, so it comes to much the same. Anyhow, I object to paying money without knowing what for. Let's apply for an invoice, if only for the principle of the thing."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," said Minerva rather sharply. "It sounds so mean, Jack, to ask a doctor for a detailed account—almost as if we didn't trust him."

"I shall mention that to the butcher next time I see him, and to the other tradesmen. It will save you a lot of trouble about the domestic accounts."

"Don't be absurd. If you're so anxious to have those petty details I think I can remember all the doctor's visits for you, without worrying him."

I drew out a sheet of account-paper.

"The first time he came this year," she began, "was to attend Tommy. You remember—after that New Year party. He called twice—no, three times to see him."

"'*Item* 1,' I wrote. '*To overhauling and repairing Tommy's tummy, time and material, say 15s.*' When Tommy next overeats himself I shall attend to his little business myself. Yes?"

"Then there was Aunt Maria who was staying with us and imagined she had appendicitis, poor old thing! You remember the specialist, Jack?"

"I remember the specialist's fee—three guineas for absolute tomfoolery! '*Item 2. To diagnosing Aunt Maria and failing to find anything wrong and recommending appendicitis. . . .*' Shall we say a guinea for Aunt Maria's put-up job? I ought to get my money back since nothing was found in Aunt Maria. There should be at least a discount on false alarms."

"Then there was Baby," continued Minerva. "We didn't know what was wrong with him—and really I don't think now there was very much the matter, although I felt so anxious at the time. But the doctor never would explain fully."

"Of course not; that would be giving the game away. '*Item 3. To putting baby to rights, 2s. 11d.*'"

"Two-and-elevenpence for baby!" protested Minerva. "If Aunt Maria was worth a guinea——"

"She was not. I said so at the time."

"——Baby is certainly worth more than two-and-elevenpence."

"Well, make it two pounds eleven. I don't care either way. What I want is an approximate idea of the way this fellow makes up his total."

"If he's charging two pounds eleven for all the little he did to Baby, he's certainly charging too much, Jack; and you ought to see him about it at once."

"Well, what next?"

"That was all, I think. . . . Oh, no. There was the time about Maudie's cold."

"Oh, those kids' colds!"

"Well, my dear, I have spoken to the children about it until I am tired. Do be reasonable."

"'*Item* 4. *To thawing Maudie's chest, lubricating throat, and taking hard edge off voice, time and expenses.*' . . . How much?"

"He was only twice at Maudie, three times at Tommy. What did you put down for Tommy?"

"Fifteen bob; but Maudie is bigger than Tommy."

"She is big for her age," reflected Minerva. "I remember asking the doctor if he thought she was growing too fast."

"He'd call that a consultation."

"'*Item* 5. *To advising on rate of speed recommended for Maudie's growth, one guinea.*'"

"I might have saved that charge," sighed Minerva. "But that was all. How much does it come to?"

"Allowing two visits to Maudie to be equal to three visits to Tommy, the total bill amounts to six pounds three shillings."

"But that's four pounds seven less than he charges."

"And observe I am allowing two pounds eleven for Baby's fidgets—or rather for your fidgets about baby—on the basis of Aunt Maria being worth a guinea a whim."

"Two pounds eleven for looking at Baby's tongue every other day when there was nothing really the matter with him at all! It's preposterous, Jack. There must be something wrong. You must see Dr. Thom at once about that account. Call to-morrow, dear, on your way to town."

* * * * *

I called. After all there is, as Minerva says, something inexpressibly mean in asking a doctor for a detailed account. This thought occurred to me as Dr. Thom shook hands, beaming as usual with that genial heart-warming smile of his."

Ah—er—Doctor—my wife would like to see you first time you're passing," I managed to say.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Nothing much. A little matter of detail—that is—I mean Maudie's chest—or rather Tommy's stomach."

"Oh, we'll soon put that right, bless you. Don't you worry yourself about that, Mr. Spratt. Beautiful morning, isn't it?'

A little rough on Tommy, perhaps, but rougher on me.



THE AMERICA CUP.

"Here com : two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion."
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act. V., Scene 1

[It is announced that the Defender is to be named *Half Moon.*]

THE WARRANT.

OUR village cobbler, Roberts, has reduced the principle, "Put not thy trust in any child of man," to its very lowest and worst. He regards himself as simply born to be robbed and oppressed. Yet is he so mild and uncomplaining and unassuming about it all that no one, even the most persistent robber and oppressor, could ever find it in his heart to do him down. But even so his pessimism and readiness to be done are such that he must make it very hard for people to spare him sometimes. I have this story from our local banker, who was called upon by the Income Producer Company, Limited (of some obscure address in the City of London) to put the matter right.

It appears that Roberts had, after many years of economy, amassed some savings, which from the first he regarded as bound to land him in trouble. He indulged in twenty £1 shares in the I. P. Co., Ltd., only because he had to do something with the twenty pounds. He told everybody that he neither expected to see his capital again nor even to get any interest on it. He hinted darkly at worse things to come from the transaction, though what these might be he didn't pretend to know.

I have no inside knowledge of the I. P Company, except that its stock doesn't appear among the list of Trustee Securities. But whatever trustees may think of it, it did declare at the end of 1913 (after a somewhat prolonged silence) a decent dividend on its ordinary shares. Maybe this was by reason of its innate honesty; maybe it was simply because it hadn't the heart to deny his rights to such a man as Roberts. Anyhow it declared its dividend, and, what is more, proceeded to pay it in the manner usual to limited companies.

And so in due course Roberts received a formidable-looking piece of paper, with the title, in very impressive lettering, "DIVIDEND WARRANT," and below the figures £1 8*s.* 3*d.*

There must be many, among the uninstructed classes, who have no idea what a dividend warrant may be, but few would, I think, at once take the dismal view of the thing that Roberts took.

By return of post the Secretary of the Income Producer Company, Limited, received an envelope addressed in a shaky hand and enclosing a postal order for a pound, together with a letter from Roberts, in which he prayed for a few days of grace, in which a poor but honest old man might raise the further 8*s.* 3*d.* thus demanded of him by legal process.

"The bride will be supported by five piers."
Evening Standard.

Read this aloud to your wife and see if she isn't jealous. And then try her with this from *The Greater Britain Messenger*:—

"BIG DAMS AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE CHURCH."

She ought to be shocked.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CHARLES INGE has brought to the shaping of *Square Pegs* (METHUEN) some good and healthy thoughts about life and love and the waste of both, so that you get a wholesome impression of soundness and sincerity. And there's a dedication which makes one think the author is writing of realities which have been seen at close quarters. *Bernard Farquharson*, the big-hearted colonial, returning to England and seeing the waste of potentially good men in preposterous casual jobs which cannot lead anywhere, longs to give them the chances of the big spaces in South Africa (where, of course, there are no Labour troubles and a man's a man for a' that!). He ventures his capital in *The Dictator*, a Fleet Street derelict, in order to promote his emigration scheme, and his capital departs before either his public or the bigwigs are convinced. I can't think that *Bernard* had really thought out his scheme. And I wonder what he would have done if the little band of square pegs he got together in desperation hadn't had the sense to refuse his offer to ship them over to South Africa with his few remaining sovereigns. They would certainly have been in a fine round hole at the other side. But *Bernard* did a better thing. The only emigrant in his party was *Leonora*, and I like to think they lived happily ever after on his little orange-farm. I can only hope that his rival, *Pike-Sarpe*, a horrible little unctuous cad of a solicitor, will shortly do something to attract the official attention of the Law Society.



McTavish. "NOO, MA FRIEN', SEE ME SENDIN' THE WEE BA' SCOOTIN' OWER THE BONNY BUR-R-R-N!"



McTavish (to caddie). "AWA', YE GREAT SUMPH, AN' TAK' IT OOT O' YON DUR-R-R-TY DITCH!"

There will, I have no doubt, be joy in many a gentle heart over the glad news that MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS, whose *Professional Aunt* made for her so many friends, has created yet another charming relation. *Grannie for Granted* (CONSTABLE) is the story of a delightful old lady who from her country home takes a placid and grandmaternal interest in the affairs of her descendants—their love affairs mostly, of course, or the engaging chatter of the smaller third generation. Some of the sayings of the latter are worthy examples of the "good enough for *Punch*" variety, which, as most persons with married friends know too well, is a phrase covering a wide range of quality. Most of them, however, are excellent and ring true. Of the love-affairs I feel myself a less competent judge, but I should fancy their appeal will be compelling to the expert. It is perhaps impossible for a book of this type wholly to avoid the charge of being sugary or pretty-pretty; but with my hand on my heart I can declare that MRS. WEMYSS has done less to deserve it than most other writers would. I shudder, for example, to imagine what certain Transatlantic novelists would have done with the same material. In fine, here is as pleasant and likeable a treatise on *l'art d'être Grand'-mère* as anyone need wish to read. I am uncertain as to the precise significance of the title, which may refer to the fact that you have only to ask a grannie and get what you want, or to the equal truism that grandmotherly devotion is often accepted as a matter of course. However it doesn't really matter. The important thing is that the public have asked MRS. WEMYSS for "another of the same," and the request has been appropriately "granted."

I happen to have incontrovertible proof (of the external kind) that the one and only MR. G. K. CHESTERTON is the author of *The Flying Inn* (METHUEN). Otherwise I should have judged, by internal evidence, that it was the work of an inferior writer of the same name as himself, and, curiously enough, the same initials. Though hesitating to encourage litigation I should have been inclined to recommend MR. CHESTERTON to apply as soon as possible for an injunction to restrain this person from doing anything further to damage the real G. K. C.'s reputation. I should have hinted that every now and then I had come upon

a passage which might well be the work of the author of *Heretics* and *Tremendous Trifles*, and that only the intolerable dulness of the book as a whole persuaded me that it had been written by another hand. It deals with the adventures of *Lord Ivywood* and *Captain Dalroy*, men of opposite views on the subject of temperance. *Lord Ivywood*, having by some mysterious means (not explained) acquired despotic power in England, issued an edict that all inns should be abolished. At the same time he decreed that alcoholic liquor might be sold wherever an inn-sign stood. *Captain Dalroy* accordingly stole the sign of "The Old Ship," and carried it about with him, setting it up wherever his fancy dictated. And that, on my honour as a Learned Clerk, is the whole plot of a fat, closely-printed book of more than three hundred pages. I hope I have a fairly catholic appreciation of humour; certainly, I can enjoy most things, from Meredith to the American coloured comic supplement; but *The Flying Inn* was too much for me. It cannot have been easy to write, even given useful characters like *Lord Ivywood* and *Captain Dalroy*, whose remarks can be made to run into three or four pages; but it is considerably harder to read. There are good things in it, just as there is gold (I understand) in sea-water, but the process of extraction is tedious.

Miss Una Silberrad's novels are invariably good, and *Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter* (Constable) is among the best of them. *Cuddy* himself is delightfully irresponsible, and I felt a pang of disappointment when he disappeared from the scene, although, considering that he became increasingly lazy and comatose as he grew older, his decease, perhaps, was not premature. Apart from his affability, *Cuddy's* only claim to distinction lay in the fact that he was the father of his daughter. *Violet's* lot fell in rather stony places; as a child she was practically the guardian of her own father, and after his death she was governess to the child of a woman as irresponsible as *Cuddy*, but not half so comfortable to live with. Men swarmed round this *Lady Lassiter*, and she loved most of them. Under the circumstances it was fortunate that she had a most unsuspicious and tolerant husband. With no hesitation I recommend the tale of *Cuddy* and his daughter to the notice of all except the ultra-moderns. But, lest I should fail as a critic if I did no carping, I will say that, though I do not belong to any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Infinitives, I should like Miss Silberrad to look at page 94, where she will find one that is not only split but split to smithereens.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Municipal Inflator preparing a coachman for an important public function.

On the paper wrapper of *Sarah Eden* (Mills and Boon) the publishers themselves call it "a novel of great distinction." Filled as I am with the natural lust of the reviewer to contradict a publisher about his own wares, I am bound to admit that I can find no phrase more apt for the impression this book has made upon me. There is exceptional distinction in the scheme of Miss E. S. Stevens' story, and there is even more in the grave charm and dignity of its telling. It is the record of the development of a singular and beautiful character; "a spiritual adventure" might have been its sub-title, for the events in *Sarah Eden's* life were those of mind rather than body. There are two main divisions of the story: in the first we watch *Sarah* from her beginnings as a quiet introspective child in her Devon home, and through the short course of her unsatisfactory married life. With considerable skill the author has here shown the various forces that were at work building up the heroine's character, and that strange blending of a practical and commanding efficiency with the idealism of a dreamer that exactly fitted her for the part she plays in the second half of her story. The change comes with the sudden death of her husband, and the first of the ecstatic visions that compelled *Sarah Eden* to leave her native country and prepare a place for her Divine Master in the home of His first coming. Thenceforward the scene is in Jerusalem, where *Sarah* establishes herself at the head of her strange little company of fanatics. You can see how large is the plan of such a tale; it is one of which you could not reasonably expect a wholly satisfactory ending, and to my mind the latter portion is the weaker. But there are some delightful scenes of life in modern Jerusalem. And *Sarah Eden* herself remains always a profoundly moving personality. For her alone the book deserves to be called "a novel of great distinction."

A CRY FOR GUIDANCE.

(*In a weekly paper, a correspondent—presumably in the first raptures—recommends falling in love as a cure for all worries.*)

It is all very well to go talking
 like that,
But tell me, pray, how does
 one do it?
How feel at the sight of a
 hobble or hat
A passionate impulse to woo it?
I 'm eager enough of my woes to be rid,
But Cupid needs help in the placing
Of shafts in a heart that 's apparently hid
'Neath a tough pachydermatous casing.

I have mingled with maidens—the tender, the hard,
The coy and the clinging—in legions;
But none has contrived to inflict on the bard
A jolt in the cardiac regions;
Must I turn for assistance to science or art,
Or put my predicament meekly
To "Mona" who handles affairs of the heart
In *Sensitive Simperings* (weekly)?

Your wonderful cure, my beneficent lad,
For me, who am ready to try it,
Is robbed of its worth by your failure to add
A hint as to how they supply it.
So nice a prescription I 'm anxious to trust;
'Tis milder than pills or emulsion;
But I can't *fall* in love; I require to be thrust,
And you ought to supply the propulsion.

CHARIVARIA.

"I come," said Mr. Lloyd George last week, "from a farming stock right down from the Flood. The first thing a farmer wants is to be secure." It was of course during the Flood that the insecurity of land tenure was most noticeable.

* * *

Lord Carrick, who a few months ago was appearing in a sketch at the Coliseum, seconded the Address in the House of Lords. We are glad to note the growth of ties between Parliament and the Stage, and we are not without hope that before long a further link will be added in the person of Sir George Alexander.

* * *

A new form of flying boat is being built in America, in which it is hoped that somebody may fly from Newfoundland to Ireland in fifteen hours. In the event of Home Rule, we trust, for the sake of the intrepid aviator, that a still fleeter flying boat will be designed for the return journey.

*

A resident of Waltham Abbey has just received a letter with a Waltham Cross post-mark on the back of the envelope dated February, 31, 1914. We understand that the recipient proposes to return the letter to the Post Office marked "Date unknown."

* * *

With reference to the Old Time Supper which is to be a feature of the Chelsea Arts Club Ball we are requested to state that it must not be taken that all the food offered for consumption on that occasion will bear the stamp of antiquity.

* * *

An enterprising publisher has, it is rumoured, persuaded no less a personage than Mr. Lloyd George to write some books for him, and we are promised at an early date, "Essays on Lamb (shorn)," "The Fortunes of Montrose," and other works of creative fancy.

* * *

"I was shaved yesterday by a highly intelligent young Pole," says a writer in *The Express.* The Barber's Pole is of course a very old institution.

* * *

"Old Masters—Velasquez and so on—what are they?" said Mr. Justice Eve last week during a case dealing with pictures. "I should turn them into cash if they were mine." Seeing how often the old fellows painted Eve's portrait, this *dictum* of his Lordship strikes one as ungracious.

* * *

Messrs. Bryant and May have issued a brochure describing how little houses may be made out of matches. A companion volume, entitled "How to light them," by a Suffragette, may be expected shortly.

* * *

It is sometimes asked, Why do so few individuals when sentenced to death for murder take advantage of their right to appeal? The answer is, Because the Court of Criminal Appeal has the power of increasing a sentence.



Butler (to new servant from the country). "When you 've quite finished cleaning next door's steps perhaps you would kindly begin on our

"Samuel, in the spirit of a notorious member of his race, one Pontius Pilate, disavows all responsibility in the matter of the shooting of Englishmen in the Transvaal."—*New Witness.*

Mr. Punch (to Mr. Samuel) *Ave! Civis Romane!*

"Bric-a-Brac.—'My Somali Book' is a work by Captain Mosse, who spent a considerable time in the country, which Sampson Low is about to publish."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Modesty is all very well in its place, but to publish an area of over 400,000 square miles and then call the feat "Bric-à-Brac"—well!

"The full penalty of £20 and costs was imposed at Croydon Borough Police-court upon Ernest Montefiore de Wilton, of St. James's-street, W., for exceeding the ten-mile limit at Southend on Jan. 25.

Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables for Speed."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Mr. de Wilton, reading the advertisement: "No, thanks. A really slow table for me."

THE STRIKE OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

Sir,—Is the nation properly alive to the seriousness of the educational *impasse* in Herefordshire? Personally I view with alarm the state of things of which that is a symptom.

What will it mean if this sort of thing spreads, as I fear it may? We shall have the children of our working-classes growing up ill-educated and with imperfect manners. Their spelling will become phonetic. They will cease to speak grammatically. They will lose their pleasing accent. Their lack of instruction in arithmetic may even lead them into errors savouring of criminality. Worse, they will fall back in their appreciation of music, art and poetry. They will be reading trashy and sensational literature rather than the classical works to which our elementary education directs their tastes.

To my mind, the condition of things is grave in the extreme, and for the sake of the children I beg the nation to wake up and put an end to conditions which make these strikes possible.

Yours obediently,
Educational Reformer.

Sir,—The most promising event of last week was the delightful strike of school-teachers in that beautiful county of Hereford. Happy children, thus to be freed from the shackles of our so-called education. They will now go to the only school worth learning in the school of Mother Nature; and if only the strike will continue long enough we shall see in years to come poets and painters and musicians making a glad procession from their Herefordshire homes to carry light and joy into our dark places.

Yours ecstatically,
Vavasour Pringle.

"The Bishop of Zanzibar (Dr. Weston) arrived at Charing-cross from Paris yesterday afternoon. . . . He went to the House of Charity, 1, Greek-street."—*The Times.*

And a very good address for him.

'Shea, Blackburn Rovers' clever insight-right, scored all three goals for the Football League against the Southern League at New Cross."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Selection Committee's insight also right, evidently.

GUESS WHO IT IS.

From a Competition in *People of Position* (with which are incorporated *West End Whispers* and *Mayfair Mysteries*). Prizes will be awarded to the three readers who are first, second, and third in guessing the identities of the greatest number of Society Personages indicated in the Guess Who It Is series of articles.

First Prize, a copy of this year's *Debrett*. Second Prize, a copy of last year's *Debrett*. Third Prize, a bound volume of *People of Position* (with which are incorporated *West-End Whispers* and *Mayfair Mysteries*.)

She is a woman who matters very much indeed. By birth and by marriage she belongs to two extremely ancient families, which were settled in Britain when it was entirely covered with forests and inhabited largely by wild beasts. But it is not any advantage of birth or of wealth that has made her the great social figure she is. It is her extraordinary charm and her arresting personality. She is not strictly beautiful, but her smile is peculiarly her own—a rare distinction in these days when there is so much that is artificial.

She has the reputation of being one of the three best dressed women in Europe, and never wears anything, not even her boots, more than once. Her wit is positively brilliant, and in this connection it may be asserted once for all that it was she who first gave vogue to the greeting, "Doodledo," an abbreviated form of "How d'you do," though others have been given the credit for that sparkling pleasantry. In the art of "setting down" she is unapproachable, combining gentle courtesy with fine satire and mordant epigram, as on the occasion when a certain pushing and impossible outside person claimed her acquaintance in public with a loud "How are you?" With her own look and smile she turned and gave him his *coup de grâce*—"Not any the better for seeing you!"—at which an exalted foreign Personage who was chatting with her laughed so much that he fell into an apoplexy.

She and her husband are sometimes at their beautiful place in Middleshire, and sometimes at their mansion in Belvenor Square. When they are not in England they are generally abroad. She is devoted to horse-riding, motoring, yachting, and ski-ing, but has not, like some of her set, forgotten how to walk. On the contrary, when in town she may occasionally be seen taking this old-fashioned form of exercise in the Park, placing one foot alternately before the other in her charmingly characteristic manner.

She has once or twice, in a delightfully mischievous spirit, amused herself by flouting those very social ordinances of which she is an acknowledged high priestess. When wars, strikes, and Governments are forgotten, it will still be remembered how, some years ago when she was a few months younger than she is now, she appeared in her box at the opera on a Melba (*and therefore a tiara*) night wearing a necklace of spar beads and a large ribbon bow on her head. An electric shock ran through the house; opera and singers were unheeded; and the beautiful Countess of ——— tore the family diamonds from her head and neck, and, with a shriek of despair, flung them into the orchestra.

The subject of our article could have shone in any or all of the arts, had she cared to give her time and talents to them. Let it be said, too, that, though surrounded from her infancy with "all this world and all the glory of it," she has a serious side to her character, countenances the Church, and by no means discourages religion.

It is widely known that she keeps a diary. Ah! if only that diary, in its dainty, morocco, gold-clasped volumes, could be abstracted from the wonderful mother-o'-pearl escritoire, carried out of the exquisite Renaissance boudoir, down the noble staircase and out of the massive hall-door, and, after the spelling, grammar and composition had been slightly overhauled, if it could but be published and given to the eager world, what an intellectual feast it would provide! And to the fair, gifted, high-born diarist what a fortune it would bring, and what a number of simply *absorbing* libel cases!

Guess Who It Is.

The Daily Mail must be more careful with its posters. Here are two recent examples:—

£2 a Week for Life.
DRAMATIC END TO
SACK CRIME TRIAL.

£2 a Week for Life.
COOLEST FRAUD
ON RECORD.

"Lady Dorothy Wood, sister of the Earl of Onslow and wife of the Hon. E. F. Wood, M.P., son and heir of Viscount Halifax, was the recipient of birthday congratulations yesterday, when the Earl of Erroll, of Slains Castle, Aberdeenshire, completed his 62nd year."—*Observer.*

The Earl of Erroll's turn for congratulations will come when Lady Dorothy has a birthday.

MR. PUNCH'S PANTOMIME ANALYSIS.

Now that the Pantomime season is drawing to a close and the intelligent student of this branch of Drama is tempted to pass it in review, it may be useful to him to have a list of possible Pantomimes drawn up in a tabulated form according to genus and species, that their finer distinctions, so easily overlooked, may be the better apprehended. *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in placing his nice erudition at the disposal of his readers.

Pantomimes may be divided into those of a distinctly Oriental origin and *milieu* and those which are either associated with Occidental localities or with none in particular. For convenience we may divide them broadly and loosely into Oriental and Non-Oriental Pantomimes. Very well, then.

I.—Oriental.

A. With a ship (*Sinbad the Sailor*).
B. Without a ship.
  (*a*) With a cave.
    (1) Password to cave, "Open Sesame" (*The Forty Thieves*).
    (2) Password to cave, "Abracadabra" (*Aladdin*).
  (*b*) Without a cave (*Bluebeard*).

II.—Non-Oriental.

A. With a ship.
  (*a*) With a cat (*Dick Whittington*).
  (*b*) Without a cat (*Robinson Crusoe*).
B. Without a ship.
  (*a*) With a giant.
    (1) With a cat (*Puss-in-Boots*).
    (2) Without a cat.
      (i.) With a bean-stalk (*Jack and the Beanstalk*).
      (ii.) Without a beanstalk (*Jack the Giant-Killer*).
  (*b*) Without a giant.
    (1) With animals: sheep (*Bo-Peep*); wolf (*Little Red Riding-Hood*); goose (*Mother Goose*); uncertain (*Beauty and the Beast*); two children (*The Babes in the Wood*).
    (2) Without animals.
      (i.) With footgear: shoes (*Goody Two-Shoes*); slippers (*Cinderella*).
      (ii.) No particular footgear.
        (α) With a "Jack" (*Jack and Jill, Little Jack Horner, The House that Jack Built*).
        (β) Without a "Jack" (*The Sleeping Beauty*).

Notice on a suite of furniture:—

"Monthly payments 12/6. They will last a lifetime."

Help!



ONE OF US—NOW.

The Old Postmaster-General (*to the new Postmaster-General*). "THAT YOU, HOBHOUSE? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THROUGH TO YOU ON THIS INFERNAL TELEPHONE FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON BEING APPOINTED TO A DEPARTMENT WHICH I LEFT IN A STATE OF PERFECT EFFICIENCY."



Fair Yankee (who, on her first visit to England, has been told how extremely obliging the London policeman is). "SAY, WOULD YOU VURRY KINDLY DO UP MY SHOE-STRING?"

"CINES" OF THE TIMES.

(*A far-away Project of educational Films.*)

O ADVENT of the age of gold,
  O happy day for proud papas
When Hellas shall her tale unfold
  On secondary "cinemas"!

When "all the glory that was Greece
  And all the grandeur that was Rome"
Shall hire on a perpetual lease
  The academic "Picturedrome."

O OVID on the screen for kids!
  O Helicon attained by 'bus!
O filmographic Aeneids!
  O vitoscoped HERODOTUS!

Our boys shall note the sacred Nine
  Ascending their immortal peak,
Also Apollo (he was fine
  In the old films as *Alf the Freak*).

They shall behold TEIRESIAS
  Telling the doom of Thebes, and con
With eyes but not with lips the crass
  Way in which ŒDIPUS went on.

They shall observe quite painlessly
  The heroes toiling as they sit
Rowing upon the sun-kissed sea
  With black smuts racing over it.

Some stout electroscopic "star,"
  Some Gallic beauty bistre-eyed,
Shall show them in the years afar
  How Helen laughed, how Priam died,

And how the good ÆNEAS came
  Through faked adventures on the screen
To Latium, and what forks of flame
  Devoured a dummy Punic queen.

What snares the Queen of Love employed,
  What Juno: mixed with local ads.,
These shall be thoroughly enjoyed
  By all appreciative lads.

And some day, if the gods are kind
  To hearts so filled with classic feats
In many a marble palace "cined"
  And puffed so oft in halfpenny sheets,

Shall come revulsion, faintly stirred
  By Phœbus' and the Muses' laugh,
Against the foul sins of a word
  Like spectodrome or vitagraph.

Youth shall draw learning from the spring
  Pierian, and be taught to know
The clustered verbal shames that cling
  About the moving picture show,

Till at the last shall dawn a bright,
  A long-to-be-remembered day,
When porticos of fanes of light
  Shall print Kinema with a K.

EVOE.

"H.M.S. CUMBERLAND.
Geneva, Tuesday.
The Municipality to-day gave a luncheon in honour of the officers and cadets of the training ship Cumberland. Reuter."
Naval and Military Record.

Another record for WINSTON. He alone could succeed in getting *H.M.S. Cumberland* to Geneva.

"Widcombe Manor, Bath, in which Fielding is said to have written 'Tom Jones,' is to come under the hammer shortly. It is one of the smaller houses erected by Indigo Jones."
Manchester Evening News.

It was, of course, the influence of his ancestor Indigo which so tinged certain episodes in *Tom's* career.

THE BAZAAR CUSHION.

"Ha! Someone has been sitting on it," cried Father William, snatching a flattened object off the piano-stool in high irritation. "It's abominable, you know," turning to me. "There are any number of cushions. The house is stuffed with cushions. Why people should always pounce upon this one and manhandle it in this way——" He put it on the table and began punching and squeezing and puffing and smoothing it till it had expanded to its full extent. Then he flicked the dust off it with his handkerchief. "I'll put it back in its box under the sofa," he said. "I can't understand how it ever got out."

He dropped into an armchair and instantly recovered his equanimity.

"And why should they spare that one?" I asked.

"That," said the old man solemnly, "is my bazaar cushion."

"I thought it looked as if it had escaped from a bazaar," said I.

"It came back only last night," he went on. "Are you a judge of cushions? How do you like it? Pretty nice piece of work, eh?"

"Yes," said I cautiously. "Looks to me pretty well put together and all that; but it's rather—well, hideous, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," said Father William. "I suppose it's the colour you object to. I confess it's a bit of an eyesore. But of course it has to be like that. It's a case of protective colouring, you know."

I didn't quite follow his line of thought and there was a short pause.

"You would hardly think to look at it," the old man went on at last, "that that cushion has stood between me and all the trials and persecutions incidental to bazaars for nearly half a century. Perhaps the plague is not quite so bad as it was in the old days when I was in my first City parish, but I must say they were particularly active last summer. They have taken to holding them outside now, with Chinese lanterns, so that there is no close season at all. I had the wit at the very outset to see that the thing must be grappled with. They used to badger me in two separate ways. I was always expected to send some sort of contribution—and then I had to go and buy things. That was the worst of it. I used to dive about, harassed and pursued, searching in vain for the price of my freedom, always confronted by smoking-caps and impossible needlework. It was a fearful ordeal."

"I know," said I, with sympathy. "I know all about it."

"But I found a way out, thanks to my cushion. I bought it at a Sale of Work for Waifs and Strays nearly forty-seven years ago, and I think you will agree with me that it is a fairly good cushion yet. Of course it has been re-covered more than once. It was getting altogether too well known in Streatham at one time. It used to be blue with horrid little silver spangles."



Dear Old Lady. "You have a picture in the window marked ten-and-six, by a Mr. Holbein. Could you tell me if that is an original painting or merely a print?"

"And how does it work?"

"It is beautifully simple. I am told that a bazaar is contemplated and asked if I will assist. Very well, I send my cushion. That is quite good enough; no one would expect me to do more. Then I go, on the appointed day, buy the cushion, and walk out with an enormous parcel for all the world to see that I have done my duty. Then it goes back in its box. The only bazaars that I am unable to assist are those which occur (as they sometimes do) when my cushion happens to be out."

"And is it never sold?"

"Well, *look* at it!" said Father William. "Of course it had to be of such a nature that there was no danger of its going off too quick. I used always to go early on the first day to make sure. But since the last time it was re-covered I have had more confidence in its staying powers. I find there is no particular hurry."

"Do you put a price on it?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I don't like to do that. That might put me in an awkward position if it came out. But I find it fairly exciting on each occasion to discover what I shall have to pay for it. It is generally more expensive now than it used to be in the old days. I suppose it is the rise in the cost of living. But I am seldom satisfied, either way. If it is too cheap I naturally feel rather slighted, seeing that it was I who sent it; and if it is too dear of course I am annoyed because I have to buy it. And it fluctuates extraordinarily. I have more than once bought it in at half-a-crown and come home burning with indignation, and, if you will believe me, there was a blackguard at that big Sale of Work for the Territorials in the autumn who had the effrontery to charge me a guinea and a half. I was furious with him."

"I wish you would lend it to me, Father William," said I, after a pause. "We are getting up a Jumble Sale in Little Sudbury."

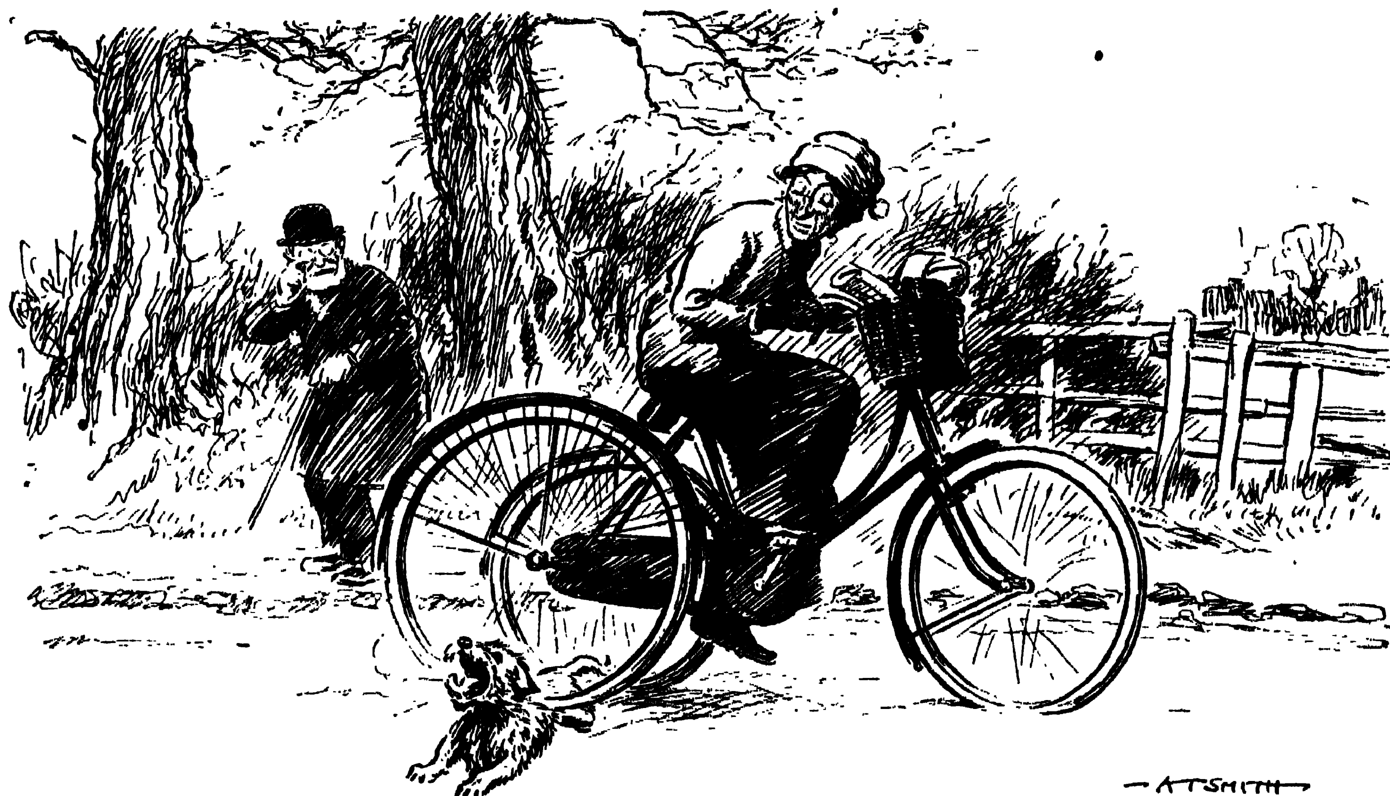
"No," said Father William firmly, "no. Little Sudbury is barred. The last time it was there on sale there was a very painful scene. I had arrived rather late, I remember, and I found my cushion actually being sold by auction along with a pair of worsted slippers and a woolly door mat—in one lot. I thought it showed very poor taste. Besides, it is already booked to appear six times in the next fortnight."

Harold Napping.

"How stupid are the degenerate Tories who call this man [Mr. Lloyd George] a demagogue."—*Mr. Begbie on Mr. Lloyd George in "The Daily Chronicle," Feb. 5.*

"He [Mr. Lloyd George] was, if you like, a demagogue."—*Mr. Begbie on Mr. Balfour in "The Daily Chronicle," Feb. 7.*

The Duke of Sutherland, we see, values the diamond-studded gold watch and chain, of which he has just been relieved by two desperate Neapolitans, at £60. But the real question is, would the Chancellor of the Exchequer accept that valuation?



"Oh, Jockywock darling, you *must* try and remember it's a tricycle, not a bicycle."

WHEN BOSS EATS BOSS.

According to the New York Correspondent of *The Daily Chronicle*, the publication of a letter from Mr. Croker, formerly the great Tammany Chief, attacking his successor, Mr. Murphy, has greatly strengthened the campaign for purifying the Administration.

The recent meeting of the Statistical Society was rendered remarkable by a letter from Mr. Lloyd George who, in regretting his inability to be present, impressed upon the Society the need of upholding a vigorous and fastidious accuracy in the use of facts and figures. "To gain a momentary triumph over an antagonist in a public controversy by a misquotation, even though only a fraction is involved, is, in my opinion, an act which permanently disqualifies the offender from holding any place of responsibility." These golden words, so the President observed, ought to be engraved in indelible letters in every school in the kingdom.

The dignified and telling rebuke recently addressed by Mr. Bernard Shaw to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for undue indulgence in paradoxical gymnastics, has given great satisfaction to the members of the Society for the Promotion of Simplified Thought. As the President of the Society, Dr. Pickering Phibbs, puts it, to have Mr. Shaw on the side of the angels is enough to make the Powers of Darkness throw up the sponge.

Mr. Keir Hardie's remarkable speech at Wolverhampton, when he declared that it was the duty of Labour to uphold the British Constitution, has profoundly impressed Mr. Larkin and Mr. Lansbury, who are of opinion that the stability of the British Empire is now assured for at least one hundred years.

The publication of a letter from Mr. Roosevelt, censuring President Wilson for the prolixity and verbosity of his Presidential messages, will, it is believed, lend a powerful impetus to the campaign on behalf of brevity in public utterances.

"Young Lady Apprentice Wanted — must be tall—to learn all higher branches of the trade."—*Advt. in (our favourite newspaper) "The Hairdresser's Weekly Journal."*

You want to be tall to reach up to the higher branches.

From an Aberdeen firm's advertisement:—

Success comes in Cans, not in Can'ts.
Once-a-year Clearance.
To-day and Following Days.
Wonder Values!
Stimulants to Encourage Purchasers.

In the cans, we suppose.

A GOLF JUDGMENT.

(*To the Editor of "Punch."*)

Dear Sir,—As I am not at all satisfied with the recent decision of The Rules of Golf Committee on the position created by a cow carrying off a ball in her hoof, I appeal to you to arbitrate in the following dispute between myself and my friend A (for I am too courteous to expose his actual name).

During some very wild weather we made an arrangement, before starting out, that, in the event of another storm coming on, the game should be decided by the score existing at the moment of our consequent retirement.

A was in receipt of six bisques. I holed out the first in five. A, who was in well-deserved trouble all the way, holed out in ten. I remarked. "One up!" to which A made no response. As we moved off to the second tee there was a loud clap of thunder and the heavens burst over our heads. A at once shouted above the tumult, "I take my six bisques and claim the hole and the match." He then headed swiftly for the pavilion.

I cannot believe that he was justified in his claim. What do *you* think?

Yours faithfully, Fair Play.

Editor's Decision.—The original arrangement was bad in Golf Law. The match is therefore off, and each party must pay his own costs.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

"Do you believe in magic?" Jack asked.

I hedged.

"Well, whether you do or not," he said, "I've got a rather rum story for you."

"Go ahead," I replied.

"Very well," he said. "It was on last Tuesday morning that I looked in at the watchmaker's to see if my watch was mended yet.

"It was hanging up in the glass case above the bench where he worked, with my name on a little tab attached to the ring.

"'No,' the man said, 'it's not done —in fact, I'm still observing it.'

"'But it seems to be recording the time all right,' I said.

"'Yes,' he replied—'seems, but it isn't. That's mere chance. Do you know, it's so fast that it's gained exactly twenty-four hours since you brought it in. That's not to-day's time it's registering, but to-morrow's. Leave it here another week, and I'll have got to the bottom of the mystery.'

"At first I was disposed to do so; and then I had an idea.

"'No,' I said, 'I'll take it.'

"'But it's useless to you,' he replied.

"'I'll take it," I said. 'Just for fun.'

"He gave it me reluctantly and returned to his labours.

"I walked away from the shop very thoughtfully. Here was a curious state of things. I and the rest of the world were living on Monday, February 9th, while my watch was busily recording, a little too hurriedly, the progress of time on Tuesday, February 10th. To see into the future has ever been man's dearest wish, and here was I in possession of a little piece of machinery which actually was of the future and yet could tell none of its secrets.

"But couldn't it? Couldn't I wrest one at least from it?—that was what worried me.

"As I pondered, a newspaper boy passed me bearing the placard 'Selections for Lingfield,' and in a flash I bought one. My watch knew who had won! How could I extract that information from it?"

Jack paused.

"Good heavens," I interpolated, "what an extraordinary situation!"

"You may well say so," he said. "You see, if only I could share its knowledge, I should be rich for life; for it was now only a quarter to eleven, and the first race was not till one-fifty, and there was plenty of time to bet.

"But——

"I continued on my way deep in thought," Jack went on, "when whom should I meet but Lisburne? Lisburne is the most ingenious man I know.

"'Come and advise me,' I said, and led him to a quiet corner.

"'It's jolly interesting,' he remarked, when I had finished, 'but of course it's black arts, you know, and we've lost the key nowadays. Still we must try.'

"We discussed the thing every way, in vain.

"Then suddenly he said, 'Look here, this watch represents to-morrow. That means it is through the watch that we must work. Here, let's get to-day's *Mail* and read it through the watch-glass and see if there's any difference?'

"We got it and did so.

"Lisburne removed the glass, found the racing news and read them through it. 'Good heavens!' he said, and turned white. 'Here, read this with your naked eye,' he said, pushing the paper before me.

"I read 'Saturday's racing results: 1.30, Midas 1, Blair Hampton 2, Chessington 3,' and so on. 'Prices, Midas 6-4,' etc.

"'Those are Saturday's results,' he said, shaking with excitement. 'But now read them through the watch-glass.'

"I did so, and they immediately changed to Monday's results. I was reading to-morrow's paper!

"'Look at the prices,' he cried.

"'The prices! I hastily ran through them. They were splendid. "Captain Farrell 10-1, Woodpark 10-1, Flitting Light 4-1." And these horses, remember,' he said, 'are going to run this afternoon!'

"'What's the next thing to be done?' I gasped.

"'The bookies,' he replied.

"'I suppose they're fair game,' I said.

"'Of course,' he replied. 'The very fairest. But that's nothing to do with you, anyhow. You're in possession of magic and must employ it. They are the natural medium. How much can you muster?'

"'I'd risk anything I could scrape up,' I said. 'Say £750. And you?'

"'Oh, I'm broke,' he replied. 'How many bookies do you know?'

"'Three,' I said.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I know three more, and we can find men who know others, and who will bet for us. Because we must plant this out warily, you know, or they'll be suspicious.'

"'Will you take it in hand,' I asked, 'leaving me £150 for my own commissioners?'

"'Of course,' he said, 'if you'll give me ten per cent.; and having copied out all the longer priced winners through the watch-glass he hurried off, promising to meet me at lunch.

"How to get through the intervening time was now the question. First I went to the telegraph office, and then to the barber's to have my hair cut. Forcibly to be kept in a chair was what I needed. The hair-cut took only half-an-hour; so I was shaved; then I was shampooed; then I was massaged; then I was manicured. I should have been pedicured, but the clock mercifully said lunch-time.

"Lisburne was there in a state of fever. He had distributed the £600 among fourteen different commission agents.

"'Now we can have lunch,' he said, 'with easy minds.'

"Easy!

"'But suppose the whole thing is a fizzle,' I said. 'We've been far too impetuous. Impulse was always my ruin.'

"'Oh no,' he said.

"'But if it's a fizzle,' I said, 'what about my £750?'

"'It won't be,' he replied. 'It's magic. Let's order something to eat.'

"He ate; that is the advantage of being on ten per cent. commission. I couldn't."

Jack paused.

"Go on," I said. "Did the horses win?"

"Every one," he replied.

"At those prices?"

"Yes."

"Then you're frightfully rich?"

"No," he said.

"Why ever not? Surely the bookies haven't refused to pay?"

"Oh no."

"Then why aren't you rich?"

"Because I did the usual silly thing —I woke up."

"The Cafe Chantant.

To the Editor of 'The Evening Post.'

Sir,—In writing on the 4th February I omitted from the lists of names of two of our kind helpers at the Café Chantant, Messrs. Le Cheminant and the Victoria Dairy. Will you kindly allow me to do so now. Yours faithfully, M. P. Piton."

"The Evening Post," Jersey.

Apparently the Editor wouldn't!

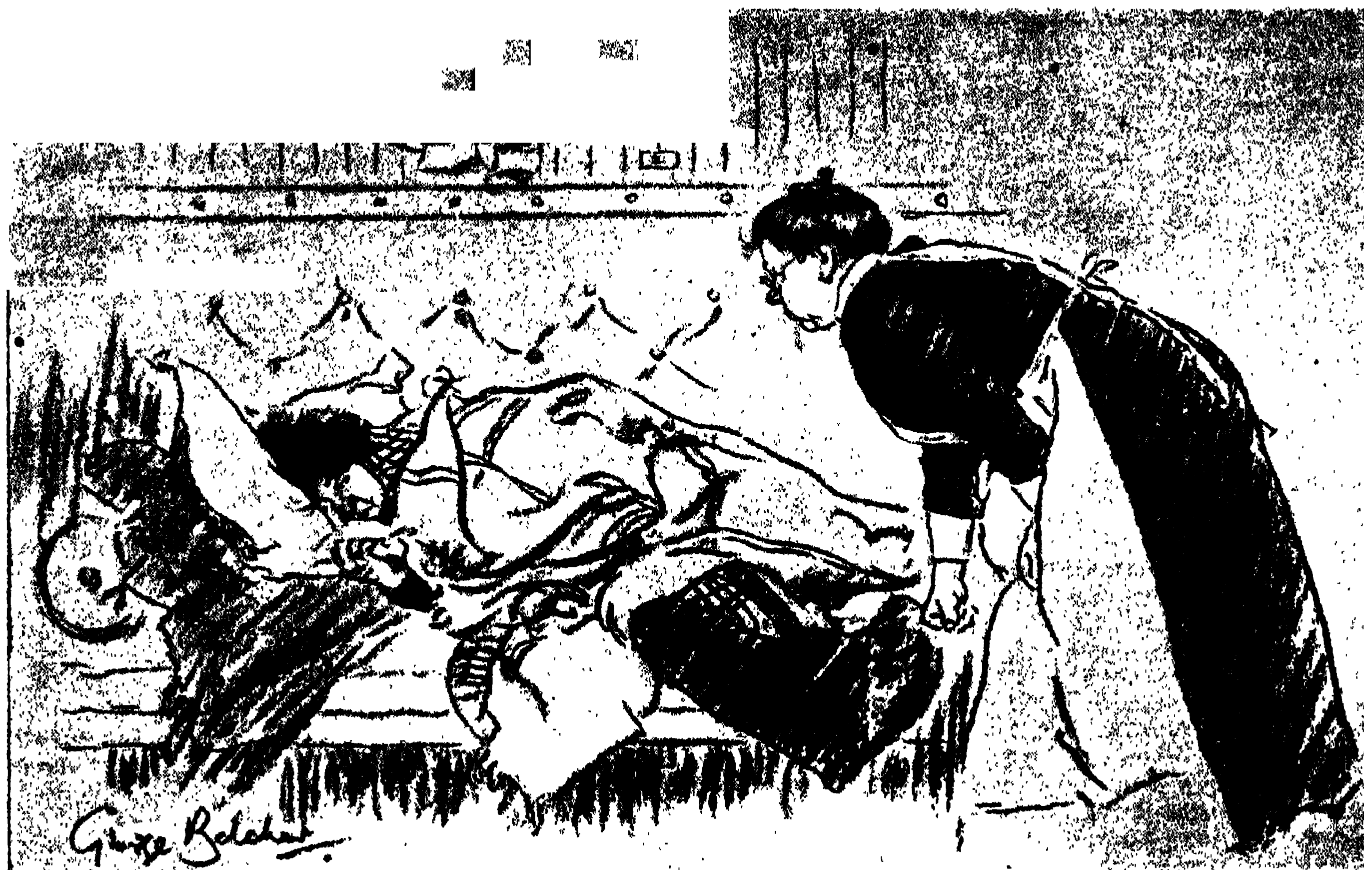
"Yesterday a metal-gilt chandelier, 5ft. high, with branches for twenty-five lights, and numerous cut-glass pendants, fell at the one bid of half a guinea. The purchaser, who was sitting under it, seemed to be the most surprised person in the room."

Daily Telegraph.

If it fell on his head, we fear he must have been pained as well as surprised.

"N.B.—Welsh rarebit is most nourishing, and, with a plate of soap, makes an excellent dinner."—*Bombay Gazette.*

The soap, however nourishing, should be disguised; otherwise your guests will misunderstand you.



Stewardess. "WE ARE JUST NEARING THE HARBOUR, MADAM. WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HOT WATER?"
Passenger (faintly). "IT DOESN'T MATTER, THANK YOU; I'M ONLY GOING TO RELATIONS."

LETTERS AND LIFE.

PREPARATIONS are already on foot for the great banquet to be given in honour of the famous Russian novelist, Dr. Ladislas Plovskin, who is to visit England in July. A representative committee has been formed, which includes, amongst others, Sir GILBERT PARKER, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, Mr. SILAS HOCKING, Mr. C. K. SHORTER, Lord DUNSANY, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE, who will take the chair at the banquet. There is a peculiar appropriateness in this, for it was Mr. GOSSE who, some ten years ago, first called attention to Plovskin in one of his masterly studies. Since then, Plovskin has gained the Nobel Prize and become the object of a special cult which has centres from Tomsk to Seattle, and from Popocatapetl to Oshkosh.

The address which will be presented to the great Muscovite fictionist has been written by Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, and is a masterpiece of sensitive and discriminating eulogy. Thus in one passage Mr. DOUGLAS says, "while preserving your own individuality with miraculous independence, you have summed up in your work all the inchoate influences to be found in HOMER, DANTE, SHAKSPEARE, VOLTAIRE and VERLAINE, and carried them to a pitch of divine effulgence only to be equalled in the godlike work of our marvellous MASEFIELD."

Dr. Plovskin is no stranger to England, for he was an intimate friend of the late EDWARD LEAR, who alludes to him under the name of Ploffskin in one of his touching lyrics, and, as we have seen, he owes almost everything to the generous appreciation of Mr. GOSSE, to whom he has dedicated his last novel, which bears the fascinating title of *The Bad Egg*. Portions of this, it is to be hoped, will be recited at the banquet by the author's brother-in-law, Mr. Ossip Bobolinsky, Managing Director of the Anglo-Manchurian Steam Tar Company.

* * * * *

In smart intellectual circles Tagore Teas are now all the rage. At these elegant and up-to-date entertainments China tea is absolutely proscribed, the refreshments, solid and liquid, being exclusively of Indian origin. After tea the guests cantillate passages from the prose and poetry of the Great Indian Master to the accompaniment of gongs (the Sanskrit *tum-tum*) and one-stringed Afghan jamboons, for the space of two or three hours, when their engagements permit. Sometimes the reading is varied by mystical dances of a slow and solemn character, but all laughter, levity and exuberance are sedulously discountenanced, the aim of all present being to attain an attitude of serene and complacent ecstasy which enables them to invest utterances of the most perfect ineptitude with a portentous and pontifical significance.

"The advent to the episcopal bench of Dr. Russell Wakefield—the only Anglican Bishop on record to wear a moustache with a clean-shaven chin—does not appear to have aroused so much comment as the appointment of Dr. Ryle to the See of Liverpool in 1884. It was then said that the new prelate was the first Anglican Bishop to wear a beard for over 200 years."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

Dr. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD, of course, has not worn his moustache for a quarter of that time.

From a Hong Kong tradesman's circular:—

"EGGS! FRESH EGGS! AND TASTEFUL EGGS! FOR SALE.

Those eggs are exceedingly pure and fresh, and can be proved by looking at or breaking them. The yelk when boiled-smell sweet, the white-glistened, relished, and favourable to health as well.

TRY our taseeful eggs as their quality bears. COME! COME! COME! and TRY to HAVE SOME."



First Winter Sport (looking at a magnificent view of the Alps). "NOT BAD, THAT."
Second Winter Sport. "YES, IT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT YOU NEEDN'T RAVE ABOUT IT LIKE A BALLY POET."

THE HEN.

TO-DAY it is not mine to sing
A lay of love, a song of Spring;
I tackle no uplifting thing
Of arms and men;
My muse is otherwise beguiled
To gentler themes and measures mild;
I sing of nature's artless child,
The common hen.

Little she has of lyric stuff;
Her bows, I grant, are merely bluff,
Her sternmost pile of windy fluff
Would leave one cool;
Yet never since the world was planned
Was aught more lofty and more grand
Regarded as a mother—and
Such an old fool.

In laying eggs is all her joy;
Its rapture never seems to cloy;
She knows no worthier employ
In life than this,
So to collect a fertile batch
Still young, still fresh enough to hatch,
And thus, by sterling effort, snatch
A mother's bliss.

But, though the futile one will lay
(When she's in form) an egg per day,
She always gives the fact away
With loud acclaim
That all the novel truth may know;
Whereby the unsleeping human foe
Derives a tip on where to go
To get the same.

It does not make her senses reel,
This mystery, or dim her zeal,
Till by degrees she seems to feel
Her broken lot;
She roams aloof, she grows depressed;
And then, her broody sorrow guessed,
Men lure her to a well-filled nest
And bid her squat.

And now behold her, warm and wide,
Her rounded form well satisfied,
Though even in her highest pride
She has no luck;
The offspring that she tends so well
Are probably of alien shell;
Indeed, for all that she can tell,
They may be duck.

Yes, one may grant that on the whole
She would not thrill the poet soul;
For, tho' she plays a decent *rôle*
Beyond all doubt,
Where mental qualities are lacked
We find but little to attract;
She does not make, in point of fact,
The heart go out.

But see her when some danger lies
O'er her young brood, and, with wild eyes,
Straight at the sudden foe she flies,
Her full soul spurred
To battle with the gnashing beak—
A roaring tiger is more meek;
And somehow one is bound to speak
Well of the bird.

DUM-DUM.

From the "Found" column in *The Standard*:—

"Fox Skin Fur, on Hog's Back."

The last place where you would look for it.

"Natal first innings—Barnes, 5 wickets for 44 runs; Relf, 4 for 59; Woolley, 6 for 6; Douglas, 8 for 8; Hearne, none for 15; Bird, 1 for 9.—P.A. Foreign Special Telegram."
Glasgow Herald.

And yet Natal won.



THE MISSING WORD.

The "Premier" Parrot (*emerging from profound thought*). "EX——EX——EX——EX——"

John Bull. "LOOK HERE, HERBERT, IF YOU 'RE *GOING* TO SAY 'EXCLUSION,' FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE *SAY* IT AND GET IT OVER!" [*Parrot relapses into profound thought.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 10.—Odd to find proceedings in House to-day reminiscent of incident in a famous trial. Occasion recognised as supremely momentous. Marks, within defined limit of time, crisis of bitter controversy. Before Session closes fate of Ireland and of the Ministry will be settled. PREMIER's speech awaited with gravest anxiety. Lobby thronged with animated groups. Before four o'clock—when SPEAKER returned to Chair elate with consciousness of singular foresight in having "for greater accuracy" possessed himself of copy of KING's Speech, presently read to expectant Members, most of whom heard it delivered from the Throne two hours earlier—stream of humanity flooded House, filling every seat and crowding Bar.

It was at preliminary gathering that case of *Bardell* v. *Pickwick* was recalled. House awaiting arrival of Black Rod with summons to repair to gilded Chamber. Message delivered, SPEAKER, escorted by SERJEANT-AT-ARMS carrying Mace, marches off. From Treasury Bench and from Front Bench opposite, Leader of House and Leader of Opposition simultaneously rise and fall in. Other Ministers and ex-Ministers with mob of Members complete procession.

When PREMIER and BONNER LAW met they heartily shook hands. CAPTAIN CRAIG and MOORE (of Armagh) looked at each other in pained surprise.

Here was the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. When seated in court awaiting opening of trial, *Mr. Pickwick* observed a learned serjeant-at-law make friendly salutation to his own counsel.

"Who's that red-faced man who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" he whispered to his solicitor.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," was the reply. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side."

Mr. Pickwick, it is recorded, regarded with great abhorrence the cold-blooded villainy of a man who, as counsel for the opposite party, presumed to tell *Mr. Serjeant Snubbin*, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning.

Thus MOORE (of Armagh) and the COURAGEOUS CRAIG. Here were the contending forces set in battle array, and the first thing they behold is their Captain shaking hands with the commander of the enemy! An ominous beginning, they agreed, well calculated to depress the spirits of men who mean business.

It proved emblematical of what followed. Expected that stupendous occasion would be marked by dramatic scenes, possibly by outbreak of disorder. Nothing of that kind happened. Scene was indeed impressive by reason of Chamber being crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery. Also, whilst PREMIER in unusually low-spoken, comparatively halting voice, delivered critical passages of his speech, there was movement marking intense interest. Multitude on floor of House bent forward to catch the murmured syllables. Members crowding the side galleries stood up in same anxious quest.



Mr. Pickwick (Captain CRAIG) regards with abhorrence the exchange of salutations between *Serjeant Buzfuz* (Mr. ASQUITH) and his own counsel, *Serjeant Snubbin* (Mr. BONAR LAW)

Otherwise the accustomed signs and tokens of Parliamentary crisis were conspicuously lacking. WALTER LONG, whose return to fighting-line after bout of illness was warmly welcomed on both sides, pitched the opening note a little low. Not fierce enough to gratify Ulster, he correspondingly failed to irritate the Home Rulers.

As for PREMIER, his part, adroitly played, was to appear to be saying a good deal without committing himself to definite pledges. Above all, not to inflame controversy. He brought with him unusually copious notes, but did not, as is his wont on such occasions, read from them the text of especially weighty passages. Spoke slowly, occasionally in a murmur, uttering his sentences as if deliberately weighing each word. Following WALTER LONG, he received with prolonged cheers, testifying to personal popularity. When he sat down cheering was more polite than effusive.

Irish Nationalists barely contributed even to this circumspect note of approval. Throughout nearly an hour's speech they sat in ominous silence, listening to passages in which they seemed to recognise disposition on part of PREMIER towards mood of *Benedick*, who, when he said he would die a bachelor, never thought he would live to be married.

Had not PREMIER within the last twelve months frequently declared he would never consent to exclusion of Ulster from Home Rule Bill? And wasn't he now showing signs of disposition to surrender?

Business done.—Parliament reassembles. WALTER LONG, on behalf of Opposition, moves amendment to Address, calling upon Government to appeal to country before proceeding further with Home Rule Bill.



Mr. JOHN BURNS (holding list of the four new appointments to Government Departments, including his own to the Board of Trade). "Excellent choices!—with perhaps the exception of SAMUEL, HOBHOUSE and MASTERMAN."

Wednesday.—Interest of sitting centred in speeches of CARSON and JOHN REDMOND. Former met with rousing reception from Opposition. Some Ministerialists would have liked to join in the demonstration, not because they

share CARSON'S views or admire his policy, but because they instinctively feel admiration for a man of commanding position who has sacrificed personal and professional interests to what he regards as the well-being of his country. Esteem increased by merit of his speech. Only once did he lapse into tone and manner of personal attack familiar to House when Ulster Members and Nationalists, hating each other for love of their country, join in debate. Turning round to top bench below Gangway, where JOHN REDMOND sat attentive, he said: "If you want Ulster, come and take her, or come and win her. But you have never wanted her affections; you have wanted her taxes."

This stung to the quick. REDMOND, leaping to his feet when CARSON resumed his seat, hotly denounced accusation as unworthy of his countrymen.

House already began to show signs of satiety. Long intervals when benches were empty. COUSIN HUGH, speaking at favourable hour of six o'clock, failed to attract an audience to whom he might present his cheering forecast of an interval of six weeks spent in listening to speeches of Members below the Gangway, "poked up by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to attack the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY." Benches crowded whilst CARSON and REDMOND spoke. Filling up again when CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER in brief speech wound up debate on behalf of Government, and BONNER LAW, as usual unencumbered by notes, replied.

Business done.—Demand for immediate dissolution negatived by 333 votes against 255. Opposition elate at reduced majority.

"I fancy," said PREMIER, smiling serenely upon the WINSOME WINSTON, 'they would gladly suffer from our complaint."

House of Lords, Thursday.—Noble Lords, having disposed of Address, already find themselves in condition of frozen-out gardeners who have no work to do. Session but a few days old has already afforded fresh sign of disposition to belittle hereditary Chamber.

It happened thus. On opening night Lord LONDONDERRY, making his way along Peers' Gallery in Commons, came upon extraordinary sight. A stranger on front seat overlooking sacred quarter allotted to Peers, finding himself incommoded by hat and overcoat, neatly folded up the latter, dropped it on the Peers' bench and carefully placed his hat upon it. Hadn't LLOYD GEORGE demonstrated that the land belonged to the people? Here was undeveloped space, and as a free man he claimed it for his own uses.

LONDONDERRY, halting, angrily regarded the incumbrance. Turned about with evident intention of calling attendant's notice to unparalleled liberty. At that moment his eye fell on the countenance of the stranger. Could it be? Yes; it was the school proprietor whose patriotic offer of aid to Ulster in approaching civil war he had a few days earlier reported to an admiring nation. Letter offered to provide for two sons of any Ulster volunteer who fell in battle with the myrmidons of an iniquitous Ministry. As sometimes happens, pearl of the letter was hidden in the postscript. Writer explained that he could not very well go to the war himself but would send his partner.

Recognition placed new aspect on little affair. LONDONDERRY perceived it was simple ignorance of customs of the place that led to apparent indiscretion. So with genial nod passed on to seat over the clock.



"Noble Lords already find themselves in condition of frozen-out gardeners who have no work to do."
(Lord CURZON and Lord LANSDOWNE.)

Few minutes later outraged attendant, catching sight of the bundle, peremptorily ordered its removal.

Business done.—By 243 votes against 55 Lords carried MIDLETON'S amendment to Address demanding immediate dissolution. WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE communicated to the MEMBER FOR SARK his conviction that this hide-bound Government will take no notice of the mandate.

"Reminds me," said the Bold Baron, brushing away a manly tear, "of a hymn I learned in the nursery:—

'"Tis not enough to say
You're sorry and repent
If you go on in the same way
As you did always went.'"

ANOTHER HAPPY ACCIDENT.

(*From "The Daily Sale."*)

The Daily Sale has peculiar pleasure in announcing that another of its insured readers has been gravely injured by an accident to the taxi-cab, omnibus, train or tram, in (or on) which he was travelling at the time of the disaster. The name of this reader (whose portrait is given) is Mr. Vivian Brackendope, the well-known amateur actor of Burton-on-Beer. Mr. Vivian Brackendope is indeed a lucky man. He is the ninth of our readers to be badly smashed up during the past six weeks. Now, who will be the tenth? Fill up the coupon on page 2 and *you* will be eligible.

An Admirable Crichton.

"In the list of successes in the Cambridge Local Examinations we notice the name of P. T. Harris, of Wellingborough Grammar School, who gained credit for himself and his school by passing in every subject and gaining four distinctions, the distinctions being gained in arithmetic, French, algebra, and Little Bowden Pig Club."
Market Harborough Advertiser.

COUNTRY LIFE: an Illustrated Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits, complete from its beginning in 1897 to June 1906, *profusely illustrated with views of ancient and modern seats, Country scenes, sporting incidents, and portraits of winning horses, prize beasts, and fashionable beauties.*"
Bookseller's List.

An ungallant sequence.

The Wish is Father to the Thought.

"Then, after a last earnest statement of the Ulster position by Mr. Gordon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose to wind up the Government."—*Daily Telegraph.*



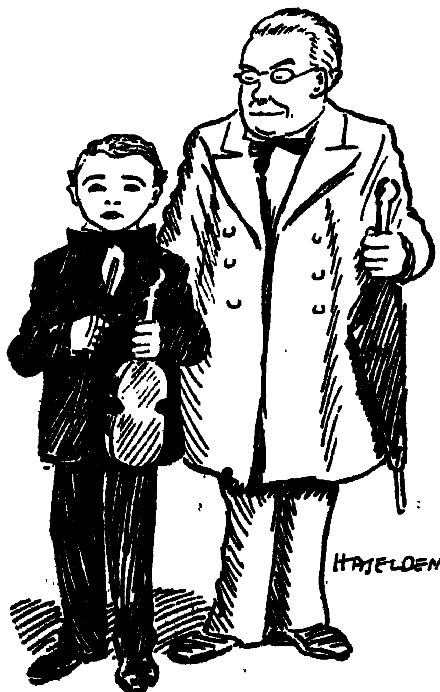
Ardent Young Lady Visitor (who is being shown over author's sanctum). "HOW PERFECTLY *SWEET* IT MUST BE TO HAVE A ROOM WHERE ONE CAN WORK WITHOUT BEING DISTURBED."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MELTING POT."

IT is impossible not to respect the earnestness of Mr. ZANGWILL when he treats of the persecution of his co-religionists in Russia, or their social exclusion in America. But when he appeals to an English audience he is addressing the converted. It is a good many years since the pogram was a popular form of amusement in this country, and at present the Jew is the flattered idol of English Society. It may seem surprising that his play should have had so great a success in the States, where they are not supposed to have a passion for hearing home truths. But then its main theme is the glorification of America as the Melting Pot or crucible into which are flung the wrongs and hatreds and slaveries of the old world, to re-appear in the shape of justice and love and freedom. This is the theme upon which *David Quixano*, a Kishineff Jew who has lost all his family in a massacre, goes from time to time into an orgy of lyrical raptures. And indeed the swiftness with which the naturalised immigrant, of just any nationality, assimilates himself to local conditions, instantly changing his heart with his change of sky, and learning to wave his stars and stripes with the best of the native-born, must seem miraculous to the ordinary patriot. And here we touch the weak spot in Mr. ZANGWILL's pæan of the Melting Pot. For those who migrate to America for the sake of its democratic freedom are the few; and those who go there for the sake of its dollars are the many; and into the Melting Pot—or, to use an image more apposite to indigenous tastes, its Sausage Machine—are thrown not only the wrongs and hatreds of unhappy races but also the dear traditions of birth and blood and family ties and pride of country, to emerge in a uniform pattern without a past.

For his plot, Mr. ZANGWILL relies upon a very stagy coincidence. *Quixano* falls in love with a young Russian girl who conducts a Settlement Home in New York, and conquers her prejudice against his race, only to find that she is the daughter of the very officer who permitted the massacre at Kishineff in which *Quixano's* family had perished, and himself been wounded. In turn he naturally has his own prejudices to conquer, and does so. But not till he has scared us with the fear that he is



A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

David Quixano (Mr. WALKER WHITESIDE) to *Herr Pappelmeister* (Mr. CLIFTON ALDERSON). "I cannot take a fee for playing in your orchestra. I am too Quixanotic to do a thing like that."

going to be false to his theory of purification by process of the Melting Pot.

Mr. WALKER WHITESIDE, who plays the part, was excellent in his quiet moods, and when he was obliged to rant was no worse than other ranters. The superb solidity of Mr. SASS as the Russian officer served as an admirable foil to the mercurial methods of *Quixano*. Miss PHYLLIS RELPH as the heroine mitigated the effect of her obvious sincerity by a bad trick of showing her nice teeth. Mr. PERCEVAL CLARK, as a young American millionaire, was pleasantly British. Humorous relief of a cosmopolitan order was provided by the Irish brogue of Miss O'CONNOR; the broken English of Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE; the Anglo-German of Mr. CLIFTON ALDERSON who played very well as *Herr Pappelmeister* (Kapellmeister to a New York orchestra); and what I took to be the Yiddish of Miss INEZ BENSUSAN as the aunt of the hero, a pathetic figure of an old lady with firm views about the keeping of the Jewish Sabbath, and a pedantic habit of celebrating with a false nose and other marks of hilarity the anniversary of the escape of the Chosen People from a Persian pogram twenty-five centuries ago.

It might seem from this long catalogue of humorists that frivolity was the prevailing note of the play. But I can give assurances that this was not so. The prevailing note was a high seriousness, culminating in the last Act, when tedium supervened. I attribute my final depression in part to the scene—a bird's-eye view of New York from the roof-garden of the Settlement House. It was impossible to share *Quixano's* spasm of exaltation in the matter of the Melting Pot as he gazed on this very indifferent example of scenic art.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

I am not sure that Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER'S faithful followers are being quite kindly entreated by him. He happens to have a keen sense of humour and for some little while he has been trying, with a very grave face, to see how much they will swallow. This time, everybody else except the initiated can see the bulge in his cheek where his tongue comes.

The alleged faults of the old school, which the new was to correct, were (1) an over-elaboration of detail in the setting; (2) a realism which challenged reality. ("Challenge," I understand, is the catch-word they use.) Both these qualities were supposed to distract attention from the drama itself. The answer, almost too obvious to be worth stating, is that the grotesque and the eccentric are vastly more distracting than the elaborate; and that, if you only sound the loud symbol loud enough the audience has no ear left at all for the actual words. As for the "challenging" of reality the new school would argue that, as the stage is a thing of convention to start with—artificial light, no natural atmosphere or perspective, no fourth wall, and so on—all the rest should be convention too. The answer, again almost too obvious, is that, since the audience has to bear the strain of unavoidable convention, you should not wantonly add to their worry. And, anyhow, the human figures on your stage (I leave out fairies and superhumans for the moment) are bound to challenge reality by the fact that they are alive. If Mr. BARKER wants to be consistent (and he would probably repudiate so Philistine a suggestion) his figures should be marionettes worked by strings; and



Hermia (Miss LAURA COWIE). "I upon this bank will rest my head."

for words—if you *must* have words—he might himself read the text from a corner of the top landing of his proscenium.

And the strange thing is that no one in the world has a nicer sense of the beauty of SHAKSPEARE'S verse than Mr. BARKER. Indeed he protests in his preface: "They (the fairies) must be not too startling. . . *They mustn't warp your imagination—stepping too boldly between* SHAKSPEARE'S *spirit and yours.*" (The italics are my own comment.) He is of course free, within limits, to choose his own convention about fairies, because we have never seen them, though some of us say we have. Mr. CHESTERTON naturally says they can be of any size; Mr. BARKER says they can be of any age from little *Peaseblossom* and his young friends to hoary antiques with moustaches like ram's horns and beards trickling down to their knees. And as many as like it, and are not afraid of being poisoned, may have gilt faces that make them look like Hindoo idols with the miraculous gift of perspiration. But he should please remember that the play is not his own. It is, in point of fact, SHAKSPEARE'S, and I am certain he was not properly consulted about the Orientalisation of the fairies out of his Warwickshire woodlands. You will be told that he *has* been properly consulted; that he himself makes *Titania* say that *Oberon* has "come from the furthest steppe of India," and that she too had breathed "the spiced Indian air." But on the same authority Mr. BARKER might just as well have fixed on Asia Minor or Greece as their provenance. She charges *Oberon* with knowing *Hippolyta* too well, and he accuses her of making *Theseus* break faith with a number of ladies. Clearly they were a travelling company and would never have confined themselves to the costumes of any particular clime.

Anyhow, when at His Majesty's you saw *Oberon* in sylvan dress moving lightly through a wood that looked like a wood (and so left your mind free to listen to him), you could believe in all the lovely things he had to say; but when you saw Mr. BARKER'S *Oberon* standing stark, like a painted graven image, with yellow cheeks and red eyebrows, up against a symbolic painted cloth, and telling you that he knows a bank where the wild thyme blows, you know quite well that he knows nothing of the kind; and you don't believe a word of it.

But, to leave SHAKSPEARE decently out of the question, I liked the gold dresses of the fairies enormously, so long as *Puck*—a sort of adult Struwel-Puck that got badly on my nerves—was not there, destroying every colour scheme with his shrieking scarlet suit, which went with nothing except a few vermilion eyebrows. I liked too the grace of their simple chain-dances on the green mound (English dances, you will note, and English tunes—not Indian). But in the last scene, where they interlace among the staring columns, their movements lacked space. Indeed that was the trouble all through; that, and the pitiless light that poured point-blank upon the stage from the 12·6 muzzles protruding from the bulwarks of the dress-circle. There was no distance, no suggestion of the spirit-world, no sense of mystery (except in regard to Mr. BARKER'S intentions).

The best scene was the haunt of *Titania*, with its background of Liberty curtains very cleverly disposed. As drapery they were excellent, but as symbols of a forest I found them a little arbitrary. I do not mind a forest being indicated, if you are short of foliage, by a couple of trees (in tubs, if you like) or even a single tree; but somehow—and the fault is probably

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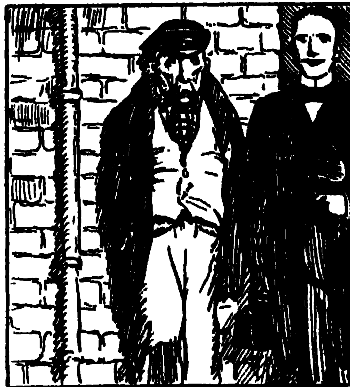
Or be the double of some celebrity.



Or make a musical instrument out of something else.



Or be the only wooden-legged roller-skater in Holland Park.



Or become unexpectedly heir to a large fortune left by an uncle who emigrated to America at the age of six with half-a-crown, and lived to become the Hairpin King. It is usual in this case to be photographed just after you have realised that the fortune is in dollars, not pounds. Sometimes the lawyer who discovered you, and assisted you to establish your claim, is included in this photograph.



Or you might be a foster-mother.



Or you might, owing to lack of funds, sweep the chimney of the Sunday-School yourself.



But, after all, the pleasantest way is to back the winner of a double and get £40,000 to 5/-.

mine—the spectacle of hanging drapery does not immediately suggest to me the idea of birds' nests. I am afraid I should be just as stupid if Mr. BARKER gave me the same convention the other way round, and showed an interior with foliage to indicate window-curtains.

The play itself, with its rather foolish figures from the Court and the easy buffoonery of its peasants, does not offer great chances of acting; and Miss LAURA COWIE was the only one in the cast who added to her reputation. Her *Hermia* was a delightful performance full of charm and piquancy and real intelligence. Miss LILLAH MCCARTHY sacrificed something of her personality to the exigences of a flaxen chevelure. Mr. HOLLOWAY'S *Theseus* was wanting in kingliness, and his hunting scene was perhaps the worst thing in the play. He was not greatly helped by his *Hippolyta*, for Miss EVELYN HOPE never began to look like a leader of Amazons. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER'S *Titania* had a certain domestic sweetness, but even a queen of fairies might be a little more queenly. Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY as *Oberon* was a curiously effeminate figure for those who recalled the manly bearing of his mother in the same part. Of the two bemused Athenian lovers, Mr. SWINLEY, as *Lysander*, bore himself as bravely as could be expected.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR had, of course, no difficulty with the part of *Bottom*, and Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY'S *Quince* and Mr. QUARTERMAINE'S *Flute* were both excellent. It is to the credit of the whole troupe of rustic players that nobody tried to force the fun.

Apart from a slight tendency to hurry, a trick that, except in swift dialogue or passionate speech, gives the effect of something learnt by heart and not spontaneous, the delivery of the lines—and some of SHAKSPEARE'S most exquisite are here—was done soundly.

Finally, no one who wants to keep level with the table-talk of the day should miss this interesting and intriguing production, especially if he hasn't been to *Parsifal*. O. S.

"OVER MONT BLANC BY AEROPLANE.

'*Thou, too, hoar Mount! with they sky-pointing peaks,*
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

Conquered, alas! and by one of they dratted flying machines.

"EASTBOURNE.—Furnished double-fronted villa, from April, for six or twelve months; facing south; near the downs, fifteen months from pier, five from 'buses."—*The Lady.*

Too near for us.

TO SEPTIMIUS ON TROUT.

(*A February Ode.*)

To-DAY the young year in her sleep was stirring
In woods and hearts of men;
To-night 'tis sharper and the cold 's recurring—
Septimius, what then?

Draw in and talk of politics and speeches
To the old tiresome tune?
Not we who saw pale sunshine on the beeches
Only this afternoon;

Who saw the snowdrops frail in woodland hollows,
Who heard the building rooks
Herald a time of flowers and skimming swallows,
Green fields and brawling brooks!

Nay, pledge anew, Septimius, such gages
Of May-time's radiant rout
Till, as becometh fishermen and sages,
Our talk shall trend to trout—

To little trout, to little streams that scurry
Where the hill curlews cry,
O'er which the neophyte may splash and flurry,
Yet heap his basket high;

To careful trout, for pundits skilled and wary,
That use upon the chalk,
Plump and recondite, dubious and chary—
On such shall turn our talk.

Then since we 're of the Faithful, vowed to follow
Old Thames's placid flow,
We'll breathe of his leviathans that wallow,
In bated tones and low;

And I mayhap shall say a word in token
Of one prodigious friend
Who lurks—excuse a statement more outspoken—
'Twixt Marlow and Bourne End;

While you, Septimius, set memory roaming
To That which smashed amain
Your trace of proof, and hint how some soft gloaming
He yet shall come again.

So shall we sit this firelit hour, contriving
Blue halcyon days that hold
The lisp of streams in crisping reed-beds striving,
And meadows spun with gold.

"Insurance business is ransacted."
Quarterly Post Office Guide, p. 164.

The influence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE again.

INTELLECTUAL DAMAGE TO ANIMALS.

WE gather from *The Daily Sketch* that a reverend gentleman at Herne Bay has just founded the S. P. M. C. A., or "Society for the Prevention of Mental Cruelty to Animals," and holds, as part of his propaganda, that the Zoo should be disbanded and abolished, and, in fact, that no wild animals or birds should be kept anywhere in captivity at all.

The S.P.M.C.A. fills a long-felt want. Everyone with any sense of politeness or tact must recognise that it is grossly improper to wound the feelings of the lower orders of creation by the opprobrious use of such epithets as ass, donkey, cat, mule, pig, goose, monkey, and so on. Picture the mental torture and degradation undergone by the self-respecting rodent who overhears the contemptuous exclamation, "Rats!" Realise, if you can, the stigma attached to the hard-working order of garden annelids when, possibly in their very presence, one human being addresses another as a "worm"!

Then, again, take the deplorable breaches of etiquette on the part of visitors at the Zoo. We ourselves have heard the most uncomplimentary allusions made to the appearance of the baboons and the hippopotamus, in the hearing of these unfortunate creatures, and quite regardless of their *amour propre*. The callous Cockney takes care to insult his helpless victims only when they are behind bars and cannot retaliate effectively. One shudders to think of the mental humiliation that is daily experienced by the wart-hog and the mandrill. And even the nobler animals—the lions and bears—are not allowed to escape without prejudicial comment, especially at feeding-time. Not the slightest deference is paid to the private opinions and sentiments of these carnivores by the vulgar crowd of sight-seers. The parrots alone can ease their harassed souls and have the last word with the passer-by.

Meanwhile, we have to apologise to our cat for having recently upbraided him rather too freely for his nocturnal habits and general lack of discipline, not having considered the shock of such language to his sensitive mind.

ZIG-ZAG.

"YOUNG lady requires secretarial work of any kind, good writer and correspondent, accustomed to literary work, or would write up Parish fashions."—*Daily Mail.*

Smocks are no longer being worn. Sunbonnets may be expected in a few months.



Lady (*in small Irish hotel*). "Waiter, take away that bottle and put some clean water in it.'
Waiter. "Faith, Mum, the wather's all right; 'tis the bottle that's dirty."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

"Anyhow, I can remember this Court and can tell a tale it plays a part in, only not very quick." Thus Mr. William De Morgan, introductory, on the fourth page of his latest novel, *When Ghost meets Ghost* (Heinemann). Before it ends there have been as near nine hundred pages of it as makes no difference; and the things that the author remembers in the course of the tale, and the not-very-quickness with which he tells it, must be seen to be believed. The main outline of this more than leisurely plot is concerned with the coming together of two aged twin sisters, each of whom has been living for years in ignorance of the other's existence, so that they meet at last almost as ghosts. Hence the title. But you will not need to be told that there is ever so much more in the nine hundred pages than this. There are the children *Dave* and *Dolly*, for example; likewise *Uncle Mo'*, and any quantity of humble London types; not to mention the group that includes *Lady Gwen*, and *Adrian Torrens*, and a score of others, all drawn with that verbal Pre-Raphaelitism in which the author takes such obvious delight. For myself I must honestly confess that I have found it a little overwhelming; but that, after all, is a question of individual taste. I suppose there is one comparison that is inevitable. I had meant to say never a word about Charles Dickens in this notice, but, like the head of another Charles, it would come; and when the chief house in the story began to rumble and finally collapsed in a cloud of dust—well, could anyone help being reminded of how the same incident was handled by the master of such terrors? In brief, this latest De Morgan left me with a profound and increased respect for the author; some little envy for the reader whose time and taste enable him to enjoy it as it should be enjoyed; and, for proof-readers and reviewers, a very pure sympathy.

The Duchess of Wrexe (Secker) is, I think, the longest as it is certainly the most substantial novel that Mr. Hugh Walpole has yet given us. It is the work of one who has already made himself a force in modern fiction, and after this book will have more than ever to be reckoned with. Whether the reckoning will be to all tastes is another matter; I incline to think not. Four hundred closely printed pages, in which hardly anything happens to the bodies of the characters, but a great deal to their spirits—this perhaps is toughish meat for the ordinary devourer of fiction. But for the others this study of the passing of an epoch, the time of the Old Society, as symbolised by the figure of the *Duchess*, will be a delight. You might suppose from this (if you were unfamiliar with your author) that we had here a social comedy. Nothing in fact could be further from Mr. Walpole's design. For him, as for his characters, there is almost too haunting a sense of the tragedy of trivial things. No one in the book is happy. The *Duchess* herself, stern, aloof, terrible, broken but never bent by the oncoming of the New Order; the various members of the family whom she terrified; *Rachel*, the granddaughter, between whom and the old woman there exists the bond of one of those hatreds in which Mr. Walpole so exults; the secretary, *Lizzie Rand*—all of them are tremendously and miserably alive. I think the

matter is that they have too much sensibility, of the modern kind. They see too many meanings. A primrose by a river's brim, or more probably in a flower-seller's basket, is not for them a simple primrose, but a portent of soul-shaking significance. To make up for this the author has gifted them with his own exquisite sense of colour and words, and especially a feeling for the beauty of London that at times almost reconciles them to life. But I could wish them merrier.

Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's new novel, *One Man Returns* (MILLS AND BOON), opens with a very powerful and dramatic situation. Nothing in its way could be better than the description of the lonely *Trevena* family, of their vigil during the terrible storm, of the shipwreck and the sudden arrival of the two strangers, father and son, who are its only survivors. The father dies immediately without revealing his identity, and the son, slowly nursed back to health by the devoted care of *Enid Trevena*, resumes his life without any consciousness of the past, having forgotten even his own name. As a matter of fact he is *Cyril Oswald*, the lawful inheritor of Oswald Hall and great estates, which, of course, pass into the possession of the nearest villain. This is *Major Harley*, a gentleman of a lurid past and an infamous present, mitigated only by the fact that he has a beautiful and amiable daughter, *Dorothy*, who, having been educated at Roedean School, conceives herself to be qualified to run after beagles. In the natural course of things she sprains her ankle and is beloved by *Rupert Sandford*, the chief beagler of the novel. She then quarrels with her disgraceful parent, is adopted by *Mrs. Sandford* (mother to *Rupert*), and becomes the affianced bride of *Rupert*, though for a time she had been inclined to look with favour on *Cyril*. This young gentleman eventually recovers his estates by course of law and returns to Cornwall and *Enid* just in time to cut out that young lady from under the guns of *Merrifield*, a South African millionaire who had complicated the situation by providing *Cyril* with money for his law-suit. What happened to *Major Harley* is not stated, but I presume he must have drunk off the phial of poison which such desperate adventurers always carry concealed about their persons.



AS DRESS PARADES HAVE BECOME QUITE A FEATURE OF MODERN LIFE SURELY THE RESTAURANT OFFERS A RICH FIELD OF ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE ENTERPRISING OUTFITTER THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF WAITERS.

"The matrimonial career of suburban lovers," says Miss JESSIE POPE in a prologue to *The Tracy Tubbses* (MILLS AND BOON), "is seldom variegated by so many curious happenings as fell to the lot of Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Tubbs;" and to this statement I can give my unqualified assent. No sooner were the *T.T.'s* married than they were beset by such wonderful and various misfortunes that I should like to try and "place" them. The Lion, I think, won in a canter, *Aunt Julia* was a bad second, and The Chafing-dish was third, while among the "also ran" were several Policemen, The Balloon, *Cross-eyed Cranstone* and The Motor-Bicycle. But whether the *T.T.'s* were nearly devoured by wild beasts or merely annoyed by aunts and chafing-dishes, they continued to embrace each other with magnificent heartiness whenever they had a moment to spare. In short, Miss POPE's high spirits never flag; and, even if you fail to be amused by all the incidents in the *T.T.s'* career, you will be glad to make the acquaintance—under a new aspect, for Miss POPE's talent as a maker of light verse is established—of a writer so unaffectedly cheerful and exhilarating.

"I cannot marry you or any man; *I am not free*," said *Polly Adair* to *Hemingway*, and the italics were her own. For my part, having been rather pointedly informed earlier in the story that the lady was understood in Zanzibar to be a widow, I began at this stage to suspect that there was something lacking in the lateness of *Mr. Adair*. This was a great pity, because *Polly* and *Hemingway* were obviously meant for each other, as she and he and I and Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS were unanimously agreed. But there the fatal obstacle was, whatever it might be. "*I am not free*," she repeated, and again the italics were her very own. After much to-do, it came out that what she meant was that she had a brother who oughtn't to be free; ought, if justice were done, to be picking oakum or whatever else they pick in their leisure hours way back in U.S.A. And this was the whole and the sole fatal obstacle! *Hemingway* took it as it came; Mr. DAVIS seemed quite pleased about it; but I felt that I had been wantonly deceived. Baffle me by all means, said I, but do not lie to me. Maybe I was not in a good temper at the time, for the three preceding stories were not calculated to stir the gentlest reader's sympathies. Possibly I am not in a good temper now, for the three later stories (though "The God of Coincidence" only just missed fire) were not distracting enough to deaden my sense of injury. A pity, for *The Lost Road* (DUCKWORTH) has such a good cover and the name of such a good author on the back of it.

Editorial Candour.

Notice in *Nash's Magazine* at the beginning of a new serial:—

"The theme of this story is a strange one handled with the consummate skill one expects from so clever a writer as Gouverneur Morris. . . . This story will stimulate your interest. It is quite different from anything Mr. Morris has previously written."

"Cambridge.

The appointment of Mr. W. W. Buckland, of Caius, to be Regius Professor of Civil War is in accordance with general expectation, though there were those who thought that the Government might go outside the circle of University teachers."—*The Record.*

Mr. DEVLIN was surely indicated.

"CANARY WANTED.—Young, intelligent bird wanted for training. For right bird, right price paid. Apply, with bird, Tuesday morning next, at 11 o'clock. M. D., Stage Door, Palladium, London, W.C."
The Referee.

Dangerous, asking for the bird like that.

CHARIVARIA.

The German Crown Prince has the mumps. It seems that his Imperial Father was not consulted in the matter beforehand, and further domestic differences are anticipated.

* * *

King Sisovath of Cambodia, we learn from *Le Petit Journal*, was so pleased with a white elephant sent him by the Governor-General of French Indo-China that he has raised the animal—a fine female—to the dignity of a Princess. The news soon got about, and considerable jealousy is felt at our Zoo, where there is not so much as even a baronet among the inmates.

* * *

General von Plettenburgh, commanding the Prussian Guards Corps, has issued a decree against the wearing of the so-called "tooth-brush" moustache, pointing out that such an appendage is unsuitable for a Prussian soldier and "not consonant with the German national character." The implication is very unpleasant.

* * *

"It is generally reported," says a contemporary, "that Sir Edward Grey speaks no German, and French very badly. M. Venizelos, the Greek Prime Minister, declared that he had the greatest difficulty in understanding Sir Edward's French." As a matter of fact a little bird tells us that on this occasion our Foreign Secretary was speaking Greek.

* * *

"Mr. Asquith," said *The Times*, "in a massage to the Liberal candidate for South Bucks, emphasizes the prime importance of the Irish issue." There is, of course, nothing like massage for rubbing things in.

* * *

Herr Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Line, and Herr Heineken, head of the rival North-German Lloyd Company, came to London last week, and are said to have concluded peace in the Atlantic rate war. We understand that the arrangement is to be known as the Pool of London.

* * *

The authorities at Barotse, *The Globe* tells us, have put a price on the heads of all lions there. One can picture the mean sportsman, with a pair of field-glasses, picking out the cheapest before firing.

* * *

"61,000 Territorials Short."
Daily Mail.

Still, it is pretty generally recognised now that a small man may make every bit as good a soldier as a big one, and, besides, there is always less of him to hit.



CLOSE OF THE COURSING SEASON.

Among the temporary teachers appointed to carry on schools in Herefordshire during the teachers' strike was an asylum attendant. This confirms the report that many of the children were mad at finding that the schools did not close in consequence of the strike.

* * *

It is denied that the name of the Philharmonic Hall, where Mr. Ponting's moving pictures of the Antarctic Expedition are being shown, is to be changed to the Philmharmonic Hall.

* * *

Richard Strauss's new work, dealing with the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, is to be produced shortly in Paris. A musical play version of it, entitled "After the Man," may be looked for here.

* * *

From Rome comes the news that a young man who was being examined in a hospital there has been found to have two separate stomachs. This announcement that the ideal man has at last been evolved has caused the greatest excitement here in Corporation circles.

* * *

"Lyceum Club.
100 years of peace."
Daily Telegraph.

Surely a record for a lady's club?

"Change of Name.
from
Jacob Galba Iwushuku-Bright
to
Galba Iwuchuku Olukotun."
Sierra Leone Weekly News.

We notice no improvement.

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a shop window at Reading:
"Try ——'s Sausages: none like 'em."

CIVIL WAR ESTIMATES.

(*A Ministerial Apology.*)

Your talk is vanity, you who lightly vouch
That we, indifferent to the country's call, shun
A crisis under which the People crouch
Like Damocles beneath the pendent falchion;
That from our minds, incredibly deluded,
Ulster is still excluded.

It is not so. All day (between our meals)
We find this topic really most attractive;
In watches of the night it often steals
Into our waking dreams, and keeps us active,
Like sportsmen whom the rude mosquito chases,
Trying to save our faces.

But we have other tasks, and "Duty First"
Must be our cry before we yield to Pleasure;
Our Annual Estimates must be rehearsed
Ere more alluring themes engage our leisure;
The Budget's claims are urgent; Ulster's fate
Can obviously wait.

Besides, no Government should go to war
Without the wherewithal to pay for forage,
For ammunition and a Flying Corps
And canned meats to stimulate the courage;
And this applies, as far as we can tell,
To civil wars as well.

For, though our foes confine us to a sphere
Of relatively narrow operations,
We are advised that they may cost us dear,
And therefore, in our coming calculations,
As Trustees of the Race we dare not miss
To estimate for this.

Hence these delays—all carefully thought out.
But when from hibernation we emerge on
The vernal prime and things begin to sprout,
Our Ulster policy shall also burgeon;
With sap of April coursing through our blood
We too shall burst in bud.

O. S.

THE GREAT RESIGNER.

(*A Forecast.*)

March, 1914.

Mr. William O'Brien describes Mr. John Redmond as "brother to the middle-aged sea-serpent from the County Clare."

Mr. John Redmond denies that he is a sea-serpent.

Mr. William O'Brien, having denounced this denial as "the last effort of a defeated dastard," resigns his seat for Cork City.

Mr. O'Brien is re-elected without a contest.

April, 1914.

Mr. William O'Brien in an impassioned speech advocates conciliation all round in Ireland, and refers to Mr. John Redmond as "a moth-eaten, moss-gathering malingerer of unparalleled ferocity."

Mr. Redmond is seen to smile.

Mr. O'Brien, declaring that he has never been so much insulted in his life, resigns his seat for Cork City.

Mr. O'Brien is re-elected without a contest.

May, 1914.

An Alderman of Cork fails to take off his hat to Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. O'Brien summons a meeting of his supporters and, in a five-hours' speech, states that, in spite of the unexampled infamy of Mr. Redmond, he will never abandon his efforts for Irish unity.

Mr. Redmond says nothing.

Mr. O'Brien states that "the truckling truculence of a mock-modest monster of meretricious mendacity cannot be allowed to prevail against a policy of sober and sympathetic silence."

Mr. Redmond having abstained from a reply, Mr. O'Brien resigns his seat for Cork City and is shortly afterwards re-elected without a contest.

June, 1914.

Mr. Asquith, in moving the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill, does not mention Mr. O'Brien, who swoons in his place and is carried speechless from the House of Commons.

On the following day Mr. O'Brien issues to the world a manifesto of 60,000 words, in which he describes Mr. Redmond as "a palsied purveyor of pledge-breaking platitudes," and announces that the Irish question can be settled only by the good will of men of all parties.

Mr. Redmond takes no notice.

Mr. O'Brien declares that he can no longer pursue a policy of conciliation and mildness, and resigns his seat for Cork City as a protest against the "frenzied flaunting of flattery and folly" in which, he says, Mr. Redmond spends his time.

Mr. O'Brien, having been re-elected without a contest, immediately re-resigns twelve times in advance.

CINEMA NEWS.

Final preparations have now been made to film Mr. Thornton's first day as General Manager of the Great Eastern Railway. By kind permission of Lord Claud Hamilton representatives of all the other railway companies are to be present to take notes, like the foreign military attachés in a war. A good "movie" should result.

* * * * * *

Another film which should provide entertainment and instruction in the highest degree is the "Day in the Life of Mr. C. K. Shorter" which is now being arranged for. The great critic will be followed hour by hour with faithful persistence. He will be seen editing *The Sphere* with one hand and putting all the writing fellows in their place with the other. He will be seen in that wonderful library of his which covers two acres in St. John's Wood, reading, annotating and correcting; he will be seen at lunch at his club with other intellectual kings, his intimate friends; shaking hands with Mr. Hardy; entering a taxi; leaving a taxi and paying the fare; dining with Sir W. Robertson Nicoll; attending a first night and applauding only when applause is merited; and finally returning home to read more books. In all, about fourteen miles.

* * * * * *

It will be regretfully learned by the great public, always ready for new thrillers, that all efforts to induce Mr. Balfour to part with the cinema rights of his Gifford lectures have failed.

"In consequence of the farm labourers and carters employed on various farms in the parish and village of Chitterne having come out on strike, work of all kinds, with the exception of lambing, is at a complete standstill."—*Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

These black-leg ewes!

"Mr. Kipling, who met with a warm deception."—*Daily Graphic.*

Not a bit of it. Everyone was frankly delighted to see and hear him.



THE THRONE PERILOUS.

Austria and Italy (*to the new Ruler of Albania*). "BE SEATED, SIR."



Mother (to her boy, who has just struck his little sister with his Teddy bear). "Why did you hit your sister in the face, John?"
John. "'Cos it was the only part of her I could see."

MUSICAL DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. James Cantlie has reported that "the placing of a tuning-fork against the body of a patient enables him to gauge the limits of the liver with almost hair-breadth precision." He believes that musical diagnosis will prove reliable in the case of broken bones, and asserts that already it has been proved that a fatty liver gives out tones distinct from a cirrhosed liver.

A superb performance of Herr Richard Strauss's "German Measles Concerto" was given last night by the Queen's Hall orchestra. The tempo was throughout wonderfully high. The three fine solo passages for the left kidney were finely rendered; while the exquisite *diminuendo* to convalescence with which the work concludes greatly impressed a neurotic audience.

The tuning-fork test has proved that several of the most popular of recent rag-time tunes were originally scored by the brain of a patient who had met with a severe concussion while attempting to escape over the high wall of an Asylum for Incurable Idiots.

An interesting incident is reported in the Medical press from a well-known Nursing Home. It appears that one of the female attendants, on applying the tuning-fork to what was alleged to be the broken heart of a patient, was astonished to obtain as response the first five bars of "You Made Me Love You." The case has, we learn, been since discharged cured.

NUPTIAL NOVELTIES.

["Two prominent members of the Herne Bay Angling Association were married on Saturday afternoon at St. Martin's Church, Herne Bay.

An interesting feature of the wedding was the assembly of members of the association, who lined the pathway to the church door and formed an archway of fishing-rods, to which silver horseshoes had been attached.

The bridegroom's father is not only president of the angling association, but captain of the Herne Bay Fire Brigade, members of which formed a guard of honour with crossed hatchets."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

The nuptials of Mr. Desmond Waddilove and Miss Esther Priddie, whose parents are prominently implicated in the milk trade, were marked by several interesting and appropriate spectacular incidents. A specially attractive feature was the progress of the wedding procession between a double row of milk-cans. Later on the bride and bridegroom left for Cowes (I.W.) amid a volley of pats of butter deftly hurled by the officials of the Sursum Corda Dairy Company, Ltd.

Last Saturday the wedding of Mr. Nestor Young and Miss Leonora Darglo was celebrated with great *éclat* at St. Mark's, Datchet. Out of respect for the calling of the bride's father all the wedding party proceeded to the sacred edifice in bath-chairs, which imparted to the ceremony an air of solemnity too often neglected at up-to-date weddings. The bridegroom's father being a leading pork-butcher, imitation sausages formed part of the trimmings of the bride's going-away dress.

Mr. Donald MacLurkin, the golf professional of the Culbin Sands Golf Club, was married last Friday at Lossiemouth to Miss Janet Sutor, of Cromarty. A charming effect was produced by a guard of honour, composed of members of the golf club, holding aloft crossed brassies, beneath which the happy pair passed into the church, while the caddies clashed niblicks and other iron clubs. The bride wore a cream silk bogey skirt, slightly caught up so as to show the pink dots of the stymied underskirt, and a simple Dunlop V corsage. A dainty little pot-bunker hat completed a costume as novel as it was natty.

THE ROYALISTS.

EIGHT of us travel up to town every morning by the Great Suburban Railway. I have no politics. Gibbs is a Unionist Free Trader. Three of the others are Radicals and three Unionists. On one side of the compartment are ranged *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express* and *The Daily Telegraph*. Boldly confronting them are two *Daily Chronicles* and a *Daily News*. Gibbs contents himself with a *Daily Graphic*, while I choose every day the paper with the least sensational placard.

You can imagine what the journeys are like. Filmer will put down his *Daily Express* and say with feeling, "If I could only get that infernal Welsher by the throat." Then Rodgers will lay down his *Daily News* and sneer, "What has aggravated the toadies of the Dukes to-day?" In a moment the battle is in full swing. Bennett breaks in with assertions that peace and unity will never prevail till the Cabinet has been hanged. Chalmers makes a mild proposal for the imprisonment of the Armament Ring which is gnawing at the country's vitals. And when there has been a by-election and both sides claim the moral victory I have no doubt that the men in signal-boxes think that murder is taking place in our carriage.

However, one day Filmer made a reference to Marconi speculations which caused Rodgers to shake the dust from his feet (an easy thing on the Great Suburban line) and leave the compartment at the next station. Then Chalmers and Simcox bore down on Filmer with statistics about our booming trade. When we reached the next station, Filmer darted out of the compartment, declining to travel any longer with a set of miserable Cobdenite Little Englanders. I was horrified—not at the absence of Rodgers and Filmer, which could have been endured—but at the idea that the gaps they left in the carriage might be filled up by even worse persons than politicians. Suppose golfers took their places. On one occasion, when Gibbs had influenza, an intruder had described to us the fixing of a new carburettor to his car.

Then the great idea came to me—the formation of the Society. The next morning I went up to Filmer and Rodgers as they stood apart from us and each other on the platform and said, "Come to the others for a moment. They want to apologise to you."

They didn't, but sometimes one has to choose between the cause of peace and that of truth.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have noticed this. Nearly all our little controversies begin in one way. Somebody says, 'I call a spade a spade and BONAR LAW (or LLOYD GEORGE) a lying, treacherous scoundrel.' I propose that we form ourselves into the Society for Not Calling a Spade a Spade."

"What do you propose to call it? 'A Royal'?" This from Gibbs, who is a master of auction bridge.

"By all means," I said. "It gives dignity and an enhanced value to a vulgar agricultural utensil. And the Society can be called 'The Royalists' for short. Its single rule is to be this, that any member speaking of any politician of the opposite Party except in terms of eulogy shall be fined ten shillings and sixpence. The fines to be divided equally between the Tariff Reform League and the Free Trade Union."

For a moment there was hesitation. Then the Opposition rejoiced at the idea of hearing the Radicals praise LAW and LONG, and the Radicals thought it would be ecstasy to hear panegyrics of LLOYD GEORGE and MASTERMAN from the Unionists.

The Society was formed at once and has proved an enormous success. Peace and goodwill reign amongst us. It is a perpetual delight to see Filmer put down his *Daily Express* and with the veins bulging out from his forehead say, 'That accurate and careful financier who has so immeasurably raised the status of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer"; or to hear Chalmers remark, "Sad would it be if that most honey-tongued and soft-hearted of politicians, dear F. E. SMITH, should have his life ended by a British bayonet."

One or two prepare their delicate eulogies beforehand and refer to notes; but this is thought unfair. The compartment, as a whole, prefers the impromptu praise that has the air of coming from the heart.

I am thinking of offering to the House of Commons and the House of Lords free membership in The Royalists. Perhaps Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and LEO MAXSE would consent to act as perpetual Joint Presidents, with Lord HUGH CECIL and the Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD as Chaplains.



MacBull. "I SHALL BE A GAY GRASS WIDOWER FOR THE NEXT TWO MONTHS—WIFE'S GONE FOR A HOLIDAY TO THE WEST INDIES."
O'Bear. "JAMAICA?"
MacBull. "NO, IT WAS HER OWN IDEA."

"He is only a tame duck who with sheepish timidity attempts to controvert the determination of a body of frontiersmen from their purpose by firing at them with a water squirt."
Bulawayo Chronicle.

It sounds more like a wild duck.

From Publishers' Announcements:—
"'BORROWED THOUGHTS.'
(A Handbook for Lent, with an Introduction by a popular Bishop.) Limp, 9d."

"Lot 3. Extra Dry, Cuvée Reservée, 60/-. A really excellent pure Wine, which we bought lying abroad."

We trust they won't sell it lying at home.

"Generally crime is normal and no increase in mortality is reported. Little wandering, emigration, or emaciation is noticed. Cattle are being sold in large numbers in Hamirpur. Blankets are being distributed to the poor. (*For other Sporting News see page 8*)."
Advocate of India.

There is nothing narrow about the sporting tastes of our Oriental contemporary.



Larry. "Treshpassing, is ut? Just wait till we git Home Rule. Ivery man 'll do as he likes thin—and thim's that won't 'll be made to!"

THE INVADERS.

From all sides news pours in concerning the rush for American managers of English concerns. At last the excellence of the American business man's habits are being recognised, probably not a little owing to the vogue of such plays as *Get-rich-quick Wallingford*, *Broadway Jones* and *The Fortune Hunters*, wherein we see hustling methods justifying by their success all the odd measures which led to dollars. That the dominating business man who thus rises to greatness has to marry a clerk or typist is perhaps only a detail, but if the plays are to be taken as a guide it is expected of him.

The great tailoring house of Tarn, which has just appointed a manager from Cleveland, Ohio, on the advice of Lord Claud Hamilton, has completely transformed its cutting department. All jackets are now made to reach to the knees, with shoulders that project beyond the wearer's body one foot on each side. The trousers are wide at the knees and tight at the ankles, and are very effective. Walking-sticks must not be worn with these suits. Messrs. Tarn hope to bring back the frock coat very shortly, especially for politicians.

The American scholar who has just been appointed to the Chair of English Composition at Oxford has already made some drastic reforms. No longer may the student write that he has a book "at home"; he must say "to home." The participle "got" has gone in favour of "gotten"; while the only text-books in use are of Trans-Atlantic origin. The University has adopted the college cry of "No, No, No Eng Lish Need, Need, Need Apply!"

This yell will be used by Oxford partisans at the Inter-University Sports during the performances of American Rhodes Scholars.

The latest news to reach us as we go to press is that the directors of various London music halls are thinking seriously whether or not they will call in American assistance for their revues, either producers, actors or musicians. But this is an innovating step which will require the deepest thought.

SINGING WATER.

I heard—'twas on a morning, but when it was and where,
Except that well I heard it, I neither know nor care—
I heard, and, oh, the sunlight was shining in the blue,
A little water singing as little waters do.

At Lechlade and at Buscot, where Summer days are long,
The tiny rills and ripples they tremble into song;
And where the silver Windrush brings down her liquid gems,
There's music in the wavelets she tosses to the Thames.

The eddies have an air too, and brave it is and blithe;
I think I may have heard it that day at Bablockhythe;
And where the Eynsham weir-fall breaks out in rainbow spray
The Evenlode comes singing to join the pretty play.

But where I heard that music I cannot rightly tell;
I only know I heard it, and that I know full well:
I heard a little water, and, oh, the sky was blue,
A little water singing as little waters do.

R. C. L.

AN APOLOGY THAT MADE THINGS WORSE.

We had a fancy-dress ball on December 30th. They have these things in nearly all Swiss Hotels and you have to put up with them. As a matter of fact Matilda and I enjoyed ourselves. We supped well and danced quite often. At 3.30 A.M. we set out for our rooms. We took a lighted candle with us to keep us warm as we went. The way to get the most warmth from a candle is to sit round it. As the corridor was cold, we sat round the candle outside Miss Wortley's room, but this was quite accidental.

We didn't know that she had gone to bed at 10.30 P.M. with the primary object of sleeping and the ulterior motive of getting up the next morning in time to catch an early train. We weren't to know that she had wasted her time from 11 P.M. to 3.25 A.M. listening to a procession of revellers retiring to their rooms. We had no suspicion that she was just dozing off for the first time when we stopped to warm ourselves. We really made very little noise, though we may have laughed just a little. The report which has got about, that I tried to climb up the wall to see the time, is inaccurate. The clock is not nearly high enough up the wall to render this necessary, and I didn't care a button what the time was.

If we had known that the Germans who ought to have been asleep in the room opposite to Miss Wortley would come out into the corridor and shout in their nasty guttural language, we should probably not have tried to find out whether anything was attached to the other end of a piece of tape that protruded from under their door. It was quite a long piece of tape, and there was something attached to the end of it, though we never found out what that something was. Anyway, it was too large to pass under the door, though we pulled the tape quite hard. We had just given up our investigation and reached our respective rooms when the German family arrived in the corridor and commented on the matter.

I can't see that we were really to blame because Miss Wortley suffered from insomnia, missed her early train next morning and had to pay an extra half franc for having breakfast in her bedroom. She was very unpleasant about it and went round telling everybody that we had kept her awake all night. She was one of those women who—— But there, I don't want to be nasty, and anyone who reads this will guess the kind of woman she was.

The next day was New Year's Eve. After dinner we took part in an Ice Carnival, then we saw the New Year in, and then we drank practically everybody's health. At 2 A.M. I was sitting in the lounge talking to Matilda when a kind of peaceful sensation came over me, and I began to be sorry that there was any bad feeling between Miss Wortley and us; so I said to Matilda, "It's New Year's Day and I should like to start it on friendly terms with everyone, including Miss Wortley. I think I shall apologise to her about last night; we may have been a little thoughtless."

"I don't see what there is to apologise for," said Matilda, "but I suppose it can't do any harm and it may help to make things pleasant all round. If you're going to apologise I suppose I ought to do the same."

"Come on then," I said.

"Where to?"

"To apologise."

"Don't be absurd; we can't apologise now. We'll apologise to-morrow."

"We might miss her to-morrow, and we ought to do a thing like this without delay and as early in the New Year as possible. If I don't do it now, I may not feel apologetic later on, and I don't want to go through the year with even a tittle of Miss Wortley's insomnia on my conscience."

Matilda seemed rather uncertain about it, but after a time recognised that I was right, and we went up to Miss Wortley's room. I had to knock loudly on her door before I got any answer, but eventually a sleepy voice said, "Come in."

I didn't think that we had better do that, so I knocked again.

"All right, you can bring in the water."

"It isn't exactly your shaving water—in fact it's hardly time to get up yet," I shouted.

"What's the matter? Is the place on fire?" I heard sounds as of a person getting out of bed, so I said, "You needn't get up, it's only us. We wanted to apologise about last night. We're sorry you didn't sleep very well. Of course it wasn't altogether our fault, but still we thought that we should like to apologise; in fact we didn't feel that we could go to sleep until we had apologised; and—and we wanted to wish you a Happy New Year."

I am not sure that I did the thing very well, but I am sure that it would have sounded better and that I shouldn't have ended so lamely if Matilda hadn't been so tactless as to laugh in the middle. Somehow I got the idea that the apology hadn't been accepted in the spirit in which it had been tendered. Suspicious sounds came from within, including the click of a water jug; also the German family opposite seemed to be under the impression that it was time to get up—so we didn't wait to say Good-night, but slipped quietly out of the way. Miss Wortley's door and the door opposite opened simultaneously. There were two splashes like water thrown from jugs, and I fancy that more than one person got wet. It isn't easy to discover exactly what is happening when two people are shouting at the tops of their voices in different languages, but I didn't gather that they quite cleared the matter up to their mutual satisfaction.

EVERY AUTHOR'S WIFE.

["What is the first step towards literary production? It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion."—*H. G. Wells*.]

"What have you dined on, husband mine?"
"Chocolate creams and ginger wine."

"What did you take as an appetiser?"
"Haggis and Sauerkraut à la Kaiser."

"Didn't they give you any sweet?"
"Hard-boiled eggs and whisky neat."

"And your fruit, I trust, was over-ripe?"
"Doughnuts five with a pound of tripe."

"Have you had nothing at all since then?"
"Lobster and stout." "Then here's your pen,

"You must do a chapter or two to-night;
Have a banana and start to write."

New Anglo-German Entente.

"Young gentlemen wish young English lady to learn know for the common joint exchange for the language sunday by flying outs Pleasing writing at the office chiffre J. 810."—*Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*.

"Notice.

In order to popularise the Corporation Crematorium, at Crematorium Road, the Corporation have decided as an experimental measure to abolish the fees now charged for the use of the Crematorium for one year."
Capital (Calcutta).

The inducement leaves us cold.

The Infant Samson.

"2s. 6d. reward will be paid for name of Small Boy who pushed a Cab Horse down in the Station Yard, Teignmouth."
Express and Echo (Exeter).

More Commercial Candour.

From a Leeds grocer's circular:—

"A perfection of blending is obtained in —— Tea, which, upon analysis, is pronounced to be absolutely injurious to health."

THE IDEAL FILM PLOT.

[The brisk demand by Cinema companies for new picture-play stories has led many writers of talent to turn their attention to this fascinating branch of literature. Unfortunately they often fail not only to acquire a proper knowledge of the technique of the art, but to take steps to ascertain what the public really wants. With the object of helping authors in both directions we publish below a scenario which has been described by an authority as "the ideal film plot."]

THE FIREBRAND'S REDEMPTION.

Persons:

Ferdinand, a Cowboy.
General Devereux.
Phyllis Devereux, his daughter.
Joe, a soldier.
Cowboys, miners, soldiers, Indians, etc.

PART I.

Ferdinand's *headlong career to the Devil is arrested by the beautiful* Phyllis Devereux.

FIRST SCENE.—A drinking saloon in the Wild West. Cowboys, miners and Western demi-mondaines playing cards at top speed and drinking heavily. Enter *Ferdinand*, drunk and carrying a huge revolver in each hand and a tomahawk between his teeth. He forces the bar-tender to "hands up" and begins shooting down the bottles ranged along the counter. Enter *Phyllis*. As soon as *Ferdinand* sees her he drops the pistols and trembles violently. *Phyllis* regards him searchingly and leaves the saloon. *Ferdinand* follows unsteadily. Projection on screen:—

Gee, boys! Ferd's hit, sure!

SECOND SCENE.—Outside the saloon. *Phyllis* is seen entering a sumptuous motor. *Ferdinand* falls to his knees, but she disregards him. As the motor moves away he prepares to strike himself on the back of the neck with his tomahawk, but when the fatal blow is about to fall *Phyllis* leans over the back of the car and blows him a kiss. Enlargement of *Ferdinand's* face working with emotion and finally settling into an expression of immense determination. Projection on screen:

I swear never to drink again!

PART II.

Ferdinand *is called upon to show himself worthy, but the old Adam conquers.*

FIRST SCENE.—Outside *General Devereux's* tent. Soldiers, Staff Officers, etc. *General* sits in full uniform at a table. Enter *Joe*, a very fat soldier. He trips over his rifle, turns a somersault and salutes. The *General* points to the left and *Joe* goes off. Enter *Phyllis*, who talks and gesticulates with feeling. Projection on screen:—

Pop, I love him!

Enter *Ferdinand*. Much talk and discussion. Projection on screen:—

You must prove yourself worthy of her!

The *General* points dramatically to the left and writes at great speed. Projection on screen, in angular handwriting:—

Send help at once! We are surrounded and in sore straits!—*Devereux.*

He hands paper to *Ferdinand*. Both point dramatically to the left. *Phyllis* leans over her lover's shoulder and reads. All three point dramatically to the left.

SECOND SCENE.—A wood. Enter *Joe*, walking cautiously. Suddenly a Red Indian in full war paint rushes towards him. *Joe* turns tail and flies.

THIRD SCENE.—More wood. *Joe* is seen running at about thirty-five miles an hour, pursued by seven Indians.

FOURTH SCENE.—A tract of rocky country. *Joe* is seen running at about fifty-two miles an hour, pursued by fifteen Indians.

FIFTH SCENE.—The bank of a river. *Joe* is seen running at about seventy-eight miles an hour, pursued by twenty-three Indians. He trips over a stone and falls into the water. Enter



'HAVE YOU ANY GOLF BALLS GUARANTEED TO GO STRAIGHT?'
'NOT HERE, MADAM. YOU MIGHT TRY THE CONJURING DEPARTMENT—FIRST FLOOR.'



Mistress (discussing housemaid who has given notice). "Well, of course, if she wants to go she must. But it seems foolish of her if her only reason is that she wants a change. She won't get a better place than this."

Cook. "That's just what I tell the silly girl, Ma'am. 'Depend upon it,' I says to her, 'you'll only be going out of the frying-pan into the fire.'"

Ferdinand on horseback. He dismounts and fires a revolver. Four Indians bite the dust. He fires again. Four more Indians bite the dust and the rest fly. *Ferdinand* shades his right eye, peers into the river, dives in and presently reappears with *Joe*. The latter feels anxiously in his pockets and produces a flask. He hands it to *Ferdinand*, who drinks. Enlargement of *Ferdinand* drinking.

Part III.

Phyllis *again to the rescue.*

First Scene.—The same. *Ferdinand* and *Joe* lie on the ground drunk. Enter *Phyllis* disguised as a soldier. Expressive despair. She searches *Ferdinand's* pockets and finds despatch, which is again projected on the screen. She points dramatically to the left and looks doubtfully at *Ferdinand*. Then she takes out a revolver, averts her eyes and shoots him in the shoulder. Projection on screen:—

They will think he has been wounded by the enemy and will suspect nothing!

Second Scene.—A wood. *Phyllis* on horseback riding at a great pace and waving the despatch in her right hand.

Part IV.

All's well that ends well.

First Scene.—A hospital. *Ferdinand* and *Joe* lying in cots and attended by nurses. *Ferdinand* signals to *Joe* and they leap out of bed, gag the nurses and tie them up with towels. Then they make a rope of bedclothes and climb out of the window.

Second Scene.—Outside the hospital. *Ferdinand*, in pyjamas, is seen sliding rapidly down the rope. *Joe* follows. The rope breaks and he falls with a crash to the ground.

Third Scene.—A field, with an aeroplane attended by mechanics standing in it. Enter *Ferdinand* and *Joe* running. They climb into the machine, the motor is started and they shoot out of the picture.

Fourth Scene.—The sky. An aeroplane flying very high and very fast.

Fifth Scene.—A forest. *Phyllis* is tied to a tree and three Red Indians are about to run her through with spears. Suddenly they look upwards as if disturbed by some noise. At this moment *Ferdinand* drops to the ground from the top of the picture. He at once shoots the Indians and releases *Phyllis*. The latter points dramatically to the right and produces a paper. Projection on screen:—

30,000 men will relieve you to-morrow!—*Conolly.*

Ferdinand and *Phyllis* both point dramatically to the right.

Sixth Scene.—Outside the *General's* tent. Soldiers and Staff Officers as before. Enter *Ferdinand* and *Phyllis*. *Ferdinand* hands the despatch to the *General*. Despatch is again projected on the screen. The *General* rises and salutes with much emotion. All present salute. *Ferdinand* clasps *Phyllis* in his arms to kiss her.

Seventh Scene.—The Kiss—about twenty-five times life-size.

"Mr. G. Dyson, who succeeded Mr. W. S. Bambridge as organist at the college a little over two years ago, is leaving to go to Rugby, as organist there. Since he has been at Marlborough Mr. Dyson has given a large number of much-appreciated recitals in the college chapel. The organ is still undergoing repair."—*The Standard.*

We make no comment. This is Rugby's affair, not ours.



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

Colonel Herbert H. Asquith (*to Colonel Andrew B. Law, on observing that he also has taken a leaf out of Lord Claud Hamilton's book*). "GUESS YOU WON'T CUT ANY ICE, BONAR, UNLESS YOU SHAVE THAT MOUSTACHE OFF."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 16.—Worthington Evans charmed House to-day by one of those little delicacies of feeling and taste favoured in the assembly. Masterman has met the reward of conspicuous success at the Treasury by promotion to Cabinet rank. In his absence his place temporarily taken at Question Time by Wedgwood Benn, who, while careful to deprecate personal responsibility for promise to give 9*d*. for 4*d*., displayed remarkable intimacy with intricacies of the Insurance Act. Worthington Evans, having as usual, after the leisure of a week-end, provided himself with collection of conundrums based on its working, knew that when he came down to-day he would find Masterman's seat empty.

Marked the occasion by presenting himself in mourning array - not the profoundest black such as *Hamlet* upon occasion affected, but a prevalence of decorous colour provided in what is known in drapers' shops as "The Mitigated Affliction Department." An uncompromising black tie was a determining note in his attire, testifying to sincere regret at parting from a Minister whom for three Sessions he has, so to speak, riddled with conundrums.

Insurance Act has suddenly again sprung into prominence. By odd accident revival is coincident with couple of by-elections going forward in Metropolis. Joynson-Hicks much struck by circumstance that announcement of scheme under the Act dealing with casual labour at the docks is promulgated just now, when election is proceeding in a constituency where there happen to be many docks and a multitude of casual labourers who have votes.

Bonner Law, when he comes to think of it, equally surprised. Would the Chancellor of the Exchequer oblige by explaining? As for Lord Bob Cecil, he is so perturbed that he momentarily forgets he has leading question to address to Premier designed to extract secret intention with respect to amending Home Rule Bill.

Lloyd George, always ready to oblige, explains that scheme in question was prepared last Autumn, had frequently been referred to by Masterman whilst still at the Treasury.

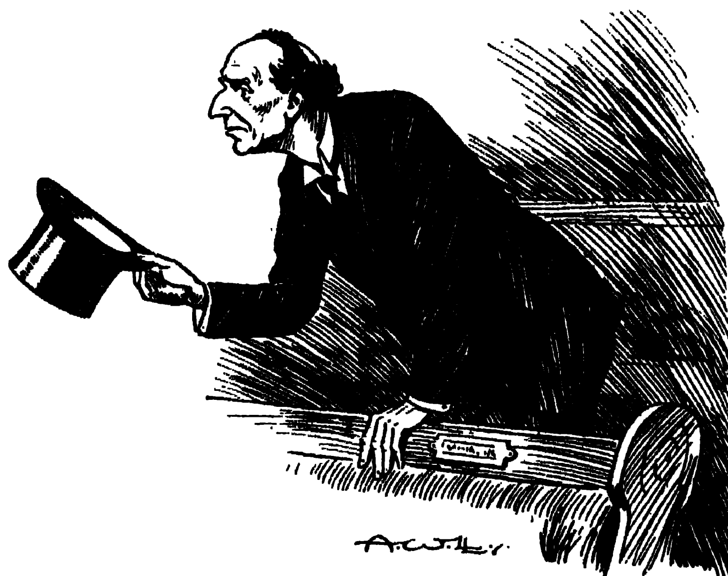
"I am sure," he added, with twinkle in his eye, "we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Joynson-Hicks for calling further attention to the matter at this particular moment."

Opposition not to be put off by badinage. Discover in apparently innocent accident evidence of that deep-seated tendency to import bribery and corruption into by-elections of which one of the Whips was this afternoon made a terrible example.

Above and below Gangway Members popped up desiring to put further questions. Too much even for patience of Speaker. Suggested matter had better be raised upon debate.

"Why, cert'nly," said Joynson-Hicks.

Accordingly, when at eleven o'clock debate on Address automatically stood adjourned, and Members were anxious to get home, the Jocund Joynson turned up, and we had it all over again for space of half-an-hour.



Lord Robert Cecil is "perturbed."

Business done.—Ormsby-Gore moved amendment expressing regret that, in spite of all they had heard to its detriment in Lords and Commons, Government intend to proceed with Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. On division amendment negatived by 279 votes against 217. Reduction of normal Ministerial majority hailed with delight on Opposition benches.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"What's this?" Sark asked, looking in at half-past four and finding House crowded with throng of strangers blocking approaches. Is it the Land or the Church?"

"Neither," said Marchamley; "it's Marconi."

"Ah," said Sark, as if that explained everything.

On paper stood motion in name of Ampthill for appointment of Select Committee to enquire into relation of Lord Murray with Marconi business. The name, more blessed than Mesopotamia, stirred glad Opposition to profoundest depths. Thought it over and done with; and here it was again, blooming like the aloe, though after briefer interval. Excitement broke through ordinarily ice-bound calm of the House.

Opposition benches crowded to fullest capacity. Privy Councillors and sons of Peers jostled each other on steps of Throne. Peeresses flocked down by the score. Curious effect of latest fashion in headgear displayed in side galleries. Nearly every bonnet—or were they hats?—was loftily plumed with black feathers, ominously familiar on hearses. It seemed as if the ladies had come to bury Cæsar (of Elibank), not to praise or even condemn him.

Murray, arriving early, passed the Front Bench, where as ex-Minister he had a right to sit. Found a place immediately behind in friendly contiguity to former colleagues, Lord Crewe and Lord Morley. On stroke of half-past four he rose and, producing sheaf of manuscript, began to read. In low voice, with slow intonation, he turned over page after page, each scored with acknowledgment of contrition and regret for mistakes made. He pleaded that "my error, such as it was, was an error of judgment, not of intention." As to purchase of American Marconi shares on behalf of the Liberal Party, "I have," he said, "myself assumed the burden by taking over these shares at the price paid for them at the date of purchase, and, as the House will appreciate, at very considerable personal loss."

Throughout ten minutes he was on his legs Murray, in unconscious sympathy with the hearse plumes that nodded over him from the side gallery at his back, spoke in funereal note. In the Commons so frank a confession, so ample an apology, would have been accepted with burst of general cheering. Shrewd Members know that an assured method of gaining temporary popularity is to commit a breach of order and take early opportunity of withdrawing anything offensive that may have been said, apologising for anything unseemly that may have been done. When, for

example, RONALD M'NEILL apologised for having chucked at the head of the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY a book containing rules for preservation of order in debate, he was almost rapturously cheered.

Chilliness of the graveyard froze round MURRAY as he read carefully prepared statement. When he sat down, faint murmur of applause rose from scanty muster on Liberal side. No sound, whether of approval or disapproval, broke the stillness of the serried benches opposite.

Effect contagious. LANSDOWNE almost inaudible. CREWE quite so. Strangers at back of gallery, hearing no voice and seeing the Noble Lord standing at the table nervously wringing his hands and twiddling his fingers, thought he was conversing with the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

AMPTHILL above these evidences of human weakness. LANSDOWNE in characteristically chivalrous manner suggested that motion for Committee should be withdrawn, affording opportunity to Noble Lords to consider MURRAY's statement and the best course to be taken upon it. AMPTHILL not allured by such considerations. As he shrewdly remarked, if he consented to withdraw his motion it could not be revived. All he would consent to was not to insist upon proceeding with business at to-day's sitting. Stipulated that his opportunity should not be hampered by "unavoidable delay."

On this understanding House adjourned, hearse plumes in side galleries for lordly nodding themselves out.

Business done.—LLOYD GEORGE at bay in the Commons. His famous Budget attacked afresh on motion of Amendment to Address. ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA personally mentioned in course of debate. Amendment negatived by 301 votes against 213.

Thursday.—Upon inquiry and reflection LANSDOWNE discovered that in matter of proposed Marconi Committee AMPTHILL is in fuller accord with opinion of majority on his side of House than himself. Accordingly, adopts AMPTHILL's motion and moves it. CREWE offering no opposition, Committee appointed without division.

In Commons, just after 11 o'clock, news came of defeat of MASTERMAN in Bethnal Green. Turns out there was more in WORTHINGTON EVANS's assumption of "the inky cloak, good mother" than on Monday met the eye. Boisterous scene of exultation in Unionist camp, jubilant cries of "Resign, Resign."

"Resign!" growled SARK. "Why should WILSON resign a seat just won? It is true it was in a three-cornered fight, and by a majority of twenty-four he represents minority of electors. But the seat is his, and of course he'll keep it."



THE MAN FROM BOGOTA.
Lord MURRAY OF ELIBANK (talking); Lord MORLEY BLACKBURN (thinking).

Curious how obtuse SARK can be upon occasion.

Business done.—Debate on Address agreed to in Commons. Forthwith set to on Estimates. Work cut out till 31st March. After that Home Rule and the Deluge.

"ON SHROVE TUESDAY, FEB. 24,
COOK'S FAST DAY EXCURSIONS TO BIRMINGHAM."
Midland Railway Leaflet.

The rest of us take our first "fast day," as usual, on Ash Wednesday.

THE CANAL.

[*An attempt to express in futuristic "verse" the emotions aroused by a futuristic painting bearing the above title.*]

MUD, sedimentary, coffee-colour,
And here a wedge, a sharp, keen,
thrustful triangularity,
And squares that writhe in painful
green,
Calling, clamouring—O venerable
shade of EUCLID.
Back in the ages, dusty,
maculated,
Across the slate-hued fogs of
time,
Behold them!—oblongs of
sliding water
And cubed banks,
Bridges and barges, blatantly,
wonderfully, inconceivably angular,
Calling, clamouring—canal,
canal, canal!
Out on the sea, restive and
sloppy,
A waste of salinity,
So they aver,
There are ships with masts,
sails, halyards,
Spankers, booms and things;
There are lobsters and jelly-
fish—not here.
Nothing here but illimitable
mysteries,
Baffling unknowledgeable-
ness,
Fathomless, fainting from
square to square,
Oblongs and nosey triangles,
ever so nosey,
Shapes rhomboidal, per-
chance rhombohedral—
who knows?
Puce and mustard-tinted—
delicate,
Oh, most delicate the mus-
tard!—
And russet, cadaverous pink,
They mingle, compaginate,
And their voices mingle,
They call me out of the frame,
They call,
Thinly and crazily,
Canal, canal, canal—slimy, crawly-
crawly water!

"LITERARY.

FREE.—Our 160-page book, 'Hints for Home Decorators,' will be sent free on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Full instructions on painting, staining, graining, varnishing, enamelling, stencilling, gilding, colour-washing, how to mix paints, colours, inks, dyes, and scores of valuable recipes."
Daily Citizen.

Now we know where our novelists get their local colour.



Rector (thanking all who have contributed to the success of the bazaar). "AND AS FOR LADY BLANK, I SHOULD NOT LIKE TO TELL YOU WHAT *SHE* HAS DONE."

THE DEADLY BUTTON.

We do not know whether the following incident occurred at Signor Ben Trovato's famous restaurant on Fifth Avenue or not, but feel impelled, at any rate, to quote it as a warning, on the authority of *The Globe* of February 19th, and *The New York American*:—

"Giving a well-satisfied sigh after dinner a Pittsburg man burst a button off his waistcoat. It split in two. One half hit another man, with whom he was dining, in the eye. As a result his *vis-à-vis* may lose the sight of his eye. The other half struck the convive in the cheek, cutting the flesh."

This new and hitherto unsuspected possibility in ballistics must be rightly directed and also guarded against. There will be danger from the opposite side of the table at City dinners at about the tenth course and onwards, unless the wary guest can screen himself from the Corporation behind a laager of fruit-dishes and substantial ornaments.

If two gourmets fall out over the respective merits of their favourite *entremets*, the remedy is now easy. There is the duel by button. Each of the principals, seconded by his particular waiter, after carefully taking his opponent's range and bearings, will suspire and hit him in the eye. The more replete combatant, having the greater equatorial velocity, will probably win, but the tailor can do a good deal towards securing a flat trajectory and freedom from swerve.

At Christmas dinners, Tommy, when adequately charged, can challenge a rival amateur of plum-pudding to a rally over the dessert, instead of expending his horse-power over crackers. A little training, of course, would be needed to secure a combine fusillade.

It is only right to add that evening-dress waistcoats are henceforward to come under those sections of the Geneva Convention which relate to missiles and explosives. No soft-nosed buttons, or studs which are liable to "bunch," are to be allowed. A special regulation further requires that persons more than fifty inches in circumference, and fire-eaters who have already marked their man, shall dine by themselves, or at any rate only at a high table where there is no *vis-à-vis*. And page-boys are to be compelled to use hooks-and-eyes, unless they are engaged for a wedding or funeral salvo.

Zig-Zag.

The Plural Voter.

"At the Wilmot-street Schools . . . the credit of being first fell to a well-known resident—a stone-mason by craft. . . . There was no mistaking the colour of his political opinions. He voted for Major Sir Mathew Wilson."—*Evening News.*

"'I am going to be the first man in England who ever voted at 7 a.m.,' said an enthusiastic workman at the Wilmot-street Station as he fell in with the opening of the front door. He voted for Masterman."—*Star.*

A message recently sent to a New Zealand chemist:—

"Please give the little girl a plaster for a man that a piece of wood blew off a shed and hit him in the rib."

"Bay Gelding, 5 years, 16 h.p., up to 13 stone; hunted up to date; good performer and temperate; quiet with road nuisances; 90 gs."

Thirty guineas for a 16 horse-power horse is absurd.

AT THE PLAY.

"HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND."

THERE is great entertainment at the Vaudeville for the admirers of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, among whom I propose to count myself whenever, as so rarely happens, he takes an evening off from his tyrannical methods—seldom very edifying when a woman is the victim. As the gentleman says in one of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES's books, *Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il ne faut pas brutaliser la machine.*" Here it is true that Mr. MCKINNEL started out on his familiar courses, but he soon found that he had to do with his match; that *Helen's* hand was always a little higher than his own. And, even when we saw him at his most dogmatic, the fact that the question of sex, in its physical aspects, did not enter into their relations—he was only her step-great-uncle — saved us from a great deal of uneasiness. In all his moods, whether of blustering self-assertion or reluctant surrender, of canny craft or protesting generosity, Mr. MCKINNEL was equally admirable.

The local atmosphere of the Five Towns was established with less delay over detail than is customary in this kind. There was a lot of tea-drinking, I admit, but no doubt this beverage plays a strong part in the social life of the Potteries. There was also much handling of domestic provisions — streaky bacon, cheese, and so forth — but all this was proper enough in a play that largely turned upon the changes in an old celibate's *ménage*. But in the main it was a comedy of character, a struggle between youth and crabbed age, in which the younger will and the quicker wit prevailed. As we first see him, *James Ollerenshaw* is a crusty, browbeating, misogynist, hoarding his wealth, content with a mean habit of life, and convinced that nobody can get the better of him. As we see him at the end he is a tamed man, dependent on female protection against the wiles of a designing widow, and established, at great cost, with his niece in the noble and ancient mansion of her desire. There were subsidiary love-episodes, of course, but these, though novel in some particulars, were relatively perfunctory. The character of *James Ollerenshaw* was the real matter of resistance.

Miss NANCY PRICE's *Helen* was a very probable performance. For myself I found her a little too minx-eyed for my taste, but no doubt this was part of the right Pottery touch. Minor characters were all brightly played, Miss MIÈLE MAUND being particularly happy as a garrulous young girl in the first flush of an engagement, who subsequently throws over her violent *fiancé* on the ground that "she could never marry a man who pushes people into lakes." Even the *vieux jeu* of the designing widow took on a certain freshness in the robust hands of Miss ROSINA FILIPPI.



THE HIGH HAND.

Helen Rathbone .. Miss NANCY PRICE.
James Ollerenshaw Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

I am in the fortunate position of having yet to read Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's novel, from which Mr. PRYCE's comedy has been adapted, and am therefore free to treat the play itself on what I take to be its merits. It may be that the adapter assumed in us a little previous knowledge of the history of *Helen's* love affair, or that at least there was an obscurity about her past that wanted clearing up by retrospective illumination; but that is my only possible criticism; and I heartily congratulate the Vaudeville management on having at last discovered a play that promises to reward their enterprise.



MODES FROM "THE POTTERIES."

What Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's ladies wear to-day Vienna wears to-morrow
Lilian Swetnam Miss MIÈLE MAUND.

Not suspecting that there would be a change of hours after the second night, I arrived on the third night punctually at 8, to find that the performance was announced to begin at 8.30. Punctually at that hour I returned, to find that it did not commence till 9; that in the meantime I was to assist at a song-and-talk recital of which no threat had been published. My quarrel is not with Mr. FREDERIC NORTON who did it, though his clever entertainment began with some songs about fishes and things that might have warmed a Penny Readings' audience but left me bitterly cold. My complaint is of a wasted hour and a bolted dinner. I mention it only to prove that, whatever the provocation he has suffered, a Dramatic Critic is incapable of prejudice.

O. S.

Another Impending Apology.

"ALBANIA'S NEW RULER
HOW PRINCE WILLIAM WILL ENTER HIS KINGDOM. ꓒOOꓝ"
Westminster Gazette.

Looping the loop on all fours?

"Shooting on the river Dee, in Kirkcudbrightshire, Colonel Kennaway, Greenlaw, shot a fine specimen of the male gadwall, a comparatively rare visitor."—*Glasgow Herald.*

Col. KENNAWAY (*to deceased male gadwall*). "That 'll teach you to be so beastly rare."

"The Wigan County Licensing Sessions were held yesterday. Superintendent Kelly stated that fifty-four persons had been proceeded against for drunkenness, an increase of 124 over last year."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Superintendent KELLY should join the Government.

"A recital was given yesterday afternoon by Dr. Walter Alcock, who bears the title of organist and composer to His Majesty's Chapels Royal, and assistant organist of Westminster Abbey, and happens to be also an organist of exceptional attainments."
Yorkshire Post.

The luck of Royalty is proverbial.

"WELSH PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.
Milward, after compiling a break of 73, failed at a very easy shot, otherwise the contribution might have been higher."
Sportsman.

It would seem certain, but—you never can tell with these wily Welshmen.



Wealthy Visitor. "YOU 'ARD UP! WOT DO YOU DO TO MAKE YOU 'ARD UP? I NEVER 'EAR OF YOU GETTIN' A CAR FOR £2,000 AS *I*'VE JUST DONE, OR BUYIN' YOUR WIFE £3,000 WORTH O' JOOLERY AS *I* DID LAST WEEK, OR SENDIN' YOUR BOY A 'UNDED POUNDS-WORTH O' MECHANICAL TOYS AS *I* 'AVE THIS MORNIN'. YOU'VE 'AD BREAD AND CHEESE AND *I*'VE STOOD SIX JOLLY FELLERS A CHAMPAGNE LUNCH. 'OW CAN *YOU* BE 'ARD UP?"

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

["I think moods and colours are related to one another. For instance, you have to feel very happy and well to enjoy rose-pink." *Miss GLADYS COOPER.*]

DEAR, did the afternoon seem dull and dreary?
Sweet, did you murmur as the tears fell thick—
"My true love cometh not and I am weary;
This is a dirty trick"?

Hear my excuse. With laudable precision
I reached our rendezvous full early, but
When you appeared in view, a rose-pink vision,
I really had to cut.

For oh! your costume made me apprehensive;
That colour-scheme which caused my eyes to blink
Proved you in joyous vein, while I was pensive
And in no mood for pink.

I wanted converse with the gentle lily
And not the rose with all its flaunting show,
Someone to stroke my hand and call me "Willie"
In accents soft and low.

If we had met, your gaiety had grieved me;
There had been bitter back-chat to and fro;
And so I stole away ere you perceived me;
Dear, it was better so.

For all Tastes.

"Number of births on the 28th instant 16; number of rats trapped on the 29th instant 273."—*The Said Gazette.*

THE EXPERT IN EXCELSIS.

THE invitation to Mr. ARTHUR BROCK, the well-known pyrotechnist, to express his opinion of STRAVINSKY's orchestral fantasia, "Fireworks," on the occasion of its second performance at Queen's Hall on the 28th inst., has, we are delighted to learn, been fruitful of a series of similar invitations, not only in the sphere of music but also in the domain of art and letters.

Thus we understand that the place of the ordinary musical critic of *The Times* will be taken at the next performance of *Parsifal* by Mr. WATERER, the great floricultural expert, and Mr. DEVANT, the eminent conjurer, with a view to their contributing their impressions of the flower maidens and the methods of the magician *Klingsor* respectively.

Similarly, on the occasion of the next representation of WAGNER's *Flying Dutchman* at Covent Garden, a signed criticism by the Chief Locomotive Superintendent of the Great Western Railway will appear in the pages of our contemporary.

The practice, which it is hoped will lend additional brightness to the vivacious criticisms of *The Times*, is not to be confined to Opera. The ASTRONOMER-ROYAL will be asked to record his impressions of BEETHOVEN's "Moonlight" Sonata, and the officials of our leading lightships will be asked to report upon PARRY's "Blest Pair of Sirens."

The application of the new method to literature promises to be equally interesting. It is an open secret that Messrs. GUNTER have been permanently retained by *The Pastry-cook's Gazette* to review all books dealing with the Glacial Epoch, Ice-action and Arctic Exploration.

A CHARACTER.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Under the title of "A Bygone" you recently published the tale of a certain estimable butler and his one lapse, during many years' service, into alcoholism. This reminds me of the shorter and sharper history of our own James, who came to our Northern home on a Monday afternoon and left upon the following morning.

For his chief characteristics he referred us, on application, to the opinion of a (Mrs.) Elizabeth Brown, of "The Cottage," Bamston, near Maidstone, Kent, who, he said, knew more about him than anybody else, and would take him back into her service later if need and opportunity arose. This opinion described him briefly but emphatically as honest, sober and willing. By way of the usual caution we wrote to this good lady direct and asked her to be so kind as to elaborate her views to us in confidence. In reply she wrote that James had been with her for eleven years on and off, had left her only because she was leaving "The Cottage," would be welcomed back by her when she settled down again, and meanwhile was very honest, very sober and very willing. There was that about the handwriting and style of this letter which made us feel that the writer might not be one of the old *noblesse*, but was, at any rate, a kindly, sensible and acute old body, who knew now and always what she was talking about. Moreover it indicated, but did not actually state, that the man had come to be regarded in the writer's household with feelings more friendly than those usually found between employer and employé: always, we thought, a strong recommendation of an old servant. On the strength of this correspondence we decided to give him a trial at least.

There was nothing peculiar about his appearance, except the suggestion of a secret sorrow, which was no business of ours. His willingness was at once apparent: our house being full for a hunt ball there was plenty of work for him to do, but even so he found time between tea and dinner to put in a preliminary polish of the silver, which, he told us, was his chief joy in life, or rather one of them. Moreover he refused to go to bed until our return from the ball, timed not to be earlier than 4 A.M., and insisted that he would sit up for us.

We drove off after dinner without a qualm; for, though my wife declares that she detected a suspicious smell of spirits as he put the carriage rug over her, unhappily she did not think to mention this till the next day. When we got back in the small hours we found that, in accordance with his promise, he had indeed not gone to bed. There he was unmistakably in the hall. But he wasn't sitting up. . . . No. . . . Rather, he was lying down, back uppermost. . . . So much for his sobriety.

We resolved to show no mercy. Having promised to drive Captain Merriman, one of our guests, to the station to catch the early train to London, I was myself up betimes to see the sinful James also off the premises. His sorrow, no longer secret, was very manifest; it was a cold wet morning; it required some strength of mind to cast the fellow adrift and leave him to find his own way, with bag and baggage, to oblivion. But I did it.

One does not leave much margin of time on these occasions, and it was not long afterwards that we followed in the dog-cart; nor had we got far on our road before we espied the back of James ahead of us—one of the saddest backs I have ever seen. He had still four miles to go to the station; his bag was obviously not light; he looked as if he would not get four more yards without collapsing; no doubt he had had an exhaustive night; finally, even that stern disciplinarian, Merriman, took pity. So, "Jump up behind, you old blackguard," I called to him as I drew up alongside, and up he climbed, clinging to his seedy bag and protesting that this was very much more than he deserved.

As to his honesty you, Sir, must judge. The police doubted it from the start, and their experience led them to be sure that the reference was forged, that there was no "Cottage" and no Elizabeth Brown. No doubt he had managed to get our letter delivered to him and had forged an answer to that. On all points they were wrong and James was correct. There was "The Cottage" all right, very much a cottage; it had been vacated by the tenant, not voluntarily (who ever said it had?) but by reason of arrears of six weeks' rent, at 5*s.* 6*d.* per week. The tenant's name was truly Elizabeth Brown, though she was more commonly known as Old Bess, and she was the one person to know all about our James, being his wife. And we've no reason to doubt that she has taken him back into her service and was very glad to do it too.

In short, I cannot claim that James lied to us in any particular. So much for his honesty. As far as dishonesty was involved in the matter of the bag, I am not in a position to complain of that, seeing that it was by my agency alone that that bag got to the station, and it was at my expense that our local porter deposited, *inter alia*, my wife's much valued Georgian tea service and spoons in the London train, just about the time that the theft of them was being discovered at home. Under the guilty circumstances I prefer to remain

Your anonymous
Correspondent.

TO MINKI-POO

(Shutting one eye).

I watch you, while the firelight glare
Strews flick'ring fancies round the hall,
Replete with what exotic fare
No watcher by The Wall
Had ever thought to line himself withal.

And, as I mark the locks that weave
A curtain for your eyes of flame,
I sometimes think if you'd a sleeve
To help you in the game,
You'd find a laugh or two to fill the same.

For She in whose eyes there springs
Ruth for the lowliest and the least
Proclaims you heir of countless kings,
An emblem from the East
Of inward beauty in the outward beast.

She says you miss the sidewise roll
Of palanquins in Something-Chang,
Or sigh for little bells that toll
Beside the Si-kiang,
And dream-dogs of your old Celestial gang.

For me, I think that tiny heart
Bears no such Oriental load;
Your dreams concern no Pekoe mart
Nor mandarin's abode,
But some dim purlieu of the Edgware Road.

Well, young pretender, have your fling!
Though Fate forbade you to adorn
The pompous pedigree of Ming,
No particle of scorn
Shall ever fall upon the Briton born!

"It was contended that the captain had been placed in circumstances of exceptional difficulty. The solicitor for the Board of Trade said that between six and seven hundred pilgrims from Mecca swarmed on to the ship at Beyreuth to return to Morocco."
Westminster Gazette.

Another result of the expiry of the Wagner copyrights?

"She went out rather quickly by the door, but none of them laughed."—*From "The Cheerful Christian," by* David Lyall, *in "The British Weekly."*

She must try the window next time, and then, if they still won't laugh, the chimney.



First Irate Gentleman. "WHEN I 'ITS A MAN, 'E REMEMBERS IT."
Second Irate Gentleman. "WELL, WHEN I 'ITS ONE, 'E DON'T.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Golden Barrier (METHUEN) was an affair of sovereigns, and the way of it was this. *Magdalen Tempest*, the heroine, had been left by her late father the mistress of many fine houses, and stacks and stacks of money. She had inherited also a disagreeable but honest butler, an aunt who was even more disagreeable but not honest, and an agent who was—well, who was the hero of the book. She had further gathered to herself a crowd of hangers-on more or less artistic, and all given to requiring small temporary loans. One of them, however, was a professed social reformer, a bold bad man of doubtful extraction, who was leagued with the aunt in a plan to marry *Magdalen* to himself and secure control of the cash. So *Magdalen* gave a Venetian Carnival in her great house, and it came on to thunder, and she found herself alone in a gondola with the painter (favourite hanger-on), who attempted, too vigorously, to improve the shining hour, and it was all rather awkward, when—romantically opportune arrival of the hero (name of *Denvers*), who flung the painter into the lake, clasped the heroine in his manly arms, married her and lived happy—— No. That is where you are too hasty. There remained still the Golden Barrier. For, after an interlude of bliss, back came the intriguing aunt, the social reformer and all the crowd (save the submerged artist) and began to accuse *Denvers* of living on his wife's cheque-book. How it ends you must find out. If you object that there is very little in all this to suggest the spirit of fine romance which you have learnt to associate with the names of AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, I can only say that (while my rough synopsis does no justice to some pleasant characterization) I myself greatly prefer these two writers in their earlier and brocaded mood.

It seems to me that Mr. FRANCIS BRETT-YOUNG has done quite a distinguished piece of work in *Deep Sea* (SECKER). I have not cared to miss a paragraph of it and have certainly carried away an unusually vivid memory of that unnamed West-country fishing-town which he has so cleverly peopled with his creatures—with poor, simple, introspective *Jeffry Kenar*, fisherman that was, looking at life through the oddly refracting medium of his window of old glass, and all but seeing visions; comely, bitter *Nesta*, his wife; simple, loyal *Reuben*, *Jeffrey's* friend, whose rejection of *Nesta Kenar's* overmastering passion turns her love to hate; *Reuben's* gentle wife, *Ruth*; and that sleek mortgagee, *Silley*, for whom men like *Reuben* toil that he may grow fat, nominally owning their vessels, actually in heavy bondage to their shrewd exacting masters. There are dark and deep waters of passion swirling in and out of these simple lives, and the author, whose method is broadly impressionist rather than meticulously realistic, contrives cleverly to suggest that what he imagines has in fact been closely observed. He can make and tell a story and he can marshal words with a certain magic. The tragedy ends peacefully with the resolution of the too bitter discord of *Nesta's* hate in love of the child of the man she had wrongfully and vainly desired. A book to be read.

Amongst the makers of what might be called, without in this case any disparagement, the commercial short story, I think I should place Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE as easily my favourite. The comfortable anticipation that is always mine on observing his name on the contents page of a popular magazine has been renewed by the sight of it attached to a collection of tales in volume form and called, after the first of them, *The Man Upstairs* (METHUEN). You must not expect a detailed criticism. All I can promise you is that, if you are a Wodehouseite, you will find here the author at his delightful best. He is winged and doth range. The heroes of these tales include (I quote from the cover) "a barber, a gardener, a play-writer, a tramp, a waiter, a golfer, a stockbroker, a butler, a bank clerk, an assistant master at a private school, a Peer's son and a Knight of the Round Table." So there you are; and, if you don't see what you want in the window, you must be hard to please. Personally, I fancy I would give my vote for the play-writing stories. "*Experientia*," as *Mrs. Micawber's* late father used to observe, "*does it*"; and here I have the feeling that the author is upon tried ground. But not one of the collection will bore you; there is about them all too nice a deftness, too happy a gift of phrase. I am told by the publishers that the American public fully shares my approval of this engaging craftsman. It shows their sense. But, if there is any threat of removing Mr. WODEHOUSE permanently to the other side of the Atlantic, where already he goes far too much, my guinea shall head any public subscription to retain him.



Punctilious Burglar. "SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, GUV'NOR, BUT WOULD YOU MIND LETTING ME HAVE THE THRIPPENCE FOR YOUR SHARE OF THE INSURANCE STAMP? THIS IS THE FIRST JOB I 'VE HAD THIS WEEK."

In an extremely able but peculiarly unpleasant book, *The Questing Beast* (SECKER), I think that Miss IVY LOW makes two serious mistakes. "Tell her," writes the heroine to a friend after the first of two irregular love affairs, "that I thought, 'I am not that kind of girl,' and tell her that there is no 'sort of girl,' and that life is a sea and human beings must catch hold of life-buoys to keep them afloat." To this it may be answered, however, that there *is* "that kind of girl," and that *Rachel Cohen was* "that kind of girl," and that it is a kind which deliberately rejects life-buoys when flung out to them. The second mistake, as it seems to me, in a novel which is in many ways a very clever piece of realism, is a strong feminist or, at any rate, anti-masculine bias. Against the cunning dissection of the character of *Charles Giddey*, a worthless and conceited egotist, I have no complaint to make. It is one of the best things of its kind that I have read for a long time. But it seems unlikely, to say the least, that the heroine, after being deserted by the man she really loves, should, considering her very erotic and unprincipled temperament, find complete happiness in the publication of a successful novel and in devotion to her child. I feel that on a nature like that of *Rachel Cohen* even Royalties and Press notices would eventually pall. And in pausing I may remark that the beast *Glatisant* cuts a very episodic and unsatisfactory figure in the *Morte D'Arthur*. Pursued for a short while by *Sir Palamides* in his Paynim days, it scarcely comes into the cognisance of KING ARTHUR'S Court and the Table Round. And I fancy that the circulating libraries will feel the same about "*The Questing Beast.*"

I do not think that I can recall any novel that makes such insistent demands upon the weather as does Miss JOAN SUTHERLAND'S *Cophetua's Son* (MILLS AND BOON). The sun, the rain, the wind, the snow—these are from the first page to the last at their intensest, wildest, brightest, most furious, and as I closed the book and looked out upon a day of monotonous drizzle I thanked Heaven for the English climate. But I imagine that Miss SUTHERLAND was aware that nothing but the most vigorous of climatic conditions would afford a true background for her hero's tempestuous soul. *Lucien de Guise* was unfortunate enough to be the son of a flower-girl, and I had no idea, until Miss SUTHERLAND made it plain to me, how terrible his friends and the members of the smartest of London's clubs—"Will's, a place of great historic interest and brilliant reputation, developing gradually into one of the most exclusive clubs in London, and very strictly limited in numbers"—held so ignominious an origin. There is a scene in Will's where *Colonel Maclean*, "a handsome man and a famous soldier," expels *M. de Guise* "with a perceptible degree of asperity" in his voice—a scene that does the greatest credit to Miss SUTHERLAND'S imagination. Indeed, I am afraid that Miss SUTHERLAND'S ambition to write a really dramatic story has driven her into incredibilities of atmosphere, of incident, and of character. *M. de Guise*, with his flashing, gleaming eyes, his love of liqueurs, his passion for smashing the most priceless of Nankin vases whenever he sees them, is, surveyed under these grey English skies, an unreal figure, and his world, I am afraid, too brightly coloured to be convincing.

"RULER wanted for Ireland (N.S.); good wages, permanency to competent; reliable man.—Full particulars to Box 167, Daily News, Manchester."—*Daily News.*

Don't reply to it, Mr. REDMOND. It is not in your line. It is a printer's advertisement, merely.

"The accident caused great excitement in the neighbourhood. A large crowd quickly gathered, and several medical men were hurried to the spot."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Those well-known surgeons, *Mr. Robert Sawyer* and *Mr. Benjamin Allen*, enjoyed it most.

"A new French revue, entitled 'C'est Bon' (literally, 'It's Topholo') is to be produced on Monday week."—*Evening News.*

Or, more roughly, "That 's good."

In a catalogue of characters assumed at a Mayoral Fancy Dress Ball we are informed by *The Birmingham Daily Mail* that Professor and Mrs. SONNENSCHEIN figured as "Socrates and Christian Thippe." Poor old pagan XANTHIPPE! SOCRATES is well avenged.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to *The Globe* Mr. YEO, in returning thanks after the Poplar election, shouted to a female interrupter, "Shut up, you silly cat, shut up!" To this, we understand, the cat retorted generously, "My-Yeo!"

* * *

The GABY DESLYS' tradition? Miss LOTTIE VENNE is appearing at the Criterion in a *Pair of Silk Stockings*, and Miss MARY MOORE is touring the provinces in *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*.

* * *

The KAISER has forbidden the production at Herr REINHARDT'S Deutches Theater of a play called *Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia*, on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian Royal Family. We ourselves should never have dared to hint that this fact renders the play unfit for the public.

Cheery notice on the window of an insurance office in New Broad Street, E.C.:

"GUARANTEES,
SICKNESS
COMBINED
WITH ACCIDENT."

* * *

Dr. DURHAM lectured last week on Explosives as an aid to Gardening; but many persons think that the quiet man who does not lose his temper gets better results.

* * *

Burglars, last week, broke into a synagogue at Newcastle-on-Tyne and removed practically all the articles of value, including a silver cup and a pointer. Surprise is expressed in some quarters that the pointer should not have given the alarm by barking.

* * *

Living artists sometimes complain that it is only the Old Masters who are appreciated nowadays. Authors would seem to be more fortunate. Take the following paragraph from *The Bedford Express:*—"On Sunday the well-known elocutionist, Mr. FREDERICK DUXBURY, visited Stevenage. He preached morning and evening at the Wesleyan Church, and in the afternoon he gave a sacred recital. His principal item on Sunday afternoon was Coulson Kernahan's 'God and the Ant,' but he included one or two lesser pieces, including a chapter from the book of Job."

It was stated last week in the Marylebone Police Court that there is a gang of thieves in London who do not hesitate to steal motor-cars whenever they find them unattended in the street. These scoundrels are crafty enough not to pick up the cars and put them under their arm, for they realise that this might attract attention, but they just jump in and drive off.

* * *

We are glad to note a renewed outcry against the unearthly noises made by many motor-car hooters. If they must run over us, the least they can do is to let us die in peace.

* * *

It seems a pity that so little is done to encourage the growing love of art among the criminal classes. The Italian gentleman who guarded "La Gioconda" so carefully has not been so much as thanked for his pains, and now it is stated that six persons have been arrested in Paris and Brussels for removing art objects from the admittedly unsafe custody of museums.

* * *

Stout residents of Cornforth, Durham, having protested against the narrowness of some of the gateways on the local paths, the parish council has decided to widen them. It was found that this would be more economical than to send these citizens to Marienbad to have their bulk reduced.

* * *

Publishers are continually making finds, and Messrs. DUCKWORTH AND CO. have been peculiarly fortunate. In their current list they announce the publication of "Lost Diaries" and "The Lost Road."



Dad (who has brought his son to the links for the first time). "IS IT A GOOD LIE, HAROLD?"
Harold (unconsciously ranking himself with the Great). "FATHER, I CANNOT TELL A GOOD LIE."

"SALE OF VOTES BY WOMEN.
INCIDENTS IN A CHICAGO ELECTION."
Daily Express.

By a curious coincidence we have seen ladies selling *Votes for Women* in the streets of London.

Yet another example of the industry of the foreigner. A pamphlet issued by the Lincolnshire Chick Farm informs us that "On the Cyphers' Co. Poultry Plant, one flock of 400 White Leghorns shows an average of 185·2 eggs per bird in 36·5 days." This, we need scarcely tell our readers, works out at 5·06849315 eggs per bird per day.

Another Episcopal Scandal.

"KING AND NEW BISHOPS.
The King received at Buckingham Palace to-day the new Bishops of Chelmsford and St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. The Home Secretary administered the oath.
FOUND TO BE INSANE.
Judgment was reserved."
Westminster Gazette.

"Much the largest of all the woodpeckers in this country is the great black woodpecker (*Picus martius*). This is a very rare species, occurring only in the wilds of the wooded mountain areas. It is about 18 miles in length."
Pekin and Tientsin Times.

As the crow flies.

England's far-reaching Influence.

"RESULT OF THE
POPLAR ELECTION.
NO FOREIGNER SAFE IN MEXICO."
"Yorkshire Observer" Placard.

"SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY'S POSER STARTLES AUDIENCE.
Special Cable to the New York Times and Montreal Gazette.
London, February 4.—Sir William Ramsay raised the question whether the unfit should be left to die at the annual dinner of the Institute of Sanitary Engineers to-night."
The Gazette (Montreal).

There would, of course, be no difficulty about the "funeral baked meats."

IN MEMORIAM.

John Tenniel.

BORN 1820. DIED FEBRUARY 25th, 1914.

Now he whose gallant heart so lightly bore
So long the burden of the years' increase
Passes at length toward the silent shore,
From peace to deeper peace.

And we, his honoured comrades, by whose side
His haunting spirit keeps its ancient spell,
We bring our tribute, woven of love and pride,
And say a last farewell.

Yet not farewell; because eternal youth
Still crowns the craftsmanship where hand and eye
Saw and interpreted the soul of Truth,
Letting the rest go by.

Thus for his pictured pageant, gay or grave,
He seized and fixed the moving hour's event,
Maker of history by the life he gave
To fact with fancy blent.

So lives the Artist in the work he wrought;
Yet Nature dowered the Man with gifts more dear—
A chivalrous true knight in deed and thought,
Without reproach or fear. O. S.

THE PERFECT CONDUCTOR.

"GOOD MORNING, Sir," he said, as I boarded a leviathan one day last week. "What a beautiful morning, isn't it? What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" He deftly pulled half-a-dozen tickets from his stock and permitted me to inspect them.

"Fresh in this morning, Sir," he continued. "White, one penny; a great many people prefer them because they go well with any colour. For the blue ones we are asking twopence; they have only the same amount of information but take you twice as far. Sweet shade, isn't it?" He stepped back and held one up to the light for my benefit.

"Well, I really only wanted a pennyworth, but I *must* have one of the blue ones—they *are* attractive, as you say. I shall keep it in memory of you."

"Very good of you, Sir. You won't mind my making a little hole in it? A mere matter of form; and the bell, which rings to announce the conclusion of the operation, is, as you will notice, quite musical. A sovereign? I shall be delighted to change it for you." He gave me the correct change, bowed, and turned to answer a lady passenger.

"Have we passed Sloane Street?" she had enquired.

"We passed it at least five minutes ago, madam. Were you wishing to alight there?"

"I was," replied the lady; "but don't trouble—I can walk back."

He was horrified at the thought.

"Certainly not, my dear madam," he protested. Turning to the little ventilator-window by which he could communicate with the driver, he rapped. "William," he called, "a lady here desired to get down at Sloane Street. Do you mind . . .?"

"Charles," responded the driver, stopping the 'bus, "you know our one ambition is to please the passengers who so trustfully commit themselves to our charge. Mingle my regrets with yours, as representing the Company, that we should have omitted clearly to intimate when we were in the vicinity of Sloane Street. We will lose no time in correcting the error."

"William," said Charles, "it is only what I should have expected of you. It is the least we can do." William turned the 'bus carefully and ran quickly back, to the admiration of the other passengers, who murmured unanimous approval of such graceful courtesy.

"This," announced Charles, as we pulled up after a while, having recovered the lost ground, "is South Kensington Station. We stay here one full minute for the advantage of any person who wishes to visit the neighbourhood; after which we shall proceed, if all goes well, to Putney, taking with us perchance those who have business in that direction."

I prepared to alight, and Charles shook my hand warmly.

"Speaking for William and myself, Sir, representing the Company," he said with emotion, "we are indeed sorry to lose you. It would have given us both great pleasure could your presence have graced the remainder of the journey. Still, doubtless your private affairs compel you to sever this so charming acquaintanceship, and on some future occasion I trust we may again meet?"

"I trust so, Charles," I answered. "Farewell."

"*Au revoir*," said Charles, waving a hand. Sorrowfully I left him, hearing as I departed his dulcet tones addressing the passers-by: "If anyone would care to step on, we are going to . . ."

MANNERS FOR PARENTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Instead of writing all this nonsense about the behaviour of boys at school, why doesn't someone write about the behaviour of parents at school—at their son's school, I mean? That is a subject which really requires ventilation, for the behaviour of most parents at school is *positively mouldy*.

Of course it's very nice for your people to come down and see you and all that, but there's a good deal of anxiety about it which might easily be avoided, and I have therefore written out a few simple RULES FOR PARENTS AT SCHOOL which I hope you will publish.

(I.) Do not greet your son upon your arrival with "Well, boysie," or some such rotten expression as that. It's the sort of thing that it may take him years to live down.

(II.) Do not insist upon attaching the son of your old friend Smith to the party. Old Smith may be all right, but young Smith may be in a House you can't mix with, or something like that.

(III.) Do not say to your son, of someone else's cap, "That's a pretty cap; why don't you have one like it?" because it's probably either the First XI. colours, or the cap of a House you wouldn't be seen dead in.

(IV.) Do not tell the House Master how well your son played in the boys' cricket match last summer holidays. Your son is probably a perfect rabbit, and the master is certain to know it.

(V.) Do not discuss such subjects as "The Public School and the Development of Character" with the masters in your son's presence. It's very unpleasant to have the development of your character discussed. In fact it's hardly decent.

(VI.) Do not treat a member of the XI. as if he were an ordinary person; and—

(VII.) For Heaven's sake don't walk across Great Green. Only fellows who have been in the XI. two seasons may do so, yet I've known parents wander all over it before their sons could stop them, and only laugh when told what they had done.

Hoping you will publish this, as I think you ought to do, Yours truly, CRUBB MINOR.



THE NINE OLD MEN OF THE SEA.

Ramsay MacSindbad. "WELL, WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE. THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN TEN OF 'EM."



MORE NEW BLOOD FOR OLD ENGLAND.

INTRIGUED BY THE ACTION OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY AUTHORITIES IN IMPORTING A NEW MANAGER FROM THE STATES, THE GOVERNMENT, IT IS RUMOURED, ARE ABOUT TO GO EVEN FURTHER AFIELD IN SEARCH OF PROMISING TALENT FOR THE FRONT BENCH.

MY HEROES.

EVERY day of my life I am more and more impressed by the genius of two men. These men are GUTENBERG and MORSE. GUTENBERG invented printing and MORSE was more or less in at the birth of telegraphy. What should we do without either?

It is morning and I turn to the paper. It happens to be *The Daily Graphic*. What do I find? I find GUTENBERG and MORSE once more in collaboration. Thus:—

"MR. BALFOUR LOSES HIS WAY.

"CANNES, Monday.

Mr. Balfour paid a visit yesterday in pouring rain to Mr. Chamberlain at the Villa Victoria. Mr. Balfour lost his way, and passing the house strolled along the Fréjus road, scanning the name of every house until he found a chauffeur who directed him to the Villa Victoria. Subsequently Mr. Balfour returned to the Hotel Continental and motored out to dinner.—Central News."

What privileges we enjoy, we moderns! Five hundred years ago, four hundred, the world would have been in ignorance of any event of this kind. Statesmen would have lost their way in foreign towns and no one at home would have known. Think of the privation! But now, not only, thanks to GUTENBERG, do we know it and think accordingly, but, thanks to MORSE, we know it the next day and our thrills are not delayed.

So much for the morning.

It is a few minutes later—evening. Not really evening, because it is before lunch, but evening enough for the Tenth Muse, bless her! I open *The Evening News* and what do I find? GUTENBERG alone; but how full of matter! Thus:

"SEVEN.

The mystic number seven is curiously associated with the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Old Swinford, Worcestershire.

She was born at the Seven Stars Hotel at the seventh hour of the seventh day of the seventh month.

There were seven customers in the bar when her birth was announced, seven persons were present at the christening, and there are seven letters in her Christian name.

Her father is the eldest of seven children and her mother the youngest of seven. She has seven uncles."

There 's for you! But of course this is not enough. The chronicler, try as he might, is but a scamper after all. Not only were there seven customers in the bar, but each had had seven drinks. Whiskey (there are seven letters in whiskey, spelt my way) punch. Each had a slice of lemon and there were seven pips in the lemon. Of the seven uncles each had a watch, making seven watches, and a cigar case, making seven cigar-cases. So it might go on for ever.

Similarly the nine deported Labour leaders arrived in the Thames nine minutes after somebody else and nine minutes before somebody else. The term "dock-berth" has nine letters in it, and Nine Elms is on the Thames too.

Whew!

"We find ourselves generally in agreement with the writer [Dr. FIGGIS], so our enjoyment of his books is the keener and less critical. When we do criticise it is as though we found faults in a friend whom we know very well and regard very highly. This position Dr. Figgis has won for himself by the thoroughness as well as the cleverness of his literary work."—*Athenæum*.

Dr. FIGGIS must be a proud man today.

INTERVIEWING FATHER.

Sir George is not a nice man. He is a mercenary, narrow-minded person. I never really liked him, but then he never really liked me. However, he is Miranda's father, so I decided to interview him. The interview took place at his office. He waved me to a chair, and, as it seemed all that I was likely to get, I took it.

"Well?" Sir George grunted.

His tone indicated an unfriendly spirit, so I retorted, "Well."

There was a slight pause. Then he said, rather aggressively, "I never lend money."

"I suspected it," I replied; "I practically never borrow money, but that is my misfortune and not my fault."

"Then what can I do for you?"

You have a daughter-

"I have," he interrupted.

"I knew we should find a common basis of agreement. Miranda is unmarried; I am unmarried."

"You suggest marrying my daughter?"

"I make no suggestion, but the idea had crossed my mind."

"Can you keep a wife?"

"I never lost one yet. I think that with a little tact——"

"I mean, have you any money?"

"Eighteen shillings and fourpence," I answered, producing that sum as evidence of my *bona fides*.

"That is not a very large capital on which to start married life."

"True, but I'm not mercenary. Yet perhaps, as we seem to have drifted on to the question of money, I might mention that I have property—house property."

"I don't believe much in house property in these days."

"I don't either. Though I lay no particular stress on the matter, I also have some mortgages."

"I don't care much about mortgages."

"I agree with you. Beastly things, I call them."

"What income do you derive from the property and the mortgages?"

"I don't exactly derive any income from either. You see, the two things go together—I mean the property and the mortgages. I don't fancy the mortgagees get much income from the property, though I suppose they try their best. Perhaps, strictly speaking, I can hardly call the property mine since the mortgagees took possession. The mortgages however are undoubtedly mine. I created them, you know."

Sir George rose pompously, so I went on at once:

"I have some shares. I should like your opinion on them."

"What kind of shares?"

"The usual kind—paper, but quite nice artistic designs on them."

"In what companies?"

I forget the names of the companies, but I think that they had something to do with rubber."



Underground Train Conductor (sulkily to passenger jumping in after train has started). "NAH THEN! IF YOU 'D HA' FALLEN DAHN AND BROKE YER NECK *I* SHOULD 'AVE BEEN THE ONE TO SUFFER."

"Then you can take my advice and sell them."

"Thanks awfully," I said, "if that means that you 'll buy them. I always thought that I should eventually find someone to help me out."

"I will not buy your shares. But before I finally close this interview I should like to know, as a matter of curiosity, on what you live?"

"Meat and things, like other people. I'm no vegetarian."

"I mean, how do you obtain food and clothes? I see that you do wear clothes. At present I'm a little puzzled."

"It's a matter which has often puzzled me. I get them somehow. Sometimes I work and sometimes, but not very often, I get paid for my work. I believe that if I were married I could earn more."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, you see, I couldn't very well earn less."

"Then am I to understand that you have practically no income?"

"If it comes to that, has Miranda any income?"

"My daughter will have what I choose to allow her."

"And I shall have what I choose to earn, so it seems that we should be fairly well matched."

"Sir, I consider your request to marry my daughter an impertinence, and the flippancy with which you have conducted this interview an insult."

"Sir George," I said impressively, "be just before you are generous. If you think over the matter calmly you will recognise that I have made no such request. You are an older man than I, so I pass over anything that you may have said in the heat of the moment. I am willing to part friends."

For a moment I thought he would burst. He ignored my outstretched hand and almost shouted, "I don't care how we part, so long as we do part. You will oblige me by not seeing or communicating with my daughter again."

As I was passing through the door I remarked, "Without making any rash promises, I will endeavour to oblige you. I gather, as much from your demeanour as anything else, that you do not favour me as a suitor for your daughter's hand. As a matter of fact, I look with equal disfavour on you as a possible father-in-law. My real object in seeking this interview was to remove any misapprehension you might have on the subject."

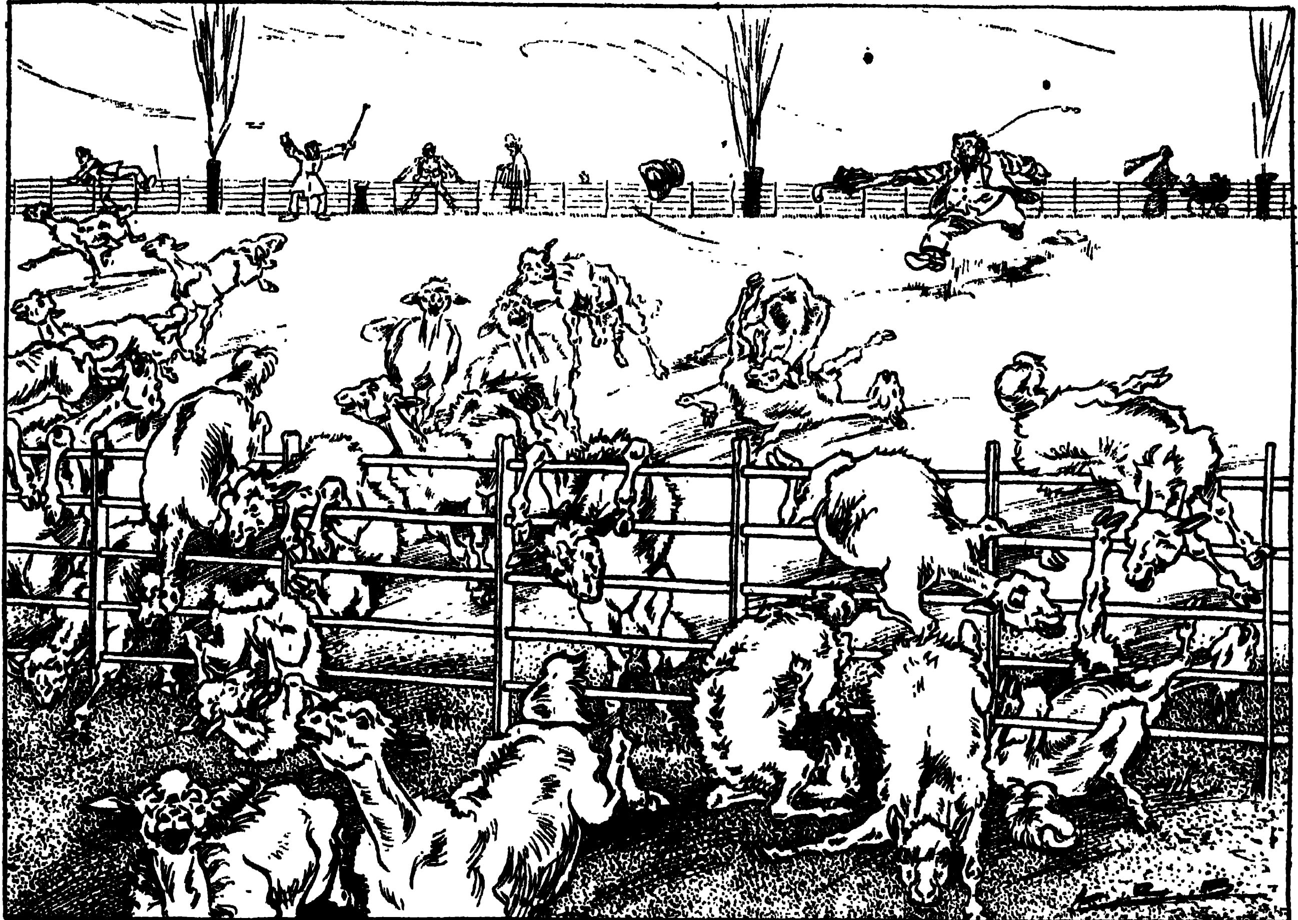
When I was well outside the door, laughter really took hold of me for the first time since Miranda refused to marry me.

"Mr. Hartley is the proud possessor of the English championship belt for running broad jump, having cleared something over 45 feet."
The Morning Albertan.

His pride is very excusable.

"In our day when many women consider the art of managing a home beneath the dignity of their supposed sex, not everyone knows how to make a pancake."
Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.

"Supposed" is good.



MARCH WINDS.

Short-sighted Official (to gentleman pursuing hat). "CALL YOUR DOG OFF, SIR, CALL YOUR DOG OFF," ETC., ETC., ETC.

MOVING.

(A Suburban Elegy.)

WHEN I remember I shall tread no more
  In such a short time now the well-known street,
And never to those ears shall sound the roar
  Of Perkins' cart-wheels, dangerously fleet,
Bringing the boon of Ceres to the door,
  Nor those of Batson (Batson is the meat);

When I recall that in the hours to come
  My eyes may never see the shape of Pott
Planting his fish down, then methinks it's rum
  That mortal men should move and be forgot
By those that serve their household daily, some
  Sending the right delivery, some not.

Full often on my homeward way I pause
  Where Jones is standing at his shop-front trim;
We pass remarks about the nation's laws
  And how it still keeps up, though skies are grim;
And Jones is most polite to me, because
  We've always got our groceries from him.

But the old orders soon shall cease to be,
  And I must pass into an unknown land,
And at the corner by The Holly Tree
  Where now he lifts a ceremonious hand
You constable shall scarce remember me,
  Not that he ever——Quite. You understand.

And alien lips from mine must move to swear
  Over the mangled remnants of a shirt
Brutally done to death with fiendish care
  By yon steam laundry. Last I come to Bert;
Bert's is the best known face in all the Square,
  Being the milk, and something more—a flirt.

Yes, for not only bleeds this heart of mine;
  There shall be tenderer spasms when we shift,
Such bits of cheek, such observations fine,
  Such honied whispers have been heard to drift
From Susan at the casement of her shrine
  To Romeo managing the tradesmen's lift.

Hers shall be all the loss; he 'll soon forget.
  Others shall ope accounts when we are gone;
Movings are all too frequent for regret;
  Yet one methinks there is shall dream upon
Our name with soft remembrance, guard it yet
  Like some pressed violet. I refer to John.

I know our postal service, know full well,
  Though we have told them to what bourn we flit,
How many a missive shall obey the spell
  Of the old false address inscribed on it,
And John shall bring them. And John's heart shall swell
  For Harriet while he stuffs them through the slit.

EVOE.

OUR LITERARY ADVICE DEPARTMENT.

CANDID advice given to the literary aspirant on easy terms by an old journalist. His fame is world-wide, but he prefers to be known as THE OLD NIB. Anyone sending him threatening letters will be prosecuted.

Frankly, LANCELOT, your *Passionate Pangs; or, Heart Throbs of a Retired Government Clerk*, will never bring you in a large income. You say friends have praised them highly, and you point out that TENNYSON had to wait years for recognition. Well, you must do the same. You could not have a better precedent.

You have a strong grasp of a situation, BENJAMIN, and the scene where *Uncle Henry* slips on the butter slide is quite thrilling. But you must compress a little and avoid certain faults of style. "She hove a sigh" is wrong; and I do not like "'Pshaw,' he *shouted*"; I do not think it could be done. I tried myself in my bath and swallowed a lot of soapy water. Pray be more careful.

I certainly like to hear from such an enthusiastic reader as WIGWAM. His idea of going to a fancy-dress ball dressed in a number of old copies of *Wopple's Weekly* is excellent and, if they let him in, ought to be a great success. I hope he wins the hair comb. As to his verses I have often seen worse. With a rhyming dictionary (for rhyming) and an ordinary one (for spelling) WIGWAM should go far.

ANGELINA's poem shows a nice domestic feeling which I appreciate. In these days of Suffragettes it is not every authoress who will say—

"I like to see a familiar face
And I think home is a beautiful place."

But though "mother," as she says is a very beautiful word it does not rhyme with "forever." "Other," "brother" and "smother" are the rhymes that I always recommend.

LEONIDAS has made a great improvement since I had to speak to him so severely last spring. *Sly Sarah* is quite a clever tale, and before very long LEONIDAS will find himself writing for *Soapy Bits* and papers of that calibre. Of this I am sure. His characterization is strong, his style is redolent of *bravura* and his general atmosphere is *fortissimo*. The character of the archdeacon might be improved; indeed, if LEONIDAS is going to send it to *The Diocesan Monthly*, I should say it must be improved. Why should he slap *Sarah's* face? No reason is given for this, and it is surely a very questionable action. Human nature may be human nature, but archdeacons are archdeacons. By the way there is only one *l* in spoonful.

HENRY must be careful. This is the third time he has sent me his epic. There are limits.

There is not much demand for tales of this description, HOPEFUL. But as you say you like writing them I do not see who is to prevent you. If you can get the permission of the local authorities by all means give a reading at the Home for the Half-Witted.

I have no doubt CLAPHAM ROVER means well, but he has a lot to learn. There are no events of any kind in the three tales he sends me. The only thing that ever happens is that the hero is kicked downstairs. Even then he lies prostrate in the hall for two days. Surely the maids might have swept him up. CLAPHAM ROVER must remember the great words of DEMOSTHENES when he swallowed a pebble on the sea beach: "Action, action, and again action." He was thinking of lawyers, of course, but his words have a lesson for us all.

INGENUOUS is the exact opposite of CLAPHAM ROVER. I rise from his tale an absolute wreck. "Splash, she was in the river;" "plonk, he was on the floor;" "whiz, a bullet shot past him." INGENUOUS must really go more quietly and make a little less noise. Why not write a few essays on some of our lesser known female didactic writers, or some such subjects as "People one is surprised to hear that Dr. JOHNSON never met"? It would do him a lot of good. But above all he must study that master of Quietism, the incomparable author of *The Woman's Touch*, *The Silent Preacher*, *Through a College Key-hole*.

PARSIFAL has pained me very much. He sent me a long poem, and after I had given him a very detailed criticism I discovered that he had simply copied out a poem of WORDSWORTH's familiar to us all from our earliest childhood. I have lost his address, so I cannot tell him privately what I think of him, but it was a dirty trick.

CIUDAD RODRIGO (I don't know why he calls himself that; he writes from Balham) sends me an essay on GEORGE BORROW. It follows with great fidelity the line of established fact, never deviating into the unknown. After reading it I felt that I did not want to hear any more about GEORGE BORROW for a long time.

ARRIÈRE PENSÉE, TOOTLES, PONGO and HUGGINS: see answer to CIUDAD RODRIGO.

I did an injustice to PARNASSIAN in my answer to him last week. Owing to a misprint I was made to say that "his poems were written" (which they were not, but typed, and very excellently typed too). What I meant to say was that his poems were rotten. Sorry.

THE MILITANT'S SONG.

EACH morning, vigorous and bright,
I sing my little song:—
"If I don't do the thing that's right
I'll do the thing that's wrong."

And if I chance to miss my aim
By slight miscalculation
I go on singing just the same
With equal exaltation.

So when I light my little sticks
To burn up "No. 8"
And find I've kindled "No. 6"
My joy is just as great.

And when my little stones I dash
At windows in a hurry
And hear the corner lamp-post smash
I see no cause to worry.

And when I take my little whip
To punish "Mr. A."
And find I've made another slip
I giggle out, "Hurray!"

And under lock and key I trill,
Although my cell's a strong one:—
"I didn't hit the right man, still
At least I hit the wrong one."

Bethnal Green and Leith.

WE are asked to say that some of the best friends of the Government take a grave view of the acclamations with which the Liberal Press has been greeting the recent "moral victories" of the Party at the polls. A few more of these moral victories and the language of triumph will, they fear, be exhausted before an actual victory occurs.

"Lord Plymouth's donation of £30,000 completes the purchase of the Crystal Palace. The shortage was due to Mr. Camberwell's refusal to contribute, and also to a reduction in Mr. Pinge's contribution by £15,000."
Otago Daily Times.

On the other hand we are glad to be in a position to say that Lord Penge, the Hon. Mrs. Sydenham Hill and the Dowager Lady Dulwich have behaved most generously.

"Respecting Ichthemic Guano, you can make use of my name, as it is one of the best fertilisers on the market."
From a Trade Circular.

We should like to know what our old friend Ichthemic Guano has to say about this. He will not like to hear that anybody else's name competes with his in the fertilising market.



THE HOLY ESTATE: AN EX-PARTE VIEW.

Her Ladyship. "SO YOU ARE LEAVING TO GET MARRIED, THOMPSON? I MUST COME AND SEE YOUR WIFE WHEN YOU ARE COMFORTABLY SETTLED."

The Lover. "THANK YOU, ME LADY. SHE SEEMS A NICE QUIET SORT OF GIRL, AND I 'AVE HEVERY 'OPE SHE 'LL MAKE ME COMFORTABLE."

BELLES LETTRES AND OTHERS.

MOST of us have been startled to observe how very far real life falls short of the standard of books. The realisation has come home to me with great force after reading *Whispers of Passion*, a collection of love-letters by "Amorosa," which I could not refrain from comparing with certain authentic love-letters (as I suppose I must call them) which happen to be in my possession.

What a contrast! What a melancholy contrast!

Here, for example, is the tender opening of one of "Amorosa's" efforts:—

"BELOVED,—This morning I saw the sun rise from behind the grey hills that rampart our secluded vale. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, as I watched, the sombre robes of the Night were irradiated and enrosed by the mysterious fires of the Dawn. And herein, my dear one, I seemed to grasp a deathless symbol of the awakening of Love between us, the first slow gilding of our grey lives by the roseate glamour of romance. . . ."

And so on. Now read this, taken from one in my own collection treating of the same subject:—

"DEAR WOGGLES,—How *dare* you hint that I'm lazy? As a matter of fact I saw the sun rise only this morning, which reminds me of a story. I daresay you know it already. A small boy decided to keep a diary, and the first entry he made was: '*1st January—Got up at 8.15.*' His mater objected to this on the ground that *got up* was too slangy. 'Look at the sun,' she said. 'The sun doesn't *get up*; it *rises*.' The same evening, after the boy had gone to bed, she looked at the diary again. There was only one other entry: '*Set at 9.*'

Not much of a yarn, is it, Woggles? But still it's good enough for you. . ."

Or consider this beautiful conclusion:

". . . Dear, I am all thine. My soul calls to thee across the night; the beating of my heart cries through the darkness—Thine, thine, thine!

Good night, adored one, good night.

AMOROSA."

And contrast it with the following:—

". . . And now I must dry up or I shan't be in bed by midnight, and the old man will lose his hair and say I 'm ruining my precious constitution. Ta, ta. Be a good infant.

Yours, MADGE."

"Amorosa's" lover appears to have sent her a bracelet, and must have felt richly repaid when he received this:—

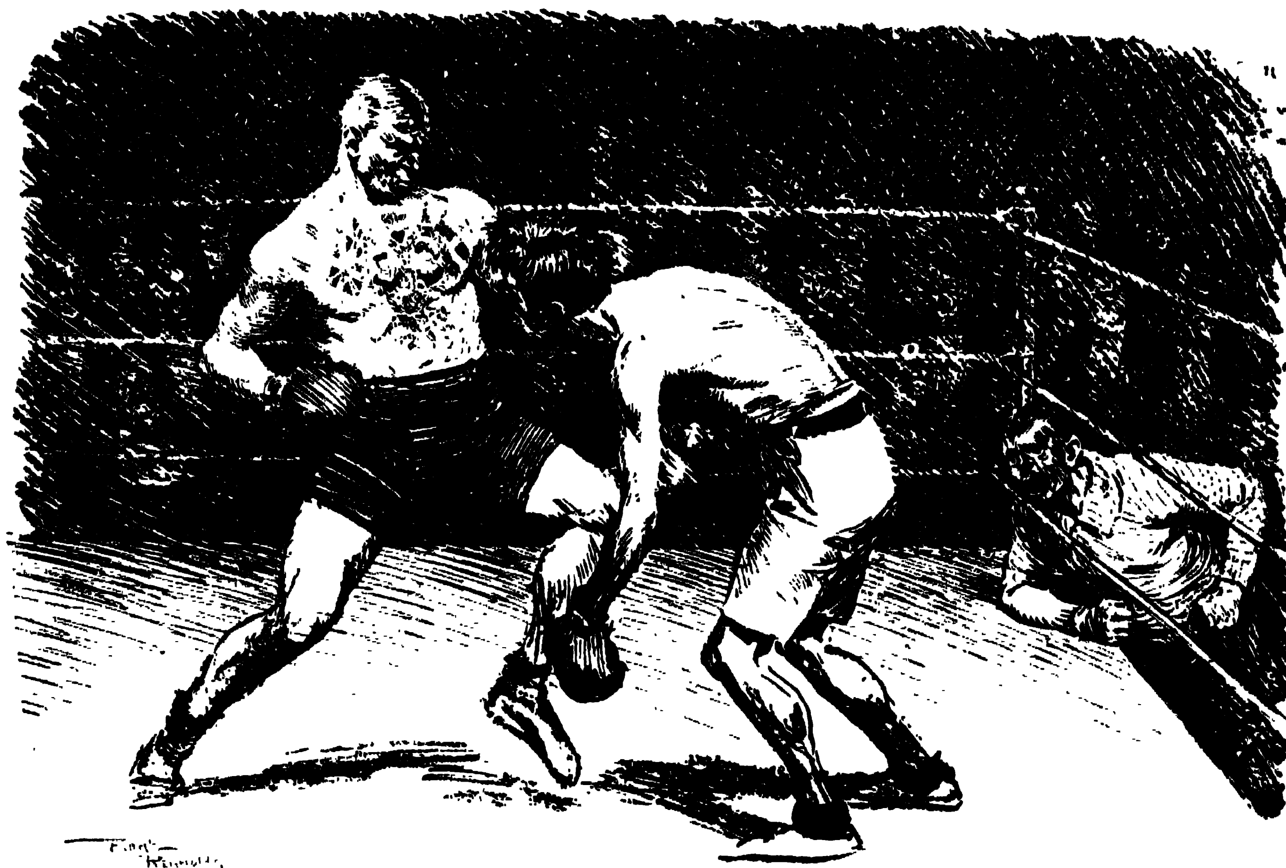
". . . As I clasped the slender circlet around my wrist I seemed to hear a voice which said, 'This is pure gold; let your love be pure. It is an emblem of infinity; let your trust be infinite. It is a pledge of fidelity; let your faithfulness be immutable. . ."

But this is how Madge expresses herself on a similar occasion:—

". . . Thanks very much for the bracelet. It seems pretty decent. . ."

Let me give two other extracts which happen to treat of similar themes. Here is the first:—

". . . I heard music surging in great waves of divine beauty from



THE TATTOOER'S ART.

Exasperated Backer. "'IT 'IM, CHARLEY; DON'T LOOK AT THEM PICTURES."

Belnobbio's 'cello, and, magically, wonderfully, it lured and compelled my thoughts, beloved one, to you. In all those immortal harmonies I heard your voice; the Master's rapt features faded into mist, and I saw instead your own grave, strong face. Tell me, what is this power which can so converge all beauties to one centre? . . ."

And here is the second:—

". . . I went to hear Kranzer yesterday, and oh, Woggles, I tell you, he is the edge, the very ultimate edge! I *rave* over him day and night. I'm madly, head-over-heels, don't-know-how-to-express-it in love with him. I'm going to throw you over and follow him about all round the world, and whenever I get the chance just lie down and let him wipe his boots on me. So—resign yourself to it; you'll probably never see again.

Your fatally smitten MADGE."

Occasionally, it is true, there occurs in these deplorable letters just a touch of sentiment, but how crudely, how prosaically expressed. Immediately after the passage quoted above, for instance, I find this:—

"P.S.—Dear old boy, you don't mind when I rag you, do you? Here's just a teeny-weeny x for you. M."

How does "Amorosa" phrase such a sentiment?

". . . My lips cannot touch your lips, but my soul seeks yours, and in that spiritual embrace there is something of eternity."

* * * * *

And yet, after all——

GNOMES FOR GOLFERS.

In April when the cuckoos call
Glue both your optics on the ball.

In May avoid the water-ouzel
Whose warning note predicts a foozle.

In Summer when the lies are good
Propel it smartly with the wood.

In August should the peacock shriek
Renounce the baffy for the cleek;

But if your stroke becomes too "sclaffy"
Give up the cleek and use the baffy.

In Autumn when the lies are clammy
Replace the brassie by the "Sammy."

But when the course is dry and grassy
Replace the "Sammy" by the brassie.

In Winter when the lies are slimy
Be up or in, or lay a stymie.

When caddies chatter on the green
Rebuke them, but remain serene.

But when they hiccough on the tee
Pay them their regulation fee.

Whene'er you chance to top your drive
Before you speak count twenty-five.

But if you slice into the rough
Thirty will hardly be enough.

When beaten by a single putt
You may ejaculate, "Tut, tut."

But if you're downed at dormy nine
Language affords no anodyne.

Where frequent pots the green environ
Take turf approaching with the iron.

No game is lost until it's won;
The duffer may hole out in one.

If down the course the pill you'd punch
Be careful what you eat at lunch.

A simple cut from off the joint
May cure your shots to cover-point.

But lobsters, trifle and champagne
May even prove the plus-man's bane.

The Nine St. Denys's.

"Thereupon the Labour party sang 'The Red Flag,' the deportees joining in the chorus, baring their heads during the singing."

South Wales Echo.



A DEVOTEE OF "THE DOCTRINE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, February 23rd.—Temporarily relieved from thoughts of Ulster or meditations upon Marconi, House gave itself up to bright debate on question not less attractive because of spice of personality. Spice acquired additional piquancy since it was not supposed to be there. Its absence was indeed formally insisted upon. "Oh no, we never mention him. His name is never heard." All the same, as debate went forward, names *did* occur. Glances, furtively shot from side to side of House, casually rested upon particular seats, whether empty or occupied.

SELBORNE introduced subject by moving Resolution condemning principle that a contribution to Party funds should be a consideration to a Minister recommending to the Sovereign bestowal of a titular honour. Subject delicate one to handle. As SELBORNE admitted, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and RIBBLESDALE in succession concurring, it was not a Party question. Notorious that since the days of Lord NORTH both political parties are tarred with same brush. Through difficult circumstances SELBORNE adroitly picked his way in lively speech. Sorely handicapped by Resolution, the effect of which, even with assistance of other House, would, as RIBBLESDALE pointed out, be absolutely nil. "In the end," he said, "both Houses would be only expressing a pious, almost a Pharisaical opinion."

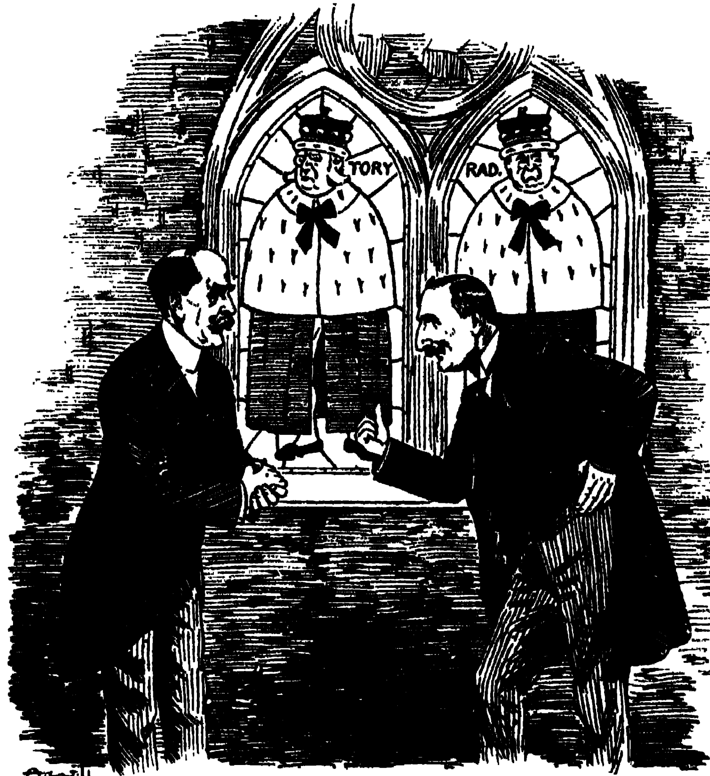
This conceded, the Lords, having no work to do, might have done much worse than devote sitting to breezy debate.

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE at his best in his enunciation of principles upon which, were he dispenser of honours in the Radical camp, he would choose his peers. Whilst taking broad view of case on eugenic principles, he would be inclined to make selection in favour of childless candidates.

"The sons of newly-created Radical peers are," he shrewdly remarked, "almost certain to be Tories, while a Radical grandson of a Radical peer is a phenomenon never seen."

Incidentally the bold Baron took occasion to remark that his own title was conferred upon an ancestor in reward for active part taken in placing the Tudor dynasty on the throne. Some noble lords, whose patent to peerage is of rather more recent date, whilst agreeing generally with his views, thought this remark superfluous. Why drag in the Tudors?

WILLOUGHBY's graphic account of an interview with the agent of a moneyed applicant for honours was capped by RIBBLESDALE, who confided to listening Senate particulars of occasions when as a Whip he had from time to time been "approached."



Lord CREWE *(to Lord* SELBORNE *on his way to the Debate on the Sale of Honours).* "I trust we shall have no stone-throwing."

Lord SELBORNE. "I'm entirely with you. Too much stained-glass about, what?"

MILNER, shocked by what he regarded as frivolity, proposed to treat the subject "with a slight approach to seriousness." Proposal cast a blight over proceedings which were hurried to conclusion.

Business done.—SELBORNE's Resolution agreed to with verbal amendment.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Resemblance of House of Commons to the sea never more strikingly illustrated than at to-night's sitting. For five hours and a half deadliest calm reigned. Benches less than half full. Questions droned through appointed period. House got into Committee of Supply on Civil Service estimates. Votes for Colonial Service offered occasion for debate on Camel Corps disaster in Somaliland last August. LULU defended in detail the policy and action of his department. At half-past eight, talk still dragging slow length along, he moved closure. Division on proposal to reduce the estimate, equivalent to vote of censure, ran Government majority up to 125.

Suddenly scene changed. It was the mid-dinner hour, period at which House is as a rule dismally empty. The four-hundred-and-seventy Members who had taken part in the division, instead of fleeing in accordance with custom as if fire had broken out, made for their seats, whence rose the buzz of excited talk that presages a tempest.

The miracle was worked by Ulster. FALLE, having by favour of fortune at ballot-box secured portion of sitting as Private Member's property, moved Resolution calling upon PRIME MINISTER forthwith to submit to House his proposals for alteration of Government of Ireland Bill. Opposition mustered in support. Ministerialists whipped up to last man. When, following mover and seconder of Resolution, PREMIER appeared at the table he was welcomed by shout of exultant cheering. Significant contrast with his reception when, a fortnight earlier, he stood in same place and seemed inclined to dally with proposal for exclusion of Ulster. Instinctively, or through whispered information, Ministerialists knew he was now, as they put it, "going straight."

Their most sanguine expectation justified. PREMIER in fine fighting form.

"Gentlemen opposite," he scornfully said, "seem to think we here can be likened to a beleaguered garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position with failing supplies, with exhausted ammunition, with shaken nerves, and that it is for them, the minority of this House, to dictate the terms of capitulation that are to determine whether we are to be allowed to surrender with or without the honours of war."

That sufficed to indicate his position. Whilst disclosure increased enthusiasm on Ministerial side it correspondingly inflamed passion on benches opposite.

There was an anxious moment when fisticuffs seemed imminent across the table in close proximity to shocked

Mac. Carson making interruption (one of a continuous series), Premier thought it was Walter Long, and severely enjoined him to restrain himself. Long hotly retorted that he had not spoken. Angry cheers and counter-cheers resounded in opposing camps. Premier, accepting assurance of his mistake, apologised. Fisticuffs postponed.

Warned by experience, Premier took no notice when Moore of Armagh shouted, "Why do you funk a General Election?" or when later he received from same source disclaimer of belief in his sincerity; or when another Ulster Member characterised forceful passage in his speech as "Tomfoolery."

Fresh roar of cheering broke over excited host of Ministerialists when by way of last word Premier declared, "We are not going at the eleventh hour to betray a great cause."

Business done. — Proverbially swift descent from sublime to ridiculous. Demand of Opposition for instant disclosure of Ministerial plan altering Home Rule Bill met by Amendment from Liberal side declaring confidence in Government. This carried by majority of 73. When put as substantial Resolution eleven o'clock had struck. No opposed business may be taken after that hour. House accordingly forthwith adjourned. Record of night's business in Journals of House prepared for perusal of posterity is comprehended in word "That——"

Thursday. - House puzzled by question on Paper standing in name of H. P. Croft. Member for Christchurch desires "to ask the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he has received petitions in favour of immediate legislation dealing with imported plumage through all or any of the Prime Ministers of the States of Australia."

How, why and under what circumstances plumage should be "imported through" Prime Ministers of the Australian Commonwealth no one can guess. Generally agreed that, if such painful procedure actually be the Colonial custom, prohibitive legislation cannot be too soon undertaken.

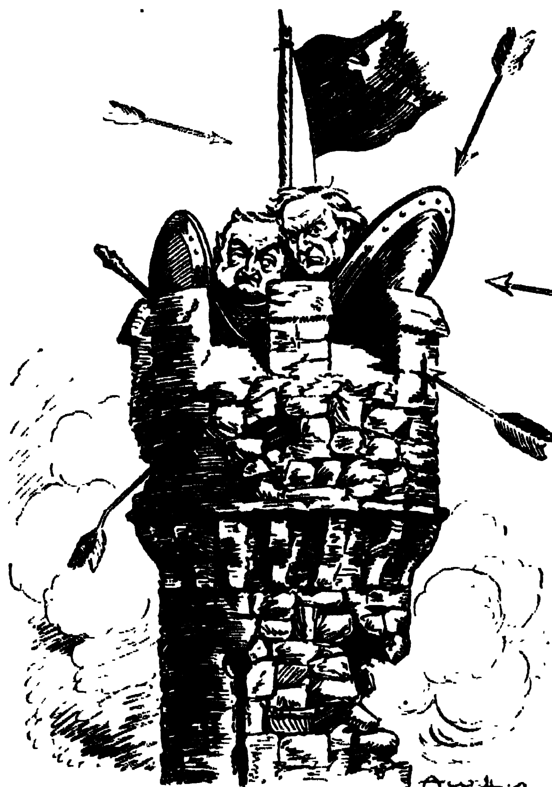
Sydney Holland, for many years the prop and stay of the London Hospital, has taken his seat in the House of Lords on accession to the Viscountcy of Knutsford. Apart from hereditary claim, he is the ideal type of the class of peer whom reformers on both sides look to for restoration of the prestige and usefulness of the Upper Chamber. Nevertheless it is hoped he will not give up to Westminster what was meant for mankind —the splendid devotion of capacity and energy to the service of the sick poor of London.

Business done.—In Committee on Supplementary Estimates.

The New Matrimonial Insurance.

"HUSBAND INSURED AWAY."

"Daily Mail" Heading.



"Gentlemen opposite seem to think we here can be likened to a beleagured garrison, driven by the stress of warfare into an untenable position."—*Mr. Asquith in the debate on Mr Falle's resolution.*

The Land Campaign once more.

"Large Foot Path, very strong, reduced to 6s. 11d., less than half-price."

Advt. in "The Accrington Observer."

"Are we not having just a little too much London? A glance over our rapidly growing fixture list suggests that the predominance of the great Metrolopis in matters of golfing is becoming rather too pronounced."—*Golfing.*

It's not fair to the privonces.

"Members of the Chicago Bachelor Girls' Club, who number sixty at present, say they must receive affirmative answers to this list of questions before they will marry:—

. . . Have you bad habits, such as drinking or smoking to excess? . . ."—*Daily Mirror.*

"The answer is in the affirmative."

"Then I am yours."

A SIGN OF DECAY.

(*A bull recently got into a china shop, but was coaxed out before any damage was done.*)

We cut but a decadent figure;
Our virtues grow sickly and pale;
Our forefathers' valour and vigour
Live only in poem and tale;
Our thews are beginning to soften;
No more are we sturdy and hard;
These facts have been often and often
Explained to the bard.

But still to despondent repining
He never consented to yield;
For comfort amid our declining
He looked to the beasts of the field;
Though others grew haggard with grief, he
Maintained a refusal to quake
So long as our bulls remained beefy
And a steak *was* a steak.

But now there *is* cause to repine, a
Dread portent of what to expect:
A bull has got lose in the china
And nothing, no, nothing's been wrecked.
Where fragments were wont to be scattered
Like forest leaves under a gale
Not even a saucer was shattered
By a flick of the tail.

Oh, say, can this care for the teacup
Proclaim that the common decay
Is busting the bovine physique up
And hasting the horrible day
When the bard, too, must take up the story
That the halo of England grows dim,
Since the beef, whence she gathered her glory,
Is void of its vim?

Honours Easy.

"£25 Reward.—Lost, either at Folkestone Harbour or from a Pullman Car, a Gentleman's Fur Coat, lined with minx."

Morning Post.

"Miss Trenerry, wearing a coat of rose charmeuse, with white fur collar, and several gentlemen."—*Express and Echo (Exeter).*

"Young Man requires board and lodging in Carshalton; hot and cold bath preferred."

The Herald (Sutton).

He can't have it both ways at once.

"At the Gare de Lyon this afternoon Rolland was welcomed by General de Castelnau, who embraced him and took his arm to the buffet of the station, where a reception was held."—*Daily Telegraph.*

General de Castelnau. "*Donnez-le un nom.*"

THE TELEPHONE AGAIN.

Ting-a-ling.

Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Gruff Voice. Are you Bond and Lapel?

Patient Subscriber. I'm afraid you've got the wrong number. We're Gerrard 932041. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Same Patient Subscriber. Hullo.

Same Gruff Voice. Bond and Lapel?

S. P. S. No, they've given you the wrong number again. We're Gerrard 932041. Ring off, please.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

S. P. S. Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel? I'm Major——

S. P. S. My dear Sir, will you believe me that we're *not* Bond and Lapel? We're Gerrard 9-3-2-0-4-1. Don't let me have to speak to you again, there's a good fellow.

* * * * *

Ting-a-ling.

Exchange. You're thr-r-r-rough.

S. G. V. } *S. P. S.* } Hullo.

S. G. V. Bond and Lapel, dammit! I want—— Don't you "tut" me, Sir. I TELL YOU YOU ARE.

S. P. S. Oh, all right. Well, what can I do for you?

S. G. V. Eh?

S. P. S. I said, What can I do for you?

S. G. V. I'm Major Smith. I want you to make me——

S. P. S. Marjorie who? Speak up, please.

S. G. V. MAJOR, M-A-J-O-R, MAJOR. MAJOR SMITH. CAN YOU HEAR THAT? I WANT YOU TO MAKE ME A BLUE SERGE SUIT BY TO-MORROW WEEK.

S. P. S. A little louder . . . That's better. If you'll wait a moment I'll just jot down your measurements.

S. G. V. Measurements! What the——! I'm Major Smith.

S. P. S. Hold the line a moment and I'll see if we have them. Are you holding on? . . . Hullo. Major Smith, you said? Sorry, but the fact is we've got two Major Smiths on our books. Would you kindly tell me which one you are?

S. G. V. I'm Major—Smith—of—3—Mecklington—Gardens—Kensington.

S. P. S. Oh, yes. Close to the Oval.

S. G. V. KENS-S-SINGTON!

S. P. S. Oh, Kensington with an "s." Yes. I know. Well now, how would you like it made? Will you have the trousers to match? We're doing a very smart line in buff canary trouserings, just——

S. G. V. I said A BLUE SERGE SUIT Sir!

S. P. S. Sorry. I was thinking of the other Major Smith. Then we'll say trousers to match. Yes, I've got that. Do you wear them turned up or down? Down. Trousers turned down and sleeves turned up. No, both down. Yes. Now what about box pleats? Shall we say box pleats?

S. G. V. Don't you put any of your new-fangled dodges on *my* clothes, young man, because I won't have it.

S. P. S. No box pleats. I'll make a special note of it. Then to-morrow fortnight without fail.

S. G. V. To-morrow WEEK. And if you don't send that dress suit of mine by six to-night——

S. P. S. Dress suit? Dress suit? What dress suit? This is the first I've heard of any dress suit.

S. G. V. WHAT?

S. P. S. It can't be done, old chap. You'll have to borrow one for to-night.

S. G. V. Y-y-you insolent p-puppy. P-put me through to the manager. AT once.

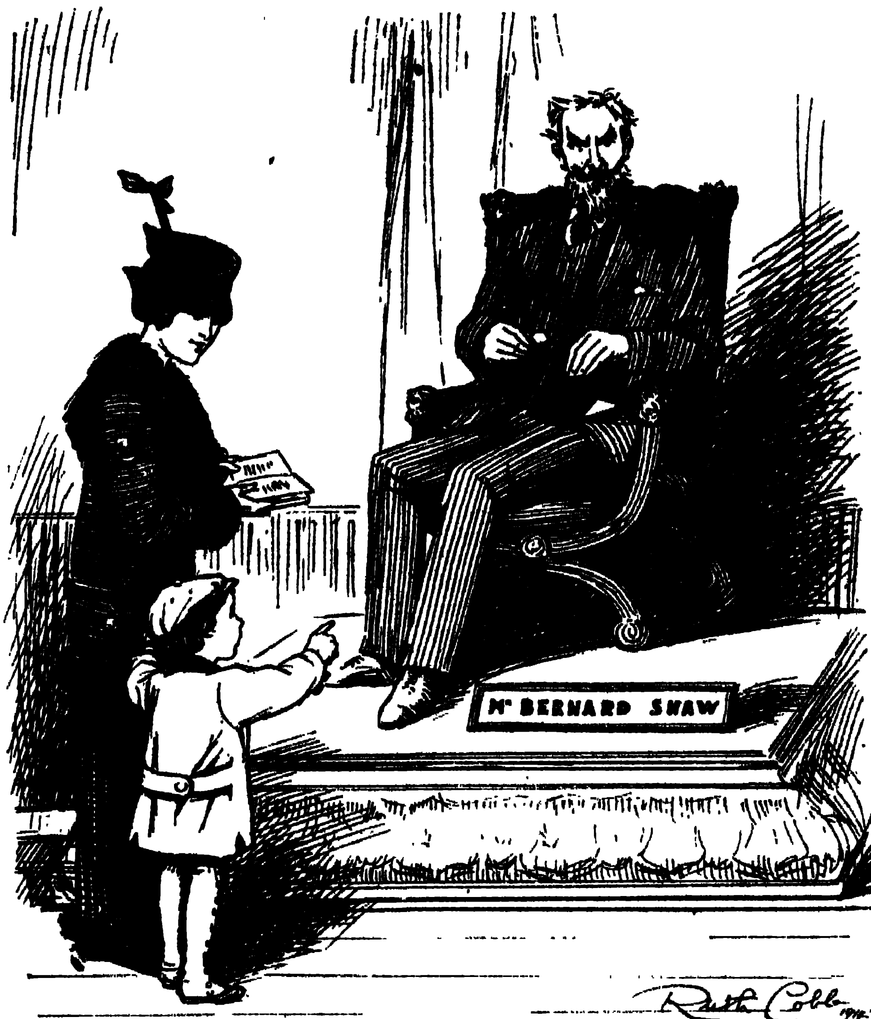
S. P. S. Thanks so much. Then I'll put you down for a subscription. The Society for the Prevention of Wet Feet amongst the Genteel Poor, you know.

S. G. V. ——! (Biff . . . bang . . . ting-a-ling buz-z-z-z-z-z.)

S. P. S. Exchange.

Exchange. Number, please.

S. P. S. Put me through to the Repairs Department. . . Oh, Repairs Department. I'm ringing up on behalf of Major Smith, of 3, Mecklington Gardens, Kensington. Send someone round at once, please. His telephone has burst.



Tommy (*his first visit to Madame Tussaud's*). "MUMMY, CAN'T THAT MAN TALK EITHER?"

"ST. PAUL'S.

£70,000 WANTED FOR THE FABRIC."

Standard.

Another chance for Mr. MALLABY-DEELEY.

THE WEDDING PRESENT.

"AT last," I said, putting down my newspaper, "there is hope for England. Here is a man who announces his approaching marriage and hopes that wedding presents will not be sent."

"Pooh," said the lady of the house.

"Why," said I, "do you say 'pooh'?"

"Because," she said, "it's not a bit of good hoping for anything of the sort. You might just as well abolish weddings at once. People won't go to one unless they have a chance of seeing their own present and admiring it so much that the detective begins to suspect them."

"Yes," I said, "isn't the detective splendid? Nobody ever fails to spot him, and yet there he is every time, firmly convinced that everybody takes him for the bridegroom's uncle or the bride's godfather by a former marriage, or something of that sort. I really do feel I couldn't do without the detective."

"There you are," she said. "You can't have the detective without the presents."

"Very well," I said, "we'll let presents go on a bit longer and chance it."

"And don't you forget," she said firmly, "that you've got to choose a present for George Henderson to-day."

"George Henderson?" I said dreamily. "Do you think George Henderson *wants* a present? Isn't he the sort which 'hopes that wedding presents will not be sent'? I've always felt he had a look in his eye which said, 'Dear old chap, I shall be married some day. Whatever you do, don't send me a present.' Haven't you felt that about him, too?"

"No," she said, "I haven't. In fact George has always seemed to me the very man for a present. And now he's going to be married. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"Well, then," I said, "if you feel like that *you* ought to buy the present. You'll do it better. You'll put more real feeling into it."

"That may be," she said, "but you're going to London, and I'm not. You'll have to do it this time."

"Oh, very well," I said; "have it your own way, but I warn you I shall buy silver candlesticks."

The two elder girls, who had been listening with eager interest, now broke in.

"Dad," said Helen to Rosie, "is going to try for his old candlesticks."

"Yes," said Rosie; "but you'll see he won't be allowed."

"Cease, babblers," I said. "In earlier and less conjugal days no wedding was considered complete without my silver candlesticks. It was all so simple, too. I called at Gillingham's, wrote out a card, gave an address, and away went the present. And what's more, they all wrote back and said it was the one thing they had been longing for."

"Oh," said the lady of the house, "they'll write like that about anything. At any rate, we won't have candlesticks. They're quite useless now, you know. Nobody has candles."

"And that," I said, "is what makes candlesticks so valuable. There's nothing base and utilitarian about them. They are appreciated for their beauty, and there's an end of them. Do, do let me buy a pair for George Henderson."

"No," she said; "the whole of the rest of the silversmith's art is open to you, but we will *not* have candlesticks."

"I told you so," said Rosie to Helen.

In the afternoon, accordingly, I wandered into the establishment of Messrs. Gillingham, jewellers, goldsmiths and silversmiths, and heaven knows what besides. For a few moments I steeped myself in the glittering magnificence of the objects displayed around me. Then a polite and very well-dressed young man—not my usual one, but a stranger—spoke to me.

"Are you being attended to, Sir?" he said.

"No," I said, "not yet. I'm not quite ready for it. Still, I may as well begin."

"Yes, Sir."

"What," I said, pointing to a diamond tiara, "is the price of that?"

Two ladies who were making a purchase turned round and gazed at me with an awe-struck but approving look. The young man was evidently much impressed.

"That," he said, "is one of our newest designs. The stones are all specially selected. The price"—he studied the little tag attached to it—"the price is £1,050; very cheap for the value."

"It is," I said, "wonderfully cheap. I can't think how you manage to do it. I will think about it. In the meantime I should like to see something smaller and not quite so valuable."

"Is it a wedding present, Sir?"

"Don't," I said, "let us call it a wedding present just yet. If we do it's sure to turn out a sugar-sifter. Let's think of it as a mere gift."

"Yes, Sir."

"Of course we may find that the man to whom we're going to give it is about to be married, but that will be only the long arm, won't it?"

"The—I beg your pardon, Sir."

"A coincidence, you know; and we're not the men to be put off by coincidences, are we?"

"No, Sir. Would you like to see the manager, Sir?"

"No," I said, "the manager would only confuse me. Show me some silver inkstands and some sugar-jugs—I mean some claret-sifters—that is, some silver decanters, you know, and some silver fruit-baskets."

"Yes, Sir." He went away and returned with an inkstand.

"This," he said, "is a very favourite pattern. It combines a large inkpot and a match-stand and a rack for the pens——"

"I know," I said; "they never stay in it."

"No, Sir. And there's a little candlestick for sealing-wax——"

"I'll have it," I said feverishly. "Put it aside for me at once. This is really a most remarkable piece of luck."

"Yes, Sir. Anything else?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll have a sugar-sifter, too. Any sugar-sifter will do. I'm only doing it as a concession."

"Yes, Sir. Where shall I send them?"

I gave the address with great gusto, and when I reported the result of my labours at home I said nothing about the little candlestick. The mere joy of having bought it was enough for me. Thus George Henderson received from us his fifth inkstand and his seventh sugar-sifter. He wrote and said that they were the two things he had most been wishing for.

R. C. L.

"He looked at her with infinite gentleness. 'I know all about it,' he said.

She covered her face with her hands and cried brokenly. But, coming closer, he put both hands on her shoulders, and lifted her tea-stained face to his."—*Tasmanian Courier Annual.*

Tea merchants are invited to compete for the advertisement.

"Hodgkins, however, drew ahead, and finally won as stated, the scores being: Hodgkins, 400; Sunderland, 367. The winner's best breaks were 24 and 17 (twice), and the doser's 32, 25, and 20."

Sporting Life.

He should have made the dose stronger.



Dog Pincher (*to possible purchaser*). "I WOULDN'T SELL 'IM FOR FIFTY QUID, ONLY THEY DON'T ALLOW NO DAWGS IN OUR FLATS AT MALLABY MANSIONS."

FARES.

"Is that you, Herbert?" I said in surprise.

It was.

Strange how machinery can influence a man. The last time I had seen Herbert he was a rubicund cheerful gardener. He was now a London taxi-driver, with all the signs of that mystery on him: the shabbiness, the weariness, the disdain.

"Are you glad you gave up gardening?" I asked him.

"Can't say I am now," he replied. "There's more money in this, but the work's too hard. I miss my sleep, too."

"You can always go back," I said.

"I wonder," he replied. "I'd like to. This being at every one's beck and call who happens to have a shilling is what I'm tired of."

"What about tips?" I asked.

"I get plenty of them," he said. "In fact, if the clock registers tenpence or one and fourpence or one and tenpence I practically always get the odd twopence. That's all right. It's the people who don't want to tip but daren't not do it that I can't stand. And there are such lots of them. That's what makes taxi-drivers look so contemptuous like—the tips. People think we want the tips; but there's a time when we'd rather go without them than get them like that."

I sympathised with him.

"Then there are the fares who always know a quicker way than we do. They're terrors. They keep on tapping on the glass to direct us, when we know all about it all the time. It's them that leads to some of the accidents, because they take your eyes off the road."

I sympathised again and made some mental notes for future behaviour myself.

"But the pedestrians are the worst," he continued.

"The pedestrians?"

"Yes, the people who walk across the road without giving a thought to the fact that there might be a vehicle coming. The people that never learn. The people that call you names or make faces at you after you've saved their silly lives by blowing the hooter at them. Every minute of the day one is having trouble with them, and it gets on one's nerves. It's them that makes a taxi-driver look old sooner than a woman."

"So you'll go back to the land?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "I'd like to, but petrol gets into the blood, you know."

I suppose it does.

"Dr. Grenfell remarked that the tourist traffic [to Labrador] was beginning to grow. Life in winter was very attractive, and was enjoyed as people enjoyed winter in Norway. One of his few personal reminiscences was how he fell through the ice and expected to be frozen to death."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Us for Labrador, every time.

Paragraph in a petition addressed to a Government official by a Baboo who wished to protest against the conduct of another Baboo:—

"His hatred of me is so much that in the heat of his animosity he wilfully omitted to put in the formal ephithet 'Mr.' to my name, which no man of honour would drop because not so much for disregarding me, but that he would be doing injustice to the European etiquette."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAND OF PROMISE."

"I'M about fed up with God's Own Country," says the waster in the play, a youth who, after exchanging a safe thousand-a-year at Bridge for the dangerous delights of "Chemin-de-fer, had been invited by a stern sire to migrate to Canada. And even so he had not been present during the Third Act to see the things that we saw, or he would have learnt some more discouraging facts which are never mentioned in the philosophy of the emigration-agents; for example, that the solitude and wide spaces of the Golden West seem to induce, even in the honest native worker, a reversion to the state of a dragon of the prime. But he had already seen, in the case of *Norah Marsh*, whom poverty had driven to seek the shelter of her brother's roof on a Manitoba farm, how the drudgery and petty jealousies of a narrow Colonial *ménage*, the familiar society of hired hands, and the lack of life's common amenities, had developed a gently-bred Englishwoman into a sour-tongued shrew.

Worse was to follow when, as a sole escape from the bitter spite of her plebeian hostess, she consented to marry a barbarian who was looking for a woman-of-all-work to manage his primitive shack. Here, having already mislaid her feminine charm, she loses all sense of honesty. First, when ordered to do her household duties—which were of the essence of the contract—she declines to obey till he uses brute force; and then, when he demands of her the attitude of a wife (a very embarrassing scene), she protests that this was no part of the bargain.

I can't imagine what she supposed the bargain was about, if it didn't require her to be either wife or servant.

Terrorism was the man's simple solution; but those who looked, in the last Act, for a tamed and adoring shrew were to be disappointed. Brute force had only produced a patient obedience; and it was not till a damaged crop had brought them to the edge of ruin that she consented to become his ministering angel. But by that time we knew too well her distaste for Manitoban methods to believe in the sincerity of this sudden conversion.

Altogether, after what MR. MAUGHAM has done to my illusions, I have given up any thought of going to God's Own Country in search of a larger existence.

The acting was perhaps better than the play, though the play was good up to a point. The Second Act, with its fierce jealousy and wrangling and the futile efforts of the farmer (admirably played by MR. C. V. FRANCE) to intervene between wife and sister, was excellent. For the rest, it was the personality of MR. GODFREY TEARLE, as the savage mate of the shrew, that dominated the scene. There is no better rough diamond (and he was really very rough) in the whole stock of stage-jewellery. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, though no actress could have done more with her part, had less chance than usual of showing her particular gift of *finesse*; and *Norah's* character was too inconsistent to command our sympathy. Not that we necessarily gave it to the man. Indeed it was a flaw in the play that our sympathies were never thoroughly engaged by either party. We were, of course, prepared to range ourselves on the winning side, but there was no victory. The issue was decided by *force majeure* in the shape of a wretched weed that destroyed the crop.



Extract from "The Prentice (Manitoba) Post":—"The wedding was quite an impromptu affair, the happy pair going straight to Mr. Taylor's shack, where they are spending the honeymoon quietly."

Norah .. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
Frank Taylor MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

The situations, though of a rather strenuous order, gave occasion from time to time for humorous relief. At first, when the English servant in the opening Act rudely interposed with a facetious comment on the sincerity of the grief of certain mourners, I feared lest the humour was going to be distributed loosely without regard to the propriety of its mouthpiece. But the rest was reasonable enough; and my only complaint about the best repartee ("There's no place like home." "Some people are glad there isn't") has to do with its antiquity rather than with its appropriateness.

I have never been to Manitoba (and, after seeing *The Land of Promise*, I am definitely resolved, as I said, never to go), so I cannot say whether MR. MAUGHAM's interiors corresponded to the facts; but their freedom from any signs of picturesqueness gave them an air of being the right thing. Life in these parts no doubt revolves largely round the simple joys of the stomach. Seldom have I seen so much eating on the stage. We began at Tunbridge Wells with a funeral tea (though perhaps I ought to pass this over as taking place outside the Dominion); then as soon as we get to Dyer (Manitoba) we had a mid-day dinner, with washing-up; and then at Prentice (Manitoba) we were regaled with a supper of black tea and syrup.

I am confident that there is a great opening for drama dealing solely with Life Between Meals. To see people smoking on the stage is sufficiently irritating; but, when you are assisting at a First Night after a sketchy repast from the grill, all this feeding on the stage, however frugal the menu, makes for exasperation.

Finally I must compliment MR. MAUGHAM on his ironical title. For his play, too, is a thing "of promise" rather than achievement, if it is to be judged by the test of the Last Act. Still, if a play only promises well enough and long enough—as this play did—that is an achievement in itself.

O. S.

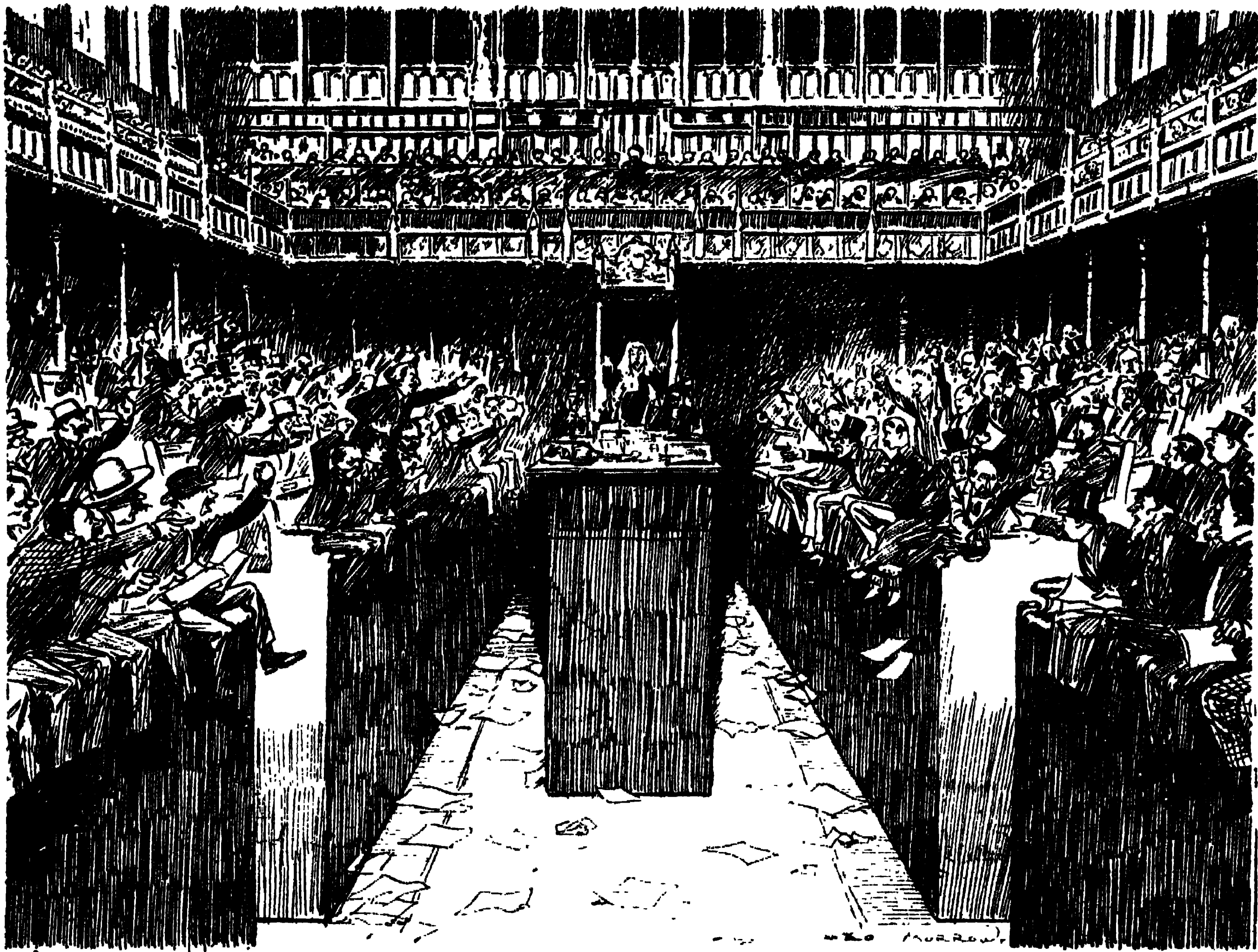
THE TORTOISESHELL CAT.

THE tortoiseshell cat
She sits on the mat,
As gay as a sunflower she;
In orange and black you see her blink,
And her waistcoat's white, and her nose is pink,
And her eyes are green of the sea.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight's coming and close of day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

The tortoiseshell-cat
She is smooth and fat,
And we call her Josephine,
Because she weareth upon her back
This coat of colours, this raven black,
This red of the tangerine.
But all is vanity, all the way;
Twilight follows the brightest day,
And every cat in the twilight's grey,
Every possible cat.

The Thrusters.

"The Ball given by the Ministry of Communications last night in the new Waichiaopu Building was a great success in every way. Although only 1,500 invitations were sent out, more than that number of guests attended the Ball."—*Peking Daily News.*



IN THE ALMOST CERTAIN PROSPECT OF A STORMY SESSION, WHY NOT ADOPT THE "TERRACE" SYSTEM AS NOW USED AT THE ZOO?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I could best convey my impression of Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK'S work by quoting the advertisement of a popular magazine which used to proclaim that "these stories are different." All of Miss SIDGWICK'S are this, though you might possibly be hard put to it to say exactly how. It is chiefly an affair of style; there is about all of them a certain dignity of utterance that combines with their humanity to produce an effect wholly individual and rare. Take her latest example, *A Lady of Leisure* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON). There is really very little to arrest attention in the story itself; the characters are persons whom you could meet every day, but in Miss SIDGWICK'S hands they become creatures of extraordinary fascination. The result is a novel by no means easy to criticise; partly because one is left with the feeling (of course the most subtle compliment to any author) that the characters have fashioned it themselves. Time and again one seems to observe Miss SIDGWICK working towards some inevitable *scène-à-faire*, when bounce! off go her people on an entirely unexpected tack, which you must yet admit to be the very one they quite obviously would follow. Never was a cast so incalculably alive. Naturally for this reason its vagaries (they are almost all in love and generally with the wrong person) would take too long to recount in detail. I can only state my personal preference for the group that consists of the heroine, *Violet Ashwin*, her father, the fashionable physician, and her brainless but quite wonderful mother. I plump for the *Ashwin* household in short as a really brilliant contribution to the homes in modern fiction. I don't say you will find their charm easy of assimilation. The society of such clever and elusive folk as *Violet* and her father is bound to be hard going at first for the general. But *Mrs. Ashwin*—oh, she is a joy, a marvel, an exasperation! You will delight to read about her.

The first thing I have to say about *Initiation* (HUTCHINSON) is that it might have been written by Dr. CLIFFORD. The nice people in it are all Roman Catholics, but a group of Huguenots or of Calvinistic Methodists would have served the author's purpose equally well. For ROBERT HUGH BENSON, the novelist, has (so to speak) told Monsignor BENSON, the priest, to mind his own business, and leave him to his, which is the telling of a story, and not the advocacy of any particular form of religion. The second point to notice in the book is that it divides its characters, and incidentally all characters, into those who are initiated and those who are not. The initiated are those who have learnt, chiefly by suffering, the lesson of life, which is that it treats us as it likes. Because they have learnt it, they trust, even when they do not understand, the purpose of the life-giver; because they trust they do not kick against the pricks. The young Catholic English gentleman, of whose initiation the story tells,

suffers prodigiously under two of the greatest misfortunes, physical and mental, that a man may endure and live. And yet, when he comes to die, you feel, and he knows, that they are not misfortunes, but the opening up of the way of life. The chief cause of his mental suffering, a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, is described (well on in the book) as a practically insane egoist. She is, to my mind, the weak spot in the story. Frankly I don't believe in her. A girl of her age could not have been so selfishly cruel, and yet have taken in her world as she did. I will own that she took me in at first; but that was the author's fault. He ought not to have let me, as his reader, think her charming and particularly sympathetic when he knew all the time that she cared for no one but herself. I don't think that is playing the game. All the same, I like his book.

Having read Mr. REGINALD BLUNT'S book, *In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout* (MILLS AND BOON), I am now prepared to pass an examination in the history and the worthies (or unworthies) of Chelsea. I know that DON SALTERO was no Spaniard, but an ardent collector of childish curiosities who for a time kept a coffee-house and a smoking club of which "the ornaments and apparatus" were eventually offered to CHARLES LAMB. If I am asked about Dr. MESSENGER MONSEY I shall say that he "tried hard, but with indifferent success, to popularise his own method of extracting teeth by tying one end of a piece of catgut to the offending molar and the other to a perforated bullet, putting the latter with a full charge of powder into a revolver and then pulling the trigger." Then again there is BARTHOLOMEW JOSEPH ALEXANDER DE DOMINICETI, Lord DE CETE ET DE CORTESI, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire and Noble of Venice in terra firma. How did he with his resounding name come to be in Chelsea and there establish "baths, fumigatory-stoves and sweating chambers" for the relief of distressed humanity? This question and a hundred others of a similar nature you will find answered in Mr. BLUNT'S delightful book. Let Mr. BLUNT take you by the hand and guide you through his beloved Chelsea. He is the most urbane and the most agreeably gossiping companion. He will re-introduce you to Sir THOMAS MORE, Sir HANS SLOANE; to NEILD, the prison reformer, and his son JOHN, the famous miser; to the CARLYLES and their servant JESSIE HEDDLESTONE, and a host of others. And he will remind you that Dr. JOHNSON endeavoured to manufacture Chelsea china, and that his *chefs d'œuvre* always collapsed in the firing. Take my advice and acquire Mr. BLUNT'S book.

I suspect that *Mr. Simpson*, who gives his name to the story *Simpson* (METHUEN), can hardly have shared my own exhausting acquaintance with modern fiction, otherwise it is unlikely that he would have behaved as he did. What happened was this. *Simpson*, though on the wrong side of forty, well off and eminently lovable, was unmarried. Finding a charming old house in the country, he conceives the idea of renting it as a kind of bachelor residential club where he and other congenial cronies can enjoy the life of ease untroubled by any form of feminism. Well, that, to start with, one might fairly describe as "asking for it." But when I add that the old house in question was the property of a still young and charming widow you will probably agree with me that poor *Simpson* hadn't even a dog's chance from the beginning. It is possible that this foredooming may a little spoil your enjoyment of Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT'S otherwise pleasant tale. Naturally, so far from women being banished from its pages, they simply abound; and the tale of the progress of the bachelor club resolves itself into a chronicle of proposals. There is however an attractive variety about the love affairs, of which I liked best that of the youngest couple. With two there is a note of tragedy; and though the courtship of *Gilbert Strong*, a respectable country lawyer, and the wild gipsy whom he marries may strike you as fantastic, the end of their romance is well told with a fine suggestion of inevitability. On the whole an agreeable and easy-going tale, though without any unusual claim to distinction.



IT WAS AN AMBITIOUS YOUTH WHO, WHILE TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT, WAS OFFERED THE CROWN OF ONE OF THE SMALLER STATES AND REFUSED IT, SAYING, HE "DISLIKED THESE BLIND-ALLEY OCCUPATIONS."

I quite realise that I have not the shadow of a case against Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. He frankly calls his book *Ten Minute Stories* (MURRAY), and that is exactly what they are. Nevertheless I did feel a little aggrieved when each of them stopped with a jerk just as I had become absorbed. One has a sense of having been cheated of one's rights. That is why, though many of these sketches are as good as they can be, I do not think that the book will be quite so popular as others of his. But devout Blackwoodsmen will add it to their collections and re-read the majority of its contents again and again, as I propose to do. On second thoughts, indeed, I may say that perhaps Mr. BLACKWOOD is not so unfair to his public as I have suggested, for he is one of those writers who are not dead and done with after a first perusal. He can pack a vast deal of food for thought even into a ten-minute story. A good example of what I mean is to be found in number fifteen of the collection, "Ancient Lights." Even a scene-shifter at the Savoy Theatre would believe in fairies after one reading of that. And if, after studying "If the Cap Fits," you lightly steal a fellow-member's hat from your club, I shall regard you as a very reckless dashing fellow. With the awful example of *Field-Martin* before me, I would not do it for a fortune. I shall buy one of those frightful plush hats which you see in shops but never out of them, and I shall have my name in large letters on the inside band. And to the hat-waiter's insidious "This is just as good, Sir," as he offers me some sinister bowler or topper with a past, I shall reply with gestures of disgust and threats to write to the committee.

"Detached 7-roomed horse wanted."—*The Newbury Weekly News.*

Where is your one-stalled ox now?



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.



FIRST CONTRIBUTION
Aug. 30, 1850.

LAST week, within three days of his ninety-fourth birthday, our old friend and comrade, SIR JOHN TENNIEL, who sat at the PUNCH table, week after week, for fifty years, and retired full of honours in 1901, passed away; and we take up the sad but grateful task of inscribing in these pages a memorial to his great art and his sweet and simple nature.

When Sir John Tenniel was born in 1820, Disraeli and Gladstone, destined to be his most fruitful subjects, were respectively fifteen and eleven. Napoleon was still living, at St Helena; Dickens, whom Tenniel was to know and act with, was eight; Thackeray, his companion at the Round Table, was also eight; Browning was eight, Tennyson eleven, and Macaulay nineteen. At that time Byron was engaged on *Don Juan*, and Carlyle on articles for *Brewster's Encyclopædia*, with all his books yet before him; Lamb had not begun to be "Elia." George IV. had succeeded to the throne a month before Tenniel was born. Five days before his birth the Cato Street Conspiracy was unmasked. On April 1st, 1820, Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, was created a baronet. On May 1st, Thistlewood and four of his fellow-conspirators were hanged. In August, the trial of Queen Caroline was begun. Tenniel was seventeen when Victoria ascended the throne, and twenty-one when King Edward VII. and PUNCH were born. Interesting to think of what an extraordinary period of activity Tenniel was to see, and not only to see, but to comment upon with unrivalled trenchancy and dignity.

John Tenniel was born in Kensington, on the 28th of February, 1820. He was the son of John Baptist Tenniel, an instructor in arms, to whose influence may probably be traced some of the soldierly bearing of which Tenniel's friends speak. Upon discovering his artistic bent, young Tenniel entered the Royal Academy Schools; but these he soon left for the Clipstone Street Art Society, where he met his lifelong friend Charles Keene, drew from the nude, and attended the anatomy lectures of Dr. Rogers, with J. C. Hook, afterwards R.A., who painted "Luff Boy!" and Henry Le Jeune, later an A.R.A., as fellow students. He studied the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum, and he frequented the reading-room and the print-room of that Institution, and also the Tower, for the purpose of acquiring that remarkable knowledge of costume and armour which has been the envy of so many artists since. These lessons, largely self-imposed, and a sojourn in Munich, may be said to constitute the whole of Tenniel's tuition.

He began to exhibit almost as early as Millais, for when he was only sixteen an oil painting by him, entitled "The Stirrup Cup," was hung at the Suffolk Street Gallery, and not only hung but sold, its purchaser being Tyrone Power, the Irish actor. That was in 1836. The next year Tenniel had a picture in the Academy—a scene from *The Fortunes of Nigel*—and he continued to be accepted there until 1842. Soon after that time he was attracted by the project to decorate the new Houses of Parliament with mural paintings, and was among the candidates with a fine cartoon of "The Spirit of Justice," which, though it was not chosen, won a medal. It was in order to study the art of fresco that Tenniel visited Munich; and the late Cosmo Monkhouse, to whose monograph on Tenniel we are indebted for many of these facts, attributes the Teutonic cast of Tenniel's early work to the influences which he there received. "The Spirit of Justice" certainly has a German air.

Sir John Tenniel.



TITLE-PAGE. VOL. XIX. 1850.

Tenniel however did design one cartoon for the House of Lords a Saint Cecilia—and it is interesting to know that it is the only one among those which were contributed at the same time that is still in existence. All the others have faded away. This permanence may be considered a proof of its author's characteristic thoroughness.

Having decided that painting alone was not likely to bring him either riches or fame, he took to book illustration and black-and-white, his first work being a series of drawings for an edition of Æsop, published by Murray in 1848. Had Tenniel not accepted that commission, and thus proved his power not only as a draughtsman of animals, but of animals, and men too, under dramatic conditions, he would most probably have never been selected by Mark Lemon (on the suggestion of Douglas Jerrold) to succeed poor Dicky Doyle, when, in 1850, that delightful artist and sensitive man felt it incumbent upon him to resign his seat on the staff of PUNCH on account of the paper's attitude to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member. PUNCH not being then in the position it has since made for itself (largely by its new recruit's assistance), and Tenniel being a young, serious, and ambitious man, he was, says Mr. Spielmann, at first "by no means enamoured of the prospect of being a PUNCH artist. He was rather indignant than otherwise, as his line was high art and his severe drawing above 'fooling.' 'Do they suppose,' he asked a friend, 'that there is anything funny about *me*?' He meant, of course, in his art, for privately he was well recognised as a humorist; and little did he know, in the moment of hesitation before he accepted the offer, that he was struggling against a kindly destiny."

Many years later, however, we find Tenniel, his destiny accepted, protesting to Mr. Spielmann about the allegation that he was not funny. "Some people declare," he said (in 1889), "that I am no humorist, that I have no sense of fun at all; they deny me everything but severity, 'classicality,' and dignity. Now, *I* believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny."



LORD JACK THE GIANT KILLER.
First Cartoon.—Feb. 1, 1851.

How people of sane mind could suggest that Tenniel had no humour, after certain of the cartoons that are reproduced in this memorial supplement alone, to say nothing of the "Alice" drawings, remains and will remain a mystery; but the vagaries of criticism are always with us.

Doyle, by leaving PUNCH, deprived it of its most fantastic and whimsical hand, upon which it had relied not only for the broad fun of Brown, Jones and Robinson, but also for its grotesque initials, borders and headings; as well as for the Almanack, then almost as important a publication as the paper proper. Tenniel had never the frolic gaiety of Dicky Doyle; but he had something which was to be of far more value to PUNCH—he had a simple sincerity and a grave seriousness which, when fun was not called for, were destined to lift the paper to heights it had never known and possibly had never expected to know. Not that he failed in the lighter tasks originally demanded of him, as a glance at two of the reproductions of his earliest drawings on the present page will show; but his work proper was all to come.



MAY DAY, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.
May 3, 1851.

When Tenniel made his first drawing in

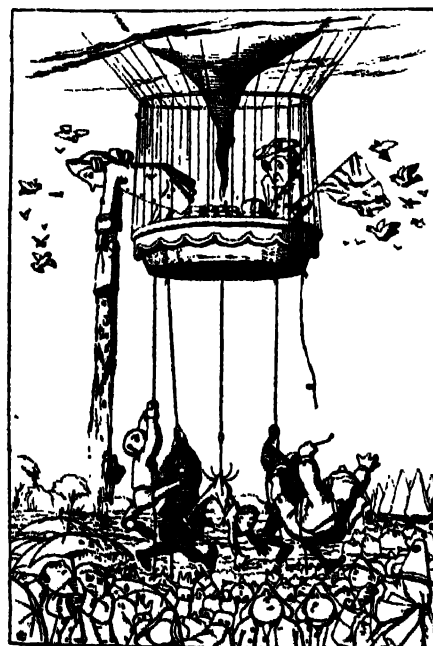
Sir John Tenniel.



"Well, Charl , how do you like the old House?"
"O! Be-be-b au ti ful, e-e eas-y as a Cha-a-air."
First "Social" Contribution.—May 24, 18 1.

PUNCH—it is reproduced on page 1, and was one of the exhibits at Mr. PUNCH'S Pageant in 1909 that attracted most attention—he was thirty years of age. Peel had just died. His first cartoon came in the following year, and dealt with Lord John Russell and Cardinal Wiseman (see page 2), and though he did not until 1862 become cartoonist-in-chief, he relieved Leech on many occasions in the interim. From 1862 until 1901 Tenniel reigned supreme, not only recording history, but, as was remarked by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, at the dinner on the artist's retirement, making reputations too. Mr. Choate's wise and witty words ran thus:—

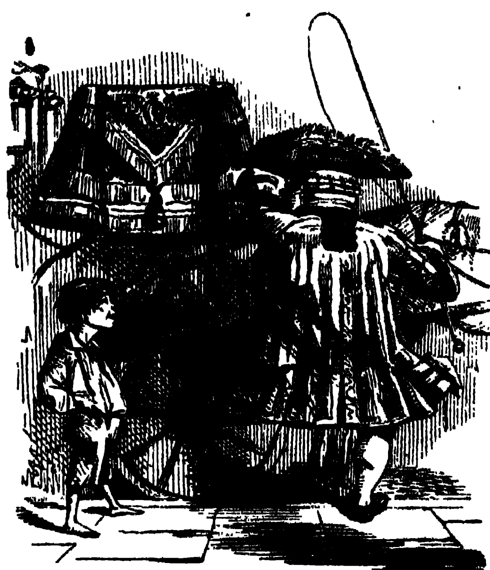
"No wonder that there were to be found on the committee the names of so many of the leading statesmen, scholars, artists and gentlemen of England. Especially it was not to be wondered at that the statesmen bowed at his shrine, for had he not for the past fifty years been keeping a school for statesmen? It was a school of morals, virtues, manners, discipline, politics and principles.



PUNCH'S ANNIVERSARIES.—THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND, SEPT. 15, 1784.
VINCENT LUNARDI THROWING OUT A LITTLE BALLAST.
Sept. 27, 1851.

"He really thought Sir John had not realised until he came there how much he had been doing for England down to that day. Let them think what he had done for the last fifty years. In those fifty volumes were contained the biography of the famous men in the world, and it was interesting to see how from decade to decade he had cultivated and developed the statesmen whom he had taken in hand in budding youth and led on to triumph and fame. It was said on good Biblical authority that the hairs of a statesman's head are all numbered. Nobody knew it better than Sir John Tenniel, who took a blushing, rosy-cheeked, ambitious youth by the hand when he got up to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and followed him from year to year, and decade to decade, so that by studying his successive sketches you might tell exactly how those numbered hairs had fallen away, and how the great dome of thought and experience and wisdom stood up to make up for the loss. How much he had done for all the great men of England! The Chairman's great national poet had said:—

Wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us.



THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.
Blackguard Little Boy (to Queen's Coachman.) "I say, Coachy, are you engaged?"
April 29, 1854.

That was exactly the power that was his. He had enabled every great man of England, after he had achieved his task—perhaps it was a great speech, a great battle, or perhaps a great blunder—to take up PUNCH and see himself exactly as others saw him. He had also taught the great men of England in the last half-century that there was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"It was most interesting to judge Sir John's own career in his own published illustrations. Was he right in thinking that he discovered in them in constantly increasing degree a gentleness, kindness and tenderness from year to year and generation to generation exhibited by him in those wonderful pages? Was he right in believing that time, which had



PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.
King Henry: "Sweetheart, I were unmannerly to take you out, and not to kiss you."—Hen. VIII., Act I., Scene 4.
Aug. 25, 1855.

Sir John Tenniel.

dealt so generously with him, had only mellowed and softened him, so that to-day, when he laid down his pencil, he was dreaded by none, and absolutely and devotedly loved by all? Was he right also in thinking from the evidence of his hand that England herself had in the last half-century mellowed with him, and that she had grown very much less alone and aloof than she appeared to the rest of the world half a century ago?"

That was a very interesting point to make, and Mr. Choate might have gone farther and pointed out how Tenniel, before photography was common, was the chief link between Parliament and the people. He not only made reputations, but he created intimacy.

One of Tenniel's earliest cartoons to shadow forth his vivid historic manner, as we may call it, was that (reproduced on this page) in June, 1854, at the beginning of the Crimean troubles, in which Nicholas, the Tsar, is seen holding a shell to his ear, and as he listens to it (as children do to sea shells) beholding a vision of armed men. But the first cartoon in which the artist's great power displayed itself—on which his moral intensity was stamped—was that reproduced below: "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," one of the great English historic drawings. Tenniel, it may be said, had good fortune in beginning his PUNCH career at a time when such momentous events as the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny were moving the world; but, had he lacked the sincerity, the simplicity, the dignity and the power which were so notably his, that opportunity would have meant nothing to him. Tenniel as PUNCH's cartoonist is one of the best examples of the right man in the right place at the right moment.



WHAT NICHOLAS HEARD IN THE SHELL.

June 10, 1854.

A little more of the very interesting conversation between Tenniel and Mr. Spielmann may be quoted here:—"As for political opinions, I have none—at least, if I have my own little politics, I keep them to myself, and profess only those of my paper. If I have infused any dignity into cartoon-designing, that comes from no particular effort on my part, but solely from the high feeling I have for art. In any case, if I am a 'cartoonist'—the accepted term—I am not a caricaturist in any sense of the word. My drawings are sometimes grotesque, but that is from a sense of fun and humour.

"I never use models or Nature for the figure, drapery, or anything else, but I have a wonderful memory of *observation*—not for dates, but anything I see I remember. . . . As I never have a model, I never draw from life; always, when I want a portrait, a uniform, and so on, from a photograph, though not in quite the same spirit as Sambourne does. I get a photograph only of the man whom I want to draw, and seek to get his character. Then, if the photograph is in profile, I have to judge the full face, and *vice versâ* but if I only succeed in getting the character I seldom go far wrong—a due appreciation is an almost infallible guide. I had the opportunity of studying Mr. Gladstone's face carefully when he did me the honour of inviting me to dinner at Downing Street, and I have met him since; but I fancy, after my 'Mrs. Gummidge' [see page 11] cartoon and 'Janus,' I don't deserve to be honoured again! His face has much more character and is much stronger than Mr. Bright's. Mr. Bright has fine eyes and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as an earnest expression, but a weak nose—artistically speaking, no nose at all—still, a very intellectual face indeed."

It was Gladstone who made Tenniel a knight, in 1893; and the PUNCH staff entertained their artist at dinner at the "Mitre," at Hampton Court, in celebration of the event. Lord Salisbury had meant to confer the honour, but left office too soon.



THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

Aug. 22, 1857.

It was in 1864 that Tenniel accepted the commission for that other series of drawings upon which, with his 2,000 and more cartoons, his fame will rest—the illustrations to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Mr. Balfour, in his speech at the Tenniel

banquet in 1901, said what ought to be said about those joyous pictures. "We must not," he remarked, "forget, in drinking his health, that it is not only as a man who has contributed that immortal series of cartoons to English history that he is known to fame, but he has other claims upon



THE QUAKER AND THE BAUBLE.

"It is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. . . . That is the theory of the Constitution: Blackstone says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution."—*Mr Bright, in his Penny Organ.*

Feb. 5, 1859.

the gratitude of the world. I do not mean to dwell upon that subject, yet I cannot forget that he is in some respects one of the most successful illustrators of books that I think we have ever seen.

"There are books in which the text is a mere otiose and almost unnecessary appendage to the illustrations. There are other books, still larger in number, in which the illustration is an impertinent intrusion upon the attention of the reader, distracting his mind from the literary masterpiece with which he is concerned, and intruding alien



THE SENSATION STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

June 7, 1862.

and unsympathetic ideas to disturb the current of his thoughts. Those books are numerous. But there is a third class of book, in which the illustration and the text are so intimately connected, in which the marriage between the two is so happy and so complete that you cannot conceive the text adequately without the illustrations any more than you could conceive the illustrations unelucidated by the text. Our guest of this evening is one of the happy creators of this kind of illustration. There are books known to all of us in which it would be as impossible to forget the illustrator as it is impossible



PEACE.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN FOR A COLOSSAL STATUE, WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN PLACED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

May 3, 1862.

--and as I hope it will be long impossible—to forget the author."

It was upon Sir John Tenniel's retirement in 1901 that the banquet in his honour (to which reference has already been made more than once) was held at the Métropole. The day was June 12th, 1901, and Mr. Balfour, who was in the Chair, made one of the most charming, graceful and satisfying speeches of his career. The concluding portion was as follows:—

"I think we should all be very fortunate if we were as kindly dealt with by our friends as we have been for many years by the independent critics of PUNCH. I do not believe that the satire of that journal has ever left a wound. I do not believe that any man has felt sore after having been good-naturedly held up to the ridicule—I am afraid I must use the word—of the world. I do not believe any man has ever felt sore, even for half



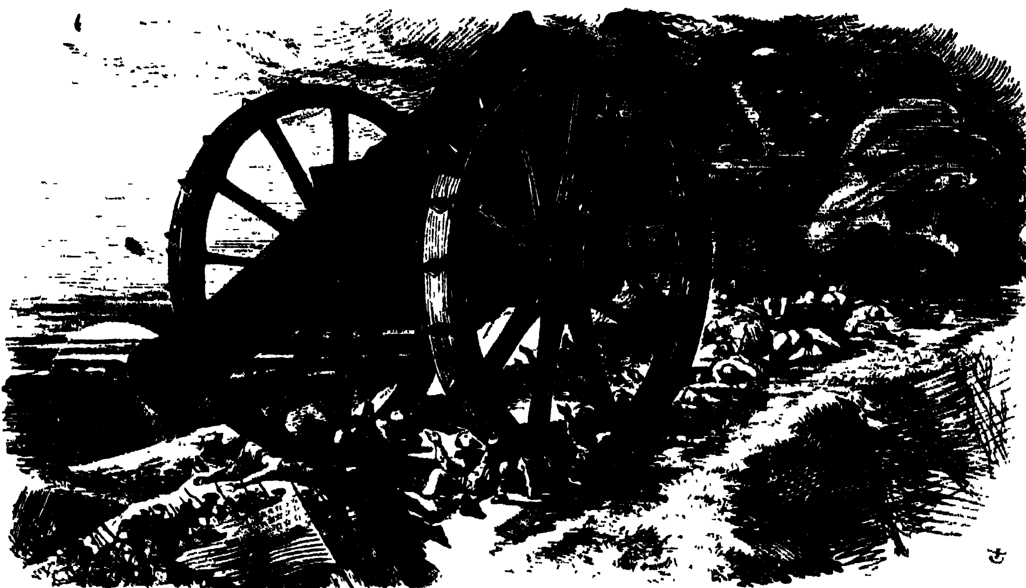
TITLE-PAGE.—VOL. XXX. 1856.



TITLE-PAGE.—VOL. XXXVIII. 1860.

an hour, so happy has been the taste, so wise the discretion, which has guided the general policy of that journal, and which has animated the art of our guest of this evening.

"I am told that in the course of his great career he has designed more than two thousand cartoons for PUNCH. I am further informed that for more than forty years the number of times in which he has not been found at his post, and in which he has not contributed his quota to the amusement and instruction of the world, might almost be counted on the fingers of one's two hands—a marvellous feat of industry, a marvellous example of continuous and successful perseverance. But, after all, the industry and the perseverance are but the smallest qualities which have been shown throughout this period of forty or fifty years.



THE AMERICAN JUGGERNAUT. *Sept. 3, 1864*

"For I doubt whether, in looking back over that long stretch of time, our guest would have found one single occasion on which he could reproach himself, or on which any man could reproach him, for having for one instant lapsed into even a trace of vulgarity; in which the smallest acerbity or venom could be found in any of his productions or in which the great cause of peace, humanity and civilization was not furthered by his efforts. Now that is a marvellous thing to say of one whose occupation has been satire—satire in its broadest sense. I know no satirist, or hardly any satirist, of which the same could honestly be said. It can honestly be said of our friend; and I think that not only his fame, but the fame of British journalism, is raised by a record like that, and that the whole tone of public life, irrespective of politics or creed, is the better for such a sweetening influence. . . .

"Think of the scope of our friend's experience. Think of the Ministries which he has seen rise up, culminate and decay; think of the revolutions abroad which he has witnessed, of the wars which he has recorded, of the great subjects of social interest which one by one he has dealt with during the forty years which have elapsed since he became the delineator of the cartoons in PUNCH.

"It is a great record—a record which embraces a vast mass of details. In it you will see, not by laborious and pedantic description, but by the actual delineation of the moment, the changing fashions of dress, of armament, of all the various particulars of a civilised life which the artist can deal with so successfully by his pencil, and which even the ablest historian can hardly make living to posterity by even the most admirable literary description.

"Therefore it is that in my judgment our guest of this evening is destined to be for the historian of the future one of the great sources from which to judge of the trend and character of English thought and life in the latter half of the 19th century. They will say of him, and say truly, that in carrying out this task he has shown imagination, humour, pathos; that he has, when the occasion arose, shown righteous indignation;



THEY 'RE SAVED! THEY 'RE SAVED! *April 20, 1867.*



A LEAP IN THE DARK. *August 3, 1867.*



FRANCE, SEPT 4, 1870.
"AUX ARMES, CITOYENS; FORMEZ VOS BATAILLONS." *The "Marseillaise."* *Sept. 17, 1870.*

but that the one thing which he has never shown is bitterness of spirit; that the one vice, the one quality, which no one will ever attribute to him is that want of charity without which even the greatest virtues lose all their charm.

"In such guise I am convinced he will appear to posterity. But we have little concern with them; to us he is the great artist and the great gentleman of whom I now ask you with full glasses to drink the health."

The occasion was rendered unforgettable to many who were present by the seizure of silence which overtook the guest of the evening after his health had been drunk and which rendered him unable to do more than acknowledge his thanks; and by Mr. Birrell's exceedingly happy reference to it afterwards. Sir John's feelings prevented him from saying more than these few broken sentences:—

"If any answer were needed, or example, I should say, to prove the truth of the old adage, that some have greatness thrust upon them, none, I think, could be more convincing than that which my presence at this particular time affords, and which the tremendous reception which has just been accorded me so unmistakably confirms. What I have done that this amazing honour should be thrust upon me, and why I am here at all, altogether passes my feeble imagination to discover. Unhappily I have no gift of words; I have never addressed or attempted to address . . . ." (At this point, says *The Times* report, Sir John Tenniel paused for a few moments, exhibiting signs of strong emotion; and this little interval of silence was received with every mark of sympathy by his audience, who renewed the cheers with which they had greeted his rising). Resuming, he said, "Anything that I might attempt to say would not in the least degree express my feelings, and I am afraid I can only express my very heartfelt thanks." The audience, *The Times* report continues, then rose again, gave three enthusiastic cheers for their guest, and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mrs. Silver, who was present with Miss Tenniel and a few other ladies, laughingly remarked to Sir John that he had avoided his after-dinner responsibilities with great skill. "Oh, no," he assured her; "I had a beautiful speech, but I couldn't say another word of it."

Mr. Birrell, who followed Mr. Choate, from whose remarks we have already quoted a passage, referred with his usual felicity to Sir John's emotion. After complimenting Mr. Balfour upon his speech—"perfect in form and perfect in feeling"—Mr. Birrell added that, delightful as Mr. Balfour's eloquence was to listen to, they had had "from Sir John Tenniel a speech which made one in love with silence."

In 1909 came another public expression of the high opinion—almost reverence—in which Sir John Tenniel's name was held, when the papers referred to his entry, on



A VISION ON THE WAY. "BEWARE!" *July 30, 1870.*

Sir John Tenniel.



THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY).
"INSPECTION PARADE."
Sergeant-Major.—" When I d' saye Draa-a—, mind thee *be ant* to Draa-a— ; but when d' saye Swoards,—whip 'em out smart, and 'Dress up' t'Gutter.'
Almanack 1871.

February 28th, into his ninetieth year. In the leading article on Modern English Caricature which was printed in *The Times* on February 27th, apropos of this event, the aim and methods of our great cartoonist were admirably characterised. He was at his best, said the critic, "not in attacks upon men or things, but in the summing up of some moving situation by a picture which, if it were literature and not art, we should call metaphorical. His masterpiece, perhaps, was the cartoon called 'Dropping the Pilot' [see page 13], in which he recorded the dismissal of Prince Bismarck. That cartoon was not an attack upon any one, but simply a moving record of the event. It expressed the sense of tears in mortal things without further comment or criticism. There was no caricature in it, and indeed Sir John is not by nature a caricaturist. There is nothing either bitter or whimsical in his art ; therefore he has never had any difficulty in keeping within those bounds which his own talent, as well as the taste of the time, dictated for him. He was right to work as he did, and we can only admire the grave and kindly and just spirit which was revealed in all his works."

From another excellent article called forth by the same event—in *The Daily News*—we take the following just passage :—"Tenniel may claim, indeed, to have created the cartoon as understood in England. When PUNCH took a young artist of ideals, fresh from painting fresco on the walls of the Houses of Parliament, and made of him its chief pictorial satirist and commentator on great affairs, a new influence was brought into play. If we consider all that marks the best work of Tenniel, the splendid firmness and purity of his line, the loftiness of his conception, the boldness and fidelity of his treatment, the wonderful strength of it all, we take away an impression of dignity—dignity such as showed itself in the erect and quiet personality, in the avoidance of all publicity and display in his simple, secluded life, in the refusal to grasp at money, in the unbroken maintenance through fifty years of a standard of effort that outlasted the power of the pencil. He could draw President Carnot bounding in air like a ballet-dancer, and the picture would be dignified. He could show the British Lion in preposterous check trousers and white waistcoat, and there would be dignity in it. . . ."

It has been remarked that in his delineation of real men Tenniel was less happy than in his delineation of animals and of the men whom he evolved from his own fancy—such as the heroes of the Alician mythology. He was weak, or at any rate mannered, it used to be objected, in his drawing of legs. There is some truth in the criticism, but the point is small. In spite of any such weakness Tenniel could, when moved, compel respect from the readers of PUNCH ; while in cartoons of pure ridicule, in which also he excelled, his eccentricity was a gain, as for example in the "Pas de Deux," on page 10.

Against any humorous foibles as a draughtsman of the human form can be set the power and accuracy which he brought to his lions and tigers and other animals. No one, not Landseer himself, has so translated into line, stone or colour, the grandeur of the lion. Tenniel's lion was truly the King of beasts, the noble creature that it is in *As You Like It* a lion such as only an artist who was also a single-minded patriot of profound devotion could draw.

After his retirement in 1901 Tenniel nursed the project of



"VÆ VICTIS!"
PARIS, MARCH 1st, 1871.
March 11, 1871.

Sir John Tenniel.



"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!"
Aladdin adapted.)

re-drawing and colouring his best cartoons, but failing sight interfered with that scheme. He spent, however, much of his new and endless leisure — which was exceedingly rarely interrupted by any excursion into the open air, for he increasingly disliked the London streets and had to be fetched by main force by such friends as desired his presence—in dabbling in oils and even colouring photographs. Latterly his sight, never very strong—for he had lost the use of one eye entirely early in life, in a fencing contest with his father—failed more and more, and towards the end he may be described as blind. He declined towards the grave, however, very happily, his latter days, although marked by the loneliness inseparable from extreme age, being for the most part serene.

Sir Francis Burnand, for many years Tenniel's editor, writes of his old colleague as follows:—For certain important and most interesting details of the earlier part of Sir John Tenniel's career I am indebted to Mrs. Fred Evans, who has been for many years one of his most intimate friends. Mrs. Fred's knowledge of the facts is exceptional, her husband, the late Fred Evans, having been the junior in "Bradbury and Evans," which immediately succeeded the old original firm which had become the proprietors of Punch on its being sold to them by Mark Lemon and his fellow-workers. Subsequently, after the decease of both Mr. Bradbury and of "Pater" Evans, Fred Evans retired from the business, and the firm became "Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.," as it has since remained, and as it is now as I write.

Mrs. Fred Evans, when she was a mere child of eight, well remembers John Tenniel in his "salad days" as a good-looking, dapper, bright, well-set-up, young artist, about twenty-nine years of age.

"I had heard much concerning Sir John—then of course Mr.—Tenniel," Mrs. Evans informs me, "from my father, Mr. Lloyd, well known as publisher and engraver, whose house of business was on Ludgate Hill."

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century some members of the Tenniel family, of French Huguenot descent, had taken up their quarters in Liverpool, whence, after some little time, they transferred themselves to London. After the death of his wife Mr. Tenniel, Sir John's father, settled in the Bayswater district, then a comparatively rural suburb. The Tenniel family consisted of three sons, Reginald, Adolphus and John, and three daughters, of whom two married, one becoming Mrs. Green, still living; the second, Mrs. Martin, some time since deceased the third, Miss Tenniel, by several years Sir John's junior, remained unmarried, and was for a considerable period able to devote herself entirely to him and to the care of his household.

Sir John's father was a *maître d'armes* of the Angelo School: he taught fencing. His brother Reginald taught dancing. Adolphus took to farming. At his eldest sister's house, which, I am under the impression, was near Buntingford, Sir John at one time was wont to take his occasional holiday. I have always been given to understand that he had a fair supply of nephews and nieces, to whom he was ever most generous.

At a very early age Tenniel devoted himself to art. He appears to have been self-taught. If so he had an admirable instructor; and as a student he must have worked very hard for many years, before he became professionally known as a painter in oils, and had obtained a considerable reputation as an illustrator of books. When Mrs. Fred Evans first saw him, Tenniel had been engaged by her father to paint the figures into some large picture representing "The Entrance of Queen Victoria into the Queenstown Harbour." "This picture," adds Mrs. Fred, "I well remember. My father's firm, 'Lloyd Brothers, of Ludgate Hill,' published the engraving." Mrs. Evans and Mr. Monkhouse differ as to the fate of Tenniel's first painting, for Mrs. Evans doubts if it found a purchaser, or, if it did, "Sir John contrived to get it back again, as," she adds, "it is still in his possession."



PROMETHEUS UNBOUND; OR, SCIENCE IN OLYMPUS. *Almanack, 1879.*

Sir John Tenniel.



THE "PAS DE DEUX"
(From the "Scene de Triomphe" in the Grand Anglo-Turkish *Ballet d'Action.*)
August 3, 1878



'HOLD ON!"
'AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.'—*Mrs. Malaprop.*
June 10, 1882

While quite young, and with a promising career before him, Tenniel married a Miss Giani. Unfortunately she was not by any means in robust health. Hoping for the best, they lived most happily for the space of two years, at the end of which time Tenniel was left a widower. Of the marriage there was no issue. From this blow he never thoroughly recovered. For many years after, Mrs. Giani, his wife's mother, resided with him, and to her John Tenniel was devoted. His grief at the decease of this kindly old lady might have proved fatal to his career had it not been for the encouraging presence of his unmarried sister, Miss Tenniel, who, most fortunately for him and for all the world which he has interested and amused, found herself at liberty to take up her abode with him and to relieve him of all housekeeping responsibilities.

Before he had been invited to join the staff of Punch he had attracted considerable attention by his black-and-white illustrations, among which will be remembered his *Æsop's Fables* and *Lalla Rookh*. Later on he gave us some delicious *Ingoldsby Legends*, and, almost recently as it seems, so fresh are the pictures in everyone's memory, so frequently are they adapted, quoted and apologetically imitated, he delighted everyone with his immortal illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*.

Tenniel faithfully served Punch under two changes in the proprietary constitution, and under a succession of editors four in number—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor and myself. To every one of them in turn he was, indeed, a pillar of strength. As time went on, for the satisfactory execution of double-cartoons, that in earlier days he would have thought out, designed, and produced within forty eight hours, he became gradually convinced that an extension of twenty-four hours had become essential. In such cases, by pre-arrangement, the usual Wednesday's council would be transferred to the Tuesday in that week.



'OUT OF THE WOOD!"
August 27, 1881.

Whenever some details at the time of discussion had escaped the attention of the deliberating assembly, Tenniel used to rely upon my coming round to him on Thursday morning, when, at an early hour, he would have already sketched out his tracing of the cartoon, and then, together, he and I would thoroughly rediscuss the subject, carefully considering every point. As a rule I would find him in his study, as he rarely availed himself of his studio, with his drawing board before him, and on it the tracing of the cartoon well-nigh completed. The chief difficulties of the composition had been almost invariably surmounted, and then for half-an-hour or so we would discuss matters generally, the situation particularly, and ere I left we would settle as to when and where we should meet for our ride. Delightful were those hours with John Tenniel, our

Sir John Tenniel.



"TOO LATE!"

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb 5. "KHARTOUM TAKEN BY THE MAHDI. GENERAL GORDON'S FATE UNCERTAIN."

February 14, 1885.

"Jackides," as long ago for his specialty in classics had he been christened by Shirley Brooks.

Sir John's hand was ever the artistic servant of his head and heart. What he most deeply felt, he most strongly drew. Where ridicule was well deserved, or when sympathy or indignation had to be forcibly aroused, Sir John's arrow, never drawn at a venture, hit the gold." He was a master of grotesque humour, but nonsense he discarded. His Chinese Dragons, his Gog and Magog, and such-like creations, while full of intention, were all delightfully absurd.

His volumes of cartoons are with us; choose where you will, not a single really great opportunity, historically speaking, within the last thirty-nine years of John Tenniel's artistic reign, has been missed. From the very nature of the case not a few susceptibilities must have been hurt, yet never, as it seems to me, from a general English public point of view, did Sir John Tenniel knowingly deal an unfair blow.

Farewell, "Jackides," for thirty-four years my fellow-workman on Punch, and, apart from that, invariably my friend and frequent companion. I look back to the times we spent together as ranking among the most delightful memories of my life; nor do I think that the recollection of them will have been one whit less pleasant to yourself.

So after all these years we part. And, please God, happily in eternity to meet again.

Of Tenniel as a guest at the weekly dinner, as a companion, and as a host, others of his colleagues at the Punch Table—some now, like himself, no more—have put on record a few memories.

"Few men," said the late Henry Silver, "have been so reserved. Even his most intimate friends knew next to nothing of him in the intimate sense. He was a widower when he joined the Punch staff. He seemed never to forget his bereavement." Mr. Silver was in the habit of rowing every year to and from Oxford with Tenniel and the younger Charles Dickens and others. An extract from one of Mr. Silver's diaries describes one of these annual voyages. The year was 1865.



THE POLITICAL "MRS. GUMMIDGE."

Mrs. Gummidge-Gladstone. "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrairy. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!"

John Peggotty Bull (deeply sympathising—aside). "She's been thinking of the old 'un!"—*David Copperfield.*

May 2, 1885.

"*Saturday, July* 29.—Start 10.20. J. [John Tenniel], stroke; D. M. [Du Maurier], 3; H. S. [Henry Silver], 2; Loui, bow; Fred Evans, cox, till lunch.

"Abingdon; Nuneham; Clifton; swim in warm water; lunch under lee of haystack, out of wind.

"D. M. changes to bow after lunch, and knocks himself up by 'spurting'! J. T. and H. S. row all day. 29 miles. Sleep at Streatley, where Charley Dickens [the younger] joins us at supper—on ham and eggs. Came from 'Guild of Literature' at Knebworth.

"*Sunday, July* 30.—Breather before breakfast in pretty beech woods—lots of birds twittering.

"Charley, stroke; J. T.; H. S.; D. M., bow; Fred and Loui, cox, alternate with bow.

"Bathe and lunch at Mapledurham, after stiff pull through potato field and lettuces and rushes!!

"Sultry spin by Reading. Haze on lawn at lovely Sonning.

"Henley at seven.

"*Monday, July* 31.—Fred to town with Loui. Lloyd, his papa-in-law, cox; Charley; J. T.; H. S.; D. M., bow. Rain begins at first lock. Shelter under willows, and find a dragon-fly's skin—vacated recently. Downpour at Cookham. Lunch in Lord Boston's boat-house, and disturb a colony of moths when we light our pipes. Spurt 40 strokes per minute, timed by cox, through steaming showers by misty wooded banks. Stop at Maidenhead. Strip, and find a fire pleasant, and chicken and champagne ditto. 8.45 train to town. N.B.—H. S. only rows right



"ONLY HIS PLAY."

"Russian force attacked the Afghans, killing 500 men."—*Telegram, Thursday, April 9.*

"The Russian Government hope that this unlucky incident may not prevent the continuance of the negotiation. . . (*Laughter.*)"—*Mr. Gladstone, quoting M. de Giers, the same evening.*

April 18, 1885.

Sir John Tenniel.


SINK OR SWIM! *April 10, 1880.*

through, and not stiff afterwards."

John Leech, who was by a year Tenniel's junior, hunted with him with some regularity, not always, Mr. Silver says, to the advantage of their Punch work.

The late Linley Sambourne recalled that he first met Tenniel at Mark Lemon's funeral in 1870. Tenniel's chief recreation was riding; and his favourite horse for many years was a "Miss Brown," who, when her hour struck, was by her owner's especial wish, as some return to his "models," given as a meal to the lions at the Zoo. In 1892 Tenniel gave up riding.

The churchwarden was Tenniel's staple companion after the dinner; but it was often varied by a little Charles II. pipe given him by Charles Keene, who had a collection of them. "I can't think of anything else to say," Tenniel's successor as chief cartoonist added, "except that for nearly forty years not the slightest shadow crossed our friendship."

"It chanced at the Punch Table," says H. W. L., "that I, through a long course of years, sat almost immediately opposite Tenniel, and had exceptional opportunity of studying his beautiful nature and perfect manner. To the last I was undetermined as to whether he more resembled Don Quixote or Colonel Newcome. With the growing burden of four-score years on his shoulders, he was in spirit the youngest of the staff. His upright, lithe figure, his ruddy countenance, his bright and cheery look, belied the tale of his years. Conjoined with a healthy body was a sunny temper. Through an exceptionally long life, brought into contact with innumerable people, it is safe to assert that he never made an enemy. In overwhelming measure he had that which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends. Of these last the most attached were those admitted to closest intimacy.

"During our long companionship at the weekly dinner-table, I never knew him absent either on account of illness or of making holiday. He once, greatly daring, visited Venice. But the expedition sufficed. 'London's good enough for me,' he used to say, when others talked of holidays outside the four-mile radius.


"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" *October 23, 1886.*


THE TEMPTER.
Spirit of Anarchy. "What! No work! Come and enlist with me,—I'll find work for you!!" *November 27, 1886.*

"He did not at the Punch Table take a leading part in discussion of the design or detail of the preparation of the cartoon for the following week. He listened closely, and when the picture came out those who had contributed suggestions to its form perceived how by some subtle touch of humour or fancy Tenniel had improved upon them.

"When he left the historic Table graced with his presence for fifty years, he meant occasionally to look in again. So recently as March 25th, 1907, he wrote to me: 'Now that spring, according to the almanack, has really begun (it's snowing at the present moment), I am looking forward to the happiness of meeting the dear clever boys again, and, on the earliest Wednesday I can manage, shake hands.' Only once did he go through an ordeal which, though giving unmixed pleasure to others, must for him have had some note of sadness."

Sir John Tenniel.



DROPPING THE PILOT. *March 9, 1890.*

and Clarkson Stanfield. Tenniel was the last survivor of that merry band of mummers.

At the amateur performance at the Adelphi in 1869 for the family of the late Charles H. Bennett, of Punch, Tenniel played the part of Colonel Lord Churchill in Tom Taylor's drama, *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*. The part of Keziah Mapletoft, in the same play, was taken by "Miss Ellen Terry (Mrs. Watts)." This was the occasion of the first performance of Sir Francis Burnand's lyrical *Cox and Box*.



UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.
(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.)
Mrs. Ulster. "Now, Mr. Bull, do you see any '*green*' in my eye?"
April 22, 1893.

"I had never," says R. C. L., "met Tenniel before I took my first dinner at the Punch Table in April, 1890. The prospect of shaking hands with him made up no small part of the pleasure with which I looked forward to the feast. I had been brought up on a liberal diet of Punch back volumes as well as current numbers, and had learnt a good deal of modern history from Tenniel's glorious cartoons. I felt as if I was about to be introduced to a great historic figure who had somehow survived from the splendid past to our own degenerate days. I am sure that, through all the years of our association, I never lost that early feeling of reverence. Indeed, it increased with me, for there was a simple straightforward dignity about Tenniel's appearance and his manner that could not fail to impress the most careless of his companions. At the same time he was so kind and friendly, so considerate and so genial, that affection was very soon added to reverence.

"After I had met him there came another feeling of which I have never quite rid myself. I knew, of course, that he

Referring to Tenniel's histrionic efforts, H. W. L. says that he greatly cherished some photographs, "two pence coloured," in which he was almost unrecognisable in theatrical dress. Of the whole range of his appearances on the amateur stage we have no record, but in 1852 he was one of the distinguished company that visited Newcastle and Sunderland to perform in Lytton's comedy, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art. Charles Dickens was the moving spirit, and among the others were Frank Stone, Wilkie Collins, Mark Lemon,



MR. PUNCH IN FAIRYLAND—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
"Weaving spiders, come not here; Beetles black, approach not near."—*Shakespeare.*
Almanack, 1894.

Sir John Tenniel.



'WHO SAID 'ATROCITIES'

(After the Popular Engraving.)

"Old as I am my feelings have not been deadened in regard to matters of such a dreadful description."—*Mr Gladstone's Birthday Speech at Hawarden on the Armenian Atrocities, December 29*

Jan. 12, 1895

had never been a soldier, but I couldn't help thinking that he must have been at one time a cavalry colonel. His eyes had a fierce sort of flash in them, and his long moustaches, his hawk's nose, and his healthy complexion, burnt in, as it were, by the suns and winds and rains of many marches, all added to the illusion. He held himself, too, as straight as a dart, and his speech was soldierly and downright. In some other life he must have set a squadron in the field.

"I have heard it said that he never suggested a cartoon himself. It is quite true that he generally preferred to sit quietly smoking his pipe while the discussion was initiated and developed by others; but I can remember more than a few occasions when he broke in upon our deadlock with a new and happy suggestion of his own which was eventually adopted *nem. con.* Very often, too, when we thought we had reached the term of our labours and referred the suggested picture to him, he crushed it with the one word 'impossible,' very scornfully delivered. From this judgment there was rarely an appeal. My memory of him during these cartoon discussions presents him to me as the embodiment of an almost deferential courtesy, about which there was something rather formidable, as though it sometimes cost him an effort to restrain himself from breaking his churchwarden over the head of someone who was pushing a futile suggestion beyond reasonable limits. The churchwarden never *was* broken, but it continued to inspire respect.

"In my early days at the Table, by the way, we all took to churchwardens, chiefly, I think, out of regard for Tenniel. He penned a device of my initials on the bowl of mine. I kept it and smoked it for many years, but a waiter finally smashed it.

"There was one strong link between us—that of oarsmanship. He had rowed a great deal in his young days, and used to speak of the sport and its traditions with a whole-hearted enthusiasm. All things that were manly, upright and honourable had an irresistible attraction for him. I think he would rather have cut his tongue out than utter anything boastful."



THE OLD CRUSADERS!

THE DUKE OF ARG-LL AND MR. GL-DST-NE "BROTHERS IN ARMS" AGAIN.
BULGARIA, 1876. ARMENIA, 1895.

May 18, 1895.

"I sat with Tenniel at the PUNCH board for some ten years," J. B. P. writes, "and saw, besides, something of him at my own house and others', both before and since his retirement; and from the day when I first met him, in the fulness of his power, until his failing sight made it impossible for him to do the only work he cared for, I realised with increasing sureness that the great quality that distinguished the man, as it distinguished his work, was Dignity.

"I met him first in 1891, when I first joined the 'Table.' The two supremely interesting personalities for me were Tenniel and Du Maurier—'Jackides' and 'Kiki,' as they were to one another—and at my first dinner all my attention was concentrated on those two. I well remember the impression Tenniel produced on



ON THE PROWL.

Dec. 8, 1900.

Sir John Tenniel.



HARCOURT'S PASTORAL.
"BID ME TO LIVE AND I WILL LIVE, THY PROTESTANT TO BE!"
Robert Herrick's "To Anthe … mand him anything.
Feb 8, 1899.

me—an impression of extreme courtliness and suavity. One noticed first the tall soldierly figure and the precise neatness of his dress, and then, as he gave one a cordial greeting, the exquisite diction with which it was pronounced. It was a keen pleasure to listen to his speech. Without a trace of pedantry his enunciation always charmed the ear by the rare purity of the vowel sounds. I've only once heard his match in this—the late Lord Coleridge.

"And then I saw him at the business of his 'cut.' There he sat, a grave, placid figure, with that dominant note of strong simplicity suffusing every word and action. Reticent he was—not often himself suggesting, but weighing every suggestion of others—impatient of all superfluity, resenting and rejecting anything that would hamper the translation of his theme into terms of his own forceful austere line. He puffed his churchwarden continuously—one remembers the firm, nervous grip of his fingers on the stem and the vague half-sketched gestures that punctuated his talk; the occasional flashes of fun and the rare liftings of the veil that let his enthusiasms peep out. But always the qualities that radiated from him were those of which his work was compact—strength and reticence. No personality ever reflected more completely the work it projected.

"In those days he used to walk to Bouverie Street from Maida Vale, but always rode back, and I've often shared his cab with him and talked shop, and got glimpses of his methods and so forth. Without any pig-headed prejudices, he was always very loyal to the traditions he had inherited. He never took kindly to 'process engraving,' because it meant pen-and-ink work, which he found irksome, though he used it with mastery, and the 'process' reproduced it admirably; what he loved was the manipulation of a hard pencil on the wood-block lightly washed with white; and when the camera enabled him to dispense with the block and preserve his original drawings he never felt that the innovation was an unmixed blessing. He loved, too, to talk about costume and armour, of which his knowledge was extensive. I remember his bringing out for me at 'den' in Maida Vale a set of Burgmeyer's Maximilian prints and discoursing lovingly on them. And no need to tell you how he knew and understood the greatest of all cartoonists—Dürer.



PLAIN ENGLISH.
JOHN BULL (*to Boer*). "AS YOU *WILL* FIGHT, YOU SHALL HAVE IT. *THIS* TIME IT'S A FIGHT TO A FINISH."
Oct. 11, 1899.

"Sport, too, he loved—old-fashioned English outdoor sport—rowing, hunting, fishing; but motor-cars and bicycles were *anathema maranatha* to him."

F. A. contributes some reminiscences of Tenniel just after his retirement, which form a picture of serene old age. The evening of an honourable life can never have been quieter or sweeter:—

"I met Tenniel occasionally, after his retirement, in the houses of his most intimate friends, looking as hale and cheery as ever. But for the last few years of his life he declined all invitations to dine out, though old friends and colleagues who came to see him were always cordially welcomed. He would come out on to the first-floor landing to receive the visitor, and take him into his study, a comfortable room with well-filled book-shelves, old armour, carved oak cabinets, a few bronzes and casts—mostly equestrian, a few of wild animals. The walls were hung with his own water-colour, chalk and pen-and-ink drawings. 'This is *my* den,' he would tell you; 'I've never made any changes here, and at my age I've ceased to care for luxury.'

"Then he would show you what he had been engaged upon that day, remarking meanwhile, 'It's not work, merely amusing myself. My work is over.' I found him once retouching an early oil-painting of his, 'St. Cecilia,' which he had begun for the House of Lords Fresco Competition; at another time he was painting 'Griselda being parted from her child'; at a third he was



WHO SAID "DEAD"?
March 7, 1900.

colouring a wood-engraving of his, 'Firing the Beacon'; and he showed me a set of water-colour drawings — one of St. George and the Dragon, the rest scenes from Shakspeare, which he had just completed. 'No,' he said, '*I* shan't send them to be exhibited anywhere. What's the use? They don't care for my work except in connection with PUNCH. Besides, I'm tired - I can't take the trouble.'

"He was only able to paint or draw for an hour or so a day, as his eyesight was failing fast, and for months together he would not leave the house at all. But he always seemed wonderfully well and vigorous, and quietly contented, speaking even of the prospect of total blindness with resignation.

"Often he would talk of old times—of how he had been sworn in as a special constable during the Chartist Riots, and walked up and down on his allotted beat, 'hoping I shouldn't have to fight anybody,' he added, with his curiously boyish laugh of self-disparagement. As it happened, no rioters came his way, which, as he was a good all-round athlete, and no one who knew him could doubt his courage, was fortunate for them. Once he described the friendly rivalry there had been in the hunting-field between himself and Leech, which ended at last in Leech's admission that Tenniel took fences which he himself did not care to ride at. Tenniel had hunted, too, with Anthony Trollope, whom he considered a reckless rider, and had seen putting his horse at a five-barred gate while it was being opened for a more cautious sportsman. When Tenniel left off hunting I do not know, but he rode regularly until quite late in life. During another of our talks he brought out a note-book which, as a young man, he had taken to the opera and theatres, and which was full of impressions, some in pencil, some in colour, of Grisi and Mario, Lablache and Jenny Lind, Charles Keane and Macready, and other stars of the forties and early fifties. I think it was then that he said he had been to see *Richard the Second* at His Majesty's not long before, but found he could see nothing on the stage distinctly, and had decided to give up play-going.

"I never saw any indication of decline in his mental vigour. He was always keenly interested in the latest doings of his old friends and colleagues, and fully acquainted with current topics and events, though of the latter he would speak with a certain detachment, as matters in which he could no longer be directly concerned.

"Whatever the weather, no protests from a departing visitor would prevent him from coming downstairs and opening the front-door himself. 'Of *course* I shall come,' he would say, with a kind of humorous petulance; 'I'm not so feeble as all that!' And he would stand at his open door, thanking his guest in his kind voice for coming to see him, and assuring him that he was always glad to see him—'you *know* that's the truth, don't you?' And one left his gate with a deeper reverence and affection for him than ever, and a stronger sense of the dignity and beauty that attend the old age of a great and good man."

F. A. refers to Tenniel's house in Maida Vale. From there he moved, with some indignation, to a flat in Fitzgeorge Avenue, West Kensington. Some little time later the death of his sister left him in the care of a faithful companion. His sight had long failed him, but memory kept the inward vision bright. Only a few weeks before his death one of his colleagues found him able to talk and think clearly about old friends of the PUNCH Staff. Another wrote of him at the last: "He is slowly sinking—without pain, perfectly happy—just waiting for his end. He wanders a good deal, and is back at the PUNCH Table, talking to his old comrades or designing splendid cartoons."

And so the end came, very gently—just at the hour when we were talking over the subject of the week at this Round Table that he loved so well.



TIME'S APPEAL.
SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S LAST APPEARANCE IN "PUNCH."

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd., Printers, London and Tonbridge.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY describes one of the deported Nine as the Brain of the party. This is a distinction which just eluded Mr. BAIN.

* * *

The Admiralty has decided that, in the place of the grand manœuvres this year, there shall be a surprise mobilisation. Last year's manœuvres were, we believe, something of a fiasco, but to ensure the success of the surprise mobilisation five months' previous notice is given.

* * *

"Every man," says the Bishop of LONDON, "must be his own Columbus and find the continent of truth." This is the first time that we had heard America called the continent of truth, and one wonders where the present fashion of flattery is going to end.

* * *

We read that a Russian writer named LUNATCHARSKY has been expelled from Germany. Is it possible that he is a relative of Mr. MAX BEERBOHM'S friend Kolniyatchi?

* * *

At the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, two young millionaires figured as amateur jockeys. We understand now the meaning of the expression "putting money on a horse."

* * *

"Futurist frocks," we are told, were a feature of the Chelsea Arts Club ball. Just as in these days "Fancy Dress" often seems to mean that the dress is left to the fancy, Futurist frocks, we presume, are frocks that may appear in the future.

* * *

An American journalist has been pointing out how London lags behind other great cities in the matter of shop-window dressing. There would seem to be no limit to our decadence. Even our shop-windows are inadequately clothed.

* * *

A meeting has been held at Kingston to consider the possibility of providing "some counter attraction" for the young people who frequent the streets on Sunday evenings. Seeing that most of them are at the counter during the week—you catch the idea?

* * *

"Monkey nuts are dangerous," said Dr. ROUND at an inquest last week. Judging by the mild-looking specimens one sees walking about in the streets appearances are certainly deceptive.

* * *

A contemporary, by the way, propounds the question: Why does the "nut" always wear his headgear on the back of his head? This custom is certainly queer, for, if he really cared about his personal appearance he would wear the hat over his face.

* * *

We regret to learn that an attempt to teach a modern Office Boy manners has failed. A friend of ours met his Office Boy in the street, and the lad merely nodded to him. To shame him the Master raised his hat with mock solemnity, at which the lad said, "That's all right, but you needn't do it."

* * *

The fashion, which originated on the Continent, of having the face and neck painted with miniature works of art is reported to be spreading to London. And the practical Americans are said to be considering a further development in the form of advertisements on the face by means of neat inscriptions, such as "Complexion by Rouge et Cie," "Teeth by Max Gumberg," and "Dimples excavated by the American Face Mining Co."

* * *

"England," says General CARRANZA, "is the world's bully." The General must please have patience with us, for there are signs that we are improving. In the same issue of the evening paper which reported this dictum of his the following announcement appeared under the heading "LATEST NEWS":—"There were no bullion operations reported at the Bank of England to-day."



Curate (*forte*). " . . . TO HAVE-AND-TO HOLD."
Bridegroom (*deaf*). "EH?"
Curate (*fortissimo*). "TO—HAVE—AND—TO—HOLD."
Bridegroom. "TO 'AVE AND TO 'OLD."
Curate. "FROM—THIS—DAY—FORWARD."
Bridegroom. "TILL THIS DAY FORTNIGHT!"

BYLES FOR THE BILL.

[In a letter addressed to *The Times*, headed "Pass the Bill and Take the Consequences," Sir William Byles makes the statement:—"I for one will take the risk without hesitation."]

Darkling I sing. Ere Tuesday's hour for tea
Shall set this doggerel in the glare of day,
He who adjured us still to "wait and see,"
He will have tweaked the mystic veil away,
And you will know—whatever it may be.

You, but not I; for I have yet to wait.
Far South, beneath (I hope) a stainless sky
The pregnant news shall find me, rather late,
Powerless to watch the ball with steadfast eye
Through sheer distraction as to Ulster's fate.

Fain would I have upon my well-pricked ear
Such tidings fall as prove that party pride
Yields with a mutual grace. And yet I fear
These desperadoes on the Liberal side—
Bill Byles (for one), the Bradford Buccaneer.

"Pass"—so he boldly writes—"the Bill and take
(His conscience will not let him run to "damn")
"The Consequences." That is why I shake
Even as when the shorn and shivering lamb
Observes the wolf advancing in his wake.

I see him bear, this dreadful man of gore,
A brace of battleaxes at the slope;
I see him fling his gauntlet on the floor,
And (shouting, "Byles for Redmond and the Pope!")
Let loose the Nonconformist Dogs of War.

Ah! take and hide me in some hollow lair,
Red hills of Var! and ye umbrella-pines,
Cover me like a gamp! I cannot bear
This Apparition with its armèd lines
Humming the strain, "*Sir Byles s'en va-t-en guerre.*"

March 7. O. S.

THE END OF IT ALL.

It was the opening of the new Parliament of 1919 A.D. They had got IT.

If you can't guess what they had got you must be obtuse.

The great procession of Women M.P.'s formed in Trafalgar Square. Behind them were the ruins of the National Gallery (the work of the immortal Miss Podgers, B.Sc.); before them were the fragments of the Nelson Column (Miss Tunk's world-famous feat).

The free fight concerning the leadership of the procession was settled by the intervention of mounted police. They decided that all the would-be leaders should march abreast with two armed policemen between each pair of them to prevent casualties by the way. So the head of the procession started off sixty abreast down Whitehall.

It was a magnificent spectacle. All the M.P.'s wore green-and-white wigs because it was the fashion, and in addition green-and-white whiskers to assert their equality with men. Each processionist carried a model of her greatest work. There was Mrs. Spankham with a superb model of Westminster Abbey—its petrolling had been the greatest stroke in convincing the voters of the pure motives of the feminists. Miss Sylvia Spankham bore aloft the City Temple, Miss Christabel Spankham the Albert Hall, whilst Mrs. Lawrence Pothook waved triumphantly a lovely representation of King's Cross Station. Magnificent too was Mrs. Drummit riding astride a fire-engine as an emblem of peace and goodwill.

The crowd viewed the procession with awed silence, only breaking into cheers when Miss Blithers, blushing modestly, held up a cardboard representation of the Albert Memorial she had nitro-glycerined. Miss Bliggs marched triumphantly in a bishop's mitre bearing a pastoral staff, in recognition of her great feat in forcibly feeding a wicked bishop who had written a letter to the Press against forcible feeding. Misunderstood by the crowd was Mrs. Trudge, who wheeled a perambulator containing two babies. The onlookers thought that Mrs. Trudge was about to take her innocent offspring to the House of Commons, and those out of hat-pin range murmured, "Shime," "Give the kids a chawnce." They did not know that Mrs. Trudge was no base slave of man, that she had no children of her own, and that the wax babies she wheeled in the perambulator merely indicated that she was the heroine who had doped a nursemaid with drugged chocolate and abducted a Cabinet Minister's twins.

Unhappily Miss Bolland also passed unidentified, though she held a cardboard tube aloft. Not even a taxi-driver cheered as the intrepid lady passed who had blown up the electrical-generation station of the Tubes and made London walk for a month. There too was Mrs. Tibbs, brave in her misfortunes. She had missed her election by one vote just because, when she came to the booth to vote for herself, lifelong habit had been too strong for her and she had phosphorused the ballot box.

An unfortunate breeze from the river played havoc with the processionists' whiskers, and one or two of the weaker spirits in the ranks argued that some of the Government offices in Whitehall ought to have been left standing for protection—at any rate till the procession was over.

On they went, each of the twenty leaders in front explaining how she had led the movement to triumph. On the top of the fire-engine Mrs. Drummit danced a futurist dance, symbolic of the subjection of man. At last they reached the portals of the House. The leaders broke into a run to secure front places on the Government benches.

"Stop," cried a police superintendent, rushing from the building.

"The days of man's tyranny are over!" shouted twenty voices together.

"Maybe," said the police superintendent, "but some of 'em are catching up to you. They've dynamited the Houses of Parliament, and if you go inside you'll pop like roasted chestnuts."

And as they watched the flame the leaders realised the sad fact that they had not left a building standing in London roomy enough for a Parliament.

Commercial Candour.

"——— Tooth Brushes are so constructed that the bristles get right into the smallest crevices of the teeth. Moreover the bristles positively won't come out."—*Advt. in "London Opinion."*

That has sometimes been our bitter experience.

The Choir Inaudible.

"The chorus gave ample evidence of having made great strides since their last appearance in public, all the items for which they were responsible being well sustained and rendered in first-class style. Special mention should be made, however, of their rendering of 'A Spring Song,' which was given in quite a professional manner, the chorus dispensing with both music and words, and the audience evinced their appreciation of this really fine effort by long continued applause, to which the chorus responded by repeating it."

Avalon Independent.

There would probably be no words to the applause and very little music; so the chorus could easily repeat it.



GIFT FOR GIFT.

General Botha. "Well, I suppose one good turn deserves another; we must give him a warm reception."

STUDIES IN DISCIPLESHIP.

The Times' Third Leader.

The statement made in these columns by a well-informed correspondent that the incomparable Nijinsky is so delicate that by his doctor's decree he is obliged to abstain from all forms of exercise save that involved in his beloved art, gives us, in the vivid phrase of our neighbours, "furiously to think." At the first blush incredulity prevails, but recourse to the annals of history, ancient and modern alike, furnishes us with abundant confirmation of this strange anomaly. Hannibal was a martyr to indigestion, while his great rival, Scipio Africanus, suffered from sea-sickness even when crossing the Tiber. Wherever we look we are confronted with the spectacle of genius fraying its way to the appointed goal in spite of physical drawbacks which would have paralysed meritorious mediocrity. Wolfe was a *poitrinaire*, and Nelson would never have passed the medical examination to which the naval cadets of to-day are subjected. But the case of Nijinsky is more tragic because abstinence from skating and riding, of which he was passionately fond, entails greater anguish on so sensitively organised a temperament than it would on a mere man of action, and the suffering of a great artist may lead to international complications which it is terrible to complicate. Russian dancing is as necessary to the well-being of our social system as standard bread; yet when we think of the sacrifices which its hierophants undergo in order to minister to our pleasure the sturdiest Hedonist cannot escape misgivings. Still, we may find consolation in the thought that sacrifice is necessary to perfection. Such sacrifices take various forms. In the case of Nijinsky we see a man of immense brain power specialising in a most exhausting form of physical culture to remedy his extreme delicacy. At the opposite extreme we find cases of men so extraordinarily powerful that they are obliged to abandon all exercise and lead a purely sedentary life in order to counteract their abnormal muscularity. Thus Lord Haldane, who in his earlier days thought nothing of walking to Cambridge one day and back to London on the next, has now become more than reconciled to the immobility imposed on the occupant of the Woolsack.

It needs no little exercise of the imagination to form a mental picture of Lord Haldane as a member of the Russian ballet, or, to put it in a more concrete form, making the famous flying exit in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. Could fancy be translated into fact, the drawing power of such a spectacle would be prodigious. On the other hand, and in view of the notorious adaptability of the Slavonic temperament, we can well imagine Nijinsky proving an admirable Lord Chancellor. Exchanges of this sort would add to the comity of nations besides enhancing the amenities of public life, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that provision for carrying this out may be in the Government's scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords.



THE BRUTE AGAIN.

Weary Hostess. "Yes, I've been having such trouble with baby. Every night I have to get up about twenty times, getting his things——"

Visitor. "Why don't you make your husband do something?"

Hostess. "Oh, I daren't wake my husband; if I do he always drinks baby's milk."

"New Zealand mutton was yearly increasing in public favour."—*Times.*

It mustn't get too powerful.

From an advertisement of a land sale in *Ceylon Morning Leader*:—

"An undivided 1/3+1/36+1/2 of 9/80+1/24 +1/2 of 1/18 parts of the land called Vitarunalage Gamwasama at Yatawala in extent 500 amunams paddy sowing."

A chance for a newly-created peer who wants a family seat from which to take his title and quarterings.

The meeting of Antony and Cleopatra as described in Hutchinson's *History of the Nations*:—

"When they met first he was twenty-nine and she was sixteen; now he was forty-two and she was twenty-seven."

Anyhow she would say so.

A LOST LEADER.

"ENID," I said, "we must offer something to somebody."

"You don't mean Squawks?" she pleaded piteously.

"I wish I did," I sighed. Squawks is a Pomerachshund—at least I think so; though Enid inclines towards the Chowkingese theory. Anyhow, he himself has always realised that someone had blundered, and has worked steadily to make a dog of himself.

"Well, if it's not Squawks, I don't care," remarked Enid.

"I wish you'd take some interest."

"What in?"

"In what I say."

"What *did* you say?"

"We must," I repeated, "offer something to somebody."

"That's not very enthusey. Unless"—and her whole face brightened—"you mean what you call your reading-chair. It threw me on to the floor and knelt on me only yesterday; and I know Aunt Anne——"

"Enid," I said sternly, "that's not the point."

"I was afraid not."

"The thing is, one must be in the swim. Everybody is offering things right and left now. Look at SUTHERLAND, DERBY—even LLOYD GEORGE."

"I didn't know they were friends of yours."

"Not exactly; but——"

"Then why so familiar?"

"My dear," I explained, "that *is* the point. Once get your name in the papers at the end of a two-column letter and you are the friend of all the world—it gives one an *entrée* to the castle of the Duke and the cottage of the crofter."

"Even before you've written it?"

"I have written it!"

"Oh, how splendid! Where?

'In here," I said, tapping the best bit of my head.

"Oh, *that!*" And then, pensively: "Next time Mary Jane has a brainstorm, I'll tell her to call you 'Charley.' Poor girl!"

"I don't think you quite appreciate," I remarked.

"I don't. What exactly do we stand to gain?"

"There's the rub. Not lucre. Perish the thought! But one begins to be a power, an influence. People whisper [illegible] Tube, 'Who's that?' [illegible] know? Why [illegible] who is making [illegible] laughing-stock. The man who holds the Empire in the palm of his hand. The man who——'"

"Thanks," said Enid. "We had better buy a gramophone. I thought you were getting fidgety at home."

"Dearest," I explained, "it is not that. It is because I feel in me a spirit that will not be denied. Give me the opportunity and I will make this land, this England——"

"Hush, Squawks. Was'ms frightened then, poor darling!"

"That dog——"

"Hush!" said Enid to me. "How are you going to begin?"

"It is quite simple. Somebody writes something to the papers."

"Yes; so far it sounds easy."

"Now that something is hideously disparaging to my class and calling. I promptly answer him."



Kind Old Gentleman. "WHAT A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PET! I HAVE ALWAYS A SOFT PLACE FOR ANIMALS."

"That is, if you can be funnier at his expense than he at yours."

"I shan't be funny at all."

"No?" said Enid thoughtfully.

"Mine will be a scathing indictment, and of course I shall bring in the political situation. He writes back, evading the point at issue. I crush him with figures and statistics, and make him a practical offer—a few deer-forests, a paltry township, or my unearned increment, as the case may be."

"The mowing-machine is out of order," Enid remarked.

"I quote passages in his letter as the basis of negotiation. He pretends to accept. I point out how, when and why he has been guilty of paltry quibbling, and show that the Party he supports fosters such methods and manners."

"Is that all?"

"No. And that is just where I shall differ from everybody else. I shall go on where they have stopped. Having made one individual ridiculous, I shall broaden the basis of operation. With consummate skill I shall gradually draw the public officials down into the arena."

"Don't forget the gas-man; he was very rude last month."

"Not that kind," I explained. "Cabinet Ministers, Secretaries of State, the whole machinery of government shall writhe under the barbed shafts of my mockery. Ridicule is the power of the age. Ridicule in my hands shall be as bayonets to NAPOLEON, as poison to a BORGIA." I gasped.

"Help!" said Enid, taking up *The Daily Most*. "Here's the very thing," she went on. "Somebody called 'A. Lothos'——"

"Pah! A pseudonym."

"Well, anyhow, he says that all political writers are worthless sycophants. You might begin on that."

"I will," I cried. "But craven anonymity is not my part. My name shall stand forth boldly. Fate's finger points the way. How do you spell 'sycophant'? The type has gone a bit dizzy over it."

And I plunged into the fray.

"Sir," I began; and there followed 2,000 words of closely-woven argument, down to "I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant."

I read it through carefully, looked up "sycophant" in the dictionary, and wrote it all out again.

Then I showed it to Enid.

"Why have you spelt 'sycophant' like that?" she asked.

"I——"

"No, 'y.'"

"It *is* a 'y.'"

"Oh!" (Pause.) "What about the offer? Mr. Lethos says that nine-tenths of what is written nowadays is only worth the ink and paper."

"The offer," I reminded her, "will come later."

"Oh! I just thought—— You might get rid of those articles on 'Happiness in the Home' at cost price. They're running up to quite a lot in stamps."

I posted the letter to the Editor.

Next morning I seized the paper nervously. There was my name at the end of a column and a half. I had begun.

I sat down to wait for the next step. It came with the mid-day post in a letter from Saxby, who is—or was—my friend.

"Good old Tibbles," it ran; "I knew some juggins would rise, whatever I wrote. But fancy landing you!—Yours ever, [illegible]."

Now how *can* a man save his country on a thing like that?

SMILES AND LAUGHTER.

ON days of gloom and sadness,
 When nothing brings relief,
When men are moved to madness
 And women groan with grief;
Though growing daily dafter,
 I might, as once I did,
Have cheered myself with laughter,
 But laughter is forbid.

If I should treat of CARSON,
 His guns and rataplan,
It 's something worse than arson
 To smile at such a man;
Since chaff would make his pulse stir—
 And this he cannot brook—
The more he talks of Ulster
 The solemner we look.

Then, should I meet a CECIL
 (Lord ROBERT or Lord HUGH),
His manifest distress 'll
 Be very sad to view
Unless I 'm in a proper,
 A gloomy frame of mind,
And put a heavy stopper
 On mirth of any kind.

Next POUTSMA brings his quota
 For giving me delight,
Who wants to punish BOTHA
 By living in his sight;
Or, foiled of such a strife-time,
 Decides to have a blow
And spend a briny lifetime
 In sailing to and fro.

And SEDDON, who gave greetings
 To those deported nine,
Invited them to meetings
 And asked them out to dine,
And begged of them and prayed them
 To be no longer banned,
But hardly could persuade them
 To leave the ship and land.

These two, the gloom beguiling,
 Might make me greatly dare,
Might set my face a-smiling
 And win my soul from care;
The fêted and the feeders
 Might well provoke some chaff;
But no—they 're Labour Leaders,
 And so we mustn't laugh.

And, last, there 's LAW, our BONAR,
 Who in a burst of tact
Is minded to dishonour
 The loathed Insurance Act;
With opposites agreeing,
 He faces North by South,
And keeps the Act in being
 And kills it with his mouth.

He too might smooth a wrinkle,
 Although he 's stern and grim,
And make my eyes to twinkle
 By seeing fun in him;
Cursed be that cheerful vision,
 And cursed all sense of fun:
It is a foul misprision
 To smile at anyone.



REVERIE.

"NO, DARLING, NOT IN THE STUDY. YOUR FATHER WENT ROUND IN BOGEY TO-DAY AND WANTS TO HAVE A NICE LONG THINK ABOUT IT."

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SELL?

(*With acknowledgments to "The Daily Mail."*)

HAVE you anything you think of burning as useless, but would naturally prefer to sell? Why not try one of our small advertisements? Every day we receive thousands of letters testifying to their power. Here is one, picked up at random:—

"Please discontinue my advertisement of a half-pair of bellows and a stuffed canary, as the first insertion has had such remarkable results. On looking out of my bedroom window this morning I observed a queue of some hundreds of people extending from my doorstep down to the trams in the main road. They included ladies on campstools, messenger boys, a sad-looking young man in an ulster who was reading SWINBURNE's poems, and others. Only with difficulty could the milkman fight his way through to place the can on the doorstep, and the contents were quickly required to restore a lady who had turned faint for want of a camp-stool. While I was shaving, a motor mail-van dashed up and left seven sacks of postal replies to the advertisement. One by one, eighty-three people were admitted to view the goods, and a satisfactory bargain was made with the last of these. I then telephoned for the police to come and remove the disappointed thousands, who were disposed to be riotous. My garden gate is off its hinges, the garden itself has the lawn inextricably mixed with the flower-beds, my marble step is cracked in three places, and my stair-carpet is caked with mud. I do not know any other paper in this country in which a two-shilling advertisement could produce such encouraging results."

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

I.—THE INVITATION.

"DEAR MYRA," wrote Simpson at the beginning of the year,—"I have an important suggestion to make to you both, and I am coming round to-morrow night after dinner about nine o'clock. As time is so short I have asked Dahlia and Archie to meet me there, and if by any chance you have gone out we shall wait till you come back.

Yours ever, SAMUEL.

P.S.—I have asked Thomas too."

"Well?" said Myra eagerly, as I gave her back the letter.

In deep thought I buttered a piece of toast.

"We could stop Thomas," I said. "We might ring up the Admiralty and ask them to give him something to do this evening. I don't know about Archie. Is he——"

"Oh, what do you think it is? Aren't you excited?" She sighed and added, "Of course I know what Samuel *is*."

"Yes. Probably he wants us all to go to the Wonder Zoo together . . . or he's discovered a new way of putting, or—— I say, I didn't know Archie and Dahlia were in town."

"They aren't. But I expect Samuel telegraphed to them to meet him under the clock at Charing Cross, disguised, when they would hear of something to their advantage. Oh, I wonder what it is. It *must* be something real this time."

Since the day when Simpson woke me up at six o'clock in the morning to show me his stance-for-a-full-wooden-club shot I have distrusted his enthusiasms; but Myra loves him as a mother; and I—I couldn't do without him; and when a man like that invites a whole crowd of people to come to your flat just about the time when you are wondering what has happened to the sardines on toast, and why doesn't she bring them in—well, it isn't polite to put the chain on the door and explain through the letter-box that you have gone away for a week.

"We'd better have dinner a bit earlier to be on the safe side," I said, as Myra gave me a parting brush down in the hall. "If any further developments occur in the course of the day ring me up at the office. By the way, Simpson doesn't seem to have invited Peter. I wonder why not. He's nearly two, and he ought to be in it. Myra, I'm sure I'm tidy now."

"Pipe, tobacco, matches, keys, money?"

"Everything," I said. "Bless you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Myra lingeringly. "What do you think he meant by 'as time is so short'?"

"I don't know. At least," I added, looking at my watch, "I do know. I shall be horribly late. Good-bye."

I fled down the stairs into the street, waved to Myra at the window . . . and then came cautiously up again for my pipe. Life is very difficult on the mornings when you are in a hurry.

At dinner that night Myra could hardly eat for excitement.

"You'll be sorry afterwards," I warned her, "when it turns out to be nothing more than that he has had his hair cut."

"But even if it is I don't see why I shouldn't be excited at seeing my only brother again—not to mention sister-in-law."

"You only want to see them so that you can talk about Peter."

"Oh, Fatty, darling"—(I am really quite thin)—"oh, Fatty," cried Myra—("lean and slender" would perhaps describe it better)—cried Myra, clasping her hands together—(in fact the very last person you could call stout)—"I haven't seen the darling for ages! But I shall see Samuel," she added hopefully, "and he's almost as young." ("Svelte"—that's the word for me.)

"Then let's move," I said. "They'll be here directly."

Archie and Dahlia came first. We besieged them with questions as soon as they appeared.

"Haven't an idea," said Archie. "I wanted to bring a revolver in case it was anything really desperate, but Dahlia wouldn't let me."

"It would have been useful too," I said, "if it turned out to be something merely futile."

"You're not going to hurt my Samuel, however futile it is," said Myra. "Dahlia, how's Peter, and will you have some coffee?"

"Peter's lovely. You've had coffee, haven't you, Archie?"

"Better have some more," I suggested, "in case Simpson is merely soporific. We anticipate a slumbering audience, and Samuel explaining a new kind of googlie he's invented."

Entered Thomas lazily.

"Hallo," he said in his slow voice. "What's it all about?"

"It's a raid on the Begum's palace," explained Archie rapidly. "Dahlia decoys the Chief Mucilago; you, Thomas, drive the submarine; Myra has charge of the clockwork mouse, and we others hang about and sing. To say more at this stage would be to bring about a European conflict."

"Coffee, Thomas?" said Myra.

"I bet he's having us on," said Thomas gloomily, as he stirred his coffee.

There was a hurricane in the hall. Chairs were swept over; coats and hats fell to the ground; a high voice offered continuous apologies — and Simpson came in.

"Hallo, Myra!" he said eagerly. "Hallo, old chap! Hallo, Dahlia! Hallo, Archie! Hallo, Thomas, old boy!" He fixed his spectacles firmly on his nose and beamed round the room.

"You haven't said 'Hallo!' to the cook," Archie pointed out.

"We're all here—thanking you very much for inviting us," I said. "Have a cigar—if you brought any with you."

Fortunately he had brought several with him.

"Now then, I'll give any of you three guesses what it's all about."

"No, you don't. We're all waiting, and you can begin your apology right away."

Simpson took a deep breath and began.

"I've been lent a villa," he said.

There was a moment's silence . . . and then Archie got up.

"Good-bye," he said to Myra, holding out his hand. "Thanks for a very jolly evening. Come along, Dahlia."

"But I say, old chap," protested Simpson.

"I'm sorry, Simpson, but the fact that you're moving from the Temple to Cricklewood, or wherever it is, and that somebody else is paying the thirty pounds a year, is jolly interesting, but it wasn't good enough to drag us up from the country to tell us about it. You could have written. However, thank you for the cigar."

"My dear fellow, it isn't Cricklewood. It's the Riviera!"

Archie sat down again.

"Samuel!" cried Myra. "How she must love you!"

"I should never lend Simpson a villa of mine," I said. "He'd only lose it."

"They're some very old friends who live there, and they're going away for a month, and the servants are staying on, and they suggested that if I was going abroad again this year——"

"How did the servants know you'd been abroad last year?" asked Archie.

"Don't interrupt, dear," said Dahlia. "I see what he means. How very jolly for you, Samuel."

"For all of us, Dahlia!"

"You aren't suggesting we shall all crowd in?" growled Thomas.

"Of course, my dear old chap! I told them, and they're delighted. We can share housekeeping expenses, and it will be as cheap as anything."

"But to go into a stranger's house," said Dahlia anxiously.

"It's *my* house, Dahlia, for the time. I invite you!" He threw out his hands in a large gesture of welcome and knocked his coffee-cup on to the carpet; begged Myra's pardon several times; and then sat down again and wiped his spectacles vigorously.

Archie looked doubtfully at Thomas.

"Duty, Thomas, duty," he said thumping his chest. "You can't des t the Navy at this moment of crisis."

"Might," said Thomas, puffing at his pipe.

Archie looked at me. I looked hopefully at Myra.

"Oh-h-h!" said Myra, entranced.

Archie looked at Dahlia. Dahlia frowned.

"It isn't till February," said Simpson eagerly.

"It's very kind of you, Samuel," said Dahlia, "but I don't think——"

Archie nodded to Simpson.

"You leave this to me," he said confidentially. "We're going."

A. A. M.



PORTER, WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE WAITING HERE FOR?'
YOU'RE WAITIN' TO GO ON, SIR."

THE CHAMELEONS.

(*From "The Gladiator," Nov.* 1914.)

ASSOCIATION.

WHITEBROOK ROVERS *v.* BROMVILLE.

THE meeting of these teams on Saturday last produced a strugg of titanic dimensions worthy of the best traditions of the famous combinations engaged. On the one hand we saw the machine-like precision, the subtle finesse so characteristic of the Whitebrook men, while at the same time we revelled in the dash and speed, the consummate daring displayed by their doughty opponents. We have witnessed many games, but for keenness and enthusiasm this one must rank . . . . In a game where every man acquitted himself well it is difficult to particularise; but Brown, Jones, Green and McSleery for the Rovers, and Gray, Smith, Black and McSkinner for the Broms, may be mentioned as being shining lights in their respective positions.

(*From "The Gladiator," Nov.* 1915.)

ASSOCIATION.

WHITEBROOK ROVERS *v.* BROMVILLE.

Before a huge crowd exceeding 60,000 these historic combinations met on Saturday, and provided a rich treat for those who had the privilege to be there. The officials of both clubs have been busy team-building, and the sides differed in many instances from those antagonizing on the same ground a year ago. That the changes have been judicious and beneficial Saturday's game abundantly proved. The men played with great earnestness, evincing much local patriotism, and in their contrasted styles—the polished artistry, the scientific precision of the Rovers, and the dash and forceful intrepidity of the Broms—were at their very best. We have seen many games, but this must rank. . . . While every man did himself justice, it may not be invidious to mention, for the Rovers, Gray, Smith, Black and McSkinner, and for the Broms, Brown, Jones, Green and McSleery, as being bright particular stars in their respective departments.

From a literary weekly:—

"It is a terribly accurate saying about the loud laugh and the vacant mind—Pope never got down surer to the bare bones of the truth."

Nor did GOLDSMITH when he pointed out the danger of "a little learning."

From two consecutive items of "News in a Nutshell" in the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*:—

"Lieut. ——, of an infantry regiment at Lemburg, Austria, fell fast asleep on February 14, and all efforts to wake him have proved futile ever since.

A sleeper weighing 8 cwt. was found on the Great Western Railway near Banbury just before the arrival of a train from the north."

However, it was not the lieutenant.



THINGS THAT ONE MIGHT HAVE PUT DIFFERENTLY.

"How de do, Lady Smythe? I've just driven the motor over to fetch my wife away."
"How nice of you, Admiral; but I do wish you'd come sooner."

FORGIVENESS.

(A Dream after losing a Dog.)

Methought I saw the man that stole our Tim
  In a night vision; and "Behold!" he cried,
"This was a task too easy for my whim,
  A job of little worth and little pride,
  An Irish terrier." Then his pal replied,
"I know a place where you may pinch with ease
One of these here carnation Pekinese.

"You see them nasty spikes on that there wall?
  Climb it, and you shall find a little yard;
An unlatched casement leads you to a hall,
  Thence to the crib where, odorous with nard,
  Slumbers the petted plaything; 'twere not hard
Out of his cushioned ease (and gorged belike
With sweetmeats) to appropriate the tyke."

So, filled with high ambition and the hope
  Of gaining huge emolument, this man
Hung to the toothèd battlements a rope,
  Climbed and leapt down to execute his plan—
  But even as he leapt a noise began
As when the Arctic icebergs break and grind;
This was because his pants were caught behind.

Awhile they tore, then stayed. And helpless there
  Betwixt the silvery moonlight and the ground
He hung convulsive, grasping at the air,
  For two full hours it may be, whilst a hound
  Of the Great Danish breed that made no sound
Save a deep snarl, below him watching stood
(This portion of my dream was very good).

And much he vowed because of his great pain
  That he was the most dashed of all dashed fools
And never would he steal a dog again,
  No (strite!) he would not. He recalled the rules
  That teachers taught him in the Sunday Schools
And thought on serious happenings and the grave;
And with dawn's earliest flush his trousers gave.

* * * * * *

And having waited for a time I went
  To see him in the hospital. And hours
Of earnest converse with the man I spent,
  Told him of Nemesis and what dark powers
  Punish our mortal crimes, and brought him flowers,
Dog-roses and dog-violets, and read
The Eighth Commandment out beside his bed. Evoe.

The Daily Telegraph on the next Drury Lane melodrama:—

"We are able to say on the very best authority that the idea at the root of the story is of a quite unusual nature; indeed, if secrecy were not for the moment imposed, one might even go a step further and declare it to be of startling originality."

As it is, one doesn't; for if once the secret got about that the play was to be original there would be riots in Fleet Street.

"Song, 'March of the Men of Garlick' (Tune, Welsh melody)."
Ripon Observer.

A pardonable mistake. The national emblem is of course the leek.



THE WOOING.

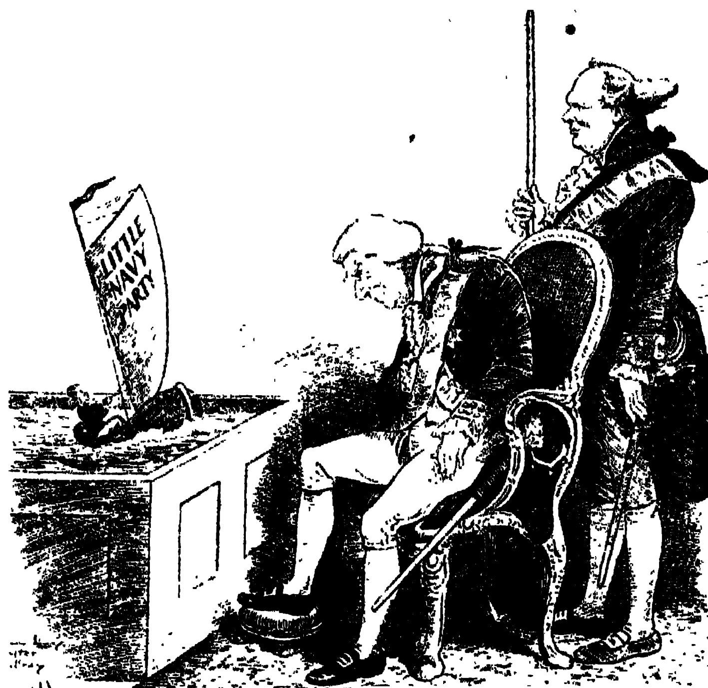
Miss Ulster. "AN' WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HIM SENDIN' ME FLOWERS WHEN I'VE TOLD HIM 'NO' ALREADY?"

Mr. Punch. "WELL NOW, COME, MY DEAR—WON'T YOU JUST TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THEM BEFORE YOU START TURNING UP YOUR PRETTY NOSE?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—In speech of flawless lucidity displaying perfect command of columnar figures upon which strength of British Navy is based, the WINSOME WINSTON moved Supplementary Estimates amounting to two and a-half millions. These raise total expenditure of year on the Navy to forty-eight millions. "A serious event," he admitted amid sympathetic cheers from below Gangway to his right. Necessity arises from increased expenditure on oil reserves; from demand for a quarter of a million for the new aircraft programme, an item unknown to OLD MORALITY or CHILDERS when successively at the Admiralty; from increment of wages and acceleration of ship-building.



"A HOLLOW DEMONSTRATION."

(*With acknowledgments to* GILLRAY'*s caricature of* NAPOL[illegible] *Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians*.)

[MR. D. M. MASON's motion for the reduction of the Supplementary Navy Estimates was defeated by 237 votes to 34.]

He might have mentioned that of grand total close upon two millions is legacy left by former Ministry on account of liabilities incurred before 1905. Whilst present Government, austerely-minded, pay their way as they go, meeting increased expenditure out of revenue, PRINCE ARTHUR, with characteristically light heart, built ships and strengthened fortifications, raising the money by loan, which he gaily left to posterity to pay off. Posterity has this pleasant task in hand now, and will continue to be engaged upon it for next twenty years.

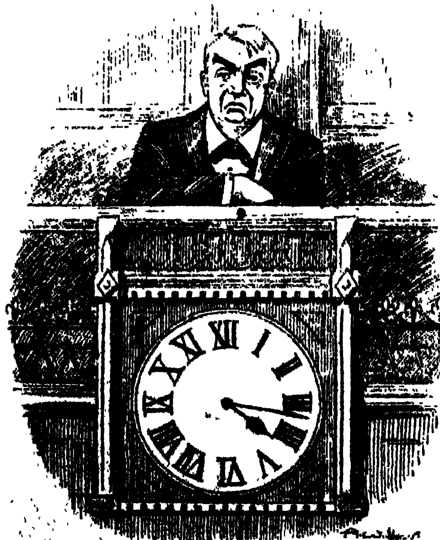
WINSTON judiciously refrained from pressing the point. Had enough on his hands with discontented supporters below Gangway, who resent ever-increasing burden of Naval expenditure. RAMSAY MACDONALD lodged protest on behalf of Labour Members; stopped short of moving reduction of vote. This done by DAVID MASON of Coventry.

"A hollow demonstration," was GILBERT PARKER's terse description of the revolt. On a division Estimates were carried by a majority of 203. Only 34 voted for reduction.

Prolongation of debate plainly boring. By exception, one listener sat it out with unwearied attention. Nothing precisely cherubic in face or figure of Lord FISHER OF KILVERSTONE, better known on sea and land by the affectionate diminutive JACKY FISHER. Nevertheless, as he sat perched in Peers' Gallery immediately over the clock, a place ever associated with the genial presence of EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, there flashed across the mind a familiar couplet sung by DIBDIN:—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Whilst jealous for maintenance of Naval power, no Admiral or Sea Lord did more to improve conditions of life on the lower deck than did JACKY FISHER. Retired from active service, his multiform commissions under hatches, to-night his body has gone aloft to a seat in Peers' Gallery. There he heard expounded biggest Navy vote submitted since days of the "Great Harry." Exceptionally swollen by provision for reserves of oil fuel, a new departure, for which he in his capacity as Chairman of a Royal Commission has, as WINSTON testified, been chiefly responsible.



JACK'S JACK.
(Lord FISHER.)

Business done.—Naval Estimates discussed.

Tuesday.—Another scene testifying to electricity of atmosphere. As usual, explosion from unexpected quarter. House in committee on Naval Estimates. Lord ROBERT CECIL, ever alert in interests of working-man with a vote, moved reduction in order to call attention to housing accommodation provided for men employed at Rosyth. Chairman ruled debate out of order on Supplementary Estimates. Lord BOB nevertheless managed to sum up purport of intended speech by denouncing state of things as "a scandal and disgrace to the Government." At this stage Opposition Whips, counting heads, discovered that, if not at the moment in actual minority, Government would, if division were rushed, find themselves in parlous state. The word—it was "Mum"—went round Opposition benches.

Unfortunately for success of plot Ministerial Whips also alive to situation.

"After your ruling, Sir," said Lord BOB with ominous politeness, "I cannot develop my argument, but I propose to persist in my motion, and will divide the Committee."

Not if LEIF JONES knew it. For him, as for all good Ministerialists, subject suddenly developed interest, urgently demanded consideration. This he proposed to bestow upon it. A Bengal tiger about to lunch off a toothsome native, discovering the anticipated meal withdrawn from his reach, could not be more sublimely wrathful than were gentlemen on Opposition benches. And LEIF JONES, too! The mildest-mannered man that ever turned on a water-tap.

After a moment of petrified pause, natural to Bengal tiger on discovering reality of his discomfiture, there burst forth roar of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" From appearance of LEIF JONES's lips, he was continuing his remarks. Not a

syllable rose above the storm. After it had raged for some moments CHAIRMAN pointed out that, whilst divigation in direction of Rosyth was out of order, it was competent to any Member to discuss the vote as a whole.

This too much for A. S. WILSON, who has been surprisingly reticent since Session opened.

"Is it right for the CHAIRMAN," he asked, "to protect the Government from what may be an inconvenient position?"

"A grossly disorderly observation," the CHAIRMAN retorted.

A. S. withdrew the remark, the more willingly since designed effect gained.

COUSIN HUGH, for some time moving uneasily in corner seat below Gangway, bounded to his feet. Member near him simultaneously rose. With sweep of left arm, after manner of RICHARD III. directing the cutting off of the head of BUCKINGHAM, he waved the appalled Member down. Was getting on nicely with what he had to say when, like GRAND CROSS on historical occasion, he "heard a smile."

It came from WINSTON.

"I notice," said COUSIN HUGH glaring on the Treasury bench, "that the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, who is very ignorant on many matters, is amused at this observation."

WINSTON explained that what he had laughed at was "the lordly gesture with which the noble Lord swept away another honourable gentleman."

LEIF JONES, proposing to continue his remarks, presented himself again. Greeted with fresh yell of execration. Battled for some moments with the storm. Too much for him. Reached forth hand; seized imperceptible tankard of invisible stout; gratefully wetted his parched lips withal. Refreshed, he tried again; no articulate word dominated the din.

After further ten minutes of uproar, through which from time to time A. S. WILSON tried to get in more or less relevant remark and was instantly extinguished by the CHAIRMAN, who masterfully managed difficult situation, WINSTON interposed. A bird of the air had brought news from Whips' Room that all was well. Accordingly the FIRST LORD graciously conceded division clamoured for.

Its result profound surprise. So far from Government lacking support, the amendment was negatived by more than two to one. Majority rushed up to 140.

Evidently been a mistake somewhere.

Business done.—Supplementary votes agreed to.

Thursday.—Dramatic turn in position of Home Rule Bill. PREMIER hitherto steadfast in deferring Second Reading till close of financial year. As result of confabulation between two Front Benches arranged that Supplementary Estimates shall be hurried up so as to make opening for immediate debate on Second Reading.

Accordingly ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL to-day brought in Bill for First Reading. No need of persuasion of silver tongue to carry this stage. Proceeding purely formal. Fight opens on Monday, when



"I understand you have only one Welsh saint. Well, there'll soon be another; it will be Saint Lloyd George. I would canonise him right away."—*The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD at Westbourne Park Chapel.*

PREMIER, moving Second Reading, will explain his "suggestions" of amendment.

Business done.—Home Rule brought in, being third time of asking. Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill and Plural Voting Bill also read amid vociferous cheering by Ministerialists.

"His brilliant flashes of wit and humour evoked hearty applause, and sometimes even laughter."—*Teesdale Mercury.*

Almost the last thing you would have expected.

"One of the strongest traits in Mrs. Barclay's character is a love of all creatures, great and small—thrushes, wagtails and robins come to her when she calls, and she keeps a little box of worms to feed them."—*Woman at Home.*

Sometimes the worms must wish she wasn't quite so loving.

THE DOWNWARD TREND.

COME, Nora, Nance and Nellie,
Let us study BOTTICELLI
When we feel the gnawing craving to
be smart;
If we want to be *de rigueur*
We must educate the figure
To show the downward trend of "plastic
art."
The outline should be slack,
Slippy-sloppy, front and back,
Till bodice, skirt and tunic — every
stitch—
Seems to call for the support
Of the handy-man's resort—
That naval gesture termed the "double
hitch."

The shoulders must be drooping,
The knees a trifle stooping,
And the widest waist, remember,
takes the prize;
When motoring or shopping
The *coatee* must be flopping
Through a belt that's sagging
downward to the thighs.
But the evening toilette scheme
Shows the opposite extreme,
And, when for dance or dinner
you're equipped,
A clinging "mermaid's tail"
The nether limbs must veil,
While the corsage is the only
part that's slipped.

"At the close of the match, Mr. Burnett, Kenmay, announced the result and called for cheers for the winners. Mr. J. Fulton, President English Province R.C.C.C., responded."—*Field.*

We are sorry that Mr. FULTON was the only one. After his opening "Hip—hip—hip" even the most timid or indifferent should have joined in.

"Tickets purchased before the date will admit holders at 2 p.m. to view the machine used when 'looping the loop,' and the passenger carrying machine."
Advt. in "The Varsity."

At the risk of embarrassing this anonymous Samson we shall go early and view him.

"Councillor Johnson said the Bye Laws were not in a satisfactory state, and suggested that Councillor Bayman be added to the number."
Mossel Bay Advertiser.

Henceforward the penalty for breaking Councillor BAYMAN is forty shillings.

Report received by a South African mine-manager:—

"The mule being experimented with by feeding on bad mealies is still being carried out, but up to date the animal seems to keep in normal condition."

They must carry him out again.



LANGUAGE À LA MODE.

'What do you think? Isn't it *rather* nice?" 'My dear, how *utterly succulent!*'

AT THE PLAY.

"The Two Virtues."

The news, which ran like wildfire through the town on Wednesday morning, that Sir George Alexander had signed the Covenant, must have stirred many hearts; but those of us who saw him on the next night as the hero of Mr. Alfred Sutro's comedy are hoping that, at any rate, there will be no fighting on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and that sentry duty in the evenings may be performed by less valuable signatories. For in *Jeffery Panton* he has really found a part to suit him, and a part which should keep him busy for some months. Comedy is certainly his medium.

It is not, alas, Miss Martha Hedman's, nor is English her language. Her pretty foreign accent and tearful manner became her as a French girl in *The Attack*, but it won't do for every part she plays. It didn't do in the least for *Mrs. Guildford*. The difficulty of understanding what she said was made greater by a surprising catarrh amongst the first-night audience, so that her scenes had a way of going like

Jeffery Panton (*clearly*). But I must just talk to you a moment.

Stall on left. Honk—honk! Honk! H'r'r'm!

Dress circle. Honk! Honk!!

Mrs. Guildford. No, no, I must get on with my work.

Stall just behind. What did she say?

Her neighbour. Something about her work.

Her other neighbour. Honk—honk! H'r'm! Honk—honk!

Gallery boy. HONK — HONK — HONK!

Several voices. Sh'sh!

Mrs. Guildford. No . . . I . . . you . . .

Second gallery boy. Stop that coughing there!

Injured voice. I can't 'elp coughing!

Several voices. Sh'sh!

But I'm afraid the coughing was not always the fault of the microbes but sometimes of Mr. Sutro, who seemed to be exploiting a wonderful talent for starting his Acts dully. The opening scene of the Second Act, between *Mrs. Guildford* and *Alice Exern*, was particularly tiresome. It went on a long time, and seemed when audible to be only a recapitulation of Act I. We simply had to cough.

I have said nothing of the story, for the reason that a summary of it would hardly do it justice. It is slight, and yet just strong enough to carry two or three pleasant creations and much happy dialogue. The important thing is that Sir George is on the stage most of the time, has many delightful things to say, and says them delightfully. There are also Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Athene Seyler, and Mr. Herbert Waring, all excellent.

It remains to be said that the Two Virtues are Chastity and Charity; that *Mrs. Guildford* lacked (I think—but they were coughing a good deal just then) the first virtue, and the other ladies the second; and that the reclining chair in Act I. was kindly lent by—but the name of the generous fellow will be revealed to you in your programme when you go.

M.

"'Paphnutius' was given its first public performance in London recently. Miss Ellen Terry appeared in it as an abbess."

Hong Kong Telegraph.

Our [illegible]ersonation of a nasty sore thr[illegible] off" is still the talk of China.

ONE WAY WITH THEM.

LEESON is the best of living creatures (as so many of us are), but he has one detestable foible—he always wants to read something aloud. Now, reading aloud is a very special gift. Few men have it, and even of those few there are some who do not force it upon their friends; the rest have it not, and Leeson is of the rest.

In fact, it is really painful to listen to him, because he not only reads, but acts. If it is a woman speaking, he pipes a falsetto such as no woman outside a reciter's brain ever possessed. If it is a rustic, he affects a dialect from no known district. In emotional passages one does not dare to look at him at all, but we all cower with our heads in our hands, as though we were convicted but penitent criminals. So much for dramatic or dialogue pieces. When it comes to lyric poetry—his favourite form of literature—Leeson sings, or rather cantillates, swaying his body to the rhythm of the lines. If any of the poets could hear him they would become 'bus-conductors at once; it is as bad as that.

Otherwise Leeson is excellent company and one likes dining with him. But there 's always hanging over one the dread that he may have alighted on something new and wonderful, and at any moment . . .

Directly I entered the house last week I was conscious that this had happened—Leeson had made another discovery. I had not been in the drawing-room for more than a minute, and had barely shaken hands with Mrs. Leeson, when he pulled from his pocket a thin book. I knew the worst at once: it had about it all the stigmata of new poetry. It was of the right deadly hue, the right deadly size, the right deadly roughness about the edges.

"I 've got something here, my boy," he said. "The real stuff. Let me— —"

Just at this moment the door opened and some guests entered.

"Never mind," he remarked to me, as he approached to welcome them; "later. It 's wonderful—wonderful!"

Other guests arriving occupied him, and then a servant came in to say that he was wanted on the telephone.

He returned with the message that Captain Cathcart was sorry to say he could not possibly be there until a quarter-past eight. But please don't wait.

It was now five minutes past eight.

"What I suggest," said Leeson, "is that we do wait, and that we fill up the time by reading one or two poems by a new man that I 've just discovered? They 're simply wonderful!"

He drew out the book and we all composed ourselves to the ordeal; Mrs. Gaston, who is the insincerest creature on earth and has no thoughts beyond Auction Bridge, even going so far as to say, ecstatically, "A new poet! How heavenly!"

But Mrs. Leeson stopped it. "Oh, no," she said, "don't let us wait. Very likely Captain Cathcart will be later still." And with a sigh of relief that was almost audible we marched down to dinner.

I thought that Leeson cut the time over our cigars rather short, and we had no sooner returned to the drawing room than he began again. "I won't keep you more than a few moments," he said, "but I very much want your opinion of a new poet I have discovered. I have his work here," and out came the deadly book, "and I want to read one or two brief things."

"Oh, George, dear," said Mrs. Leeson, "do you mind postponing that for a little? Miss Langton is very kindly going to sing for us, and she has to leave early."

Leeson accepted the situation with as much philosophy as he could muster.

As a rule I am bored by amateur, or indeed any, singing after dinner, but I looked at Miss Langton with an expression which a Society paper reporter might easily have misconstrued.

Long before she had finished we were all calling out, "Thank you! Thank you! Encore! Encore!"

Leeson alone was faint in his praises and his face fell to a lower depth when she began again.

No sooner had she finished and gone than he was planning another effort, but during the opportunity afforded by her departure we had, with great address, divided ourselves into such animated groups that Mrs. Leeson, like a tactful hostess, laid her hand on his arm and caused him again to postpone it.

He wandered forlornly from chair to chair, seeking an opening, and at last ventured to clear his throat and again ask if we would like to hear his new poet. "I assure you he 's wonderful!"

But at this moment old Lady Thistlewood uttered a little cry and at once bells were rung for sal-volatile. Her ladyship, it seems, is subject to attacks of faintness.

When next Leeson made his proposal the Buntons rose and, expressing every variety of sorrow and regret, stated that they had no idea it was so late and they must really tear themselves away; Mrs. Bunton tactfully taking down the title of this dear new poet's book and its publisher.

This being the signal for the others to leave, I soon found myself alone.

"Now!" said Leeson with a triumphant expression. "Thank goodness they 're out of the way and we 're quiet and snug. Now you shall hear my poet." He felt for the book. "I tell you— —" He stopped in dismay.

"I could have sworn it was in my pocket," he said, and began to hunt about the room.

"Where on earth can it be?" he said.

I helped him to look for it, but in vain.

"Perhaps Mrs. Bunton took it?" I suggested.

"I 'm sure she didn't," he replied.

"Perhaps Mrs. Leeson has it?" I said.

But she had not. The last time she had seen it it was on the table after Mrs. Bunton copied the title.

Leeson was so utterly dejected that I felt almost sorry for him.

"Well," he said at last, "that 's the strangest thing I ever heard of. What a disappointment! I did want you to hear it."

But it was precisely because I didn't that in my own pocket was the volume's present hiding-place. When the front door had closed behind me half-an-hour later, I slipped it into the letter-box.

THE FOX.

THE birds see him first, jay and blackbird and thrush;
They shriek at his coming and curse him, each one;
With the clay of the vale on his pads and his brush,
It 's the Fallowfield fox and he 's pretty near done;
It 's a couple of hours since a whip tally-ho'd him;
Now the rookery 's stooping to mob and to goad him;
There 's an earth on the hill, but he 's cooked past believing,
And his tongue 's hanging out and his wet ribs are heaving.

Here he comes up the field at a woebegone trot;
He 's stiff as a poker, he 's done all he knows;
Now the ploughmen 'll view him as likely as not;
There—they run to the paling and yell as he goes:
Here 's an end, if we live to be two minutes older;
See, he turns a glazed eye o'er a mud-spattered shoulder;
There 's a hound through the hedgerow. . . . Game 's up, and he 's beaten,
And he faces about with a snarl to be eaten.



MR. PUNCH'S GALLERY OF BRAVE DEEDS. No. I.

The hero who took out a party of ladies ferreting.

THE RING.

KEEKS *v.* COCKLES.

I.—Old Style.

By Tony Shovell.

The much-boomed fight between Nobby Keeks and Bill Cockles ended in something of a *fiasco*, the last named being knocked out with a terrific uppercut in the first round.

The men stripped well, and appeared in excellent fettle. The fight commenced precisely at 11.22, only fifty-two minutes after the advertised time.

1st Round.—Both men opened warily, sparring for an opening. Presently Cockles stepped in and drove his left hard to the nose, drawing blood. Keeks drew back, and Cockles, following up his advantage, got in a nicely-judged left hook on the eye, which began to swell ominously. Though his supporters were obviously chagrined, Keeks kept his head admirably, and cleverly ducked under a right swing and clinched. At the breakaway Cockles got his left home on the ribs, but in doing so left himself open, and Keeks shook him up badly with a jab to the jaw. Cockles' hands dropped momentarily, and Keeks, whipping in a smashing right uppercut, had his man down and out.

A poor struggle, lost solely through carelessness.

II.—New Style.

By Philip Keppermann.

At twenty-two and a-half minutes past eleven last night a man stood looking wistfully over a sea of faces looming whitely through a thin blue haze of tobacco smoke. At his feet lay stretched the limp body of his antagonist. The disappearance of one eye under a large red swelling, combined with a patulous and rubescent nose, detracted to some extent from the dignity of his appearance. An ugly patch of crimson over his left ribs held the attention fantastically, morbidly. It was blood, human blood, his own blood. The thought fascinated me . . .

Somewhere a voice was counting slowly, steadily, unhesitatingly—*one—two—three* . . . The voice had in it the inexorable quality of Fate; it brought tears to the eyes like the wail of the Chorus in some Greek drama.

I looked at the man by my side. His regard was fixed intently on the prostrate figure in the ring. His fingers played uneasily with his watch-chain. He wore evening dress, and I noticed that his tie was a little crooked.

Away outside we caught the distant hoot of a motorcar. A dog barked. Then a woman in the audience sneezed; it seemed unwarrantable, impertinent, almost a desecration . . .

The voice that was counting ceased. The limp figure did not move. The one wistful eye of the victor closed for a moment in relief. There was a sudden incursion of hurrying figures into the ring. . . .

The great fight was over. Nobby Keeks had beaten Bill Cockles.

By Theresa Chingles.

I was one of forty-four women who witnessed the great battle last night. There were, it was said, over three thousand men.

On my left sat a young girl in a rose-pink evening dress, with a dove-colour opera cloak covering her bare shoulders. Her eyes followed intently the struggling figures on the stage, and I observed that she wore an engagement ring with three diamonds.

A few seats away, surrounded by a swarm of men in evening dress, sat a

grey-haired woman, watching the fight with interest through a gold-rimmed lorgnette. Her eyes twinkled as heavy blows were delivered, and when one of the men began to bleed copiously from the nose, she uttered an exclamation of delight. She wore black.

So far as I could observe, no woman present showed any sign of repulsion. It seemed to me significant of the times. I whispered to my neighbour, "*O tempora! O mores!*" but she replied coldly, "Not at all!" I checked my impulse to add "*Autres temps, autres mœurs!*"

Of the actual fight I am not competent to speak. I was most interested in the referee, whose strong mobile face reminded me occasionally of Lord Byron, at other times of Mr. Winston Churchill.

By the Rev. Robert Shuckleberry.

I had never seen a boxing contest before I was invited by the enterprising editor of *The Daily Gong* to witness the encounter last night between "Nobby" Keeks and William Cockles.

I found an excellent seat reserved for me. It was nearing midnight when the two men mounted the platform. Cockles came first, wearing a scarlet dressing-gown with yellow collar and cuffs. He seemed to me a bluff, hearty, good-tempered-looking man, though perhaps unduly prominent in the lower jaw. Keeks, who followed, wore a bright green dressing-gown with a pink sash, and shook hands with six or seven members of the audience. He was taller and heavier than his opponent, and his features, to my mind, more intelligent but less amiable.

There was a long delay, during which I was given to understand that the men's hands were being bandaged for some reason. At length the swarm of seconds and advisers disappeared to the sound of a gong, and the combatants stood up and advanced upon one another. I was embarrassed to observe that they were nearly nude, but my embarrassment did not seem to be shared by any of the ladies present, so perhaps I have no right to complain.

The actual boxing did not last nearly so long as the preliminaries. This was perhaps just as well, since Keeks, afterwards announced the victor, unfortunately sustained considerable damage to his right eye and was also losing blood from his nose—nasty injuries which, in my opinion, should have led to the competition being stopped while he received medical attention. No doubt the injuries were undesigned.

Cockles soon afterwards fell down, and refused to rise while some individual slowly counted ten. This, I was told, indicated that he was desirous of withdrawing from the contest before his antagonist sustained any further damage. In my judgment this generosity merited the award of victory; but no doubt the authorities know their business.

I was glad to have an opportunity of gaining a new experience, but on the whole I must say I prefer a quiet rubber of whist.

THE OPPORTUNIST.

The personal distinctions, experiences, successes, opinions, anecdotes and statistics of Dr. Peterson, F.R.C.S., M.R.C.P., are too many for me to mention here, but are never too many for him to mention anywhere. That was the difficulty with which the Governors of the St. Barnabas Throat and Ear Hospital were confronted from the beginning to the end of their business of administration. As member of their honorary staff he performed his fair share of successful operations, but when it came to speech-making he had no consideration either for his own throat or for anybody else's ears.

"It's my belief," said the Chairman, at the special meeting of the Board called to arrange the programme for the opening of the new wing, "that the whole of this project originated in Peterson's desire to make himself heard."

"I certainly remember his introducing the matter to the Board," said Thompson, "with a brief sketch of his own career."

"And if the foundation stone could only speak," said Vernon-White, "it probably wouldn't be able to recall the name of the man who laid it, but would repeat from memory the whole of Peterson's private history."

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," reported the Secretary, "that at the opening of the new wing no speech be made by Dr. Peterson."

"So much for our resolution," said Bainbridge. "Nevertheless the company will have barely got seated before it hears Peterson wondering whether he may occupy a moment of their valuable time with a little experience which happened to him the other day."

"Even he will give way to Sir Thingummy," said Thompson, referring to the great man who had been invited to make the great speech.

Bainbridge was always a pessimist. "Whether," he said, "the context be the opening of the new wing or the duty of gratitude to the man that opened it, the one subject the meeting will hear all about will be the son of Peter."

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," reported the Secretary, "that the vote of thanks to Sir Frederick Gorton be moved by the Chairman."

"I see myself," said the Chairman, "resuming my seat after a few moments of inaudible confusion, and I hear a ringing voice crying forth: 'In rising on behalf of the Medical and Surgical Staff to propose a vote of thanks to our dear Chairman, I may perhaps be permitted to remind you that I joined that staff in 1887, and that since I——'"

"Who's the senior member of the staff?" asked the Chairman.

"Peterson," said Bainbridge.

"Who's the oldest in mere age?"

"Peterson."

The Chairman thought hard. "The event is fixed for April 29th," said he. "Whose week on duty is that?"

The Secretary looked up the books. His face fell. "Peterson's," he said.

"Proposed, seconded and carried unanimously," said the Chairman hurriedly, without troubling to take the vote, "that Dr. Wilkes be appointed to move the vote of thanks to the Chairman, and that the Secretary be instructed to explain the matter, with due tact and circumspection, to Dr. Peterson."

"Dear Peterson," wrote the Secretary,—"At the ceremony of the opening of the new wing, my Board is particularly anxious that everything should go with a swing, and that there shall be no possibility of any hitch. I am instructed to ask you if you will be so good as to hold yourself in readiness to make the big technical speech of the day in the unhappy event of Sir Frederick Gorton failing to turn up. One is never safe with these London men, and it is for that reason that the Board hopes you will not mind putting yourself to trouble which may prove wasted. Some of the less eloquent members of the Staff can be got to make the short formal speeches."

Sir Frederick turned up all right, as the Secretary had taken care that he should, and declared the wing open, and thanked the Board for asking him. Thereupon the Board, by its Chairman, thanked him, and he rose again and very briefly thanked the Board for thanking him. Then Dr. Wilkes got up and thanked the Chairman even more briefly still, and the Chairman got up again and thanked Dr. Wilkes for thanking him. In fact, only one man didn't get his share of formal gratitude, for no one thanked Dr. Peterson for rising (if he might) to express a few words of thanks to Dr. Wilkes.

Anticipating this possibility, Dr. Peterson devoted the larger part of his speech to thanking himself.



Grannie. "AND WIT'S THE MATTER WI' ME RICHT LEG, DOCTOR?"
Doctor. "OH, JUST OLD AGE, MRS. MACDOUGALL."
Grannie. "HOOTS, MAN; YE'RE HAVERIN'. THE LEFT LEG'S HALE AND SOOND, AND THEY'RE *BAITH* THE SAME AGE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To read *An Englishman Looks at the World* (CASSELL), a collection of "unrestrained remarks on contemporary matters"—aeroplanes, CHESTERTON and BELLOC, libraries, labour unrest, the Great State, and the like—by Mr. H. G. WELLS, is to be delighted or infuriated according to your natural habit of mind. If established in tolerable comfort in a world which you judge, for all its blemishes, to be on the whole rather well run, you will resent exceedingly this pert young man (for Mr. WELLS is still astonishingly young) with his preposterous eagerness, his insane passion for questioning and tinkering and most unfairly putting you and your kind in the wrong. You will no doubt find excellent grounds for doubting his ability to reconstruct; for suspecting what you will feel to be his pretentious breadth of view, his assumed omniscience. But if, on the other hand, thinking life in your sombre moments a nightmare of imbecility and in your more expansive moments a high adventure of immeasurable possibilities, you are straitened between cold despairs and immense hopes, you will readily forgive this irreverent, self-confident critic-journalist any crude things he may have said in his haste for sake of his flashes of perception, his happily descriptive phrases, his inspiring anticipations, his uncalculating candour, and above all his generous preoccupation with things that matter enormously. "What we prosperous people who have nearly all the good things of life and most of the opportunities have to do now is to justify ourselves." That is a sentiment and a challenge repeated or implied throughout the book. This Englishman looking at his world looks with quick eyes. He is himself so intensely interested that he can only fail to interest such as find his whole attitude an outrage upon their finally adopted convictions and conventions.

Have you noticed the way in which certain stories bear the mark of a particular place or period? If ever there was a novel that vociferated "Cambridge" in every line, *The Making of a Bigot* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that one. Well indeed may its paper wrapper display a drawing of King's Chapel, though as a matter of fact only the action of the first chapter passes in the University town. Miss ROSE MACAULAY has based her story upon a quaintly attractive theme. Her hero, *Eddy Oliver*, is a type new to fiction. *Eddy* saw good in everything to such an extent that he allowed himself to be persuaded into active sympathy with the aims of practically everyone who was aiming at anything, however mutually irreconcilable the aims might be. "He went along with all points of view so long as they were positive; as soon as condemnation or rejection came in, he broke off." Consequently, as you may imagine, his career was pleasantly involved. It embraced the Church, various forms of Socialism, and at one time and another some devotion to the ideals of Nationalism, Disarmament, Imperial Service and the Primrose League. But please don't imagine that all this is told in a spirit of comedy. Miss

Macaulay is, if anything, almost too dry and serious; this, and her disproportionate affection for the word "rather," a little impaired my own enjoyment of the book. It contains some happily sketched types of modernity—all of them Cambridge to the back-bone; and *Eddy's* final discovery (which makes the bigot), that one can't achieve anything in life without some wholesale hatreds, is genuine enough—more so than the system of card-cutting by which he settles his convictions. Miss Macaulay has already, I am told, won a thousand pounds with a previous book; this one proves her the possessor of a gift of originality that is both rare and refreshing.

I could imagine a novel with which I could sympathise deeply, based upon the theme of England's regeneration by means of the right type of Tory squire, but it would be a novel with a more credible hero and conceived in a less petty spirit of party bias than Mr. H. N. Dickinson has given us in *The Business of a Gentleman* (Heinemann). For, in the first place, *Sir Robert Willton*, who figured of course in *Keddy* and *Sir Guy and Lady Rannard*—he has, in fact, by this time married *Marion*, late *Sir Guy's* widow—is far too jumpy and nervy a person to fit my ideal of a paternal landlord, and what is, after all, more important, I feel convinced that his tenants and stable-lads would have thought the same. Secondly, I refuse to believe that a spinster, however soured, however much devoted to the cause of Labour and misguided crusades for social purity, would have behaved as *Miss Baker* does in this book, and deliberately attempted to father a false scandal on *Sir Robert* merely because she hated his type. And if the author replies that he knows of such an instance I maintain that it was just one of those things which the art of selection should have prompted him to leave out. I have, of course, no fault to find with Mr. Dickinson's style, which as usual is curiously simple yet at the same time attractive, nor with his powers of character-sketching. His schoolboy of seventeen, *Eddie Durwold*, is in this book particularly good. It is the things that these people do that bothers me. And if I might venture to rename *The Business of a Gentleman* the title I should choose is "The Escapade of an Egoist."

Mr. Sidney Low has paid some visits to Egypt and the Sudan, has kept his eyes very wide open and has written *Egypt in Transition* (Smith, Elder) in consequence. The Earl of Cromer, who has also been there or thereabouts, introduces the book to the notice of the public with an appreciative preface. Am I then in a position to pass judgment? Yes, I am; for I can claim to be literally more informed on the subject than most people, having above my share of friends and relations who have been there. I have the clearest possible picture of the country—a stretch of sand, some pyramids in the background, and, in the centre foreground, smiling enigmatically—not the Sphinx, but my friend or relation. I at once gave Mr. Low five marks out of ten upon discovering that none of his illustrations reproduced himself either on or off a camel. On less personal grounds, I have no scruple in giving him the remaining five for the vastly interesting facts, political, international, social and racial, with which he entertained me. It requires no small skill in a dispenser of such facts to make them entertaining. Twice only was I minded to quarrel with him; once when he expressed a general contempt, based upon one egregious example, for the foreign exports of Oxford and Cambridge, and again when he got on to the subject of tourists, who include my nearest and dearest, and abused them from the standpoint of a "visitor." In the first case he was absurd, in the second, commonplace; but he made ample compensation for both by his memorable chapter of "Conclusions," in which he gave me clearly to understand why East, being East, will never be joined to West, always West, but yet how the twain have got within measurable distance of one another.

There must have been moments when Napoleon found St. Helena a little quiet for a man of his temperament; when the monotony of his life there pressed somewhat hardly upon him. On these occa-

not calling with a bust of the Emperor or Empress, price three hundred francs. And itinerant bands played under his windows into the small hours of the morning. I can imagine him saying, in the words of Orestes, "Dis is a dam country." Orestes was the guide who conducted Mr. Pickthall through the island. It revolted him, but he did it. "I tink we better leave tomorrow," was a sort of refrain with Orestes. He had a poor opinion of Elba, which I for one do not share. After reading *The Comic Kingdom* I feel that one of my coming holidays must be spent climbing its hills and supplying its thirsty inhabitants with wine. The scenery is apparently worth while, and the natives appear a friendly lot. I like their enthusiasm for literature. They turned out in their hundreds and insisted on Mr. Pickthall's standing treat, just because they mistook him for a great historian. When I tell them I write for *Punch* they will be all over me.

From a notice of "The New Standard Dictionary" in *The London Teacher*:—

"The Dictionary is arranged in alphabetical order, thus being a great time saver, and one can find what is required with the greatest ease."

Otherwise it is so awkward, when you want to know how to spell "parallel" in a hurry, to have to go through one volume after another until you come to it.

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the grave importance of the present political situation, the price of *Punch* will remain as heretofore.

* * *

"The risk of flying is very greatly exaggerated," says Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Then why funk a General Election?

* * *

Some people have such a nasty way of putting things! Liberal gentleman to Unionist gentleman: "Well, have you taken the pledge?"

* * *

Attempts are now being made to establish penny postage between England and France. The Germans are said to feel flattered that we should still consider the privilege of corresponding with them worth two-pence-halfpenny.

* * *

The public indignation against the woman who damaged the "Rokeby Venus" continues unabated, and most inhuman propositions are being made. One gentleman has even been heard to suggest that the woman ought to be made to serve her term of imprisonment in the Royal Academy.

* * *

General VILLA's statement that, unless the ransom he demands is paid at once, he will expose the body of the son of General TERRAZAS to the fire of the Federals confirms the opinion prevalent in this country that General VILLA is not really a very nice man.

* * *

"THE BENTON INQUIRY
PROMISE THAT JUSTICE WILL BE EXECUTED."
Observer.

We were under the impression that this execution had taken place some time since in Mexico, for Justice has not been seen there for a long time.

* * *

A Norfolk doctor declares that the sting of a bee is a most effective cure for both rheumatism and sciatica. It is also an infallible cure for inertia.

* * *

The yearly volume of judicial statistics just issued shows a marked decrease in business in all the courts except the Divorce Court; and there is some talk of the legal profession erecting a statue of a co-respondent as a mark of their appreciation.

* * *

Persons who like to be seen reading a two-penny newspaper are now in a quandary since the price of *The Times* has been reduced, and it is again rumoured that, in order to cater for this class, an unsuccessful halfpenny paper is about to raise its price to twopence.

* * *

Sussex has been suffering from an epidemic of sheep-stealing. The police theory is that the sheep are carried off at night in motor cars—the silly creatures accepting with alacrity the novel offer of a ride in an automobile.

* * *

Several prominent authors having stated that their best ideas come to them while taking a tub, quite a number of unsuccessful scribes have, we hear, almost made up their minds to the experiment of one bath a week.

* * *

In an Introductory Note to the serial publication of *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, entitled "Why I wrote the Story," the Master attempts to shift the blame—or, anyhow, to apportion the responsibility. One day, it seems, Mr. CAINE heard the story which forms the basis of the novel. He first told it to a Cabinet Minister, who was "visibly touched." He next tried it on a tailor, who was "just as obviously affected." Then comes this delicious passage:—"After that I called on my publisher and, not being able to get the story out of my thoughts, I told it to him as well. His eyes filled, his head dropped, and he was as deeply touched as I and the tailor and the Cabinet Minister had been." It is generally understood that Mr. HEINEMANN has since had a complete recovery.

"Owing to the number of rats and crickets in her bedroom a nurse employed by the Dudley Board of Guardians, it was stated at the meeting of the board yesterday, had resigned.

It was decided to engage a professional rat-catcher." —*Daily Mail.*

It is, however, not altogether satisfactory to be nursed by a professional rat-catcher, and some of the patients are already complaining most bitterly of the change.



LOOKING WELL FORWARD.

First Survivor from Wreck (to Second Survivor). "'OW MUCH OUGHT WE TO ASK OFF THE USIC-'ALLS WHEN WE GET BACK—'UNDRED-AN'-FIFTY QUID A WEEK OR TWO 'UNDRED?"

THE HAT.

"Of course," said the lady of the house, "you can turn yourself into a hermit if you like. We'll build you a little cell, and——"

"What?" I said. "A real hermit, in a long robe like a bath-gown? With a real cell, and a dish of herbs on a plain deal table, and some rocks to sleep on, and a folio volume always open at the same place? May I really be like that?"

"Yes," she said, "that's what you're coming to. And there'll be a notice stuck up on a tree—'This way to the Hermit,' with a painted hand."

"I know the sort," I said. "A hand with only one finger."

"Yes, one finger pointing in the direction of the cell. And all the village children will follow you when you go out, and you'll threaten them with a gnarled stick, and you'll be indicted as a nuisance."

"But not for a long time," I said. "I shall have lots of good hermiting before that happens. I shall have my breakfasts quite alone and nobody will ask me to go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon in London, 4 to 7."

"Well, you're not a hermit yet, so you'll have to come to Mrs. Latimer's with me. You know you'll enjoy it when you get there."

"I won't."

"And you'll meet plenty of your friends."

"But I don't want to meet my friends," I said. "Friends are people you go on being friends with without meeting them. That's the essence of true friendship, you know. Absence doesn't alter it. You keep on thinking of dear old Jack and what fun you used to have together at Cambridge; and then some day a funny old gentleman comes up to you in the street and says you don't remember him, and you pretend you know him quite well, and it's Jack all the time, and you wonder how he's got so old while you yourself have kept on being as young as ever. That's friendship."

"This," she said, "is not an Essay Club."

"What should a woman know of friendship?" I said bitterly. "Besides, I shall have to get a new top-hat."

"Well," she said, "there's nothing so very awful in that. But what's the matter with the old one?"

"The old one," I said, "is a blacked sepulchre, and even the black part of it is not very good. The lining is of the sort that makes it necessary to place it on a table with the opening down. Fortunate woman, your hats require no lining and you don't take them off. You cannot sympathise with my feelings. Such a top-hat as mine is good enough for a Board meeting, but it cannot go to Mrs. Latimer's musical afternoon. Her footman would despise me."

"Very well," she said, "get your new hat and have it ready for this day fortnight."

The upshot of this conversation was that on the following day I went to London, wearing my old top-hat, and called at Messrs. Hutchfield's, the famous hatters. It is not a very large shop, but it is very high, and something like a million white hat-boxes, each presumably containing a hat, are stacked in gleaming tiers from floor to ceiling. The higher ones are fetched down by means of a long pole provided at one end with a sort of inverted hook. It is a most dexterous and pleasing trick, only to be attempted by an old hand. An inexperienced practitioner would certainly bring down an avalanche of hat-boxes on the heads of the customers. On one side of the room there is a patent stove in which several irons were heating, not for torture, but for the improvement of hats. Several aproned attendants were bustling about, and one or two customers with bare heads were eyeing one another with an exaggerated air of haughty nonchalance, as who should say, "Observe, we do not wear white aprons. We do not *belong* to the shop. We are genuine customers. We are waiting for our hats."

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning, Sir," said one of the attendants; "what would you be requiring to-day?"

"I think," I said, "it was a hat. Yes, I'm sure it was. A top-hat, you know—one of your best."

"Pardon me, Sir." With a graceful and airy movement he whisked off my old hat and took its measure in length and breadth.

"You mustn't draw any inference from the lining," I said. "I'm not really as poor as all that. I've meant to have it re-lined several times, but somehow I never brought it off. Still, it's been a good hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said.

"Could it be——"

"Oh, yes, Sir, we could re-line it for you and make it look almost as good as new."

"Splendid!" I cried. "Then I shan't want a new one, shall I?"

"Well, Sir, it would take some little time. You would want to wear something to go on with till it's finished."

"There is," I said, "some force in that. Put the machine on me at once."

"The what, Sir?"

"The machine," I said. "The beautifully contrived apparatus made of ever so many wooden keys like the inside of a piano—only these are set in circles. It fits close to the head and you can make it looser or tighter, and when you've got it on you look like a Siamese king in his crown. And when you take it off you tear out a piece of paper and that gives you the exact measure to a hair's-breadth. Come, I'm ready."

His face relaxed into a serious kind of smile.

"Certainly," he said, "you shall have it on, Sir, if you like. But I thought, being an old customer and your measure being known, it might not be necessary."

"Very well," I said, "I'll give up the machine, but I don't see how I can take any further pleasure in this purchase. Still, if you know me so well——"

"We don't forget customers of thirty years' standing," he said proudly.

"That settles it," I said. "I will now buy four hats—a top-hat, a bowler, a soft felt and a straw hat."

"Yes, Sir," he said, and from an upper tier he extracted a hat-box out of which he shortly produced a top-hat and placed it on my head. It did not fit at first, but fire soon reduced it to obedience.

"The others must be similarly treated," I said as I left the shop.

Unfortunately in the interval it had begun to rain and every taxi seemed to be taken. You know what a new top-hat looks like after that. However, with two hats to choose from, I am now ready to face Mrs. Latimer's footman.

R. C. L.

"It has been arranged that the dinner which the Modern Languages Association had intended to give to Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to England to lecture before the Association, shall be amalgamated with the public dinner arranged by the Committee of Friends and Admirers of Professor Eucken."—*Morning Post.*

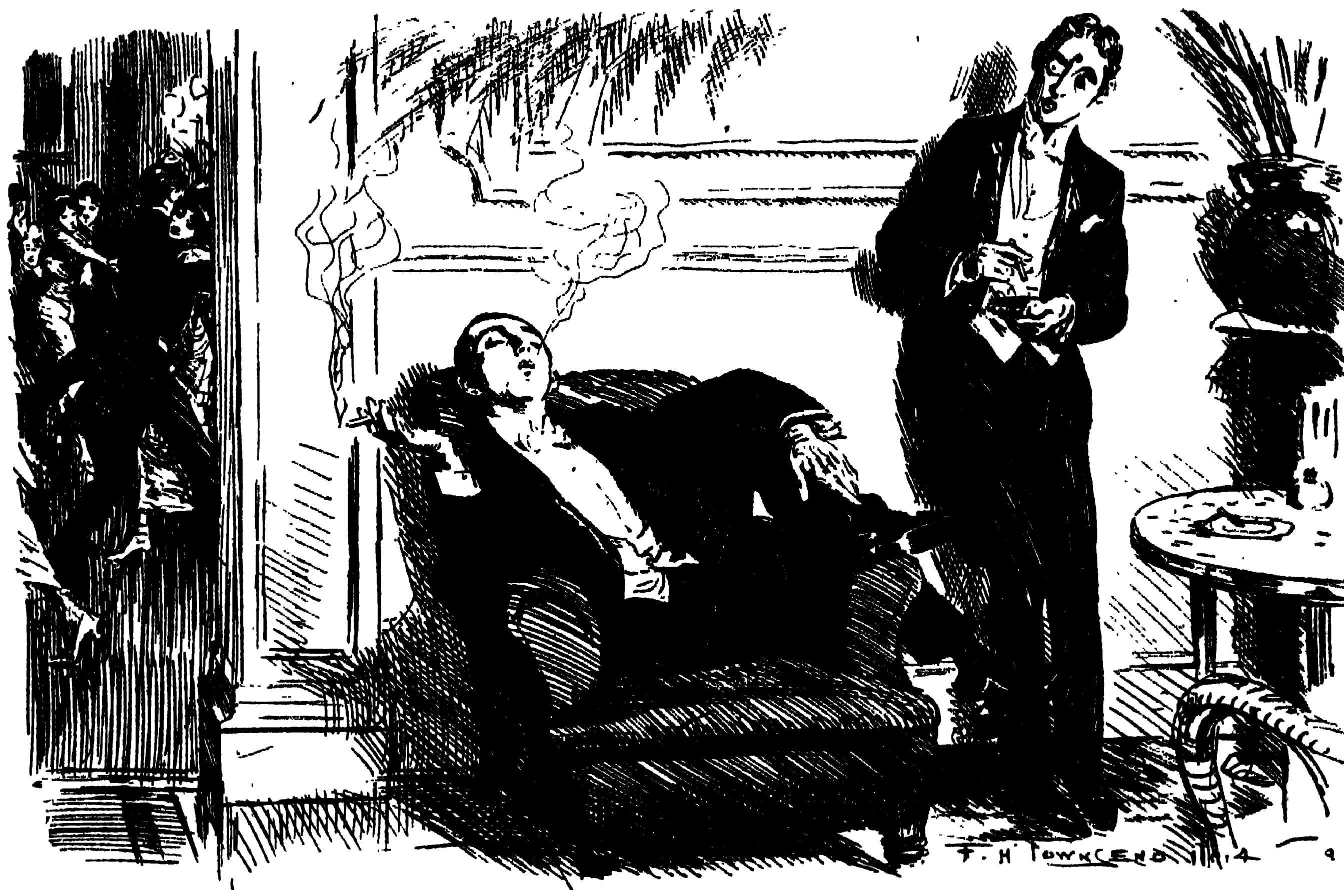
Professor Eucken (at last giving way): "What *is* this, waiter?"

Waiter (confidentially): "Another little amalgamation, Sir. The Modern Languages' ice pudding and the Friends and Admirers' soft roes on toast."



PENNY WISDOM.

["In view of the grave importance of the present political situation *The Times* will be reduced in price to a penny."—*Press Association.*]



Reclining Nut. "I DON'T BOTHER TO HOLD THE GIRLS NOW-A-DAYS, I JUST LET 'EM NESTLE."

OUR NEW PENNY PAPER.

THANKS to Sir EDWARD CARSON—or, as *The Times* prefers to put it, "the grave importance of the present political situation"—the price of *The Times* has fallen to one penny.

While it must be admitted that the famous journal is well worth a penny, we think it only fair to say that certain issues of *The Daily Mail* and *Evening News* last week, whose amazing editorial organisations were so freely and disinterestedly engaged in overcoming colossal obstacles in order to give information about the approaching revolution, were worth anything from fourpence to ninepence apiece.

If these philanthropic journals had not been behind *The Times* last week, what might we not have missed? Who, for instance, would have learned that "the price (2*d*.) . . . was equivalent to that of one penny paper and two halfpenny papers *per diem*"? We have checked that statement, with the aid of a ready-reckoner and a Latin dictionary, and we find it substantially correct. We are also able to agree to the further statement made last Thursday, that "from Monday next *The Times*, together with any one of the halfpenny morning papers, will be obtainable for less than the present price of *The Times* alone." If the mathematician who dug up that fact had said "evening" instead of "morning" his statement, curiously enough, would still have been right.

Thanks to the reminder from *The Evening News* that first numbers had been known to become valuable, fetching from £10 to £100, some 27,000 people put aside nice clean copies of *The Times* on Monday, in the hope of selling them at a profit of about 21,000 per cent. in 1964.

The greatest achievement in the annals of journalism was of course *The Daily Mail* man's successful attempt to interview the publisher of *The Times*. How he managed it we cannot think; but we are very, very grateful to him. We may add that ours is the only journal that has succeeded in interviewing the intrepid reporter. "How did you contrive to force your way through the seething mass in Printing House Square, and pass the closely-guarded portals of the world's chief and largest newspaper office; and by what means did you persuade the Colossus of publishing to tell you anything about it?" we asked. We regret that we cannot give his reply; only the incomparable genius of the painter of *La Gioconda* could do that.

A curious incident took place outside the Mansion House on Monday. In the Agony Column of a famous twopenny newspaper on Saturday the following announcement had appeared: "Will watc f. u. outsd. Mansn. Hs. 10-11 Mon. morn. Carry cop. *Times* so I may no its u." A frantic lady rushed at so many young and middle-aged men, exclaiming, "Horace! at last we meet!" that long before 10.30 it was necessary for a kindly City policeman to lead her away to a neighbouring chemist's for first aid.

"The fact that to-day is the 104th anniversary of the birth of Mr. Gladstone prompts reflection as to the different ways in which their birthdays have been regarded by some famous men."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The Writer (*as he finishes*): "Got it in at last, thank Heaven!"

"A number of motor-cars, including one belonging to Mr. Lloyd George, are blocked in the Snowdon district, and the sheep farmers are much perturbed."—*Morning Post.*

However, they can sleep soundly in their beds now, for he is back in London again.

THE SLIT TROUSER.

(*Whose arrival in England is reported in the photographic press.*)

You who see advanced attire
Photographed for you to mock,
Hold your ridicule or ire,
Wax not scornful at the shock;
Let not your compassion freeze,
Hark to Archie for a bit,
Ponder, if you please, his pleas,
Patience, ere you slight his slit.

Long there raged a warfare grim
In the councils of the Nut;
Socks were all in all to him
Abso-simply-lutely; *but*—
Here's a problem for you pat—
How shall Archibald disclose
Through the thickness of the spat
Iridescent demi-hose?

Yesteryear that problem vexed;
One day spatted he would fare,
Lacking colour; and the next
Spatless, in chromatic wear.
No dilemma rends him now,
Bidding this or that to go.
See, his side-cleft bags allow
Spat and sock an equal show.

"DASH."

"THERE'S no book like it," said A. "Get it at once."

"You must read *Dash*," said B.

"If you take my advice," said C., "and you know I'm not easily pleased by modern fiction, you'll get *Dash* and simply peg away till you've finished it. It's marvellous."

I suppose you've read Darnock's *Dash?*" said D. "It's by far his best thing."

At dinner my partner on each side gurglingly wished to know how I liked *Dash*, taking it for granted that I knew it more or less by heart.

So having read some of Darnock's earlier work and thought it good, I acquired a copy of *Dash* and settled down to it.

I had not read more than two pages when it occurred to me that I ought to know what the other books in the library parcel were; so I went to look at them. One was a series of episodes in the career of a wonderful blind policeman who, in spite of his infirmity, performed prodigies of tact on point duty, and by the time I had finished glancing through this it was bed-time. I put *Dash* under my arm, for I always read for half-an-hour or so in bed. How it happened I cannot imagine, but when I picked up the book and began to read I found, much to my surprise, that it was the other library novel.

"Have you begun *Dash* yet?" B. asked me at lunch.

"Oh, yes, rather," I said.

"I envy you," he replied. "How far have you got?"

"Not very far yet," I said.

"It's fine, isn't it?" he remarked.

"Fine."

The next evening I had just taken up *Dash* again when I remembered that that other novel must be finished if it was to be changed on the morrow, so I turned dutifully to that instead. It was a capital story about a criminal who murdered people in an absolutely undetectable way by lending them a poisoned pencil which would not mark until the point was moistened. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

The next evening I was getting on famously with the fifth page of *Dash* when the library parcel again arrived, containing two new books for those I had returned in the morning.

Meeting C. the next day he asked me if I did not think *Dash* the finest thing I had ever read.

I said yes, but asked him if he had not found it a little difficult to get into.

"Possibly," he said, "possibly. But what a reward!"

"You like books all in long conversations?" I asked.

"I love *Dash*," he said, "anyway."

"Did you read every word?" I asked.

"Well, not perhaps every word," he replied, "but I got the sense of every page. I read like that, you know—synthetically."

"Yes, of course," I said.

The next day I changed the two library books that were finished for two more, but it was *Dash* which I took up first. There is no doubt about its being a very remarkable book, but I had had a rather heavy day and my brain was not at its best. What extraordinary novels people do write nowadays! Fancy making a whole book, as the author of *Hot Maraschino* has done, out of the Elberfeldt talking horses! In this book, which has an excellent murder in a stable in it, the criminal is given away by a horse who tells her master (it is a mare) what she saw. I couldn't lay the story down.

That night I dined out and heard more about *Dash*. In fact, I myself started one long conversation on that topic with an idle lady who really had read every word. I went on to recommend it right and left. "You must read *Dash*," I said at intervals; "it's extraordinarily good."

"Some one was telling me he couldn't get on with it at all," said one of my partners.

"Not really?" I said, and clicked my tongue reproachfully.

"Yes, he says it's so involved and rambling."

"Ah, well," I said, "one must persevere. Books mustn't be too easy. For my part—— Yes, champagne, please."

"I'll get it, anyway," she said. "I feel sure your judgment is sound."

Looking in at the club later I found D. playing snooker. After missing an easy shot he turned the talk to *Dash*.

"Tip-top, isn't it?" he said.

"Which is your favourite chapter?" I asked.

His face told me I had him.

"Oh, well, that's difficult to say," he replied.

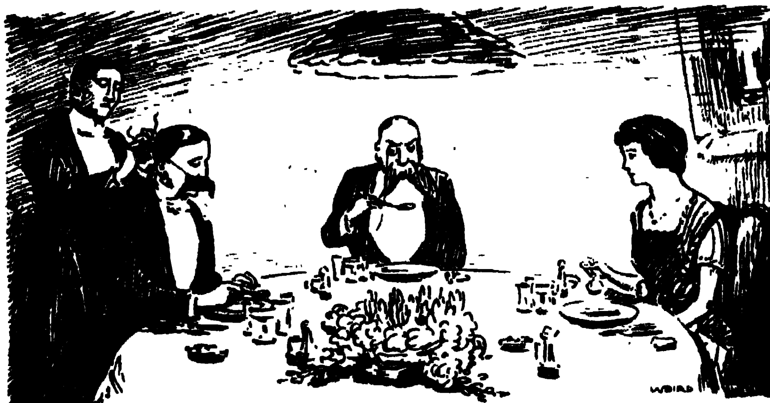
"Surely you think that one about the stevedore's spaniel, towards the end, is terrific?" I said.

"Of course that's fine," he replied, "but I was just wondering whether——"

But I didn't stop to listen. There is no stevedore and no spaniel in the whole book, as I had carefully ascertained.

The next day I had A., B. and C. with the same device.

Meanwhile I am plodding away with *Dash*. I have now reached page 27. A great book, as all agree. But the books that I shall read while I am reading it will make a most interesting list.



TACT.

MR. ANCHOR ALWAYS WEARS A MOUSTACHE FOR THE SOUP COURSE WHENEVER HIS UNCLE, THE GENERAL (FROM WHOM HE HAS EXPECTATIONS), DINES WITH HIM.



SCENE—*Arrivals at Fancy Dress Ball.*

Policeman. "NOW THEN, COME ALONG THERE, COME ALONG."

Taxi-Driver. "'ARF A JIFF, COPPER; I THINK THEY'VE STITCHED ROMEO'S MONEY INTO 'IS BACKBONE."

A HARD CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the friend of my family from 1846, I ask you for advice on a subject which touches me painfully both as a husband and a father. My wife is, as I personally know, the dearest woman in Great Britain, and our child is, I am credibly informed, the finest child in Europe. *Infandum renovare dolorem.*

Our child is four months old; it is named Eunice. Yesterday I found my dear wife with the infant weeping piteously—my wife, that is, not the infant. I proceeded at once to use all the means in my power to soothe her and to ascertain the reason of her unhappy state. But it was only after a considerable time and the expenditure of no little ingenuity on my part that she revealed the secret.

"I know how it would be, John," she said between her sobs, "I knew from the first. I felt sure that when baby came you wouldn't care for her. And—and you *don't.*"

I at once took the child in my arms and guggled to it. The child, I am happy to tell you, Sir, responded at once to my paternal attention and guggled happily in reply. I felt patriotic pride in the part I had taken in adding to the womanhood of my beloved country.

A few days later I found my wife sobbing violently. Carrying the child with me—it was still guggling—I crossed to her and again used my best endeavours, not only in consolation, but to ascertain the cause of her fresh unhappiness. Again it was long before I obtained a reply. But at last she said: "I knew how it would be, John," her sobbing was as violent as before, "I knew from the first. I felt sure that when baby came you would only care for her and neglect me."

Now, Sir, what shall I do?

Your inquiring admirer,
MATTHEW HAILE.

P.S.—My wife is sobbing again as I write. I have at last ascertained her trouble. It is that I don't care for the baby.

"The other night a rabbit ran for a quarter-of-a-mile in the flare of a lighted motor-car on the Eggleston road."—*Teesdale Mercury.*

"I hope," puffed the rabbit, well within record at the end of the fourteenth lap, "I hope it won't burn itself out before I've finished."

"To accomplish this distance at an average speed of 20 miles per hour would take 28¼ hours. To this time, however, had to be added the Channel crossing both ways, which takes, roughly, about eight hours."—*Motor Cycling.*

"Roughly" is good, alas!

It is difficult to order our emotions as we would have them be. Try as we will, we cannot read aloud the following extract from *The Birmingham Weekly Post* with the solemnity which properly it should call forth:—

"A feature of the programme was the opening chorus. During this a lady gardener in male attire arrived on the stage with a wheelbarrow full of vegetables, and caused amusement by throwing these among the audience. Presently the missiles commenced to hit persons, one victim being the vicar, who, struck in the eye by a turnip, was compelled to retire."

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

II.—ON THE WAY.

"TOULON," announced Archie, as the train came to a stop and gave out its plaintive dying whistle. "Naval port of our dear allies, the French. This would interest Thomas."

"If he weren't asleep," I said.

"He'll be here directly," said Simpson from the little table for two on the other side of the gangway. "I'm afraid he had a bad night. Here, *garçon*—er *donnez-moi du café et*—er-——" But the waiter had slipped past him again—the fifth time.

"Have some of ours," said Myra kindly, holding out the pot.

"Thanks very much, Myra, but I may as well wait for Thomas, and—*garçon, du café pour*—I don't think he'll be—*deux cafés, garçon, s'il vous*—it's going to be a lovely day."

Thomas came in quietly, sat down opposite Simpson, and ordered breakfast.

"Samuel wants some too," said Myra.

Thomas looked surprised, grunted and ordered another breakfast.

"You see how easy it is," said Archie. "Thomas, we're at Toulon, where the *ententes cordiales* come from. You ought to have been up long ago taking notes for the Admiralty."

"I had a rotten night," said Thomas. "Simpson fell out of bed in the middle of it."

"Oh, poor Samuel!"

"You don't mean to say you gave him the top berth?" I asked in surprise. "You must have known he'd fall out."

"But Thomas dear, surely Samuel's just falling-out-of-bed noise wouldn't wake you up," said Myra. "I always thought you slept so well."

"He tried to get back into *my* bed."

"I was a little dazed," explained Simpson hastily, "and I hadn't got my spectacles."

"Still you ought to have been able to see Thomas there."

"Of course I did see him as soon as I got in, and then I remembered I was up above. So I climbed up."

"It must be rather difficult climbing up at night," thought Dahlia.

"Not if you get a good take-off, Dahlia," said Simpson earnestly.

"Simpson got a good one off my face," explained Thomas.

"My dear old chap, I was frightfully sorry. I did come down at once and tell you how sorry I was, didn't I?"

"You stepped back on to it," said Thomas shortly, and he turned his attention to the coffee.

Our table had finished breakfast. Dahlia and Myra got up slowly, and Archie and I filled our pipes and followed them out.

"Well, we'll leave you to it," said Archie to the other table. "Personally, I think it's Thomas's turn to step on Simpson. You ought to assert yourself, Thomas, anyhow. Throw some jam at him and then let bygones be bygones. But don't be long, because there's a good view coming."

The good view came, and then another and another, and they merged together and became one long moving panorama of beauty. We stood in the corridor and drank it in . . . and at intervals we said "Oh-h!" and "Oh, I say!" and "Oh, I say, *really!*" And there was one particular spot—I wish I could remember where, so that it might be marked by a suitable tablet—at the sight of which Simpson was overheard to say "*Mon Dieu!*" for (probably) the first time in his life.

"You know, all these are olive trees, you chaps," he said every five minutes. "I wonder if there are any olives growing on them?"

"Too early," said Archie. "It's the sardine season now."

It was at Cannes that we saw the first oranges.

"That does it," I said to Myra. "We're really here. And look, there's a lemon tree. Give me the oranges and lemons and you can have all the palms and the cactuses and the olives."

"Like polar bears in the arctic regions," said Myra.

I thought for a moment. Superficially there is very little resemblance between an orange and a polar bear.

"Like polar bears," I said hopefully.

"I mean," luckily she went on, "polar bears do it for you in the polar regions. You really know you're there then. Give me the polar bears, I always say, and you can keep the seals and the walruses and the penguins. It's the hall-mark."

"Right. I knew you meant something. In London," I went on, "it is raining. Looking out of my window I see a lamp-post (not in flower) beneath a low grey sky. Here we see oranges against a blue sky a million miles deep. What a blend! Myra, let's go to a fancy-dress ball when we get back. You go as an orange and I'll go as a very blue, blue sky, and you shall lean against me."

"And we'll dance the tangerine," said Myra.

But now observe us approaching Monte Carlo. For an hour past Simpson has been collecting his belongings. Two bags, two coats, a camera, a rug, Thomas, golf-clubs, books—his compartment is full of things which have to be kept under his eye lest they should evade him at the last moment. As the train leaves Monaco his excitement is intense.

"I think, old chap," he says to Thomas, "I'll wear the coats after all."

"And the bags," says Thomas, "and then you'll have a suit."

Simpson puts on the two coats and appears very big and hot.

"I'd better have my hands free," he says, and straps the camera and the golf clubs on to himself. "Then if you nip out and get a porter I can hand the bags out to him through the window."

"All right," says Thomas. He is deep in his book and looks as if he were settled in his corner of the carriage for the day.

The train stops. There is bustle, noise, confusion. Thomas in some magical way has disappeared. A porter appears at the open window and speaks voluble French to Simpson. Simpson looks round wildly for Thomas. "Thomas!" he cries. "*Un moment,*" he says to the porter. "Thomas! *Mon ami, il n'est pas*—— I say, Thomas, old chap, where are you? *Attendez un moment. Mon ami*—er—*reviendra*——"

He is very hot. He is wearing, in addition to what one doesn't mention, an ordinary waistcoat, a woolly waistcoat for steamer use, a tweed coat, an aquascutum, an ulster, a camera and a bag of golf clubs. The porter, with many gesticulations, is still hurling French at him.

It is too much for Simpson. He puts his head out of the window and, observing in the distance a figure of such immense dignity that it can only belong to the station-master, utters to him across the hurly-burly a wild call for help.

"*Où est* COOK's *homme?*" he cries.

A. A. M.

"THE GREAT CONFLICT.
1886——1914——?
THE END IS NOT YET.
TO-MORROW."
Observer.

Well, well! After twenty-eight years we can wait another day.

"ESSAY CLUB: *March 1st.*—The Poetry of John Masefield, *or* Vegetarianism—is it more Humane?"—*Time and Talents.*

Less blood-stained, anyhow.

From a letter in *The Natal Mercury* headed "Butter through the Post":—

"We send it to Donnybrook by the quickest method, i.e., on the post-card."

We have often found some on our postcards.

THE GALLANT SONS OF MARS.

["A troop of the Queen's Bays, 2nd Dragoon Guards, while galloping past the Royal Pavilion at Aldershot, observed a woman fall from her bicycle in a faint.

"They instantly drew rein, and, dismounting, assisted her to the 5th Dragoon Guards orderly room, where they vied with each other in giving her every possible attention.

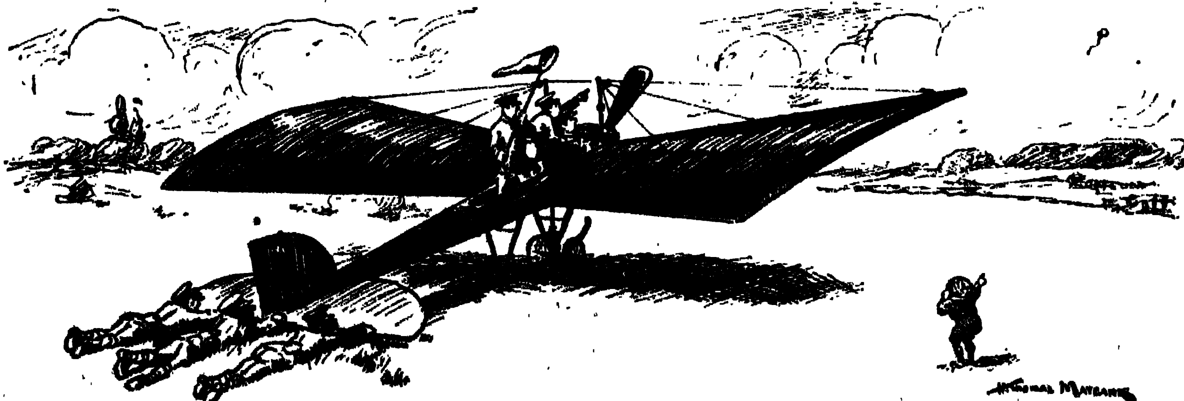
"She speedily recovered and was able to resume her journey to Farnborough."—*Daily Paper.*]



A YOUNG LADY, WHILE WALKING BY A KIOSK IN WHICH THE BAND OF THE ROYAL HEAVIES WAS PERFORMING, BY A MISCHANCE GOT A FLY IN HER EYE. PERCEIVING HER PLIGHT, THE BANDSMEN IMMEDIATELY CEASED PLAYING AND RAN TO HER ASSISTANCE, EACH CONTESTING WITH THE OTHER TO REMOVE THE OFFENDING INSECT.



IN A HIGH WIND LAST WEEK ON LAFFAN'S PLAIN AN OLD GENTLEMAN LOST HIS UMBRELLA. SOME LANCERS TAKING PART IN A SHAM FIGHT AT ONCE WENT IN PURSUIT AND SPEEDILY RESTORED THE RECALCITRANT ARTICLE TO ITS GRATEFUL OWNER.



LAST SATURDAY, WHILE AT PLAY, A SMALL BOY HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO LOSE HIS HOLD OF A TOY-BALLOON. A SQUADRON OF THE ARMY FLYING CORPS, WITNESSING THE LITTLE FELLOW'S GRIEF, AT ONCE RENDERED ASSISTANCE AND, WITH THE AID OF A MONOPLANE, QUICKLY RETRIEVED THE BAUBLE.



Lady (to elderly and confidential maid). "I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHY YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED, SIMPSON?"
Simpson (disdainfully). "I DON'T LIKE MEN IN ANY FORM, MY LADY."

THE WILD SWAN.

(*Lament on a very rare bird who recently appeared in England and was immediately shot.*)

OVER the sea (ye maids) a wild swan came;
(O maidens) it was but the other day;
Men saw him as he passed with earnest aim
To some sequestered spot down Norfolk way—
A thing whose like had not been seen for years:
Lament, ye damsels, nor refuse your tears.

Serene, he winged his alabaster flight
Neath the full beams of the mistaken sun
O'er gazing crowds, till at th' unwonted sight
Some unexpected sportsman with a gun
Brought down the bird, all fluff, mid sounding cheers:
Mourn, maidens, mourn, and wipe the thoughtful tears.

Well you may weep. No common bird was he.
Has it not long been known, the whole world wide,
A wild swan is a prince of faerie,
Who comes in such disguise to choose his bride
From those of humble lot and tame careers,
Of whom I now require some punctual tears.

Wherefore, I say, let every scullion-wench
Grieve, nor the dairy-maid from sobs refrain;
The sad postmistress, too, should feel the wrench,
And the lone tweeny of her loss complain;
Let one—let all afflict the listening spheres:
Deplore, ye maids, his fate with rueful tears.

It was for these he sought this teeming land,
High on the silvery wings of old romance;
One knows not where he had bestowed his hand,
But e'en the least had stood an equal chance
Of such fair triumph o'er her bitter peers
And the sweet pleasure of their anguished tears.

O prince of faerie! O stately swan!
And ye, whose hopes are with the might-have-beens,
Curst be the wretch through whom those hopes have gone,
Who blew your magic swain to smithereens;
Let your full sorrows whelm his stricken ears;
Lament, ye damsels, nor refuse your tears.

DUM-DUM.

The Lady's Realm on a new film:—

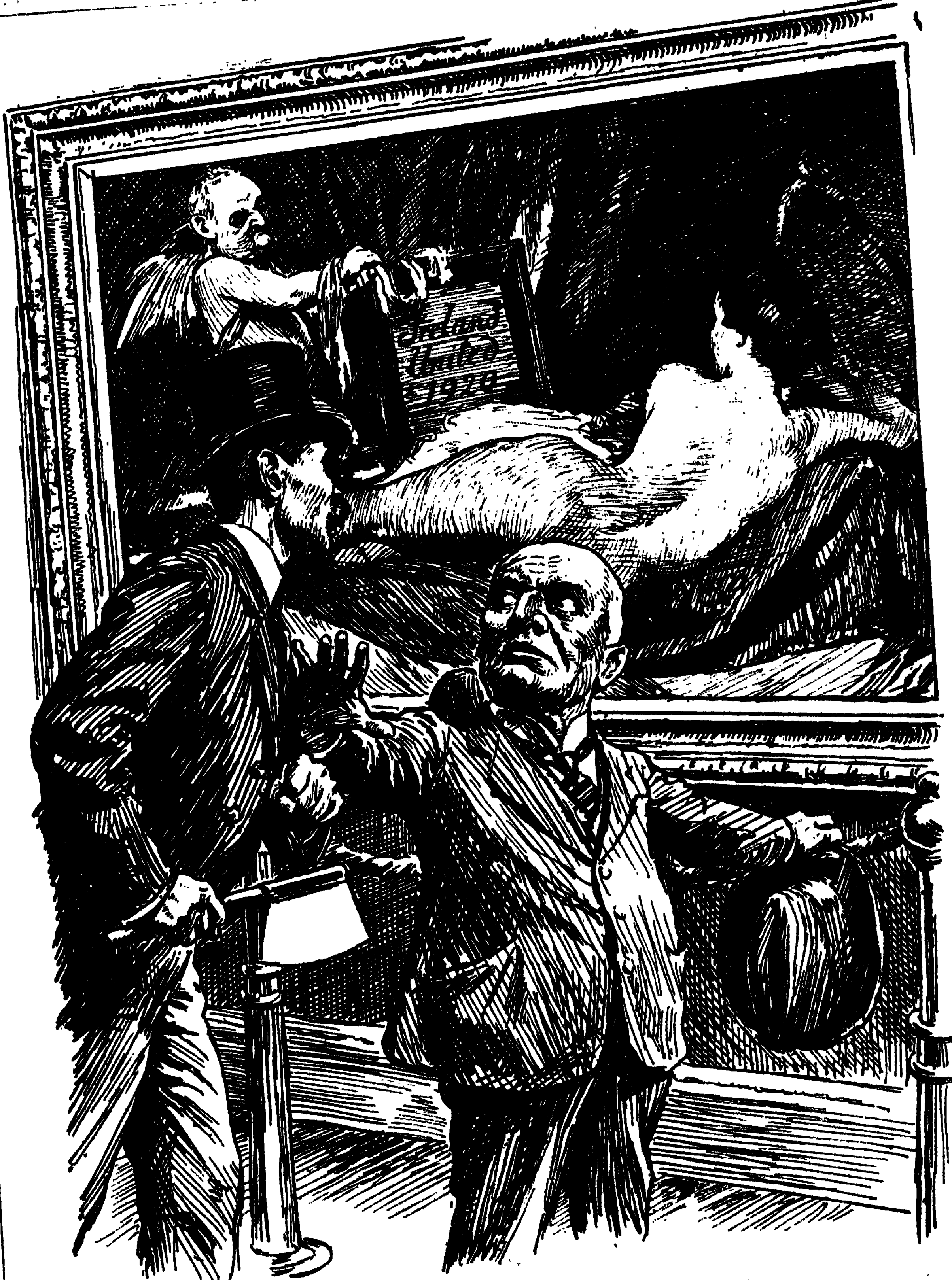
"The cost from first to last amounted to £12,000 . . . The entire cast—an enormous one, numbering eight thousand people . . . visited Rome and the Nile."

This decides us where to spend our holidays. To do Rome and the Nile for £1 10s. a head is not a chance to be missed.

It has been asked, "Where were the police?" Here is the answer:—

"The six cuts appeared to have been inflicted with the cutting edge of a chopper, and the seventh with the flat part of the end of the copper."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Robert (putting his foot through the picture): "May as well make a job of it."



THE LATEST VELASQUITH.

MR. PUNCH (*to Mr. Bonar Law*). "DON'T HACK IT ABOUT NOW. YOU'LL HAVE TWO CHANCES IN THE NEXT SIX YEARS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 9.—When on conclusion of Questions the PRIME MINISTER rose to move Second Reading of Home Rule Bill, House presented appearance seen only once or twice in lifetime of a Parliament. Chamber crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery. Members who could not find seats made for the side galleries, filling both rows two deep. Still later comers patiently stood at the Bar throughout the full hour occupied by the historic speech. A group more comfortably settled themselves on the steps of the SPEAKER'S Chair. The principal nations of the world were represented in the Diplomatic Gallery by their ambassadors. As for the peers, they fought for places in limited space allotted to them with the energy of messenger-boys paid to secure places in the queue of first night of new play at popular theatre.



MIJNHEER KAARSON.

(*The New Orange Free Stater.*)

[Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN referred to Ulster as the new "Orange" Free State, which has just received official recognition.]

Entering while Questions were in progress PREMIER was received with rousing cheer. Renewed with fuller force when he stood at the Table to discharge his momentous task. That the enthusiasm was largely testimony to personal popularity and esteem appeared from what followed. Weighed down with gravity of responsibility, as he unfolded his plan he found lacking the inspiration of continuous outbursts of cheering that usually punctuate important speeches by Party leaders.

Radicals and Nationalists were prepared to accept his concessions to Ulster feeling; but they did not like them. REDMOND'S declaration that the PREMIER "has gone to the very extremest limits of concession" drew from Ministerialists a more strident cheer than any accorded to their Leader as he expounded his plan.

Consciousness of this significant lukewarmness reacted upon PREMIER. He spoke with unusual slowness, further developing tendency of recent growth to drop his voice at end of sentence.

BONNER LAW studiously quiet in manner, moderate in speech. Nevertheless, perhaps therefore, made it clear that PREMIER'S overtures, unloved by his followers, will not be welcomed by Opposition. CARSON, who had enthusiastic reception from Unionists, flashed forth epigram that put Ulster's view in a phrase.

"We don't want sentence of death," he said, "with a stay of execution for six years."

Circumstances provided TIM HEALY'S opportunity. Seized it with both hands. On behalf of Liberal Party, PREMIER proposed the vivisection of Ireland. JOHN REDMOND consented. Plan submitted was that four counties of Ulster might, if they pleased, be excluded from operation of Home Rule Act for period of six years.

"Would any sane Britisher," TIM asked, "embark upon civil war for the difference between six years and 666 years?" As he mentioned the Number of the Beast TIM turned to regard the Irish Leader perched in corner seat at top of Gangway. "Why should not the hon. gentleman give up that, as he has given up everything else? The remains of his principles ornament every step of the Gangway."

Business done.—Second Reading of Home Rule Bill moved. Debate adjourned for indefinite period.

Tuesday.—Prospect of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER brought up at Bar by RANDLES and CASSEL attracted big House in spite of trial opening in mid-dinner-hour. As the quarters of an hour sped benches continued to fill up till, when LLOYD GEORGE rose to offer his defence (which speedily merged into form of attack), there were fully five hundred present.

Prisoner indicted on grounds of repeated inaccuracy, particularly on account of ineradicable tendency to speak disrespectfully of dukes. Nothing could be nicer than manner of prosecuting counsel. They were there to discharge a public duty as champions of the truth, vindicators of desirable habit of abstention from exaggeration.

"I am," said RANDLES, "not here to be personally disagreeable to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whom I have always found genial and courteous."

As for the junior counsel, he was affected almost to tears in prospect of task jointly committed to him.

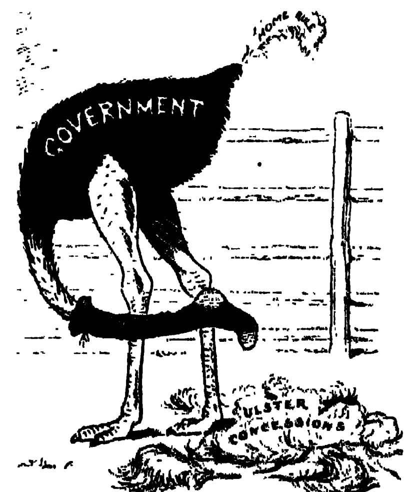
"I do not wish," he said in his opening sentence, "to make anything I say more offensive or unpleasant than—than the necessities of the case warrant."

Ribald Radicals laughed loudly at this way of putting it. With the more sober-minded its ingenuousness had favourable effect, maintained throughout admirable speech.

No one enjoyed the affair more than prisoner at the bar. Like his great prototype, LLOYD GEORGE is never so happy as when, with back against wall, he turns to face an attacking host.

"Reminds me of days that are no more," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking on animated scene from modest quarters on a back bench. "Feel thirty years younger. Am transported as by a magical Eastern carpet to times when DON JOSÉ rushed about the country, fluttering his Unauthorised Programme, bearding barons in their dens, lashing out at landlords, and unceremoniously digging dukes in the ribs, what time a pack of scandalised Tories barked furiously at his heels. LLOYD GEORGE is an able man, courageous to boot, endowed with gift of turning out sentences that dwell in the memory, delighting some hearers, rankling in hearts of others. After all, he is but a replica, excellently done I admit, of the greatest work of art in the way of Parliamentary and political debate known to this generation."

Even while SARK murmured his confidences to his neighbour they were



The only bird that, in Mr. TIM HEALY'S view, requires the sympathies (if not contempt) of the Plumage Bill.

pointed by dramatic turn in lively speech. Among charges of inaccuracy specially cited was LLOYD GEORGE'S description of the Highland clearances, whereby, he asserted, "thousands of people were driven from their holdings by the exercise of the arbitrary power of the landlord." "I will give you an authority for that," he said, and proceeded to read a passage of burning eloquence, in which multitudes of hard-working, God-fearing people were depicted as driven from the land that had belonged to their ancestors, their cottages unroofed, themselves turned out homeless and forlorn.

"Who said that?" scornfully inquired an incautious Member seated opposite.

Quick came the reply. "The Right Honourable Member for West Birmingham," the CHANCELLOR answered in blandest tones.

Followed up this neatly inserted thrust by quoting from Tory newspapers, platform and Parliamentary speeches what was said of DON JOSÉ in those his unregenerate days. Some of them curiously identical with those in use just now for edification and reproof of another public man.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER indicted for habitual inaccuracy, gross and unfounded personal attacks on individuals. Vote of censure negatived by 304 votes against 240.

Thursday.—Major JOHN AUGUSTUS HOPE, late of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, nearly had his breath taken away at Question time. Close student of methods of WORTHINGTON EVANS, *Mrs. Gummidge* of Parliamentary life, not yet recovered from depression as he sits below Gangway "thinking of the old 'un" (MASTERMAN). The Major has of late displayed much industry in devising abstruse conundrums designed to bring to light dark places in working of Insurance Act. In MASTERMAN'S enforced and regretted absence, duty of replying to this class of Question on behalf of Minister undertaken by WEDGWOOD BENN, whose sprightly though always courteous replies greatly amuse both sides.

To-day the Major fired off, as it were from a mitrailleuse, volley of minute questions involving prolonged research on part of Minister to whom they were addressed. Before the smoke had quite cleared away BENN rose, remarked, "I assure the honourable and gallant gentleman he is totally incorrect," and resumed his seat.

The Major gasped. After devotion of precious time to looking up material for his conundrums, after skill and labour bestowed in shaping them, was this the result? Every hair on his head bristled with indignation. His voice choked with anger. His eye, accustomed to survey other battlefields, gleamed on the laughing faces that confronted him. Unseemly merriment increased as he attempted to put Supplementary Questions, which got unaccountably mixed up between Section 72 of the National Insurance Act, 1911, and the provision of Insurance Regulations (No. 2) (Scotland).



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
as seen by his opponents and by his admirers.

If the Major survives shock more will be heard of this.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

THE LIFE STORY OF A TURNIP. By ATO MATO, F.R.V.S. Illustrated in colour. Messrs. TUBER, ROOT AND CO. Price 3s. net.

(Reviewed by A. D. Ryan, M.A.)

THERE have been autobiographical studies of the animal world; why not of the vegetable? This is a delightful monograph, executed with consummate skill and verisimilitude throughout. The author, who holds the Professorship of Cereal Metaphysics at the University of Tokio, has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of the vegetable kingdom; and we need hardly remind our readers of the exceedingly interesting treatise, entitled "The Psychology of the Cabbage," which appeared in a recent issue of the *Carnifugal Quarterly*.

It is indeed time for a more scientific treatment of vegeto-animal phenomenon; and Mr. Mato is the pioneer of a science which, we hope, will soon receive the attention which it undoubtedly deserves. The present volume is in its way a masterpiece. The author has successfully avoided treating his subject from a too human point of view, and we are paying him a very high compliment when we say that the more we study the work the more we are impressed with what we may best describe as the "vegetability" of the writer's mind. The book is racy of the soil; it is written in a charming and convincing style, and bears the stamp of imaginative originality. An acquaintance to whom we lent the book admirably expresses the impression we had formed of it by saying that it might have been written by EUSTACE or HALLIE MILES. It is characterised throughout by the lofty and detached spirit in which a cultured turnip would view the troubled course of mundane events. The sentiments expressed on such questions as Woman Suffrage, Home Rule, LLOYD GEORGE'S land policy, though inevitably Radical in tendency, are admirably sane and unbiassed. We cannot do better, if we would convey to our readers some conception of the general tone of the work, than quote the opening paragraph:—

"I was born of humble but worthy parents, but the first years" [weeks?] "of my existence were embittered by the loss of both father and mother. My father, who was then in the prime of life, was torn one day from the bosom of his family, tied up in a sack, and taken with some two hundred fellow-sufferers to a slaughter-house, where he was cruelly butchered. Still more tragic was the end of my dear mother. Like my father she was dragged away from her native soil. She was then hurled into an empty shed, where for many days she languished, deprived of both food and light. At last she was thrown into a tumbril with some five hundred unfortunates, carted to a neighbouring farm, thence deported in strict captivity to Covent Garden, and finally conveyed to the sumptuous household of Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who devoured her in three gulps."

From this poignant passage the reader may see for himself the profound understanding which Mr. Mato has brought to bear on his theme. We commend this book to all lovers of nature.

THE CINEMA HABIT.

The writer of "The Ideal Film Plot," which appeared in a recent issue of *Punch*, has quoted an "authority" (anonymous) for the approval of his scenario. It is quite evident that this "authority" (so-styled) must belong to the plebeian ranks of the film-world. It cannot reside in *our* suburb.

Our cinema theatre is, I venture to state, of a far superior order, both as to drama and as to morality. It is not a mere lantern-hall, close and stuffy, with twopenny and fourpenny seats (half-price to children, and tea provided free at *matinée* performances), but a white-and-gold Picturedrome, catering to an exclusive class of patrons at sixpence and a shilling, with neat attendants in dove-grey who atomise scent about the aisles, two palms, one at each side of the proscenium (*real* palms), and, in addition to a piano, a mustel organ to accompany the pathetic passages in the films. Moreover, the commissionaire outside, whose medals prove that he has seen service in the Charge of the Light Brigade, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the Great Raid on the House of Commons in 1910, is not one of those blatant-voiced showmen who clamour for patronage; he is a quiet and dignified réceptionnaire, content to rely on the fame and good repute of his theatre. Sometimes evening dress (from "The Laburnums," Meadowsweet Avenue, who are on the Stock Exchange) is to be seen in the more expensive seats.

It is unquestionably a high-class Picturedrome. True that the local dentist, who is a stickler for correct English, protests against the designation. I have pointed out to him that if a "Hippodrome" is a place where one sees performing hippos, then surely a place where one sees performing pictures is correctly styled a "Picturedrome."

I am acquiring the cinema habit.

It is very restful. Each film is preceded on the screen by a certificate showing that its morality has been guaranteed by Mr. Redford. I have complete confidence in Mr. Redford's sense of propriety. If, for instance, a bedroom scene is shown and a lady is about to change her gown, one's advance blushes are needless. That film will be arrested at the loosing of the first hook or button. Virtue will always be plainly triumphant and vice as plainly vanquished. Even the minor imperfections of character will be suitably punished. When on the screen we see Daisy, the flighty college girl, borrowing without permission her friend's hat, gown, shoes, necklace and curls in order to make a fascinating display before her young college man, it is certain that she will be publicly shamed by her friends and discredited in the eyes of her lover whose affections she seeks to win in this unmoral fashion.

On the screen we shall be sure to meet many old friends. The young American society nuts, in square-rigged coats, spacious trousers, and knobbly shoes, will buzz around the pretty girl like flies around a honey-pot, clamouring for the privilege of presenting her with a twenty-dollar bouquet of American Beauty roses. The bouquet she accepts will be the hero's; and the other nuts will then group themselves in the background while she registers a glad but demure smile full in the eye of the camera.

The hero, however, loses his paternal expectations in the mäelstrom of Wall Street. Throwing off his coat—literally, because at the cinema we are left in no doubt as to intentions—he resolves to go "out West" and retrieve the family fortunes.

Our old friends the cow-boys meet him at the wooden shack which represents the railway station at Waybackville, registering great glee at the prospect of hazing a tenderfoot. We know full well that he will eventually win their respect and high regard—probably by foiling a dastardly plot on the part of a Mexican half-breed—and we are therefore in no anxiety of mind when they raise the dust around his feet with their six-shooters, toss him in a blanket or entice him on to a meek-looking, but in reality record-busting, broncho.

In the middle of the drama we look forward to the "chases," and we are



Gladys (who has been told she may see her convalescent Daddy, but fails to recognise him with ten days' growth of beard). "Mummy, Mummy, Daddy 's not there; but there 's a burglarer in his bed."

never disappointed. Our pursued hero, attired in the picturesque bandarilleros of shaggy mohair and the open-throated shirtorino of the West, will race through the tangled thickets of the picadoro-trees; thunder down the crumbling banks of amontillados so steep that the camera probably gets a crick in the neck looking up at him; ride the foaming torrent with one hand clasping the mane of his now tamed broncho, and the other hand triggering his shooting-iron; and eventually fall exhausted from the horse at the very doorstep of the ranch, one arm, pinged by a dastardly rifle-bullet, dangling helplessly by his side. (It is, by the way, always the arm or shoulder; the cinema never allows him to get it distressingly in the leg or in the neck.)

In the ultimate, with the wounded arm in a sling, he will tenderly embrace the heroine through a hundred feet of film, she meanwhile registering great joy and trustfulness, until the scene slowly darkens into blackness, and the screen suddenly announces that the next item on the programme will be No. 7, Exclusive to the Picturedrome.

We are greatly favoured with "exclusives." It may be possible that other suburbs have these films, but it must be second-hand, after we have finished with them. The names of the artistes who create the *rôles* are announced on the screen "*Captain Jack Reckless*—Mr. Courcy van Highball," or it may be "*Juliet*, Miss Mamie Ruffles." Or it is a film taken at the local regatta or athletic sports, and the actors in it include all the notabilities of the district. We flock to see how we (or our neighbours) look on the screen, and enjoy a hearty laugh when the scullers of "The Laburnums" register a crab full in the eye of the camera, or "The Oleanders" canoe receives a plenteous backwash from a river-steamer.

But the staple fare is drama—red-blooded drama, where one is never in doubt as to who is in love with whom, and how much. Sometimes, to be frank, there is a passing flirtation, due to pique, between a wife and a third party, leading to misunderstandings, complications and blank despair on the part of the husband; but as there is always a "little one" somewhere in the background, we are never anxious as to the final outcome. It will end with the husband embracing the repentant (but stainless) wife, and at the same time extending a manly hand of reconciliation to the third party.

We also like the dying fiddler (with visions) and the motor-car splurges—especially the latter. In our daily life we are plagued with motor-cars, cycle-cars and motor-cycle side-cars, being on a highroad from London town to the country; but on the screen we adore them.

The cinema is very restful. There are no problems to vex the moral judgment; no psychological doubts; no anxieties. It will be "the mixture as before," ending in the loving, lingering kiss.

Say what you will of Mr. REDFORD, he never deprives us of the kiss.

WATER ON THE BRAIN.

SOME interesting revelations have been published in *The Daily Mail* on the tonic effect of the bath on our greatest workers, notably stockbrokers, novelists and actors.

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER declared that he read plays in the bath and that the best results were obtained by those selected either in the bath or on a long railway journey. "A man," he added, "is always at his best in his bath." Again, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE, the famous novelist, said that he always felt intensely musical while having his bath, though the ideas for his stories came chiefly while he was shaving.

We are glad to be able to supplement these revelations with some further testimony from the *élite* of the world of letters.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, in the course of an interesting interview, spoke eloquently on the daily renewal of the bath. From the day when he first became a Wet Bob at Eton he had never wavered in his devotion to matutinal and vespertinal ablutions. In fact, his philosophy on this point might be summed up in the quatrain:—

> A bath in the morning
> Is the bookman's adorning;
> A bath at night
> Is the bookman's delight.

His ideal form of exercise was a ride in a bath-chair, just as his favourite diet was bath-chaps and bath-buns. For the rest he found that the ideas of his best pars came to him while he was using a scrubbing-brush which had belonged to Posh, EDWARD FITZGERALD's boatman.

Mr. LAURENCE BINYON, the poet and art critic, confessed that some of his choicest lyrics had been composed when he was using a loofah. But it must be applied rhythmically, to the accompaniment of a soft hissing sound such as was affected by stable-hands when grooming high-mettled steeds. Mr. BINYON added that it was a curious thing that while frequent references abounded in the classics to drinking from the Pierian spring, no mention occurred of bathing in it. But the divine afflatus no doubt worked differently in different ages. DIOGENES lived in a tub, but there was no evidence that he ever took one.

Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, in reply to a request for his views on the subject, said that he considered soap and water to be an invaluable intellectual stimulant. DICKENS was a great believer in it; so, too, was *Lady Macbeth* and the famous Bishop WILBERFORCE, known as "Soapy Sam" from his excessive addiction to detergents. CHARLES LEVER, again, whom he knew intimately, had a passion for washing and, so he believed, started a soap factory, which was still in existence.

The Baroness ORCZY pointed out to our representative that there was a natural harmony between different sorts of baths and different styles of composition. For heroic romance, cold baths were indispensable. For the novel of sensation she recommended champagne with a dash of ammoniated quinine. Similarly with regard to the use of soaps. Thus in any of her stories in which royalty played a prominent part she found it impossible to dispense with Old Brown Windsor.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM contented himself by cordially endorsing Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER's statement that he was (if ever) at his best in his bath.

IN MARCH.

THERE is cloud and a splash of blue
 sky overhead.
And the road by the common's the
 brave road to tread;
 You miss all your neighbours,
  And hear the wind play
 His pipes and his tabors
  Along the king's way.

From the elms at the corner the rooks
 tumble out
To dance you Sir Roger in clamorous
 rout;
 For all honest people
  There's gold on the whin,
 And bells in the steeple,
  And ale at the inn.

The brewer's brown horses, they shine
 in the sun,
And each of the team must weigh nearly
 a ton.
 They stamp and they sidle,
  Their great necks they arch,
 And snatch at the bridle
  This morning of March.

For Winter is over, you see the fine
 sights—
The geese on the common, the boys
 flying kites,
 The daffydowndillies
  That stoop on the stem,
 And my pretty Phyllis
  Who's gathering them.

SIGNERS OF THE TIMES.

RALSTON came into the railway carriage with a fountain-pen and a huge sheet of official-looking paper.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said. "This is a non-party business. I am just getting a few signatures——"

"Don't apologise, Sir," interrupted Baffin. "I am delighted to see a young man like you working in such a cause. Every loyal Englishman, unless blindly ignorant or filled with Radical spite, will be delighted to sign it."

Grabbing the fountain-pen he scribbled the imposing signature, "James Baffin, Hughenden, Tulse Hill."

"It doesn't involve any financial responsibility?" enquired Macdougal with a touch of national caution.

"Not in the least. You just sign," replied Ralston.

Down went the name of Luke Macdougal.

Wilcox had to have his attention drawn to the petition because he pretended to be absorbed in *The Times*—reading it with the attachment of an old subscriber, though we all know he had only taken it for two days.

"Of course," said Wilcox, "at the present moment I could not think of taking any active part in military operations myself, but I am sure my son-in-law——"

"You are not supposed to do anything but sign," said Ralston.

"Certainly, certainly, I'll be very pleased to sign. My son-in-law is a most determined young fellow and feels most strongly on this point."

And Mr. Wilcox amiably offered up his son-in-law as a vicarious sacrifice.

Dodham was a little dubious. "You see I'm not a politician," he began.

"Politics have nothing to do with it," said Ralston.

"No one, Sir, but an abject coward," broke in Baffin, "would shrink from saving his country at such a critical moment."

"Well," said Dodham, "one can't be far wrong when non-party men like KIPLING and GEORGE ALEXANDER are signing. I think I shall be justified."

The name of J. Percival Dodham was added to the list.

Ralston turned to me. "You will sign, old man?"

"No, thanks," I said. "Signed a teetotal-pledge when I was six, and my aunts have brought it up against me ever since. Besides I haven't a father-in-law to take my place."

We stopped at a station.

"I'm off," said Ralston; "got to rake up more signatures."

Four men glared contemptuously at me for the rest of the journey. I don't know whether they regarded me as a miserable Little Englander or a wicked Big Irelander.

When we reached Ludgate Hill I saw Ralston standing triumphantly on the platform.

"Done well to-day?" I queried.

"Oceans of signatures."

I glanced over his shoulder and saw that the printing on the outer sheet began, "To the Manager, S. E. and L. C. D. Railway Companies."

"What's he got to do with this thing?" I demanded.

"Everything," explained Ralston amiably. "It's a petition to run the 8.42 ten minutes earlier. I can't get to the office by 9.15 as it is."

"What," I cried, "have all your miserable dupes been signing away ten minutes of their breakfast time?"

Ralston winked at me. "I've just got to go into a carriage and say it's non-political and they jump to sign it. Signing's a sort of habit nowadays. Not my fault if they don't listen to explanations."

My heart thrilled as I thought of what the brave men would say who, under the impression they were merely promising their own or their relations' blood, had tragically shortened their breakfast hour. Talk of revolutions! Look out for a revolution in the Tulse Hill district when the 8.42 becomes the 8.32!



Temperance Worker (paying a surprise visit to the home of his pet convert). "DOES MR. MCMURDOCH LIVE HERE?" *Mrs. McMurdoch.* "AYE; CARRY HIM IN!"

MR. BALFOUR: MIXED DOUBLE LIFE.

(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

Nice, *Monday.*

"I must confess that I felt somewhat nervous," said Mr. Balfour after the match, as he sipped a split sal-volatile and cinnamon, "but not so nervous as I was in the singles. But it was the first time that I ever stood up to the twin-screw service which Baron von Stosch uses so cleverly, and once or twice I was beaten by the swerve." But his partner, the famous Basque amateur, Mme. Jauréguiberry, was loud in his praises. "He played like a statesman and a diplomatist," she said. The Grand Duke Michael was also greatly impressed and made a neat *mot*. "His fore-hand drives," he said, "were worthy of a driver of a four-in-hand." Mr. Balfour, it should be noted, wore brown tennis shoes with rubber soles, unlike Sir Oliver Lodge, who always golfs in white buckskin boots. His shirt was of some soft material and was marked with his name on a tape, "A. J. Balfour. 6. 1913."

Details of the Game.

Mr. Balfour started serving, and the first two games fell to him and his partner owing to a certain wildness in the returns of Princess Pongo, a Nigerian lady of remarkable agility who has only been playing tennis for the last three months, as, owing to the laws of the Hausa tribe, mixed tennis is strictly forbidden in Nigeria. The Princess was, however, well backed up by her partner, the Baron von Stosch, an athletic Prussian with a powerful smash, and after five games all had been called the set fell to the ex-Premier and his partner. In the second set a regrettable incident occurred, a ball skidding off Mr. Balfour's racquet into the eye of the Grand Duke Uriel, who was acting as umpire. Mr. Balfour was much upset by the *contretemps*, and repeatedly sliced his drive into the net, remarking, "Dear, dear," on two occasions.

The activity of the Princess Pongo, who wore a tasteful *toque* surmounted by a stuffed baby gorilla, was much admired, and when the score was called "one set all," the enthusiasm of the bystanders knew no bounds. A slight delay was caused by the arrival of a telegram for Mr. Balfour, announcing that, in view of the grave importance of the present political situation, *The Times* had been reduced to a penny. This he perused with deep emotion. On the resumption of the game, however, the ex-Premier at once showed himself to be in his best form. He sclaffed several beauties past the Baron, nonplussed the Nigerian princess by his luscious lobs, and finished off the set and match by a wonderful scoop-stroke which died down like a poached egg.

Early in the set he gave a remarkable proof of his detachment. Just as the Princess was preparing to serve one of her juiciest undercut strokes, the tones of a soprano practising her scales rang out from a neighbouring flat. "Rather sharp, I think," said Mr. Balfour, and the Princess, overcome by the ready wit of the ex-Premier, served four faults in quick succession. At the conclusion of the game Mr Balfour wiped his face twice with his handkerchief and signed his name in the birthday books of several American heiresses.

We understand that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. Balfour will box five rounds with Carpentier at a Charity Bazaar and Gymkhana next Saturday, but hopes are entertained that he will dance the Ta-tao with the Princess Pongo, and enter for the three-legged race with the Grand Duke Uriel.



"TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

Judge. "Have you anything to say for yourself before I sentence you, Prisoner?"

Prisoner. "Yes, your Lordship; I taught your wife and daughters the Tango."

Judge. "Twenty years."

AN IDOL OF THE MARKET PLACE.

Decorum and the butcher's cat
Are seldom far apart—
From dawn when clouds surmount the air,
Piled like a beauty's powdered hair,
Till dusk, when down the misty square,
Rumbles the latest cart.

He sits in coat of white and grey
Where the rude cleaver's shock
Horrid from time to time descends,
And his imposing presence lends
Grace to a platform that extends
Beneath the chopping-block.

How tranquil are his close-piled cheeks
His paws, sequestered warm!
An oak-grained panel backs his head
And all the stock-in-trade is spread,
A symphony in white and red,
Round his harmonious form.

The butcher's brave cerulean garb
Flutters before his face,
The cleaver dints his little roof
Of furrowed wood; remote, aloof
He sits superb and panic-proof
In his accustomed place.

Threading the columned county hall,
Mid-most before his eyes,
Alerter dog and loitering maid
Cross from the sunlight to the shade,
And small amenities of trade
Under the gables rise;

Cats of the town, a shameless crew,
Over the way he sees
Propitiate with lavish purr
An unresponsive customer,
Or, meek with sycophantic fur,
Caress the children's knees.

But he, betrothed to etiquette,
Betrays nor head nor heart;
Lone as the Ark on Ararat,
A monument of fur and fat,
Decorum and the butcher's cat
Are seldom far apart.

"It was Horace that put in print the old truth that no man in this world is satisfied with the lot which either fortune or others have put him to.—"*T. P.*" *in his* "*Weekly.*"

Horace, of course, was always rushing into print.

"Her hands dropped to her side. She toyed with the little locket on the gold chain at her throat. 'I am capable of anything!' said."—"*Daily Mirror*" *Serial.*

Evidently.



Keeper (who, unobserved, has been watching the transgressor). "AY, MAN, YE *HAE* A CONSCIENCE, BUT IT'S GAE ELASTIC, I'M THENKIN'."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HENRY HOLIDAY'S *Reminiscences of my Life* (HEINEMANN) will show you a kindly simple soul who had an extraordinarily nice time, met all kinds of interesting folk, and had a generous devotion to any number of unpopular causes, such as Women's Suffrage, the futuristic socialism of BELLAMY'S *Looking Backward*, Home Rule in Ireland, healthy and artistic dress, good music, the abolition of war. Whatever capacity of expression his successful and not undistinguished career as a painter (amongst other things, of BEATRICE cutting DANTE on the bridge), stained-glass worker and mural decorator proves him to have had in his proper medium, the gift of pointed literary expression and appropriate selection seems to have been withheld from him. But he has little reason to complain. Some, at least, of his causes are appreciably nearer victory than when he espoused them; we are even a little nearer looking backwards. One small point in these discursive memoirs will especially delight the mildly cynical—that this worthy pre-Raphaelite, who with his friends had suffered so much from the limitations of view of a mid-Victorian Royal Academy, should be so maliciously ready to have all modern rebels in paint, their milestones hung about their necks, sunk in the nethermost deeps with all their works! One can find diversion, too, in the decorous story of Mr. HOLIDAY'S nude statue of *Sleep*, rejected (according to a message from G. F. WATTS) on account of its nudity in 1879 by that same Academy, and accepted in 1880 when the artist with laborious modesty had modelled for it a plaster-of-paris nightgown. The author claims some share, through the Healthy and Artistic Dress Union, in the changes towards rational beauty which women's dress has lately shown. And that surely is by no means to have lived in vain!

There are few Memsahibs who know India and can write about it as well as Mrs. ALICE PERRIN, so that when she calls her new book *The Happy Hunting Ground* (METHUEN) she sets you thinking. And when you begin to think, you see that that really is the meaning of those tearful farewells at Victoria and Charing Cross, that heavy-hearted cheering and waving of handkerchiefs as the liner puts off from the docks, which are for us who stay at home the symbol of our share in the burden of empire. When our sisters and our daughters (and our cousins and aunts) sail away to Marseilles and the East they go to find husbands, largely because for many of them there is in this country little prospect of marriage with men of their own class. But that is only half the story. They go in search of mates. They stay to play, as helpmeets, the woman's part in carrying on the high tradition of the British Raj. With this fundamental truth as her background, Mrs. PERRIN has drawn, simply but with practised skill, the picture of a young girl who leaves the dull security of Earl's Court to go a-hunting in the plains and the hills, obedient to the call of India, which is in her bones. There, like many another before her, she loves and suffers, and makes sacrifices and mistakes, and (I am glad to say) finds happiness at the last. The strength of Mrs. PERRIN'S book, apart from the value of its background, lies in the reality of its characters. If you have a drop of Anglo-Indian blood in your veins you will know what it means. You will greet them as blood relations, and take a kinsman's interest not only in their

joys and sorrows, but in their whole attitude towards life, and even their little tricks of thought and speech.

About a year ago Mr. JOSEPH KNOWLES began to think that "the people of the present day were sadly neglecting the details of the great book of nature," and asked himself if he could not do something to remedy matters. His answer to this question was to take off all his clothes, and, on August 4, 1913, to enter the wilderness of Northern Maine, and live like a primitive man for two months. On page 12 of *Alone in the Wilderness* (LONGMANS) he is to be seen taking off his coat (and posing, I feel bound to add, very becomingly), and eight pages farther on you can see him divested of his clothing and "breaking the last link." As used to enforce a primitive ideal, the modern art of photography seems, if I may say so, a little out of this picture; but, anyhow, into the forest Mr. KNOWLES went with "nodings on," and there he stuck out his time, speaking to no one, scarcely seeing a human being, and proving - well, I don't honestly think that he proved much. But at least he was not what he calls a quitter, and as more than once he had an intense desire to return to civilisation, he deserves much credit for carrying out his resolution. But, difficult as he found it to remain for the two months, he has found even greater difficulty in writing interestingly about his experiment. Apart from his account of a great moose-fight, the fascinating scenes in his book are those in which his former experiences as a trapper and hunter are described. But Mr. KNOWLES has not finished with his adventure; he is going to live stark-naked in the wilderness for another two months, but this time under inspection, so that the unbelievers can be convinced. I am not among the unbelievers—indeed, I am convinced of the absolute truth of every statement he makes—but I doubt if a repetition of his performance is the best way to help on the College of Nature which he hopes to start. Why, in short, pander to the unbelievers?

A period so bygone as that of His late Majesty KING HENRY II. (of whose exact date you will scarcely need to be reminded) has not an immediate and irresistible attraction for every novel reader, and it may take much to persuade some that they will ever become really concerned with the deeds and destinies of such people as *Jehane* the woodward's daughter, *Edwy* the tanner of Clee, and *Lord Lambert de Fort-Castel*, be their deeds and destinies never so adventurous or romantic. Further, the juvenile manner of the pictorial cover attached to *Jehane of the Forest* (MELROSE) is not calculated to whet the appetite of the adult public, and the eulogy of a well-known author, appended on a printed slip, lacks the essential glow of the effective advertisement. It misses the point; it is pedantic, and pedantry is the one thing for which wary readers are on the look out in stories of antiquity. It is first important, then, to acquit Mr. L. A. TALBOT of every offence of which, in the blackness of the outward circumstances, he might be suspected—affectations, anachronisms, excess of local and contemporary colour, absence of humour or human touches, any tendency to bore. The book presents a charming picture of the counties on the Welsh Border and unravels a delightful tale in which the characters talk the language peculiar to their time, but are controlled by the everlasting motives of human nature. Though the times were harder than ours the people seem to have been neither better nor worse than we are; and, when approached from such a point of view as Mr. TALBOT has taken, there is nothing to be said against, but very much to be said for, the period of 1154-1189, which, as every schoolboy is punished for not knowing, covers the reign of HENRY II.

Miss MILLS YOUNG does not, I think, improve as an artist. *The Purple Mists* (LANE) is her latest book, and it is not so real and satisfactory a piece of work as *Grit Lawless* or *Atonement*. The theme of her new novel is the coming of love to two people who married without any other emotion than restrained but unmistakable antipathy. Why people should do these things so often in novels I do not know, but on the present occasion *Euretta* (*Euretta* is not an attractive name) and *John Shaw* (you can tell by *his* name that he is a strong silent man who is deep in his work and has no time to bother about women) are driven into matrimony by Miss MILLS YOUNG. After a while it appears that *Mr. Shaw* is beginning to care for *Euretta* very much, but he shows his affection for her by avoiding her as much as possible and snarling when she speaks to him. It is obvious that a more kindly figure must be somewhere close at hand eager to console *Euretta*. Miss YOUNG discovers him, finds that he is precisely the deep-drinking, warm-hearted rascal necessary for this kind of occasion, and provides him with the inevitable situations proper to the *tertium quid*. The defects of *The Purple Mists* all arise from the fact that Miss MILLS YOUNG has been told by her friends that she tells a good story. If, next time, she thinks first of her characters and then chronicles their logical development, instead of forcing them into a threadbare plot, she will give us the fine book of which I am sure she is capable.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

THE MAN WHO COLLECTS MUD-SPLASHES FROM THE WHEELS OF THE EXALTED GREAT.

"According to the Jewish Chronicle, the number of Jews in the world now exceeds 13,000: to be exact, 13,052,846."
Family Herald (B.C.).

Our contemporary should cultivate the large tracts of truth which lie between the extreme vagueness of the first estimate and the pedantic accuracy of the second.

"ROKEBY VENUS IN RIBBONS."—*Globe.*

Are we becoming prudish?

"BREEZES BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH."—*Cork Examiner.*

This is the weather forecast for Ireland, and at first sight seems obvious; but "in view," as our penny contemporary says, "of the grave importance of the present political situation," we suspect a deeper meaning.

CHARIVARIA.

THE attention of the AMERICAN AMBASSADOR has been called to the danger of after-dinner speaking. There is many a true word said in digestion—and the truth is apt to hurt sensitive nations.

* *

Art circles continue to seethe with indignation over the National Gallery outrage. Even the Post-Impressionists have now no sympathy with the Suffragettes, for they realise that, while in this instance it was only a Velasquez which was injured, next time it might be a sublime Bomberg or a transcendent Wyndham Lewis.

* *

Sir HIRAM MAXIM has addressed an open letter to Mrs. PANKHURST containing a number of questions, and asking for certain definite information before he joins her party. Nothing, we believe, would please that party better than to be able to add a Maxim to its armament.

* *

A number of Liverpool women, many of whom are Suffragettes, have formed a Women's Church. A feature of this Church will no doubt be the institution of frequent Fasts with a view to training the worshippers to cope with the difficulties of every-day life.

* *

A fire brigade composed entirely of girl students successfully fought a fire last week at Wellesley College, a famous American educational institution. A strongly-worded protest against their unwomanly conduct has, we understand, been sent from the headquarters of the W.S.P.U.

* *

After much wordy warfare between our contemporary's readers, the proprietors of *The Saturday Westminster Gazette* have now decided definitely that it shall be printed on white paper, on the ground that this is better for the eyesight, and the White-and-See party has thus gained a notable victory over the Green-and-Bear-It party.

* *

Mr. ROY HORNIMAN has become chairman of the Committee for the Prevention of Cruelty to Stage Animals. There is good work to be done here. We have always understood that the hind-legs of the Pantomime dragon suffer terribly while on the stage, owing to the closeness of the atmosphere.

* *

Rumours reach us of trouble between *The Daily Mail* and its enterprising young *protégé*, *The Times*. It is all on account of the former possibly being compelled to modify its announcement, "net sale six times as large as that of any penny London morning journal," and charges of ingratitude are flying about.

* *

From the North-West Frontier of India comes the news that the station-master has been kidnapped from Shahkat station by raiders. It is now proposed that, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such a theft, every station-master shall in future wear a collar with a bell attached to it which would give the alarm.



SIR VAVASOUR, HAVING DRAGGED THE NOW ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS MAIDEN TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, WAS ABOUT TO THROW HER OVER, WHEN . . .



THE ARTIST CHANGED HIS MIND AND TURNED THEM INTO A COUPLE DANCING THE TANGO.

At a dinner to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the chairman referred to "the two wings of the Labour movement." Two wings, unfortunately, do not make an angel.

* *

Some pigeons, it is stated, have built their nests and are rearing their young at the very point of the Tower Bridge bascules. The S.P.C.A., always alert, is presumably moving in the matter with a view to the bridge being closed until the little family is out in the world.

* *

The expression, "The Theatre of War," gets more apt every day. During the Balkan War the Servians and Montenegrins used a rattle to imitate machine-gun fire, and a machine has now been devised for imitating the noise of an aeroplane engine, with the object of alarming hostile troops.

* *

"We like the stories of men who joked on their death-beds," says *The Times* in a leader. Now that *The Times* has signified its approval we shall never be surprised to see this become Society's latest hobby.

* *

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has sold a portion of his library, consisting of early editions of SHAKSPEARE and CHAUCER, to an American dealer for £200,000. His Grace is said to have calculated that, if he replaced these books by the nice handy little editions which are now to be obtained for sixpence and a shilling a-piece, the transaction would mean a considerable profit for him.

* *

A skeleton, which is computed to be 150,000 years old, has been discovered by a German professor. From the position in which it was found it is conjectured that the man was drowned, and the police will no doubt take the matter up, and the relatives will, if possible, be communicated with.

* *

In an age when cheapness seems to be most persons' ideal, it is refreshing to note that there has been placed on the market a musical instrument which frankly calls itself the Dea Piano.

SONG.

IN the sunshine went the bee
  Busily, O busily;
White birds flashed upon the sea,
  White cliffs mounted dizzily;
There a shepherd tuned his reed
For the maiden of his need:
"Shepherdess," he piped, "give heed!"
  Long ago in Sicily.

"As the sky your eyes are blue,"
  He continued wittily
(When he said this it was new—
  Just come south from Italy);
And she let her lids downfall
(This was then original)
At the marvel of it all—
  Prettily, O prettily.

So the milch-goats went astray—
  That 's the short and long of it;
While they laughed the hours away—
  That 's the right and wrong of it;
Till the white wings ceased to strive,
Till the brown bee sought the hive;
"Wonderful!" they said—and I've
  Made a silly song of it.

JOBSON'S.

"Is it a bad one?" I said.

"It's just one of my headaches," said the lady of the house.

"But some of your headaches," I said, "are different from others. Some ——"

"This," she said, "is one of the different ones."

"Is it like those you have when Mrs Martlet comes to collect on behalf of the Chimney-Sweeps' Aid Society? I mean, will it yield to treatment in about an hour?"

"No," she groaned, "it's even worse than those. It's all over my head."

"Oh, but if that's the sort I'm all sympathy Only tell me what I can do. Are cold compresses any good? Or the doctor? It might be measles, you know. All the best people have measles now. Real measles, I mean, not the German sort. Shall I start isolating you? They tell me I'm a first-class isolater."

"No," she said, "don't do that. It sounds so heartless"

"Well," I said, "if there's anything else in reason I'm your man."

"I want you," she said, "to go to London."

"To London?" I said. "Of course I'll go. It's the very place I'm wanting to go to In fact, I was going there anyhow; only when you said you'd got a headache I thought I'd stay here and help to cool your brow.'

"But why," she murmured, "were you going to London anyhow?"

"Because," I said, "I've bought a season ticket. When the ticket-collector comes round I shan't fumble in all my pockets, or scrabble on the floor, or get red and nervous. I shall just sit tight without looking at him and whisper 'Season' from behind my penny *Times*. I've always wanted to be like that, and now I am it"

"But will you get your money's worth out of it?"

"Yes," I said, "if I have to travel up and down three times a day to do it."

"And will you be an angel?" she said.

"I am. My wings are fully grown."

"Then I want you to fly for me to Jobson's."

"To Jobson's?" I said in a voice of vague alarm.

"Yes, Jobson's. The great Stores in the Bothwell Road."

"But I shall get lost," I said "I haven't got a head for Stores. Perhaps if I sew my address into the back of my waistcoat I might venture, but it's an awful undertaking. And how does one dress for Stores?"

"Oh, anyhow," she said. "And when you get there I want you to order some stockings for the girls about four pairs each--and three warm undervests for John."

"But what about the size?" I said.

"You won't have any difficulty. Mention their ages, or take up a few old sample stockings and an undervest with you. They won't be heavy to carry. Now leave me to my headache."

Not long afterwards I was in London, having travelled up gently but firmly as a season-ticket holder. With a beating heart I made my way to the imposing block of buildings known as Jobson's and entered its portals. As I did so I realised in a flash of shame that I had left my parcel of samples in the train. I had known it would be so. I am not accustomed to carry brown paper parcels in railway carriages, and of course I had forgotten it. As I failed afterwards to get it back I have the satisfaction of knowing that someone has been badly disappointed. To carry off a parcel and then to find that it contains the stockings, all with holes in the toes and knees, and small undervest buttonless and torn into strips up the must be a bitter blow.

Jobson's, when I entered it, was a scene of great animation. Crowds of customers, nearly all women, were standing about or moving purposefully in various directions. Brisk and harassed attendants, male and female, were rushing hither and thither. Confusion and purchase reigned supreme. Keeping a tight hold on myself I wandered on until, by some mistake, I found myself in the Ladies' Dress department.

"Yes, Sir?" said one of the girls in a tone of surprised interrogation.

"Can I order a dress?" I said nervously. "A lady's dress, you know. For my wife," I added hastily, for a look of cold disapproval had shown itself on the attendant's face. "She has a bad headache or she would have come herself. Or is there an Ironmongery department?"

"Second floor. You can go in the lift," said the girl.

The Ironmongery department was attractive beyond description. Fire-irons glittered, fenders gleamed, and there was a lawn-mower which gaped so pathetically that I was all but forced to buy it.

"Is anyone looking after you, Sir?" said a gentleman with the air and manners of a diplomatist.

"No," I said; "I want a stocking or two."

"Hosiery department on the ground floor. You can go in the lift," and he too left me.

Down I went again, plunged head-first through the Ladies' Dress department, and came to an anchor amongst the pipes, cigars, cigarettes and tobacco Here I bought two pipes, a cigar-cutter, and five match-stands of a very novel design. Having thus paid my footing, I addressed the salesman.

"Take me," I said, "to the Hosiery department."

"Straight on, Sir," he said, "and turn to the right before you get to the musical instruments."

"No, no" I said, "that won't do. I have been trying to get there all day by myself and have failed. I am so very musical. If I go alone I shall be drawn in among the flutes and harmoniums. Conduct me to the hosiery or I shall return the match-stands."

Moved by my appeal he conducted me, and at last I reached my haven and made my purchases. When I got home, the headache was gone, and in its place there was a critical spirit which prophesied that all the stockings would certainly be of the wrong size and quality, while the undervests would be equally useless. About the pipes, cigar-cutter and the match-stands I preferred to say nothing at all.

On the whole the visit to Jobson's was a failure. R. C. L.

THE BEST POLICY.

(Addressed to either pioneer of journalistic insurance.)

GREAT PAPER (with the booster circulation),
I much admire your latest enterprise;
I positively cheer with acclamation
When, daily, lines like these arrest my eyes:
"ANOTHER OF OUR READERS BREAKS HIS NECK;
PHOTO OF RELATIVES RECEIVING CHEQUE."

Yes, yes, I *know* you meet more claims and vaster
Than does your noisy rival on the press;
Methinks the Furies, plotters of disaster,
Intend your scheme to be the true success;
And, of the pair, 'tis you appear to be
The surer passport to eternity.

So, sighing not for realms that are infernal,
I'll buy the meaner sheet, the over-matched;
Or, better still, some nice old-fashioned journal
To which no startling terror is attached;
Let others read you, heroes who can brave
The instant peril of a bloody grave!



LIGHTENING THE DARKNESS.

[The Lord Mayor has opened a fund to assist the National Institute for the Blind in its endeavour to increase and cheapen the supply of Braille literature.]

IN THE BRAVE 3D. DAYS.

In these times of change and stress I have been remembering with much relief a curious character who haunted the British Museum Reading Room a quarter of a century ago. He cannot be there still, for he was elderly then: a military-looking man with a very upright, almost corsetted, form, a reddish face and a gingery moustache that in its prime might have graced a major. His eye, however, was not martial, but blue and mild, watery and wandering, its quest being, I fancy, a convivial acquaintance with enough money and generosity for two instalments of refreshment. His hair, which was scanty, was carefully brushed and parted at the back even to his collar, and upon it was perched at a slight angle a tall hat ironed beyond endurance. His erect body was encased in a tightly-buttoned frock-coat so shiny that it glistened, and as for his boots, no really soft-hearted observer could bear to look twice at them, so inadequate were they to our city of rain.

Such was this jaunty thread-bare scholar; but what was his special branch of learning I never discovered, nor did he make the discovery easy, for, though he had a desk, it seldom had books upon it, and he was rarely there: drifting instead about the vast room, exchanging a few words with this or that crony and too often leaving it with them on brief expeditions across the road. He may merely have been a sermon-copyist, busy only towards Sunday. He may have been a loafer pure and simple. I say I don't know; but he was a landmark of the place, idiosyncratic enough to be stamped indelibly on at any rate one retina.

One other touch is needed to complete his appearance. He always wore gloves, which my memory inclines me to believe had once been pale yellow, and he was always accompanied by a copy of *The Times*. This, however, he did not carry in his hand, but he tucked it between the first and second buttons of his frock-coat, so folded that the title was visible, thus guaranteeing to the world that he was one who went to the fountain-head for his politics and foreign information. By this sign-mark, in spite of the wear and tear which were only too visible in his clothes, he became a man apart, for few regular readers among us could afford such an organ, even if we were attracted by anything so august and severe. But naturally we all thought the more of him for his journal. The suggestion of poverty became merely eccentricity.

And then one day, standing by him closely, I made the humiliating discovery—as humiliating to me as to him—that the date of the protruding copy of *The Times* was a year or so past, and, looking more narrowly at the paper itself, I realised that it had been folded thus for months and months and months . . .

Innocent deception! I wish I had never detected it, and I am glad to think that the gallant old gentleman never knew that it was pierced. But how comforting it is to know that he was well in his grave before the great revolution of this month set in, to reduce his proof of gentility to a penny, and, thus reducing it, to render it invalid evermore!



LOYALTY.

'Is that right, Charlie, as your Missus 'its you wiv a flat-iron!
'Er—yus—but only with the blunt end of it."

Commercial Threat.

"General Bakery and Confectionery. We carry a large stock in both lines. Get the Richardson Bread habit. It will tickle you."
Daily News (Port Arthur, Canada).

"Italian War Medals.
(From Our Own Correspondent).
War vessels were distributed to the troops to-day in the Piazza Pledisato."
Standard of Buenos Aires.

Much better to have stuck to the first idea and given them medals.

The Oxford Ducks.

"Going up a good water they rowed a minute at 32, but otherwise were only waddling."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*



Recruiting Sergeant. "Now, I can tell character when I see it, so mark words. If you join now you 'll be a swankin' general in five years."

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.

["Lord Northcliffe rarely sees and never reads a letter, being mainly nowadays engaged in golf and travel."—*Daily Mail.*]

Nothing is more curious in the journalistic world than the widespread illusion which prevails as to the nature of Mr. Larvin's editorial activities. The common view is that he writes nineteen columns in every issue of the *Sunday Swerver*, besides contributing a leading article, seven leaderettes, three reviews and a "special" political manifesto to each number of the *Pale Mail Gazette*. As a matter of fact nothing could be wider of the mark. Mr. Larvin for many years has taken a detached and dispassionate view of politics, devoting the greater part of his time to collecting Egyptian papyri, and playing squash racquets, at which he is remarkably proficient. Although he occasionally inspires a paragraph in one or other of the papers mentioned, he hardly ever comes to either office, and is not even known by sight to the office boys.

Another instance of the wide discrepancy between fact and popular belief is furnished by the case of Mr. Murbidge, the manager of Garrod's Stores. Mr. Murbidge is commonly supposed to be an omniscient and ubiquitous administrator, who holds all the strings of Garrod's in his hands, and to whom all questions are referred for immediate decision. No one is more amused at this extraordinary hallucination than Mr. Murbidge himself. Nowadays he is almost entirely occupied in tarpon fishing, running a plovers' egg farm on Romney Marsh, and playing the pianola.

Sir James Lignum's appearances at Queen's Hall have led to a host of misconceptions as to his real interests and accomplishments. It is true that he wields the *bâton* on these occasions, but he never sees the orchestra at any other time or hears a note of music, being entirely occupied with philately and teaching a boys' club boxing in the East-end. The band are absolutely independent of his control, while acquiescing in his presence as a valuable spectacular asset, owing to the extreme whiteness of his hands, the exquisite cut of his frock-coat, and the capillary attraction exerted on the audience by his glossy and luxuriant chevelure.

We understand that Mr. Larry Cawdor is deeply incensed by the widespread prevalence of the erroneous impression that he still appears in the music-halls. For many years he has been replaced by an imitator who bears the same name and has modelled himself, both vocally and histrionically, on his illustrious namesake. But the real Larry Cawdor never sets foot inside a music-hall nowadays, being mainly engaged on an exhaustive commentary on the *Talmud* and devoting his scanty leisure to the collection of entomological specimens for his private museum.

It is strange that so many people believe that the finances of the country are still controlled by Mr. Lloyd George. Nominally of course he is still Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he never goes near the Treasury, never reads a State Paper or troubles his head with facts or figures. When he is not inspiring our Foreign Policy—for which Sir Edward Grey so unfairly gains the credit—he is generally to be found playing piquet with Mr. T. P. O'Connor, or four-ball foursomes with Mr. Masterman, Mr. Devlin and the Baron de Forest.

Some misguided people have formed the odd habit of thinking of Sir Tree-bohm Herr as an actor. But how far from the truth this is will be ascertained in a moment when we say that he devotes himself almost wholly to studying his brother's facetious drawings and attempting to improve on them. Any histrionic reputation that he may have made has been the work of understudies while the principal was busy with his *quasi*-comic pencil.

Mr. Seldom Gorfridge, the great American shopkeeper whose advertisements are so highly esteemed by the London Press, is popularly believed to be interested in his business. This is, of course, a foolish misconception. Mr. Gorfridge has but one consuming passion and that is pigeon flying. Week in and week out he is absorbed by this pursuit at his magnificent home in Cornwall, and all that he knows of Oxford Street and millinery he learns from the evening papers.

FOOD—NOT MERELY FOR THOUGHT.

["Brick tea in Mongolia not only acts as food, but is used as currency and generally as a means of exchange. It is a very ancient custom, and house rent in Urga is often computed on so many bricks of tea."]
From "With the Russians in Mongolia."

The introduction of a food currency on more extensive lines into this country might produce such results as the following:—

Try the New "Var-ray" Mashie.
Price One Sausage.

White's Cold Complexion Cream.
Price 12 Strawberries.

Companion Wanted.—Apply, stating Celery required, E. A. T. Green, Vegetarian Mansions, S.W.

Irish Linen Co., Och, Ireland.
Write to-day for Catalogue, enclosing pat of butter to cover postage.

Gents' Toilet Saloon,
Oxford St., W.
Shave . . . . . . One Cut from the Joint.
Hair-cut, Shampoo, etc.
One Sheep's Head.

Why Pay More?
The Life of Lloyd George.
By Bertie Du Porke.
In side boards, price One Welsh Rarebit.
In half-calf, price One Pound (of Veal).

Sheepshanks & Co.,
Gents' Outfitters.
Gents' ready-to-wear Cycling and Golf Knickers.
Usual price, Two Legs of Lamb.
Sale price, Two Legs of Mutton.
Cycling Hose, to clear—
Two Calves Foot Jellies per pair.
Gents' White Spats, clearance price—
One Bag of Nuts.
Sheepshanks & Co.,
Poultry, E.C.
Lists sent Paste Free.

Clerk Wanted.—The successful applicant would be enabled to earn his bread and butter daily.—Apply, T. Potter & Co., E.C.

Peckstein Hall.
To-morrow at Three.
Vocalist . . . . Miss Lottie Teathe.
At the Mouth Organ . M. Grubbe.
Prices:—
Boxes, Three Gross Sardines.
Body, One Pig's Heart.



Some of the large Stores are giving exhibitions of how to choose a suitable hat. Above we show a tragedy in Six Acts of the customer whom no hat will suit.

THE CHIMES AND THE CHUBE.

As when a solemn bell
  Sounds from a little spire
The smock-frocked villagers to tell
"'Tis church time," and they heed the summons well,
Gaffer, and Jarge and Kate, and tiny Nell,
  And last of all comes Squire—

So have I heard afar
  And pondered on my crimes,
Reader of many a flashy par.
While travelling in the subterranean car,
A voice that murmured, "What a fool you are
  Not to take in *The Chimes*!"

I said, "It costs three d.,"
  But lied about the cause;
I feared the toils of destiny,
I felt those stately columns close on me,
I shuddered as I rattled like a pea
  Citywards without pause.

Tuppence! The fearful sound
  Pealed like an organ crash;
Once more the mesh was drawing round,
But still I cried, "Economy!" and drowned
The still small voice, and in the Underground
  Flaunted *The Daily Flash*.

Short shrift for those that err!
  Jove has rebuked my sin:
Now, helpless and without demur,
You shall behold me where the tube-lifts purr
Pale captive to the penny *Thunderer*
  With supplements heaved in.

Only one thing I cry,
  With tears and laughter mixed,
That those who speed or far or nigh
The swift-winged wains of the Electric Ry.,
And furnish them with little thongs whereby
  The passengers are fixed,

Shall heed the altered price,
  Shall change with changing times,
And run some trains more slow than mice,
Stopping between each station once or twice,
Fitted with lecterns of a fair device
  To help me read my *Chimes*.

Evoe.

"The Organizer, March, 1914.
Trouble always follows misunderstanding. The worst kind of trouble comes from failure to realize the extent of one's capacity.
Learn your real value.
Price Twopence."

Even this doesn't encourage us.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

III.—Settling Down.

The villa was high up on the hill, having (as Simpson was to point out several times later) Mentone on its left hand and Monte Carlo on its right. A long winding path led up through its garden of olives to the front door, and through the mimosa trees which flanked this door we could see already a flutter of white aprons. The staff was on the loggia waiting to greet us.

We halted a moment out of sight of the ladies above and considered ourselves. It came to us with a sudden shock that we were a very large party.

"I suppose," said Archie to Simpson, "they do expect all of us and not only you? You told them that about half London was coming?"

"We're only six," said Myra, "because I've just counted again, but we seem about twenty."

"It's quite all right," said Simpson cheerfully. "I said we'd be six."

"But six in a letter is much smaller than six of us like this; and when they see our luggage——"

"Let's go back," I suggested, suddenly nervous. To be five guests of the guest of a man you have never met is delicate work.

At this critical moment Archie assumed command. He is a Captain in the Yeomanry and has tackled bigger jobs than this in his time.

"We must get ourselves into proper order," he said. "Simpson, the villa has been lent to *you*; you must go first. Dahlia and I come next. When we arrive you will introduce us as your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mannering. Then turning to Myra you say, 'Mr. Mannering's sister; and this,' you add, 'is her husband.' Then—er—Thomas——"

"It will be difficult to account for Thomas," I said.

"Thomas comes at the end. He hangs back a little at first; and then if he sees that there is going to be any awkwardness about him, he can pretend he's come on the wrong night, and apologise and go home again."

"If Thomas goes, I go," said Myra dramatically.

"I have another idea," I said. "Thomas hides here for a bit. We introduce ourselves and settle in, and have lunch; and after lunch we take a stroll in the garden, and to our great surprise discover Thomas. 'Thomas,' we say, '*you* here? Dear old chap, we thought you were in England. How splendid! Where are you staying? Oh, but you must stop with *us*; we can easily have a bed put up for you in the garage.' And then——"

"Not after lunch," said Thomas; "before lunch."

"Don't all be so silly," smiled Dahlia. "They'll wonder what has happened to us if we wait any longer. Besides, the men will be here with the luggage directly. Come along."

"Samuel," said Archie, "forward."

In our new formation we marched up, Simpson excited and rehearsing to himself the words of introduction, we others outwardly calm. At a range of ten yards he opened fire. "How do you do?" he beamed. "Here we all are! Isn't it a lovely——"

The cook-housekeeper, majestic but kindly, came forward with outstretched hand and welcomed him volubly—in French. The other three ladies added their French to hers. There was only one English body on the loggia. It belonged to a bull-dog. The bull-dog barked loudly at Simpson in English.

There was no "Cook's homme" to save Simpson this time. But he rose to the occasion nobly. The scent of the mimosa inspired him.

"*Merci*," he said, "*merci. Oui, n'est ce pas?* Delightful. Er—these are—*ces sont mes amis*. Er—Dahlia, come along—er, *Monsieur et Madame Mannering*—er—Myra, *la soeur de Monsieur*—er—where are you, old chap?—*le mari de la soeur de Monsieur*. Er—Thomas—er——" (he was carried away by memories of his schoolboy French), "*le frère du jardinier*—er——" He wheeled round and saw me; introduced me again; introduced Myra as my wife, Archie as her brother, and Dahlia as Archie's wife; and then with a sudden inspiration presented Thomas grandly as "*le beau-père du petit fils de mes amis Monsieur et Madame Mannering*." Thomas seemed more assured of his place as Peter's godfather than as the brother of the gardener.

There were four ladies; we shook hands with all of them. It took us a long time, and I doubt if we got it all in even so, for twice I found myself shaking hands with Simpson. But those may have been additional ones thrown in. It was over at last, and we followed the staff indoors.

And then we had another surprise. It was broken to us by Dahlia, who, at Simpson's urgent request, took up the position of lady of the house, and forthwith received the flowing confidence of the housekeeper.

"Two of us have to sleep outside," she said.

"Where?" we all asked blankly.

We went on to the loggia again, and she pointed to a little house almost hidden by olive-trees in a corner of the garden below us.

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Archie. "It's on the estate. Thomas, you and Simpson won't mind that a bit, will you?"

"We can't turn Samuel out of his own house," said Myra indignantly.

"We aren't turning him; he wants to go. But, of course, if you and your young man would like to live there instead——"

Myra looked at me eagerly.

"It would be rather fun," she said. "We'd have another little honeymoon all to ourselves."

"It wouldn't really be a honeymoon," I objected. "We should always be knocking up against trippers in the garden, Archies and Samuels and Thomases and what not. They'd be all over the place."

Dahlia explained the domestic arrangements. The honeymooners had their little breakfast in their own little house, and then joined the others for the day at about ten.

"Or eleven," said Thomas.

"It would be rather lovely," said Myra thoughtfully.

"Yes," I agreed; "but have you considered that—— Come over this way a moment, where Thomas and Simpson can't hear, while I tell you some of the disadvantages."

I led her into a quiet corner and suggested a few things to her which I hoped would not occur to the other two. *Item:* That if it was raining hard at night it would be beastly. *Item:* That if you suddenly found you'd left your pipe behind it would be rotten. *Item:* That if, as was probable, there wasn't a proper bathroom in the little house, it would be sickening. *Item:* That if she had to walk on muddy paths in her evening shoes, it would be——.

At this point Myra suddenly caught the thread of the argument. We went back to the others.

"We think," said Myra, "it would be perfectly heavenly in the little house; but——" She hesitated.

"But at the same time," I said, "we think it's up to Simpson and Thomas to be English gentlemen. Samuel, it's your honour."

There was a moment's silence.

"Come along," said Thomas to Simpson, "let's go and look at it."

* * * * *

After lunch, clean and well-fed and happy, we lay in deck-chairs on the loggia and looked lazily down at the Mediterranean.

"Thank you, Samuel, for bringing us," said Dahlia gently. "Your friends must be very fond of you to have lent you this lovely place."

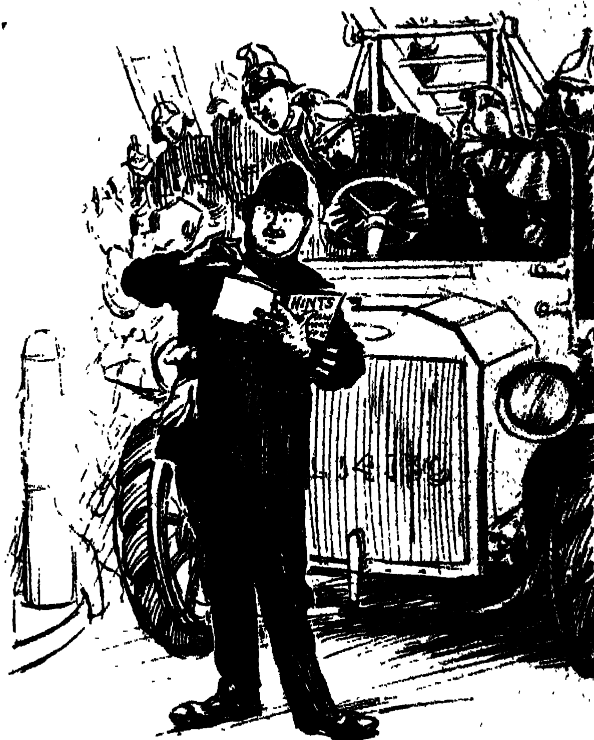
"Not fonder than we are," said Myra, smiling at him. A. A. M.

"THE COMPLEAT POLICEMAN."

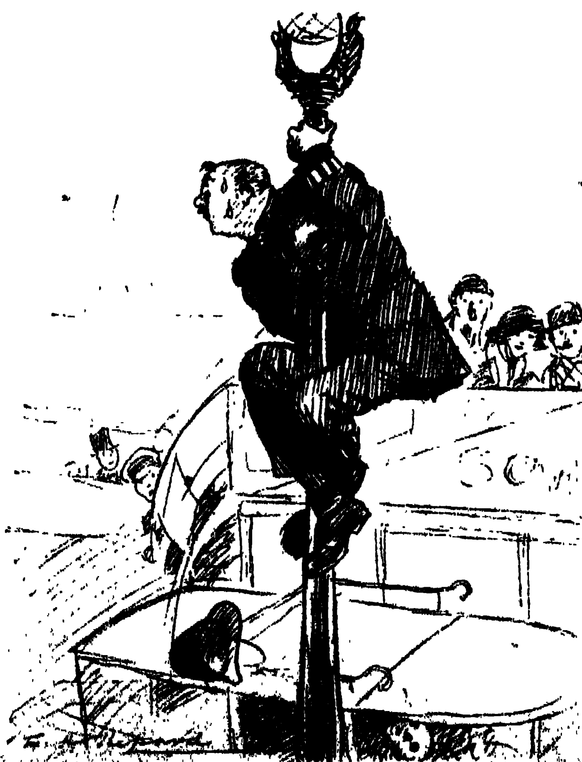
(A new schedule has, we understand, been issued to the Force, entitled "Hints for Police employed on Traffic Duty.")



"THE REGULATION OF TRAFFIC, SO AS TO PREVENT OBSTRUCTION OR ACCIDENT, REQUIRES TACT."



"NEVER GET FLUSTERED OR ANNOYED," AND



"KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR THE CARRIAGES OF PRIVILEGED PERSONS."

The Daily Sketch, in its search for a White Hope, says:—

"Who will be the next world's champion?"

The writer must wait till he gets to the next world; we hope he is in no hurry.

"Ex (Exmouth).—There is an easy way to tell if a diamond is genuine. Make a small dot on a piece of paper with a lead pencil and look at it through the diamond. If it shows but a single dot the diamond is genuine."—*Tit-Bits.*

We cordially invite the writer to come and look at dots through our Bouverie Street windows. We will then sell him the lot for a million pounds.

"Oxford rowed a bridge trial from Barnes to Hammersmith yesterday morning on a fast ebb. It was good, but not good enough considering the conditions, for everything was in their favour, the amount of land water in the river making the tide a fast one and the wind being at their backs."—*Daily Mail.*

Our contemporary must make up its mind which way the crow sits before the day of the race.

"This was Inman's last opportunity, as Reece, in his next hand, ran to his points with a great break of 202. He failed at an easy red winner, and after Inman had missed a simple shot Reece ran out."

Times.

REECE (*after reaching his points with a great break of 202*): Have another shot, INMAN, old man. Hard luck! Now I really *must* go. [*Exit at a run.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While idly looking over *Chambers' Dictionary* I came across the Christian name "Herbert," and noticed that it meant "The Glory of the Army." This aroused my curiosity, and I thought I should pursue the matter further by looking up the meaning of his other name. You may judge my surprise when I found that "Henry" meant "Home Ruler," and was given in these exact words. After this Mr. ASQUITH's dogged determination to carry Home Rule is readily understood. He is a child of destiny.

I am, etc., KISMET.



Doctor (*to old Appleby dame whose son has been eaten by cannibals in the South Sea Islands*). "I AM SO VERY SORRY TO HEAR THIS BAD NEWS ABOUT YOUR SON. CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE IT HAPPENED?"

Dame. "NAY, A DON'T RIGHTLY KNAA. IT WAS SOOMWHAR BELOW KENDAL."

DANCERS DAY BY DAY.

March 18.—A telegram from Tipperusalem, Oklahoma, states that Madame Titipoff, as the result of partaking of tinned oysters at supper, is suffering from acute ptomaine poisoning, and will, at the most favourable estimate, be unable to dance for another six months.

March 19. — Authoritative cables from Sydney convey the distressing intelligence that M. Gordkin is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown. His temperature has never been below 117 for the last week, and his pulse varies from 240 to 260. The doctors take a serious view of his case, and all his engagements have been cancelled.

March 20.—At Dundee last night, Mlle. Stchortskirtsoff, while dancing at the Corybantic Music Hall, slipped on a patch of marmalade which had been inadvertently allowed to remain on the stage, and fractured both her kneecaps. It is feared that the famous *ballerina* will not be able to fulfil her engagements in Aberdeen next month.

March 21.—Latest advices from Tipperusalem give a reassuring account of Madame Titipoff's progress. On Thursday she was allowed to sit up for half an hour, and she ate a beefsteak with evident zest. On learning that the canned oyster vendor had been tarred and feathered, Madame Titipoff at once announced her intention of dancing on the following night.

March 22.—A despatch just received from M. Gordkin's agent at Sydney announces that the famous artist's temperature is now normal and his pulse steady at 60. The cause of his recent trivial indisposition was a hostile criticism in a local paper, but with the dismissal of the critic the incident is now regarded as closed, and M. Gordkin will resume his saltatorial activities in a day or two.

March 23. — The news of Mlle. Stchortskirtsoff's accident happily turns out to have been exaggerated. Her kneecaps were not fractured, but two hairpins became detached from her chevelure while she was performing a protracted pirouette. The famous *danseuse* is rehearsing a new galvanic dance, and marmalade shares are again firm.

"It is learned officially that Their Excellencies are delighted with the climate, which appears to agree with Lady Chalmers, as well as with the scenery."

The Ceylon Morning Leader.

Of course it has known the scenery longer.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION BEFORE MATRIMONY.

(*A complaint has been voiced in the Press that uncommon wedding presents are getting much too common.*)

WE fixed our hymeneal day,
  Bespoke our nuptial cates
And summoned to the solemn fray
The necessary glum array
  Of kin and intimates.

And the more part in their degree
  Gave gladly gifts of pride,
Tall silver ships, complete with sea,
And birds of aureate filigree,
  Pearl-winged and opal-eyed.

Sheffield they gave, a grievous load,
  And Chelsea, flower'd and spruce,
And antique thingummies in spode;
The only thing that none bestowed
  Was anything of use.

Fled is the hope we built too soon
  Of some sub-tropic trek;
Farewell, O azure honeymoon,
The dull but necessary spoon
  Claims the paternal cheque.

Our Latest Cinema Poster.

"WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLED
For six days at great expense."

The longest earthquake on record.



NEPTUNE'S ALLY.

(The First Lord of the Admiralty calls in a new element to redress the balance of the old.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 16.—The WINSOME WINSTON, sauntering in from behind SPEAKER'S Chair when Questions had advanced some



ULSTER DAY BY DAY: MONDAY.

"Now, gents, what offers for this really prime Irish pig? Guaranteed by MR. DEVLIN. You may examine its points as soon as you've bought it." [No business.]

way, startled by strident cheer from Ministerialists and Irish Nationalists. Opposition angrily replied. FIRST LORD, faintly blushing, found anchorage on Treasury Bench. Unpremeditated outburst of enthusiasm meant as welcome back from Bradford, where he reviewed political situation with force and frankness that recalled his father's platform speeches delivered in his prime. Demonstration repeated when later he rose to answer question concerning his department. Fresh storm of cheering from Ministerialists responded to by defiant shouts from Opposition.

WINSTON evidently the man of the moment.

PRIME MINISTER, happily refreshed by week-end holiday, finds himself faced by crowd wanting to know all sorts of things that might happen concurrently with, or subsequent to, proposed temporary exclusion of parts of Ulster from operation of *Home* Rule Bill. There were twenty-six Questions. Assuming minimum number of Supplementaries, there would have been at least one hundred.

To amazement and vexation of earnest seekers after truth, the twenty-six querists discovered that they were being bowled over faster than commonplace nine-pins. As NORMAN CRAIG breathlessly complained, the PREMIER, having answered a question, did not, as is his custom of an afternoon, resume his seat, and thus provide opportunity for supplementary questioner.

This was his method: Taking in hand a sheet of manuscript he recited, "Number 45. This is a hypothetical question. Indeed, it involves no fewer than three hypotheses. Numbers 57, 64 and 72 are in the same category."

Before you knew where you were, bang went four questions. Member after Member rose to protest. The PREMIER babbled on like the brook.

"The answer to number 46 and to the first part of 70 is in the negative. The answer to number 48 is in the affirmative. Number 49 in the negative. I proceed to number 52."

Members held their breath. What could he say about 52? Evidently he meant to treat it in different fashion.

"Number 52," he continued in the same level voice, as if he were reading catalogue at picture sale, "refers to a small matter which can easily be provided for."

Here was batch of another five questions disposed of in barely more than as many seconds. And to think of all the industry and ingenuity bestowed upon the preparation of this succession of pitfalls designed for the engulfing of a ruthless Minister and the dislocation of an iniquitous Bill!

Situation capped by PREMIER'S refusal to be drawn into minute description of adjustments, financial and administrative, consequent on adoption of his proposed amendment of Home Rule Bill. If general principle were accepted, the rest would follow. If not, why waste time and divert discussion from main issue to subsidiary and incidental details? After beating in vain against the indomitable rock standing at the Table, BONNER LAW, on behalf of enraged Opposition, gave notice of vote of censure. What day will be given for discussion? he asked.

"The earliest possible date," replied the imperturbable PREMIER.

Here episode ended. Its eruption made it clear that hope of settlement on grounds prepared a week ago to-day has vanished.

Business done.—Notice from Front Opposition Bench of vote of censure on Ministers.

Tuesday.—POLE-CAREW had rather a bad time of it. Attacked in sharp succession by land and sea. Began at Question time. He merely asked whether two divisions and the cavalry brigade in Ireland, which took part in manœuvres last year, weren't rather a scrubby lot of immature boys unfit for public service. To quote exact phrase—"whether the physical appearance of the men was unsatisfactory; and whether the effect of the trooping season was to increase the number of immature boys unfit for active service?"

SEELY wrathfully replied in the negative.

"I must," he added, "profess my astonishment that the hon. and gallant gentleman should seek by means of suggestions such as are contained in this question to discourage and belittle the British soldier, to whom he owes so much."

A loud cheer sent home this rebuke.

Worse still when POLLY put out to sea and came athwart the FIRST LORD. All he sought was information as to whether the FIRST SEA LORD, having publicly alluded to the danger of relying exclusively on the fleet to protect the country from invasion, "subsequently went back on his word."

"A most insulting and unfair remark," said WINSTON. "It will," he continued, "do nothing but harm if the Navy think the Chiefs whom they honour and respect are to be subjected to offensive personal attacks of this character directed against them by ex-military men who have gone into politics."

"Only let me have five minutes with him, MR. DEPUTY SPEAKER," said the ex-military man nervously turning up his coat cuffs.

Getting dangerously close to eleven



A TRIFLE THIN.

WINSTON takes refuge behind REGINALD.

[On several points connected with the Navy Estimates MR. CHURCHILL claimed that the responsibility rested with his predecessor at the Admiralty.]

o'clock, at which hour debate, if continued, must automatically close. Winston punctilious in leaving the five minutes demanded. Pole-Carew's retort perhaps scarcely up to occasion.



ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

Alarming outbreak in MacNeillland.

"I can only say," he remarked, "that the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty are worthy to sit on the same bench as the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

Business done.—First Lord explained his Naval policy.

Thursday.—Swift MacNeill introduces new Parliamentary formula. Discussing on Civil Service Vote state of things in Rhodesia as dominated by the Chartered Company he was interrupted by remark from Ormsby-Gore.

Throwing back his head with lofty scorn, and making a few windmill passages with his arms, Member for Donegal said, "I am not going to be interrupted by any gentleman of the House of Cecil."

Had this determination been announced by ordinary Member it would not have possessed importance likely to affect future course of debate. But Swift MacNeill is justly recognised as one of the highest authorities on the science and practice of Parliamentary procedure. If he is able to support his contention, that a Member may of his free will, in exercise of his mature judgment, divide the House into groups of families (as if they were counties of Ulster) and say, "I will not be interrupted by this one or that," whilst it would have useful effect in curtailing proceedings would obviously require nice discrimination.

There are in the present House several family names represented by various Members, not all sitting on same side of House. To take a single example, there are the Wilsons. Like the family of the child with whom Wordsworth conversed, they are seven. If Swift MacNeill's precedent be established, a Member rising to continue debate might, by way of preface, remark, "I am not going to be interrupted by any gentleman of the House of Wilson."

In this particular case A. S. Wilson, whose contributions to debate are exclusively interjectionary, would be cut off from the exercise of a talent that frequently enlivens a sitting.

Swift MacNeill's own case is not free from difficulty. The Speaker is "a gentleman of the House of Cecil." Is he henceforward to be debarred from interrupting the Member for Donegal by calls to order?



ULSTER DAY BY DAY: THURSDAY.

Sir Edward Carson. "My train leaves Euston in thirty minutes. We meet at Philippi."

Business done.—Bonner Law, master of Parliamentary tactics, obliged Government by moving vote of censure. Challenge hilariously accepted. Great muster of Ministerialists. On division what was meant as vote of censure was practically turned into vote of confidence, carried amid enthusiastic cheering by majority of 93 in House of 597 Members.

Golfing Enquiry.

"Can any reader say whether a coloured attached ribbon (6ft. of ½in. red) is allowable by the game, merely as an aid in locating the flying ball."—*English Mechanic.*

Answer. Yes. So is a gramophone (2ft. by 3ft.), and it is more certain.

"A red or black sash round the waist, and a navy blue straw hat with ribbon to match, would be a most attractive little frock for a warm spring day."—*Manchester Guardian.*

But it must be a *warm* spring day.

A TRIUMPH OF THINNESS.

Herbert is one of those troublesome men who are always asking why I don't what he calls "buckle to" and make some money. But his latest suggestion was his maddest, and I think that I got out of it rather neatly. For Herbert is a determined fellow from whom you can't escape until you have promised quite a lot and sometimes even had actually to do something.

"Do you want two hundred pounds?" he bounced in upon me and said.

"Who doesn't?" I replied.

"Well, here you are then. It's as easy as falling off a ladder. Only a little industry required;" and he threw a paper on to my table.

I spread it out and saw: "One Thousand Cash Prizes amounting to £1,000. First Prize £200. All you have to do is to make as many words as you can out of 'Jenkins' Glorious Gum.'"

"Thanks," I said; "this isn't intended for really thoughtful people."

At this, however, he merely sniffed and pulled a fountain-pen from his pocket.

"I'll make a start," he said; "'gin' one; 'niggle'—that's rather good—two; 'mug' three." But after that his mind seemed to wander, and he added rather feebly, "and so on. It's ridiculously easy when you have a dictionary. Will you try?"

"No," I replied, and a fierce argument followed.

But just as he was getting really angry my eye fell upon a condition that I had overlooked. "Ten pounds," I saw, "will be awarded to the competitor whose envelope is opened first."

"I'll go in," I said, and Herbert replied, "Good egg, I'll bet you win. Don't forget 'mug.'"

"No, I won't forget 'mug'," I assured him as he left, for his last word had given me an idea.

Solemnly I sat down in front of "Jenkins' Glorious Gum" and saw at once that my word would do. In two minutes "Juggins" had been put into a very large envelope all by himself, and I was out of work again.

But the part that you won't believe has to come.

I won the £10—I did really. Among the multitude of fat envelopes bulging with words, my thin "Juggins" simply insisted upon being opened first. The thousands of chartered accountants assembled for the counting almost fought for him, he was nearly torn in two in their desire to begin with what looked like an easy one—or so I like to imagine the scene. But Herbert is insufferably proud of himself.

THE SPECTRUM.

ACCORDING to the Ladies' Press,
Who would be really smart must dress

In crimson puce or purple hair:
My Phyllis doesn't leave it there,

But less than ever doth she seem
Content with Nature's colour-scheme.

Her brow is scarlet; week by week
New tints bedeck her maiden cheek.

(To-day they wear the pleasing hue
Which Fashion calls "electric" blue,

And, when their owner's startled, show
A healthy blush of indigo.)

Her sense of artistry appears
In what she does about her ears;

With colours of the naval sort
She marks the starboard from the port.

Her lips are lemon; underneath
Appear her willow-pattern teeth.

* * * * *

But when, to serve another end,
She threatened to adopt a blend

Of tints with which I cannot cope—
The green and white and heliotrope,

"You know," said I, "your business best;
Myself, I lose all interest.

In other words, it may be said,
My love for you is frankly dead."

"Alas," she answered, "and alack!"...
Her nose is now in mourning (black).



"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

NEW FEUILLETON. BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

JOSEPH LATE—USHER.

BY CLEVER MAURICE.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

THE DUCHESS OF KIMBERLEY (Ruby), a svelte aquiline-nosed woman of some forty summers, with green hair and two aigrettes. She has been a widow for a lonely decade.

THE EARL OF JOBURG, her son Guy, aged thirteen, who is about to go to a public school, where he will be kidnapped for ransom.

LORD ARTHUR BOOBITRAPP, his uncle, who discusses the question of the school with the Duchess. Lord Arthur is in favour of Eton, as he wishes Guy to be a wet Bob and captain the cricket eleven; whereas the Duchess, having a penchant for yellow stockings, favours Christ's Hospital. In the end they compromise, and the boy is sent to a small private school in Bermondsey, where the chief usher is

JOSEPH LATE, a superb creature with a wonderful personality. Joseph not only ushes the school but loves the Duchess with a consuming love, and a year after Guy has been at the school and defied all efforts to kidnap him he tells the Duchess of the inflamed state of his cardiac penumbra. No sooner has he done this than he trembles all over at the presumption of a poor usher thus daring to address a Duchess; but the Duchess falls in his arms, for beneath her aigrettes she is woman too.

MR. VERTIGO applies for the post of science master at the school, and, having seen Late kill a man many years before and escape punishment, gets it. Every time you see Vertigo's name you may expect trouble.

DICK BOOBITRAPP is a kidnapper and a confederate of Vertigo.

DR. SAUNDERSON is a kidnapper under the guise of a writer of prescriptions.

In spite of all precautions, such as employing only detectives as servants of the school, Guy is kidnapped. The Duchess and Joseph Late hurry to Spain to seek him, not because they know him to be there, but because Spain is a likely romantic country.

CHAPTER CCCXLVIII.

"Tell me the worst," said the Duchess in strong ringing tones, all the mother coming out in her anguish.

But the reply came in unfamiliar tones.

Looking up, she observed that her usher had disappeared, and in his place was the detested Vertigo.

To be continued—but not here.

AT THE GATES OF THE WEST.

Scene—*The New York landing pier of the Ocean Palace Line, crowded with passengers and their luggage from the R.M.S. "Gargantuan."*

Time—*About five and a-half hours earlier than ours.*

Mr. Horace Rutherford Penfold (the last thing in novelists, surrounded by New York pressmen): "Glad to see you, boys! Delighted to see you! *What!* Was I hiding from you behind my luggage? What an absolutely absurd idea! The whole way across I've been eagerly looking forward to meeting you gentlemen of the most go-ahead, most enlightened Press on earth! Yes, it's my first visit to your great country. The dream of my life is now realised. Yes, of course I'm rejoiced that my novel, *The Love of a Hop-Picker*, has taken its place among the 'best sellers' on this side. Yes, people are good enough to say I've broken quite new ground in making the hop-fields the scene of a novel; the critics say my word-pictures of the hop poles are 'absolutely luscious'; and they pronounce *Onas*, the hop-picker, 'a giant of artistic creation.' Yes, my novel is one of the twenty which in the last six months have been called 'epoch-making' and have been said to 'stand quite alone in modern fiction.' No doubt the hop-field will now be exploited by other writers, until in time it will become as hackneyed as the desert.

"Yes, this is my first visit to your wonderful country. I am here to superintend the rehearsals of the dramatised form of *The Love of a Hop-Picker*. Naturally I am a little nervous, for to please a New York audience is the playwright's dream of heaven. And then, of course, *The Love of a Hop-Picker* is not only utterly English in atmosphere, but also peculiarly *Kentish*. Still, with such a brilliantly intelligent, marvellously sympathetic public as yours, I don't despair of bringing the hop-poles over the footlights, so to say.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have a wife, and I've not forgotten to bring her sworn affidavit that my coming without her is quite regular and in order, because, though Ellis Island's a delightful place, no doubt, still, I want to go into your great Empire city 'right away,' as you say. Here it is: 'I declare that I, Agatha Mary Rutherford Penfold, and my dear husband, Horace Rutherford Penfold, are a perfectly united and affectionate couple; that his journey to the United States is taken with my entire approval, and that I should have accompanied him but for being an extremely bad sailor and afraid of storms at sea. (Signed) Agatha Mary Rutherford Penfold. Sworn to in the presence of—' and so forth. Yes, certainly, gentlemen, copy it by all means.

"No, I never heard of any literary talent showing itself in our family before. My father was interested in the retail meat industry; *his* father was interested in the retail bread industry; and *his* father turned his attention to the making of candlesticks.



Distressed Mother. "'E's been an orful trial to me ever since them pitcher palaces began. First 'e was shootin' at the fowls, an' now 'e's pinchin' my woolly mats ter put on 'is legs."

"My impressions as I crossed? Well, I couldn't help remarking, ill as I felt, that, as we neared the shores of the New World, the waves took on better and more imposing shapes, the wind blew more smartly, and at night the stars seemed brighter and more numerous, and the clouds appeared to form themselves into stripes! Yes, this is my first experience of a zero temperature. The air is deliciously fresh: one seems to breathe in freedom with it. Well, perhaps I am a little cold, but that is because I have been waiting an hour and a-half *en queue* for a permit allowing me to have my luggage examined; and then, you see, gentlemen, I haven't the fur coat I bought specially for this visit; the Customs people have taken it away, and also the evening clothes I had made by Pond just before I left; so that I'm afraid I shan't be able to accept the very kind invitations I received by wireless to dine with the Brainy Broadway Boys to-night, and to-morrow night with the Chocktaw Club.

"What do I think of feminine New York? Why, of course, I think her the prettiest, cleverest, best-dressed portion of feminine humanity, and with an added charm—a New Yorkiness which is absolutely indescribable. No, I haven't met any of her yet, my knowledge of New York being at present limited to this wonderful landing pier, your greatly gifted Customs officials, and the brilliantly intelligent subordinates of your world-renowned Express Company.

"What do I think of Mexican affairs? Well, gentlemen, it seems to me that only *Mexicans* can make themselves really at home in Mexico, and that other people had better not try to live there—if living is their object.

"Yes, here is my photo and my wife's photo; my father's photo; my grandfather's daguerreotype; a black profile of my great-grandfather—certainly, gentlemen, I shall be only too pleased and proud to have them all reproduced in your scintillating, pulsating journals. So long, boys! Delighted to have met you."

A Mirdite Melody.

[The Mirdite Chief Prenk Bib Doda has joined the first Albanian Cabinet.]

Great is the Gaekwar of Baroda;
Great too was Marchand at Fashoda;
Great is good brandy blent with soda;
But, as a culminating *coda*,
Greater by far is Prenk Bib Doda.

From a list of work for Trials at Eton:—

"Acts xxi—xxvii (*not* Ch. xxviii)."

So Smith *mi.* had already guessed, but none the less the prohibition came as a great disappointment to him.

"The country between the Gamana and Katsena Rivers was inhabited by Zumpori pagans, who were cannibals and lived on hill tops."—*Times.*

Thus differing from some of the inhabitants of Golders Green, who are vegetarians and live on turnip-tops.

ONCE ONE.

["Caroline Cloan clawed suddenly at Slew's eyes. But for a quick movement on his part it might have been very serious. He had only one eye, and could not afford to lose the sight of it."—"*Daily Mirror*" *Serial.*]

KEEN are the claws of *Carrie Cloan*,
Rampant her mood. The eye of *Slew*
Is one in number; she alone,
Blinded by passion, makes it two.

She's out for eyes, and cannot tarry
To ponder arithmetic laws.
And what is the result? Miss *Carrie*
Claws* *Slew*; *Slew* slews; Miss *Carrie's* claws

Miscarry, and the eye is his.
Rough on poor *Caroline*, no doubt;
But there—the moral of it is,
First count your eye, then have it out.



ACT I.
"*Garnor*" (*dismissing office-boy*). "YOU'VE NEGLECTED YOUR WORK ETC., ETC. THAT'S MY MOTTO AND EVIDENTLY NOT YOURS. TAKE A WEEK'S NOTICE."



ACT II. (*a week elapses*).
THE OFFICE-BOY'S FAREWELL.

LONDON'S LINKS WITH THE PAST.

WHEN I was a child I had the signal honour of being seated upon the knee of an old lady whose great-great-great-great-uncle once shook hands with a man whose grandfather remembered seeing green fields at the spot which is now covered by Carmelite House. How short is the history of the Metropolis!

Everybody, of course, is aware that Professor Joff committed one of his notorious "howlers" when he derived "Carmelite"—in the street name from "Cromwell's Heights." The latter, needless to say, must have been a deal nearer the South Kensington Museum than Whitefriars, famed for its sanctuary. CROMWELL *may* have wandered in the meadows (if they still existed in his day) where the 6.30 *News* now leaps from its machines every afternoon about half-past five; he may even (as Plip and Johnstone surmise, in their ponderous tomes, *Odd Corners in London* and *More and Odder Corners in London*) have supped at the Pig and Mortarboard, which stood on what is now the site of the Ludgate Hill station booking-office (Plip, by-the-by, wrongly says not the booking-office, but the "book*stall*," an amazing error in one usually so careful). But whatever else CROMWELL did or did not do, he certainly never gave his name to any district further east than Knightsbridge.

I flatter myself that Professor Joff's preposterous surmises were finally silenced by my monograph, *A Hundred Queer Things about Bouverie Street*. Curiously enough I wrote this with a pencil borrowed from a friend whose aunt once caught sight, as a girl, of a prisoner being taken to the Old Bailey to be tried for murder. That prisoner was the notorious Budgingham. And now comes the interesting part of the story. Budgingham, as transpired at the trial, had bigamously married the step-daughter of a man whose godfather's mother's cousin's great-grandmother remembered hearing the bells of Bow Church tolling on the day when Henri de Bouverie landed in England to attend the funeral of his niece, the beautiful Mrs. Coop.

London's history is indeed crowded, though (to the antiquarian) oddly short in its perspective. Next week, having sketched the romantic career of Henri de Bouverie (concerning whom Professor Joff has made several incredible mistakes), I shall give a still more startling example of the links which lead us so abruptly to the antechambers of what we might have supposed to be the dim and distant past. The Metropolis, to anyone who appreciates historical research and can write as easily as I can, is a gold-mine; fortunately few pressmen realise its possibilities, and that of an *Index Rerum*, as I do. If, as I anticipate, this article is printed and paid for with the usual eagerness and a series ordered, nothing can stop me—— [Wait and see.—ED.]

Our Gallery of Happy Phrases. I.

"Mr. Tooth, whose name was in everybody's mouth a generation or so ago."
Dublin Daily Express.

POINTS OF VIEW.

If you are the sort of person who likes detail and accuracy, who can always tell where the north is even in a strange house (there *are* people like this; I met one the other day), and—this generally goes with it—are good at geography, you had better skip this article. It might annoy you. But if you like Debussy, and like watching the sun shine through a mist, and have no bump of locality, and hate being shown over ruins, you are the sort of person I am, and you will sympathise with me.

My trouble is this. Whenever I go to stay in the country I am always sooner or later taken a walk, generally a long one, to the highest hill they happen to have, and there I am shown a view. Not that I would mind if they left it at that, but they don't. One's host generally seems to have an absurd pride in some distant church, or gap in a hill "through which on fine days you can see the sea"; but even if he hasn't he will *always*—if you happen to be in the south of England—point out a patch of trees like a small piece of black sticking-plaster and tell you that that is Chanctonbury Ring. I never escape Chanctonbury Ring, though I have often gone far, even refused invitations, to avoid it. Once in Yorkshire—but nobody ever will believe that story, though I never pretended it was the same Ring. What I said was that there may be two of the same name, or even more: like Richmond, for instance.

"Do you see that hill over there?" he begins. I look where he is pointing and see three. "No, not that one," and he comes behind me and points over my shoulder. "Follow my finger," he says, and I follow it and see a perfectly flat field. But he has to be humoured, and anyhow there is lunch to be thought of.

"Yes, yes, *I* see," I reply hastily, with a touch of "How stupid of me!" in my voice.

"Well, carry your eye along the valley on its left, over the white house"—this is the only place where there is no white house for miles—"and along the strip of road. See the strip of road?" ("See the strip of road!" I've been lost in a bog for ages.) "Well, right up as far as you can see, following that road and a little to the right, do you see a patch of trees?"

When he says "patch of trees," I know.

"Chanctonbury Ring," I say brightly. At any rate, *that*'s finished.

"Yes; how did you know?" he asks disappointedly.

Brute that I am! Why didn't I let him say it?

Only once, as far as I can remember, was I wrong. It was in the Cotswolds and we were in a garden on the side of a hill. From the terrace outside the house was a magnificent view. My host strolled up. "Pity it's so misty," he said. (I had just been thinking how lovely it looked.) "On a fine day, you know, we can see —"

"*Not* Chanctonbury Ring?" I said pleadingly.

He looked puzzled.

"Tewkesbury," he said rather coldly, and soon afterwards strolled away again.

There are only a very few people whose sympathy one feels sure of when one confides troubles to them such as this Ring-finding one of mine. Of the very few I feel surest of my Uncle Edward, so I thought I would tell him about it when I went to stay with him a little while ago.

"By the by," I said, as we laboured breathlessly up a hill — he lives in Surrey—"have you ever noticed . . . when you're staying with people anywhere in the South of England . . . and they take you for a walk . . . they always, sooner or later——"

"Just wait a minute," he said as we reached the top. "Ah yes, I thought you could"—he was smiling happily at something. "I wanted to show you before we went on—just over there——" I waited. Somehow the words seemed familiar. "See that dark patch right over there, on the furthest hill? Well, that's Chanctonbury Ring."

"Yes, you can only see it on a fine day," I replied bitterly.

TIME'S REVENGE.

["Professor Karl Pearson delivered a public Galton Memorial Lecture at the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, University College, on "The Handicapping of the First-born." There was, he showed, a tendency for the first-born child to be lighter and smaller than later-born children. On the whole there was a very sensible bias against the first-born."—*Morning Post.*]

Pearson I sing of, eugenic and brainy,
Iconoclastic and fearless to dare.
Once I thought "eugenist"="zany,"
Now I know better and raise high in air
Bumpers Falernian, "Looking towards you."
Great be the glory the future awards you,
You that have given the first-born a cropper,
Bay-leaves immortal encircle your topper;
Though you're a scientist, you are no dry ass—
I take off my hat to you, Karl, for I share
Your "very sensible bias."

Long were we "minors" oppressed by our "major"
All our lives through since we started at school;
His was the limelight on every stage, or
His was the fire side and ours was the cool;
He got the ease of our ancestors' acres,
We had to haggle with butchers and bakers,
We had their bills to pay—his all the money;
Ours was but gall to drink—his tipple honey;
He was the "Purbeck" and we were the "Lias."
So we against Primogeniture's rule
Held very sensible bias.

Fallen the idol, destroyed the oppressor!
Always we felt we were good as the rest,
Now from the mouth of K. Pearson, Professor,
Hear we the truth that the younger are best.
Vanished the halo that shone round the first-born
Now that Eugenics proclaim him the worst born.
Praise, Younger Sons, our great Karl, who, new seas
Voyaging, found, like the old Portuguese,
Capes of Good Hope—our Bartholomew Diaz.
Shout till the whole world hears clearly expressed
Our very sensible bias.

More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement in *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book*, 1914, announcing a forthcoming publication:—

"PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE PAPERS
How to Take and Place Them
By John Everard
robable price 1s. net."

"As he spoke the Congress hushed its breathing, growing so still that the flutter of a paper interrupted harshly."—*The Daily News.*

But this of course could not go on for long, and you should have heard it when it unhushed its breathing.

"O'Gara proved the saviour of Widnes, for, gathering the ball, he kicked at least half a dozen players before he booted the ball."—*Liverpool Echo.*

The bidding for O'Gara by the clubs of the English League, when this news gets about, should be sensational.



THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

Dear Old Lady. "MY GOOD MAN, WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING ON MY LAWN?"
Crafty Old Fraud. "BLESS YER, KIND LADY! I'M THAT 'UNGRY I GOT TO EAT GRASS."
Dear Old Lady. "IF YOU GO ROUND TO THE BACK YOU'LL FIND THE GRASS GROWS MUCH LONGER AND THICKER THERE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MURDERS, divorces, by-elections and new insurance schemes from time to time occupy the most conspicuous columns of the daily Press and receive our deep attention, but these things occur suddenly and are soon forgotten. Civil war in Mexico preceded and outlives them all as a matter of sensation, and the psychological moment in the career of that other "distressful country" is interminable. How the revolutions began, in what manner they continue and when they are likely to end, are questions which agitate the minds of men when they read their morning papers at breakfast, their evening papers after dinner and their reviews over the week-end. It was obvious that some qualified student of affairs should forget the events of the moment, visit Mexico at whatever risk to himself, personally witness the internecine squabbles in progress, and, if he was lucky enough to survive the experience, write up the matter in a compact and entertaining volume for our better understanding of the whole. Having regard to the present condition of the country as I now understand it, I should say there was no rush of applications for the job; certainly if my Editor should ask me to go out there and test the accuracy of Mr. H. HAMILTON FYFE's observations, as expressed in *The Real Mexico: a Study on the Spot* (HEINEMANN), I should at once discover an important engagement to prevent my accepting his kind invitation. Mr. FYFE's narrative is, however, too graphic and his description too real to admit of doubt; I am glad that there was no competition and his subject has been left to be dealt with by the best man for the purpose. Given the title of the book and the name of the author, there is no more need of recommendation to the English public; but I beg Messrs. WILSON and BRYAN (of the U.S.A.) to read, mark, learn, and, if their physique is capable of the feat, inwardly digest it. They should know, in glaring detail, the ills general and individual resulting from what the American resident in Mexico calls their "grape-juice" policy.

Four imprisonments of varying lengths, one of them including forcible feeding, presumably give Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON a right to record her experiences, and the chronicle she presents in *Prisons and Prisoners* (HEINEMANN) is telling through its very simplicity and directness. Such a tale would be hardly likely to prove other than "an indictment of our existing prison system" (as orators have it); but Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON is careful to punctiliousness in her recognition of the kindness and natural sympathy of many of the officials, even while she condemns the rules and regulations which tend to cramp and stifle the gentler side of human nature. Still, our prison system has had to stand a good deal of attack before this. We should most of us be thankful to change it if we knew how, and need never despise hints in this direction. The interest of the book, however, is by far the greatest when it is regarded as a running commentary on the modern feminist movement. It is impossible to read such a book seriously without

feeling a strong admiration for the courage, self-sacrifice and resolution it reflects, and at the same time a quite appalling sense of waste. When a way has been found to apply to the needs of our bewildered country the powers of such women as form the heroines of Lady CONSTANCE LYTTON's book, I for one shall not be surprised if things begin to happen. But at present the results that they have achieved, even upon their own showing and apart from all criticism of methods, seem quite incommensurate with the amount of trouble and pain.

In *The Custody of the Child* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. PHILIP GIBBS has chosen a difficult theme the story of a broken home, told from the child's point of view, and he has handled it like an artist. Of the three books into which this biography of *Nicholas Barton* is divided, the first is so much the best that the second seems a little tame. This was, of course, inevitable, for the first book is the thunder-storm, the second the gentle rain which follows it. I have another reason for deriving particular pleasure from the opening book, and that is that the scene is laid in a Battersea Park flat. I have long since marked down Battersea as one of London's most romantic neighbourhoods. To a child, the curiously mingled intimacy and exclusiveness of life among the cliff-dwellers of that long road facing the Park, where you drop your toys out of your front garden (which house-agents call a balcony) and see them impounded as legitimate gifts that have dropped from Heaven by a perfect stranger in the front garden of the ground-floor flat, must be a perpetual wonder. Mr. GIBBS has brought this out so persuasively that I have shaken hands with him after each sentence. There is not an incident in Book I. that is not exactly right. The rest of the story, with its courageous avoidance of unmitigated happiness in the ending, never fails to arrest, unless for a moment or so in the middle; but for me at least the real charm of the volume lies in Book I.

"Let us try to avoid the detestable trick of sentimentality when dealing with this beloved, presuming, gallant, unhappy man." So Mrs. EVAN NEPEAN adjures us and herself; and it must be confessed that the warning was needed. For the man was JAMES, Duke of MONMOUTH, a study of whom she has written under the title of *On the Left of a Throne* (LANE); and of all the Stuarts he is the one about whom it is most difficult to avoid being sentimental. Mrs. NEPEAN has perhaps just succeeded, but only just; and we will agree, therefore, to call her style vividly enthusiastic. She is quite frankly in love with MONMOUTH throughout. That wonderful, dangerous beauty fascinates her; and who, looking at the delightful portraits with which the book abounds, is going to blame her or anyone else for yielding to its charm? One fortunate result of this attitude is that the Fairy Prince of the seventeenth century lives again in the pages of this fervent admirer as he would never have lived in those of a colder historian. Dancing, riding, hunting, raking and fighting, we are bound to feel about him much as old PEPYS did, who called him, in a memorable and picturesque phrase, "skittish and leaping," and, for all his righteous disapproval, admired with the best. "How he would have loved flying!" is Mrs. NEPEAN's very characteristic comment upon a record of her hero's graceful activities. For one thing especially does the writer of this study deserve gratitude. She dwells purposely as little as possible upon the details of the rebellion; but she has made it her duty to win back for MONMOUTH some of the credit for personal courage of which popular history has been too ready to deprive him. Here you may read how, after the short agony of nerves was over, he faced death with a placid and untheatrical bravery, than which the long records of the scaffold show nothing finer. It is a profoundly moving end to a fascinating story.

After reading *Two Women* (METHUEN) I hope to avoid "girl bachelors" for a very long time. They are, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON says, curious products of the century, and I am not disposed to contradict him. In *Gertrude Wynne's* flat, "Debussy's music was open upon a miniature grand, and a volume of Anatole France stood upon the marquetry table near the fireplace"; but in *Doris Holt's* room "an open piano had a song from a revue upon it, while a translation of one of Paul de Koch's novels lay upon the window-seat." That ought to give the key to their characters, but if it does not, let me boldly add that *Gertrude* was clever and sedate, while *Doris* was a queen of minxes. *Doris*, indeed, got herself into a pretty mess with a vulgar philanderer called *Lord Raymore*, and was justly punished by marrying him. This *Raymore* man despised politics, but all the same he had made up his mind to "win a place in the Tory Cabinet, and to pose there as the new Disraeli," which makes me think that Mr. PEMBERTON is occasionally funnier than he means to be. Not until we get away from the girl bachelors and are off on a spying expedition to Germany with *Captain Ainsworth* does the story grip. Then, however, things begin to happen, and the flight from the German fortress, in which *Ainsworth* had been imprisoned, is really thrilling. In his next book I hope Mr. PEMBERTON will leave "curious products" alone and let us have an extra dose of adventure to make up for the meagre allowance contained in *Two Women*.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

THE MAN WHO TAKES IMPRESSIONS OF THE FOOTPRINTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

"It is far more important to have the right style in the country than in town. Men don't want their women to wear something that will frighten the birds away. Nothing cheap or badly cut ought ever to be worn in the country."

Vanity Fair and Hearth & Home.

The birds: "We really cannot stay to be shot to-day, the women are wearing such cheap clothes."

Close of an essay by a small girl on CHARLES I.:—"Had Charles the First been more strong minded and sincere, he would have been a better king; as it was, he was more suited for a clergyman."

CHARIVARIA.

We are sorry to hear that the Premier is suffering from a troublesome Gough.

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Poor Mr. Asquith, as though he had not already worries enough, is getting into trouble for sending an exclusive statement to *The Times*. He now stands convicted by his own party of being a *Times*-server.

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The Premier Magazine is announced for sale. Is this, we wonder, the Powder Magazine on which he has been sitting?

* *
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At one moment it began to look as if the Admiralty, after all, was going to change its mind: and we were to have Grand Manœuvres this year — off the coast of Ireland.

* *
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There are rumours that the Suffragettes are now preparing to blow up the whole of Ireland, as they find that that little country has during the past few days been distracting public attention from their cause.

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An appeal is being made for funds to enable the battle-field of Waterloo to be preserved. A handsome donation has, it is said, been offered by one of our most enterprising railway companies, the only condition made being that the name shall be altered to Bakerloo.

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It is so often asserted that a Varsity career unfits one for success in the bigger world that it is satisfactory to read that the Prince of Wales's income from the Duchy of Cornwall was £85,719 last year, as compared with £81,350 in the previous year.

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The Association of Lancastrians in London held their annual dinner last week. It would have been a kindly and thoughtful act on the part of those responsible for the dinner had they offered a seat to Mr. Masterman, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who is now back in town.

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Mr. Justice Scrutton has fined a man for saying "Hear, hear," in court, and there is something approaching a panic among our Comic Judges lest some colleague on a lower plane of humour should fine somebody for laughing in court.

It has been said that we English take our pleasures sadly. By way of compensation, apparently, we take our tragedies gaily. Under the heading "Amusement Notes" in *The Daily Mail* we find the following announcement: "At the Scala Theatre a new colour film is promised for Monday next, which is to depict in striking fashion the terrors of modern scientific warfare."

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A contemporary describes the production, *Splash Me*, which was presented at the Palladium last week, as "a Water Revue." The correct expression is surely "Naval Revue"?



Our Futurist Pygmalion (on seeing his Galatea come to life). "Oh, why didn't I remain an idealist?"

Messrs. Weekes and Co. have published a "Song of the Aeroplane," and we suspect that all concerned in this venture are terrified lest some clumsy critic shall say, "Merely to hear this song makes one want to fly."

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It is sometimes asked, Are we a musical nation? It is possible, of course, that we are, but last week we were informed by an advertisement that "the greatest song success of the season" is entitled "Popsy Wopsy."

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A Mr. Snooks attained his 100th birthday last week. So much for those who say that ridicule kills!

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Thetford (Norfolk) Corporation have decided to pay their mayor a salary of £20 in future "owing to the heavy financial drain on his pocket." We think it should have been removed and the cost charged to drainage expenses.

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The coat-of-arms provided for the Metropolitan Asylum Board includes a red cross, the golden staff of Æsculapius, an eagle, a dragon, and red and white roses. It sounds a mad enough medley.

* *
*

Answer to a correspondent: No, *Wild Life* is not an organ of the Militants.

THE NEXT OF THE DANDIES.

(*According to our daily paper, sloppy untidiness is to be the fashion this year.*)

I've jibed at Dame Fashion for many a year,
Jibed bitterly rather than gaily,
And over the follies of feminine wear
Indulged in a diatribe daily;
But now I must sing in a different strain
And praise with a penitent vigour
The kindness by which she was moved to ordain
Untidiness strictly *de rigueur*.

Though man from her fetters is commonly loose
(For he has the pluck to withstand her),
I take it that what is correct for the goose
Will not be amiss for the gander;
And I have a suit that for comfort and ease
I'd always elect to be dressed in,
The trousers have dear little bags where my knees
Have made them a corner to nest in.

The sleeves of the coat are all frayed at the end,
The seams of the waistcoat have "started,"
But I have a weakness for elderly friends,
And now we need never be parted;
No more when I wear it shall people esteem
The bardlet in need of compassion;
They'll merely consider him rather extreme
In his fervent devotion to Fashion.

"Bolton W. 1, Manchester C. 0.
Bolton Wan. 1, Manches. C. 0."
Sunderland Daily Echo.

It is still a little obscure, but "B. Wanderers 1, M. City 0" would bring it home to everybody.

THE SPIRIT OF ULSTER AND THE ARMY.

(*An Appeal to Both Parties.*)

Still dreaming of the spell of Southern nights,
Strange on my homing senses fall the raucous
Shouts of Democracy, asserting rights
It long ago committed to the caucus;
Strange—in a Chamber run for party ends,
Busy with private rancours, feuds, ambitions—
The legend that the Nation's life depends
Upon her politicians!

Yet two things offer cheer: in Ulster there—
Fanatic sentiment, you'll say, and scoff it—
I see a hundred thousand men who care
For something dearer than their stomach's profit;
Under the Flag they stand at silent pause,
True Democrats that hold by Freedom's charter,
Resolved and covenanted for the Cause
To give their lives in barter!

I see young soldiers, too, who serve the King
(For half the wage a Labour Member cashes),
Prepared, at honour's higher call, to fling
Their gallant dreams away in dust and ashes!
I care a lot for any laws they break,
But more I care to see what sacrifices
Men still are found to face for conscience' sake,
Knowing how hard the price is.

Ah, Sirs, and must you for a moment's gain—
I look to both your camps with like appealing—
Must you upon these virtues put a strain
Irrevocably past the hope of healing?
Cannot some gentler means be yet embraced
That, when the common peril comes upon her,
Such qualities of heart, too rare to waste,
May shield our Country's honour? O. S.

EGBERT, BULL-FROG.

"Speaking," said my uncle James, "of dogs, did I ever tell you about Egbert, my bull-frog? I class Egbert among the dogs, partly because of his faithfulness and intelligence, and partly because his deep bay—you know how those bull-frogs bark—always reminded me of a bloodhound surprised while on a trail of aniseed. He was my constant companion in Northern Assam, where I was at that time planting rubber. He finally died of a surfeit of hard-boiled egg, of which he was passionately fond, and I was as miserable as if I had lost a brother.

"I think Egbert had been trying to edge into the household for some time before I really noticed him. Looking back, I can remember meeting him sometimes in the garden, and, though I did not perceive it at first, there was a wistful look in his eye when I passed him by without speaking. It was not till our burglary that I began really to understand his sterling worth. A couple of natives were breaking in, and would undoubtedly have succeeded in their designs had it not been for Egbert's frantic barking, which aroused the house and brought me down with a revolver. It is almost certain that the devoted animal had made a practice, night after night, of sleeping near the front-door on the chance of something of the sort happening. He was always suspicious of natives.

"After that of course his position in the house was established. He slept every night at the foot of my bed, and very soothing it was to hear his deep rhythmical breathing in the darkness.

"In the daytime we were inseparable. We would go for walks together, and I have frequently spent hours throwing sticks into the pond at the bottom of the garden for him to retrieve. It was this practice which saved his life at the greatest crisis of his career.

"I happened to have strained my leg, and I was sitting in the garden, dozing, Egbert by my side, when I was awakened by a hoarse bark from my faithful companion, and, looking down, I perceived him hopping rapidly towards the pond, pursued by an enormous oojoobwa snake, a reptile not dangerous to man, being non-poisonous, but a great scourge among the minor fauna of Assam, owing to its habit of pouncing upon them and swallowing them alive. This snake is particularly addicted to bull-frogs, and, judging from the earnest manner in which he was making for the pond, Egbert was not blind to this trait in its character.

"You may imagine my agony of mind. There was I, helpless. My injured leg made it impossible for me to pursue the snake and administer one where it would do most good. And meanwhile the unequal race was already drawing to its inevitable close. Egbert, splendid as were his other qualities, was not built for speed. He was dignified rather than mobile.

"What could I do? Nothing beyond throwing my stick in the hope of stunning the oojoobwa. It was a forlorn hope, but I did it; and it saved Egbert's life, though not in the way I had intended. The stick missed the snake and fell immediately in front of Egbert. It was enough. His grand intellect worked with the speed of lightning. Just as the snake reached him, he reached the stick; and the next moment there was Egbert, up to his neck in the reptile's throat, but saved from complete absorption by the stick, which he was holding firmly in his mouth.

"I have seldom seen any living thing so completely nonplussed as was the oojoobwa. Snakes have very little reasoning power. They cannot weigh cause and effect. Otherwise of course the oojoobwa would have nipped Egbert till he was forced to leave go of the stick. Instead of doing this, he regarded the stick and Egbert as being constructed all in one piece, and imagined that he had happened upon a new breed of unswallowable frog. He ejected Egbert, and lay thinking it over, while Egbert, full of pluck, continued his journey to the pond.

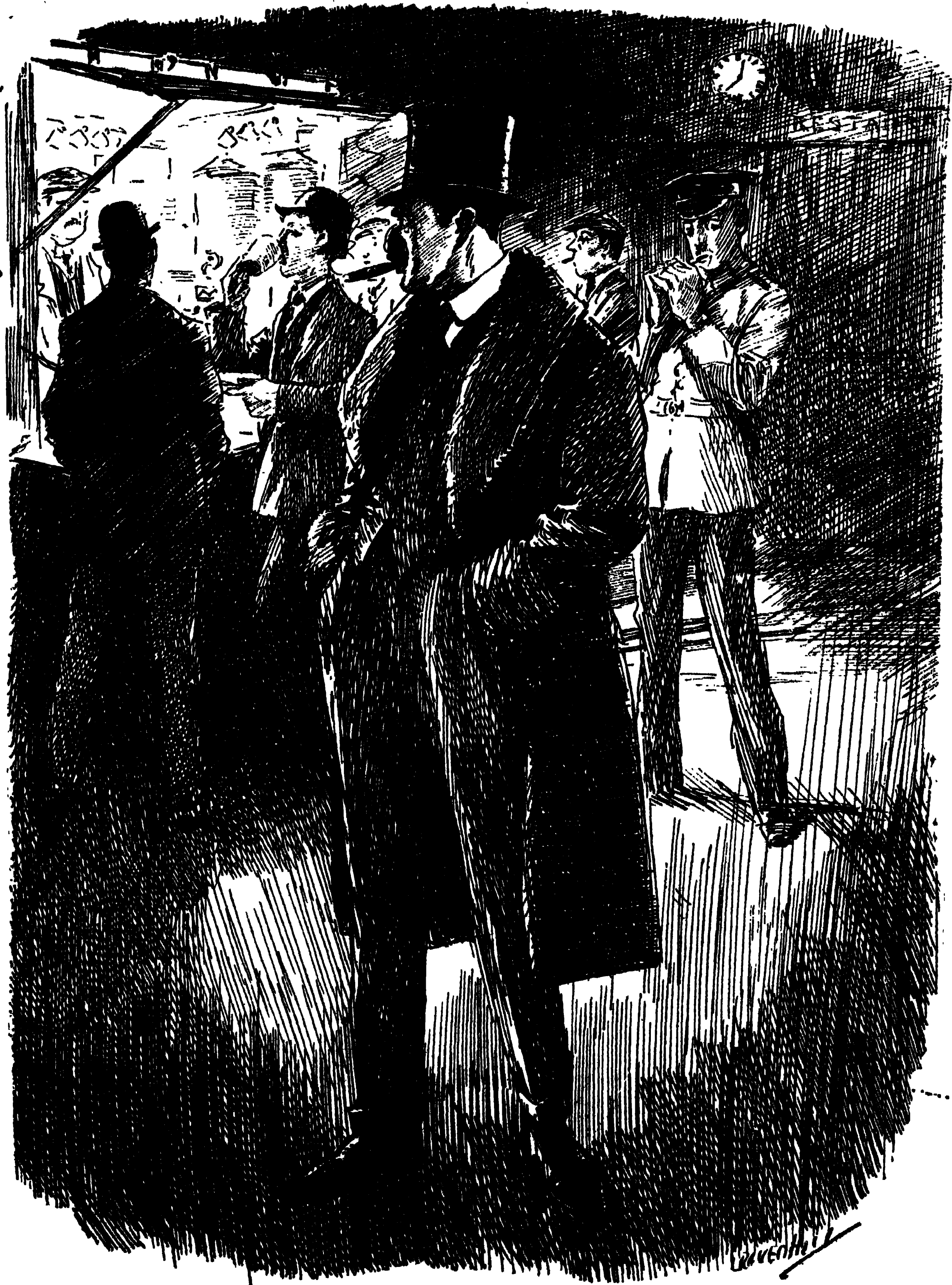
"Three times in the next two yards did the snake endeavour to swallow his victim, and each time he gave it up; and after the last experiment Egbert, evidently finding this constant semi-disappearance into the other's interior bad for his nervous system, conceived the idea of backing towards the pond instead of heading in that direction, the process, though slower, being less liable to sudden interruption.

"Well, to make the story short, the oojoobwa followed Egbert to the very edge of the pond, the picture of perplexity; and when my little friend finally dived in he lay there with his head over the edge of the bank, staring into the water for quite ten minutes. Then he turned, shook his head despairingly, and wriggled into the bushes, still thinking hard. And a little while later I saw Egbert's head appear cautiously over the side of the pond, the stick still in his mouth. He looked round to see that the coast was clear, and then came hopping up to me and laid the stick at my feet. And, strong man as I was, I broke down and cried like a child."

From a revue poster at Birmingham:—

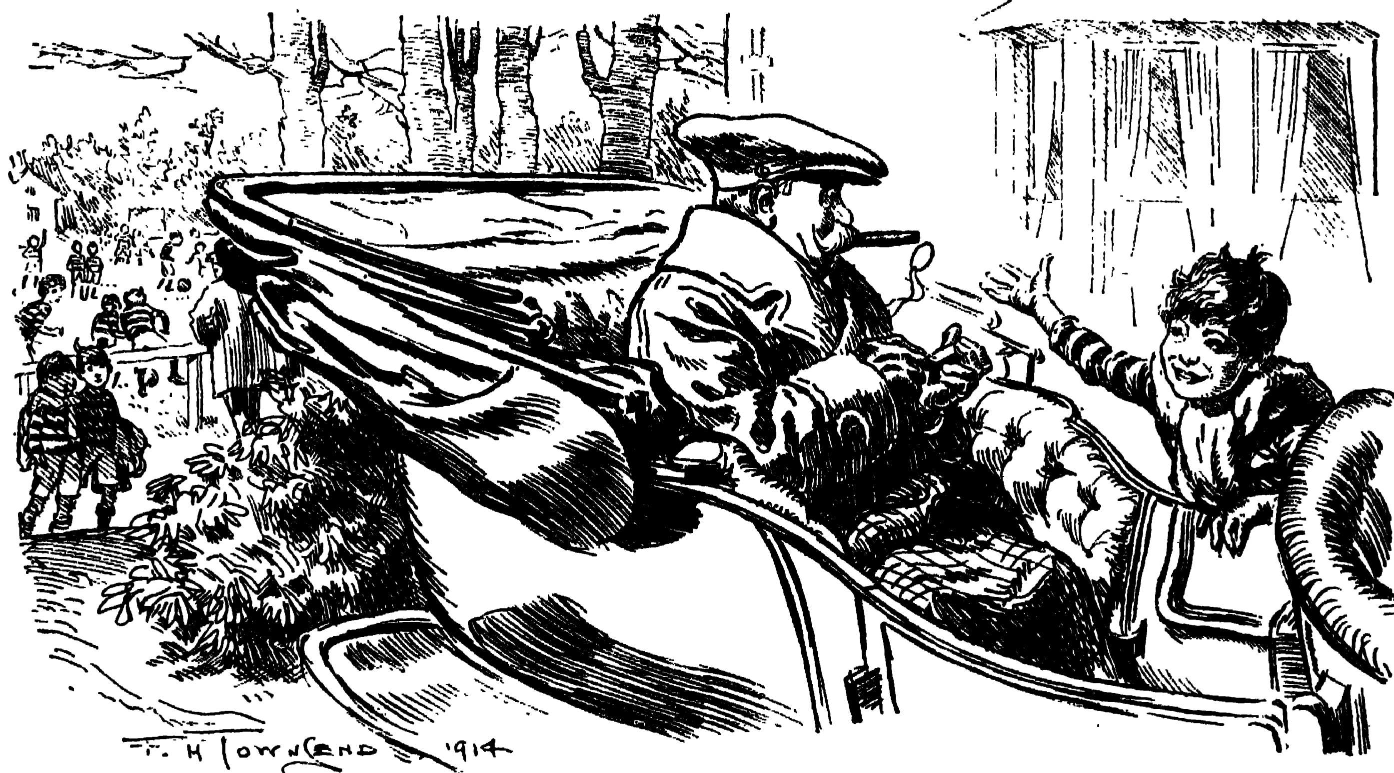
"I DO LIKE YOUR EYES
Record Cast."

We dislike that kind.



AFTER CLOSING HOURS.

RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR. "ANOTHER OF THESE NIGHT CLUBS! THEY 'LL BE THE RUIN OF ME."



OUR BOYS.

Nephew (at preparatory school, to departing uncle). "Well, good-bye, Uncle. Awf'ly good of you to come over. And, I say, I hope you backed Outram for the Lincolnshire?"

Uncle. "Unfortunately, my boy, I wasn't on it."

Nephew. "You weren't? Why, we were all on it here!"

A PEACE-PRESERVATION ACT.

Whereas *Mr. Punch* has observed to his deep grief and chagrin that political ill-feeling in Great Britain has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished, be it enacted—

(1) That no morning, evening or weekly paper be allowed to print anything on its placard save one of these three phrases: "All the Winners," "Tips for To-day," or "Latest Football"; providing that nothing in this Act shall prevent *The Daily News and Leader* from substituting "Latest Free Church News" for "Tips for To-day."

(2) That no newspaper be allowed to announce more than one political crisis per week under a penalty of £1,000 for each and every subsequent crisis announced.

(3) That Mr. T. P. O'Connor be appointed grand political censor, and that all descriptive expressions intended to be applied by people to their political opponents be submitted to him, to ensure that such phrases are properly saponaceous.

(4) That six prominent fire-brands in each Party be deported to Saint Helena, and that they be chosen by ballot in this wise—the Liberals will select the Tories, the Tories the Liberals, the O'Brienites the Nationalists, and the Nationalists the O'Brienites. The Labour Party, being specially qualified for the task, will select six of its own body for deportation; and nothing in this Act is to hinder Mr. Wedgwood from deporting himself if he thinks it needful.

(5) And whereas many highly respectable golfers of all shades of political opinion have been put off their game by political happenings at the week-end be it ordained that a gracious political truce reign from Thursday midnight to Tuesday midday, and that during that time, to be known as the Truce of *Mr. Punch*, no political crises, resignations, refusals of resignations, re-resignations or snap-divisions be allowed on any pretext whatever.

"Yesterday afternoon a Cardiff prisoner who had been arrested on a warrant escaped from the custody of a police officer. The man bolted without the slightest warning."
Western Daily Press.

He was no gentleman. He might at least have said, "One, two, three—Go!"

THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS.

[Speaking at the annual meeting of the governing body of Swanley Horticultural College, Sir John Cockburn lamented that while that institution provided healthful and delightful occupation, for which women were eminently fitted, it suffered from a continuous epidemic of matrimony. not only among the students but even upon the staff.]

At Swanley College down in Kent
The students' time is not misspent.
Some of the arts at any rate
Thrive in this Eden up-to-date;
And doubtless each girl-gard'ner tries
To win the term's Top-dressing Prize,
Or trains her sense of paradox
(While gath'ring "nuts" and "plums" and stocks)
By taking Flora's new degree—
"Spinster of Hearts and Husbandry."

"First he must learn to be a sailor. . . . Stepping in a small coasting craft, he put his shoulder to the wheel, determining, as many a boy has done before and since, to get to the top of the tree by plodding and perseverance."
Ashore and Afloat.

We don't recommend this as a beginning, however. Very often the captain, who wants to steer himself, resents an additional shoulder at the wheel—and invites you to the top of the masthead.

THE MOON.

[*Impossible Play Series.*]

A Super-psychological Drama in One Act.

Persons of the Play.

Lord Gumthorpe. | Angela Thynne.
Lady Gastwyck. | Stud, *a butler.*

[*Author to Printer.* Oblige me by reversing your usual practice, and printing the text in italics and the stage directions in roman type. My request will, I hope, prove intelligible.]

Scene.—The drawing-room at *Lady Gastwyck's.* A large, low room with a mullioned window at the back through which moonlight steals. The decoration of the room is Adams', though of rather a self-conscious type, as the plan and construction of the house is obviously of an earlier period. The furniture is Chinese Chippendale.

Lord Gumthorpe is leaning against the window; *Angela Thynne* is leaning against the Chesterfield, and *Lady Gastwyck* is leaning against the Adams' fire-place. *Lord Gumthorpe* is a tall, gaunt man, slightly resembling the portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velasquez. He turns towards *Lady Gastwyck* and waves his long arms with a gesture of indecision. He then turns back and looks out on to the lawn. *Angela Thynne,* is a large, ill-proportioned woman, with curiously limpid blue eyes, and a shrill hard voice like a fog-siren, that does not seem to belong to her personality. One is always haunted with the idea that she might be Scotch. *Lady Gastwyck* rises. She is a short dark woman with deep-set eyes and one very remarkable characteristic. She has apparently only one eyebrow. She really has two, but they meet together in one dark straight line, and give her a forbidding aspect. She has a habit of walking with her chin thrust forward and her long arms curved like a boxer's. She advances upon *Lord Gumthorpe.* He instinctively puts up his hands as though expecting to be struck.

Lady Gastwyck. *You think then that we—that is, that you and I——*

[She waves her hand towards the moonlit lawn. It might be an action of dismissal, or an appeal to the elemental forces. *Lord Gumthorpe* drops limply on to the window-seat and presses his forehead against the stone mullion. Then he stands up and gazes at her face, trying not to appear to be looking at her one eyebrow.

Lord Gumthorpe (with tremulous indecision). *Yes! but you see——*

[As he stands there the extraordinary resemblance between him and Velasquez' portrait of Philip IV. of Spain comes home to her with such force that she is about to qualify her half-stated implication, when *Angela Thynne* drops her fan into the fireplace. She has moved to the seat that *Lady Gastwyck* had vacated. She is leaning forward with lips parted, and her limpid blue eyes gazing at the dead embers.



MORE BRAINY IDEAS OF OUR DRAPERS.
Customer being conducted to the Spring Millinery Department.

Lady Gastwyck recoils as though struck by a whip. She moves to the Chesterfield and leans against it, biting her nails. *Lord Gumthorpe* moves deeper into the recess, struggling with the emotions which the astounding act of *Angela* has produced. As he sits there, the moonlight, pouring through the diamond panes of the window, throws rhomboids of light on to the polished floor. It looks like some enchanted chessboard. Leaning back and gazing with half-closed eyes, he peoples it with fantastic rooks, and knights and bishops, when suddenly the strangely penetrating voice of *Angela* breaks the silence.

Angela. *Would it be possible for you two to——*

[There is a terrifying silence.]

Lord Gumthorpe (greedily). *Pawn to Queen's pawn four!*

[He says this to gain time. For the besetting irresoluteness of the Gumthorpes is consuming him. "If only she would——" he is thinking to himself, rapidly reviewing the salient features of his past life. He has not the courage to look at *Angela,* but his eyes wander in the direction of *Lady Gastwyck.* She is leaning forward on the Chesterfield, her chin resting on her hand, her eyebrow looking like an enormous black moustache. He feels his way along the wall, keeping his face towards *Lady Gastwyck.* He knows—he was educated at Eton and Christchurch—that as the fan has fallen into the fire-place, unless it has been removed, it will be there still. Very slowly he reaches the grate and, without turning his head, picks up the fan. It is a moment of intense emotion. The air is charged with electric suspense. *Lady Gastwyck* moves suddenly, and the rustle of her skirt sounds like the rattle of musketry on a frosty morning. *Lord Gumthorpe* drops the fan. He gropes wildly in the fire-place but cannot find it again. Then with an air of helpless resignation he goes back to the window-seat. He gazes at the chequered pattern on the floor and mentally moves his king up one. *Lady Gastwyck* glances across at him, and it occurs to her that he has aged during the last few minutes. He no longer looks like Philip IV. of Spain, but more like the sub-manager of the White Goods Department of a suburban Bon-Marché. She is anxious that *Angela* shall not observe this, and hence makes the following appeal.

Lady Gastwyck (hysterically and *à propos* of no one). *A maroon underskirt! a maroon underskirt! That would be the thing! Fancy, Angela, biscuit-coloured glacé with that coffee skin of hers and those teeth! You must save her! Take her to Raquin! Let Raquin cut it as only he knows how! Let her have—— Ah!——*

[She bursts into tears and then stops, seeing that her effort has failed, for a sombre silence ensues. *Angela* has risen and is looking at *Lord Gumthorpe. Lord Gumthorpe* is standing with his arms folded. He has just lost a bishop in the dim chiaroscuro of the window-seat and has not heard her outbreak. Suddenly he looks up, and fixes his eyes upon *Lady Gastwyck* with a new sense of resolution. He advances towards



Irritable Plus 4 (whose opponent is standing too close behind him). "Now then, Sir, what are you supposed to be doing there?"
Mild 18. "Only getting ready to clap."

her, and gazing boldly at her eyebrow, that looks more than ever like a moustache, calls out in a thin cruel voice.

Lord Gumthorpe. *Why don't you wax the ends?*

[The effect of this bizarre question is startling. *Angela* turns and smiles gently like one who has done one's best at a deathbed, and is almost relieved that the end has come. She walks almost serenely across the room to the sideboard, and, taking up a piece of cheese and three bananas, goes off to bed. But the effect on *Lady Gastwyck* is different, for directly she hears *Lord Gumthorpe* make this remark she realizes that he is a weak man.

There is a pond at the end of the lawn covered with green sedge. She shivers. She has courage, but not that sort of courage. She rises and leans against the Adams' fireplace. The Adams' fireplace leans against her. It falls on to her with a tremendous crash . . . *Lord Gumthorpe* comes forward and gazes at the jumbled *débris*. He is conscious of a sense of despairing conflict—the conflict between contemplative amazement and some natural but well-controlled demand for concrete action. An appalling conviction comes to him that he ought to *do* something. Under the fallen mess of brick, marble and wood there are feeble undulations. A phrase keeps running through his mind—"Expressing her primitive virility." He tries to think where he has read it, and what it means, and how it could apply to the present case. The undulations cease. He decides that the phrase could not apply to it. He returns to the window-seat. A new horror obsesses him. The moon has moved round. The chess-board has been blotted out. *In extremis, Lord Gumthorpe* falls back on his primitive instincts and rings for the butler. There is an imperceptible pause. *Stud* glides in and stands in the middle of the room, tears of reverence and respectability streaming down his cheeks.

Lord Gumthorpe (*after an interminable pause*). *Your mistress has dropped her fan into the fireplace!*

[With a little croon of pleasure, Stud falls towards the fireplace. Suddenly he stops, beholding the fallen wreckage. For a fraction of a second the fetters of a generation of servile habits are almost broken. A fugitive expression of surprise passes over his face. Then, remembering himself, he stumbles over the *débris* and, groping among the cinders, picks up the fan.

Stud (*with finesse*). *Here is the fan, my Lord. Shall I present it to her Ladyship?*

Lord Gumthorpe (*with extraordinary subtlety*). *No, you may keep it. Her Ladyship does not require it.*

[*Stud* goes out with the fan. *Lord Gumthorpe* stands irresolutely warming his hands at the fire. *Angela's* father from Atlantis, Tennessee, is heard outside in the hall eating cantaloup. The pips rattle against the door. Unable to withstand this further symbol of inevitable doom, *Lord Gumthorpe* throws himself on to the fire. He is burnt up. The fire is blotted out. Everything is blotted out.

Curtain.

From an account of a football match by "Brigadier" in *The Daily Record*:—

"Cresswell sustained an injury, and took no risks, but R. M. Morton would have risked going at a battalion of dragoons with bayonets drawn."

There must be moments in these peaceful journalistic days of his retirement when that grand old soldier, "Brigadier," wishes he were once more charging at the head of his dragoons, with a drawn bayonet in his hand.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

IV.—Before Lunch.

I found Myra in the hammock at the end of the loggia.

"Hallo," I said.

"Hallo." She looked up from her book and waved her hand. "Mentone on the left, Monte Carlo on the right," she said, and returned to her book again. Simpson had mentioned the situation so many times that it had become a catch-phrase with us.

"Fancy reading on a lovely morning like this," I complained.

"But that's why. It's a very gloomy play by Ibsen, and whenever it's simply more than I can bear I look up and see Mentone on the left, Monte Carlo on the right—I mean, I see all the loveliness round me, and then I know the world isn't so bad after all." She put her book down. "Are you alone?"

I gripped her wrist suddenly and put the paper-knife to her throat.

"*We* are alone," I hissed—or whatever you do to a sentence without any "s's" in it to make it dramatic. "Your friends cannot save you now. Prepare to—er—come a walk up the hill with me."

"Help! Help!" whispered Myra. She hesitated a moment; then swung herself out of the hammock and went in for her hat.

We climbed up a steep path which led to the rock-village above us. Simpson had told us that we must see the village; still more earnestly he had begged us to see Corsica. The view of Corsica was to be obtained from a point some miles up—too far to go before lunch.

"However, we can always say we saw it," I reassured Myra. "From this distance you can't be certain of recognising an island you don't know. Any small cloud on the horizon will do."

"I know it on the map."

"Yes, but it looks quite different in real life. The great thing is to be able to assure Simpson at lunch that the Corsican question is now closed. When we're a little higher up, I shall say, 'Surely that's Corsica?' and you'll say, 'Not *Corsica?*' as though you'd rather expected the Isle of Wight; and then it'll be all over. Hallo!"

We had just passed the narrow archway leading into the courtyard of the village and were following the path up the hill. But in that moment of passing we had been observed. Behind us a dozen village children now trailed eagerly.

"Oh, the dears!" cried Myra.

"But I think we made a mistake to bring them," I said severely. "No one is prouder of our—one, two, three . . . I make it eleven—our eleven children than I am, but there are times when Father and Mother want to be alone."

"I'm sorry, dear. I thought you'd be so proud to have them all with you."

"I *am* proud of them. To reflect that all the—one, two . . . I make it thirteen—all these thirteen are ours is very inspiring. But I don't like people to think that we cannot afford our youngest, our little Philomène, shoes and stockings. And Giuseppe should have washed his face since last Friday. These are small matters, but they are very trying to a father."

"Have you any coppers?" asked Myra suddenly. "You forgot their pocket-money last week."

"One, two, three—I cannot possibly afford—one, two, three, four—— Myra, I do wish you'd count them definitely and tell me how many we have. One likes to know. I cannot afford pocket-money for more than a dozen."

"Ten." She took a franc from me and gave it to the biggest girl. (Anne-Marie, our first, and getting on so nicely with her French.) Rapidly she explained what was to be done with it, Anne-Marie's look of intense rapture slowly straightening itself to one of ordinary gratitude as the financial standing of the other nine in the business became clear. Then we waved farewell to our family and went on.

High above the village, a thousand feet above the sea, we rested, and looked down upon the silvery olives stretching into the blue . . . and more particularly upon one red roof which stood up amid the grey-green trees.

"That's the Cardews' villa," I said.

Myra was silent.

When Myra married me she promised to love, honour and write all my thank-you-very-much letters for me, for we agreed before the ceremony that the word "obey" should mean nothing more than that. There are two sorts of T. Y. V. M. letters—the "Thank you very much for asking us, we shall be delighted to come," and the "Thank you very much for having us, we enjoyed it immensely." With these off my mind I could really concentrate on my work, or my short mashie shots, or whatever was of importance. But there was now a new kind of letter to write, and one rather outside the terms of our original understanding. A friend of mine had told his friends the Cardews that we were going out to the Riviera and would let them know when we arrived . . . and we had arrived a week ago.

"It isn't at all an easy letter to write," said Myra. "It's practically asking a stranger for hospitality."

"Let us say 'indicating our readiness to accept it.' It sounds better."

Myra smiled slowly to herself.

"'Dear Mrs. Cardew,'" she said, "'we are ready for lunch when you are. Yours sincerely.'"

"Well, that's the idea."

"And then what about the others? If the Cardews are going to be nice we don't want to leave Dahlia and all of them out of it."

I thought it over carefully for a little.

"What you want to do," I said at last, "is to write a really long letter to Mrs. Cardew, acquainting her with all the facts. Keep nothing back from her. I should begin by dwelling on the personnel of our little company. 'My husband and I,' you should say, 'are not alone. We have also with us Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Mannering, a delightful couple. Mr. A. Mannering is something in the Territorials when he is not looking after his estate. His wife is a great favourite in the county. Next I have to introduce to you Mr. Thomas Todd, an agreeable young bachelor. Mr. Thos. Todd is in the Sucking-a-ruler-and-looking out-of-the-window Department of the Admiralty, by whose exertions, so long as we preserve the 2 Todds to 1 formula—or, excluding Canadian Todds, 16 to 10—Britannia rules the waves. Lastly, there is Mr. Samuel Simpson. Short of sight but warm of heart, and with (on a bad pitch) a nasty break from the off, Mr. S. Simpson is a *littérateur* of some eminence but little circulation, combining on the cornet intense wind-power with no execution, and on the golf course an endless enthusiasm with only an occasional contact. This, dear Mrs. Cardew, is our little party. I say nothing of my husband.'"

"Go on," smiled Myra. "You have still to explain how we invite ourselves to lunch."

"We don't; we leave that to her. All we do is to give a list of the meals in which, in the ordinary course, we are wont to indulge, together with a few notes on our relative capacities at each. 'Perhaps,' you wind up, 'it is at luncheon time that as a party we show to the best advantage. Some day, my dear Mrs. Cardew, we must all meet at lunch. You will then see that I have exaggerated neither my husband's appetite, nor the light conversation of my brother, nor the power of apology, should any little *contretemps* occur, of Mr. Samuel Simpson. Let us, I say, meet at lunch. Let us——'" I took out my watch suddenly.

"Come on," I said, getting up and giving a hand to Myra; "we shall only just be in time for it." A. A. M.

ARTISTES' ALIASES.

An interesting meeting was held at the Memorial Hall last Saturday in order to discuss schemes of brightening the nomenclature of British musicians.

Sir Frederic Cowen, who presided, said that whereas in the last century it was the common practice of British singers to Italianize their surnames, we had now gone to the opposite extreme of an aggressive insularity. He thought that a compromise between the two extremes was feasible, by which a certain element of picturesqueness might be introduced into our programmes without exposing us to the charge of deliberately seeking to denationalise ourselves.

Sir Henry Wood suggested that the method of the anagram or palindrome yielded very happy results. Nobody could be charged with running away from his name if he merely turned it upside down or inside out. For instance, Miss Muriel Foster would become Miss Leirum Retsof, which had a pleasantly Slavonic sound, while Mr. Hamilton Harty would reappear in the impressive form of Mr. Notlimah Ytrah.

Miss Carrie Tubb protested vigorously against the proposal, on the ground that, if it were adopted, her name would sound just like Butt, which was already that of a contralto singer. (Sensation.)

Madame Clara Butt supported the protest, pointing out that, if the suggestion were acted on, her name would sound just like Tubb, which was that of a soprano vocalist. (Great sensation.)

Professor Granville Bantock pleaded eloquently for calling in the glamour of the East to illuminate the drab monotony of our Anglo-Saxon surnames. He was quite ready to be known in future as Bantockjee or Bangkok, if the sense of the meeting was in favour of the change—always subject, of course, to the consent of Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Delius was strongly opposed to any change of nomenclature being made compulsory. He was quite sure that he would not compose nearly so well under, *e.g.*, the alias of De Lara. In any case, artists should be safeguarded against the appropriation of their names by others.

Mr. Algernon Ashton (who was greeted with soft music on muted violins) deprecated all unseemly pranks. Nothing would induce him to change his patronymic or turn it upside down or inside out.

Mr. Landon Ronald expressed sympathy with musicians who were handicapped by cacophonous or undignified names. For example, a singer called Howlett or Ball laboured under a serious disadvantage when competing with artistes blessed with melodious appellations such as Bellincioni or Sammarco.

Mr. Ben Davies observed that Welsh singers were terribly hampered by the poverty of their nomenclature. Two out of every three bore the surname Davies, and at least one in three of our Welsh male soloists was christened Ivor. Ivor was a good name in itself, but it was becoming terribly hackneyed.

Mr. Henry Bird thought that all musicians should be at liberty to assume names provided they were appropriate. But for a composer to call himself Johann Sebastian Wagner was to court disaster. He ventured to submit the following list for the benefit of persons who contemplated making the change. For a soprano: Miss Hyam Seton. For a contralto: Miss Ritchie Plummer. For a tenor: Mr. Uther Chesterton. For a bass: Mr. Deeping Downer. For a pianist: Mr. or Miss Ivory Pounds. For a banjoist: Mr. Plunkett Stringer.

Miss Phyllis Lett, in a brief speech, explained that her name was all-British and had no connection whatever with Lithuania.

Ultimately, on the proposal of Lord Howard de Walden, seconded by Mr. Josef Holbrooke, a small committee was appointed, consisting of Sir Edward Elgar, Professor Bantock, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies and Sir Henry Wood, to enquire into the different proposals, and the meeting dispersed to the strains of "For he might have been a Rooshan."



A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

"The audience was divided into two sections; the Smith supporters cheered every blow Wye landed as a point for their man, while Wye's friends were equally enthusiastic on his behalf."—*Daily Mail.*

With the Smith supporters behind us, and a Smith referee, we are prepared to take on Carpentier.



Mother. "Well, darling, do you remember *anything* the clergyman said?"
Barbara. "Yes, Mummy, I heard him say, 'half-past-six'!"

"PUNCH" IN HIS ELEMENT.

(*Modelled on the Opening Chorus of "Atalanta in Calydon."*)

Once in so many calendar spaces
  Punch, appearing on All Fools' Day,
Fills with giggles the hours and graces,
  Causes the hares of March to stay;
    And the soft sweet hatters along the Strand
    Remember the dreams of Wonderland,
And the chessboard world and the White King's faces,
  The hamless commons and all the hay.

Come with loud bells and belabouring of bladder,
  Spirit of Laughter, descend on the town
With tumbling of paint-pails from top of the ladder
  And blowing of tiles from the stockbroker's crown;
    Bind on thy hosen in motley halves
    Over the rondure and curve of thy calves:
The night may be mad, but the morn shall be madder—
  Madder than moonshine and madder than brown.

What shall I say to it, how shall I pipe of it,
  Weave it what strains of ineffable things?
O that my Muse were a Muse with a gripe of it,
  Engined with petrol and wafted by wings!
    For the sorrows and sighings of winter are done,
    And *Punch* is appearing on April 1,
And a savour of daffodils clings to the type of it,
  And the buttered balm of a crumpet clings.

For the merle and the mavis have joined with the "shover"
  In drowning the day and the night with their din,
And all too soon the unwary lover
  Is walking about in vestures thin;
    And the "nuts" are buying their shirts of cotton,
    And, cast into storage cold, forgotten,
From delicate necks they were wont to cover,
  'Possum by 'possum, the stoles come in.

And soon is an ending of football rushes,
  The hold that tackles a travelling heel;
And the front of the town with new fire flushes,
  The paints that follow the paints that peel;
    And the season comes with its gauds and gold
    When the amorous plaints once more are told,
And the polished hoof of her partner crushes
  The damsel's shoes in the ballroom reel.

And *The Times* by day and *The News* by night,
  Fleeter of foot than the Fleet Street kid,
Shall hurry in motor-cars left and right
  Saying what Kent and Yorkshire did;
    And, stout as pillars of marble set,
    The copper shall capture the suffragette,
And screen from peril and heave from sight
  The maid pursuing, the Minister hid.

The P.C. comes with his mænad haul,
  Her hatbrim tilted across her eyes;
The cricketer dips to the flying ball,
  His white pants billowing round his thighs;
    But thou, *Charivari*, week by week
    Remaining (I take it) quite unique,
Shalt shake with laughter and pink them all
  With points that puncture the vogue that flies.

Evoe.



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP . . ."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—In arrangement for business of week to-day set apart for discussion of Naval Estimates. That meant a problematically useful, indubitably dull debate. As has been remarked before, it is the unexpected that happens in House of Commons. Since it adjourned on Friday portentous news came from Ireland, indicating something like revolt among officers of the Army stationed there for avowed purpose of backing up civil force in preservation of peace and order. Wholesale resignations reported.

The very existence of the Army seemed at stake. Had mere business, such as the voting of over £50,000,000 for upkeep of Navy, been to the fore, benches would have been half empty. As it was, they were thronged. Over the crowded assembly hurtled that indescribable buzz of excitement that presages eventful action. The PREMIER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION appearing on the scene were severally greeted with strident cheers from their followers. PRINCE ARTHUR, the Dropped Pilot, at urgent entreaty returning to the old ship in time of emergency, enjoyed unique distinction of being cheered by both sides. Demonstration more eloquent than ordered speech.

Questions over, SEELY read studiously prosaic statement of events leading up to resignations on the Curragh. Someone had blundered, or, as the SECRETARY FOR WAR, anxious above all things to avoid irritation, preferred to put it, "there had been a misunderstanding." All over now. Explanations forthcoming had smoothed out difficulty. Resignations tendered had been withdrawn. Familiar military command "As you were" obeyed.

That all very well. Opposition, upon whom crowning mercy had fallen from beneficent heavens, naturally indisposed to treat unexpected boon in niggardly spirit. BONNER LAW insisted on business being set aside and opportunity provided for rubbing in the salt. Lively debate followed. Speeches delivered with difficulty through running stream of interruption. BYLES OF BRADFORD began it. Breaking in upon BONNER LAW's speech with pointed question he was greeted with savage shout of "Sit down" that would have made the rafters ring, supposing there were any. Under existing circumstances the glass ceiling looked down compassionately, whilst BYLES, after remaining on his legs for what seemed a full minute, resumed his seat.

Amid uproar that raged during succeeding four hours, SPEAKER, preserving a superb equanimity, rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm. Whilst PREMIER was trying to make himself heard, HELMSLEY constantly interrupted. SPEAKER made earnest appeal to Members to listen in patience.



AT THE DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE NEW COMIC OPERA "RESIGNATION" (AS PLAYED TWICE WEEKLY.)

Seelius. "I am undone!"

[*Thrusts sword beneath armpit and expires.*

Actor-Manager. "Capital! But try, if possible, to make it just a *leetle* more convincing."

"There will," he said, "be plenty of time afterwards for anyone to ask any question or to reply to any point."

WINTERTON, ever ready to volunteer in the interests of order, asked whether JOHN WARD, seated opposite, had not sinned in same manner as HELMSLEY.

That is no reason why the noble lord should imitate him."

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," retorted WINTERTON. Left House in doubt which was which.

Later SPEAKER dropped down on PAGE CROFT.

"The hon. member," he said, "is not entitled to interrupt because some argument suddenly strikes him."

House laughed at this piquant way of putting it. SARK recalls curious fact. 321 years ago the same dictum was framed in almost identical phrase. Essential difference was that it was the Speaker of the day who was rebuked. He was EDWARD COKE, whose connection with one LYTTELTON is not unfamiliar in Courts of Law. Appearing at bar of House of Lords at opening of eighth Parliament of ELIZABETH, which met 19th February, 1593, SPEAKER submitted the petition, forthcoming to this day on opening of a new Parliament, asking for privilege of speech.

"Privilege of speech is granted," said the LORD KEEPER on behalf of the QUEEN. "But you must know what privilege you have. *Not to speak everyone what he listeth, or what cometh into his brain to utter.*"

Eight o'clock struck before turmoil ceased and House got into Committee on Navy Estimates. In a twinkling over £15,000,000 sterling voted. That nothing to what straightway followed. Getting into Committee on Ways and Means, House voted some £68,000,000 on account of the services of the year.

After this, House was counted out. In imitation of proverbial character of current month, having come in as a lion it went out like a lamb.

Business done.—Tumultuous debate on Ulster side-issue. Huge sums voted in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Renewal of yesterday's excitement round action of certain officers of the Army in Ireland. SEELY promised to circulate in the morning all papers relating thereto. To members of county councils, parish councils, and the like obscure consultative bodies, it would seem reasonable to wait opportunity for studying papers before debating their contents. We have a better way at Westminster. Business set down was the Army Vote. SEELY explained that for financial reasons it was absolutely necessary money should be voted. Necessity admitted, this was

done. But not till four hours had been occupied in inflaming talk. As for the vote for many millions, no time was left to talk about it. Accordingly agreed to without comment or criticism.

Amery struck note of Opposition criticism on Curragh affair by describing "how meanly the Secretary of State for War sneaked out of the position into which he so proudly strutted a few days ago." More of same genial kind of talk from benches near. But as debate went forward Members evidently became possessed of growing sense of gravity of situation.

It was the Labour Members who effected the change. For first time in life of present Parliament they with united front took the lead at a grave national crisis, representing without bluster the vastness of the social and political force behind them. John Ward in weighty speech brought down the real question from flights of personal animosity and party rancour. It was "whether the discipline of the Army is to be maintained; whether it is to continue to be a neutral force to assist the civil power; or whether in future the House of Commons, representing the people, is to submit its decisions for approval to a military junta."

Warned party opposite that, the latter principle adopted, there will be no picking and choosing. The private soldier has his conscience as well as the commissioned officer. In cases of industrial dispute Tommy Atkins would find in speeches made to-day by noble Lords and hon. Members justification for refusal to shoot down members of his own class with whose position he had conscientious sympathy.

J. H. Thomas, Organising Secretary of Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, put this in briefer phrasing when he said, "General Gough may feel keenly the Ulster situation. Tommy Atkins will feel not less keenly the industrial situation." House listened in significant silence to illustration pointing the moral. In November next four hundred thousand railway men will come to grips with their employers. If they do not obtain satisfactory terms they may simultaneously strike.

"If," their Secretary added, "the doctrine laid down by the Opposition in respect to Ulster is sound it will be my duty to tell the railwaymen to prepare for the worst by organizing their forces, the half million capital possessed by the union to be used to provide arms and ammunition for them."

Business done.—Ominous debate arising on Ulster question. Army Votes rushed through without discussion.

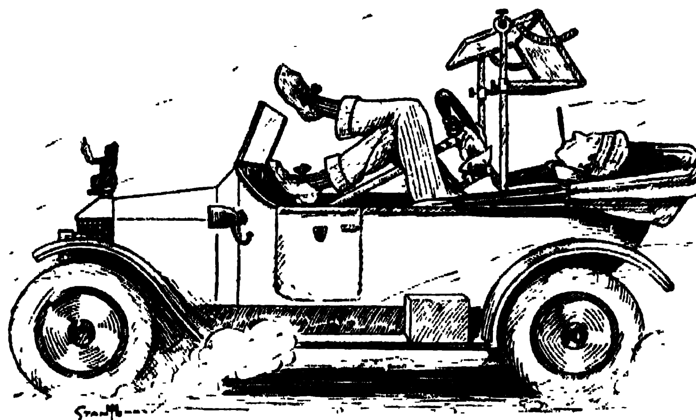
Wednesday.—Sudden dramatic change in strained situation. Turned out that Seely's guarantee to General Gough, accepted as satisfactory and followed by withdrawal of that officer's resignation, had not been fully brought to knowledge of the Cabinet. Learning of its concluding paragraphs only when yesterday he read type-written copy of White Paper published this morning, Premier sent for Secretary for War and repudiated them. Seely, acknowledging his error, tendered his resignation. Premier declined to accept it. In view of all the circumstances he thought it would be not only ungenerous but unjust to take such action."

This strange story, told in two chapters, the first contributed by War Secretary, the second by the Premier, listened to with strained attention by crowded House. There followed debate whose stormy course occasionally rose to heights exceeding those scaled on two preceding days.

Only once was there manifestation of general hearty assent. Forthcoming when the Premier warmly protested against "unfair and inconsiderate attempts, not made on one side only, to drag into the discussion the name of the King."

"His Majesty," he added, amid burst of general cheering, "has from first to last observed every rule that comports with the dignity of the position of a constitutional sovereign."

Business done.—Second Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill, on which debate arose, carried by 314 against 222. Majority, 92.



Suggested design for car, which, by a simple arrangement of mirrors, enables the super-nut to drive in the special super-nutty position

CRUEL KINDNESS.

There was once a schoolboy who was caught fishing in forbidden waters. He knew that the penalty was a switching (old style), and his contemporaries were pleased to remind him of the fact. Five o'clock was the hour fixed for the interview. The boy was small for his age, but brainy. All day he studied how he might save his skin and disappoint his friends, and at 4.30 he repaired stealthily to his dormitory to make his plans. They consisted of a sheet of brown paper—all that remained, alas, of a home-made cake—two copies of *The Scout* and a chest protector, which had been included in his outfit by a solicitious parent. By means of the fatal fishing line he attached the combined padding to his person, then, stiffly resuming his garments, knocked at the dread portal as the clock struck.

The Head glanced down over his spectacles. The boy stood strangely erect, and his face was brave though pale. A cane lay on the table. The master's eye was sterner than his heart. His hand reached for the cane, but he replaced it in a drawer, and for twenty minutes the listeners in the corridor vainly pricked their ears for the accustomed sounds.

"Well?" they inquired anxiously when the victim reappeared.

"He only jawed me," replied the small boy; and he wept.

An "agony" in *The Daily Graphic:*

"Maud darling, did you see my last massage? . . Ada."

No, Ada, but she heard about it. Stick to it and you'll soon be down to twelve-stone-five again.

"In the Italian Chamber, on the 12th instant, there was only a majority of Bill. It is believed that the Giolitti Cabinet is tottering.—*Ostasiatischer Lloyd.*"

North China Herald.

Gulielmo's casting vote cannot save them every time.

"On his motor-trip he never met any cat travelling either without lights after dusk or on the wrong side of the road."

Ceylon Observer.

Our dogs may well learn a lesson from this.

"The bride carried a large bouquet of Harum lilies."—*South Staffordshire Times.*

This sort has two stalks, of course.



Mistress. "Why have you put two hot-water bottles in my bed, Bridget?"
Bridget. "Sure, Mem, wan of thim was leaking, and I didn't know which, so I put both in to make sure."

THE ODD MAN.

Jones is a man who is too topsy-turvy;
Nothing is quite as it should be with Jones,
Angular just where he ought to be curvy,
Padded with flesh where he ought to have bones.

Jones is a freak who attends to the labours,
Small and domestic, that make up the home:
Pays all the calls and leaves cards on the neighbours,
Leaving his wife to be lazy at home.

Does up her dresses without saying, "Blow it";
Pays and forgets to say "Bother" or "Biff";
Asks her to scatter the money and go it,
Beams at her bills when the totals are stiff.

As for his daughters, he gives them their chances,
Rushes them round to reception and fête;
Takes them himself to their concerts and dances;
Always looks pleased when they want to stay late.

Then he has meals which would make you grow thinner,
Often absorbing with infinite glee
Sponge-cakes at breakfast and crumpets at dinner,
Whitstable oysters at five o'clock tea.

Next he loves laughter: that is, to be laughed at—
Every way 's right for the man to be rubbed;
Grins when he 's sneered at and jeered at and chaffed at;
Wriggles with pleasure whenever he 's snubbed.

Fiction, in short, in a million disguises
Never created a crankier clod,
More unaccountably made of surprises,
More topsy-turvily fashioned and odd.

CARPET SALES.

(*In accordance with the current announcements of the leading West-End houses, and with no reference to Anglo-Russian diplomacy.*)

Carpets of Persia fashioned on Orient looms—
Webs which the craftsman's hand with a patient cunning
Wrought through the perfect marriage of warp and woof—
Such as were laid, I imagine, in Bahram's rooms
Where (since their removal) the lion and lizard lie sunning,
And the ass, according to Omar, stamps his hoof—
Are selling off cheap, it is stated, for money down:
Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?

Carpets of Persia! (None of your home-made stuffs!)
After long years on the loom and infinite labour,
Piled in bales on piratical Arab dhows
At Bunder Abbas, and brought by a crew of roughs
(Each looking more of a cut-throat rip than his neighbour)
Down Ormuz Strait through a series of storms and rows—
Surely they ought to be bargains in London Town?
Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?

Carpets of Persia! Though not, perhaps, one of the best,
Like those which adorn the Victoria and Albert Museum,
Yet, since you assert that you 're selling authentic antiques,
I 'd like to have one which the foot of a Caliph has pressed,
Or one where the wives of a Wazir (I fancy I see 'em)
Were won't to recline, curled up in their shimmering breeks,
Or one whereon foreheads were rubbed before mighty Haroun—
Oh, have you a remnant of Persia for half-a-crown?

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—It has been brought to my notice that at a meeting you addressed recently in your constituency you referred to me, and in the course of your remarks you said that I had employed in the House of Commons the "blustering artifice of the rhetorical hireling." May I ask you for your authority for this statement? I can only hope that your reply will avoid any ambiguity, and for your further enlightenment I may inform you that I am annoyed.

I am sure I am acting as you would wish me to do in sending a copy of this letter to the Press.

Yours faithfully,
X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, ESQ.

SIR,—How like you to read an inaccurate report of my speech! The words I used—you will find them reported in *The Wastepaper Gazette* for that week—were as follows: "We must then take these statements of Mr. Thomson-Thomson to be nothing but the blustering artifice of *a* rhetorical hireling." You will, I am sure, appreciate the difference between the two versions. If you do not, I may add that I am prepared to endorse the opinion expressed in the accurate version and to raise the question in the House of Commons at an early opportunity.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Press, as your reply will doubtless be irrelevant. Yours faithfully,
A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, ESQ.

SIR,—I have perused several reports of your speech, and with one exception they all agree that the word "the" was used and not the word "a." *The Wastepaper Gazette*, with which I think you are identified, is the only one which has printed your version of the speech, and I must therefore decline to accept your statement. Of course had the indefinite article been used it would have destroyed any ground for complaint. As you are attempting to evade the serious issue between us I can only conclude that your methods indicate the "blustering artifice of the rhetorical hireling." Unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall always maintain this view.

I have sent a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours truly,
X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, ESQ.

SIR,—My Secretary was much pained at your last letter. He has informed me of its contents. I can only say that I am surprised that a statesman of your undoubted ability should exhibit such peculiar controversial methods.

The circumstances are not new. In 1911, in the House of Commons, I find that I formulated the same opinion of you in substantially the same words, yet no objection was then raised by you nor could any objection have been so raised.

Since your election your attitude on every question has been deplorable, and although I am of the opposite party I may say that in this view I am in no sense actuated by party feeling. This is a matter too serious for the bitterness of partisanship.

I repeat that in my opinion you have frequently employed the blustering artifice of a rhetorical hireling.

Unless I hear from you within half-an-hour I shall send a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours faithfully,
A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

P.S.—Could you oblige me by letting me know who was the originator of the phrase?

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, ESQ.

SIR,—You have totally failed to substantiate the serious charges you made against me, and I am sorry, for the sweetness of political life, that you have not had the courage or the fairness to withdraw them.

I am glad that we have been able to conduct this correspondence on the courteous lines which have ever characterised our public careers.

I have sent a copy of this letter to the Press. Yours faithfully,
X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON.

P.S.—I do not know who was the author of the phrase. But I know *you* couldn't be.

A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE, ESQ.

SIR, I have nothing to add to my last letter. Yours truly,
A. B. C. WENTWORTH-COKE.

P.S.—I purpose sending a copy of this letter to the Press.

X. Y. Z. THOMSON-THOMSON, ESQ.

Some idea of last week's Parliamentary crisis may be gathered from the following poster:—

CABINET
SENDS FOR
FRENCH

Our neighbours across the water were too busy with their own troubles to respond. Much better have sent for Germans. Their arrival might have pulled us together.

SHOP.

(Spring Thoughts by One in Trade.)

WHEN the new Spring is drawing near
There always rises in my blood
A keen desire to see the year
Fresh opening in the bud.

From my tame task to wander free;
For one brief day to get me gone
To some sweet rural spot, and see
How things are getting on.

So, when a rising glass invites,
Off by the ready train I fare;
How sweet are all the country sights,
How fresh the country air!

Here every prospect has its charm;
On every side I find a spell;
There is a pleasure in a farm,
And (almost) in the smell.

'Tis sweet to see the pretty lambs,
To mark them as they frisk and jump,
Or nestle round their anxious dams,
So placid and so plump.

I hear the lark's ecstatic gush
From his clear ambush in the sky;
A blackbird (if it's not a thrush)
Sings from a wood hard by.

I climb towards an open lea
Whereon the goodly cattle browse,
And oh, it does me good to see
Such oxen and such cows.

And here and there an early calf
Staggers about with weakling frame;
It is a sight that makes me laugh;
I feel so glad I came.

The orchard with its early pink
(Cherry, I'm told) adorns the scene;
While the horse chestnut (as I think)
Is well-nigh turning green.

So through the day I roam apart,
And bless the happy dawn of Spring,
Which thrills a butcher's homely heart
With such sweet visiting.

But soon the light begins to fade,
And I must quit these rural joys
To labour at my daily trade
Mid London's dust and noise.

Back to the buses and the trams,
To think on Spring's recurring boon,
Especially the calves and lambs:
They will be ready soon.

DUM-DUM.

"Carpentier was getting to be a sorry sight at the finish. There was hardly anything to indicate that Jeannette had been in a 15-round glove-fight."—*Times.*

"All this Carpentier stood well, and quick as lightning at long range cut the mulatto's face to bits."—*Morning Post.*

We think our contemporaries are carrying their rivalry with each other too far.

THE CRAZE FOR SALARIED OFFICIALS—SOME SUGGESTIONS.



Why not have *Controllers of Conviviality* to check over-indulgence in eating



and drinking?



or *Wardens of Reputations* to suppress scandal



and tittle tattle?



or *Censors of Phraseology* to restrain bad language?



But best of all, make *Everybody* an *Inspector of Officials*, so that the Great British Public can get a little of its own back.

COUNTRY LIFE EXHIBITION.

Interesting Programme.

Arrangements have now been completed for holding at the Piscicultural Hall, Kensington, an exhibition, the aim of which is to impart instruction in the art of living in the country. Such assistance is of the highest value, since many persons otherwise capable enough are unable to manage rural ways at once or deal with even such ordinary difficulties as neighbours' visits, invitations to garden parties, dinners, &c., political confessions, the retention of servants, the lighting system, the Vicar's calls, and so forth.

How to Keep Servants.

On this most difficult problem lectures will be given by a practised chatelaine. Various different makes of gramophones will be on view, with a list of tunes most acceptable to the servants'-hall. The maximum possible distance of the house from the nearest picture palace has been worked out from illuminating statistics. Useful hints about followers may also be gathered here.

Church.

Not every one in the country goes to church, but none can escape acquaintance with the Vicar. Hints as to how to deal with him are freely offered, and a variety of excuses for non-attendance have been drawn, ranging from a headache to Quakerism. Also what to say when the Vicar meets you on Sunday morning with your clubs. A list of minimum subscriptions to all conceivable charities is on sale.

Lighting.

For country householders who are at present burning oil, but think they would like an illuminant made of petrol or acetylene, a lecture will be given by an expert, who will examine all the myriad plants on the market and offer his opinion as to the least unsatisfactory. Diagrams of gardeners' burns and other injuries in a failure to master the intricacies of the engine are a popular feature. Also phonograph records of what certain gardeners have said, in various dialects, when told to tackle the new light.

Country Inn Section.

Everything necessary to the successful management of a country inn is on view here. Among the exhibits are a cup of coffee as prepared from coffee and a cup of coffee as served in a typical inn. By studying the two the inn-keeper may learn what is expected of him, and how to avoid the mistake of serving coffee in which any flavour of coffee persists.

Politics.

Here the settler in the country is on very delicate ground and in need of all his tact. As the exhibition lecturer will point out, he must, before avowing his own political creed, ascertain that of his landlord—particularly so if he has only a yearly tenancy. The chances are that the landlord is a Conservative. If the tenant is Conservative too, all is well; if the contrary—but we had better leave the details to the lecturer.

Names of Flowers.

A well-known horticulturist has invented a system by which the names of flowers can be taught in the shortest possible time, especially as the flowers have been carefully selected to exclude all but the fashionable. After only two lessons the pupil is in a position to lead a visitor through the garden and casually and accurately enumerate every delphinium and climbing rose in it. Suitable adjectives to apply to flowers are also provided.

Dogs.

Models of the two chief different types of country house—those which the dogs may enter as they will, and those from which the dogs are excluded—are on view.

Where to Live.

A lecturer who knows every inch of the country within a forty-mile radius of London will discourse at intervals on the respective merits of each popular district. A list of the principal residents in each will be available, together with a computation of the chances of a newcomer being called on by any ladies with a title. In order to make this department really efficient the intending new resident must of course give true particulars as to his or her social history. Districts where new residents who have been in trade, always excepting wine and the motor industry, are not called on, are carefully marked on a special Social map.

Taxis.

A map of England, coloured to show where the tariff is *8d.* a mile, *9d.* a mile, *10d.* a mile, and *1s.* a mile, has been prepared.

Railways.

A careful examination of the railways out of London has been made, with full particulars as to the speed of their trains, punctuality, cleanliness, warmth, week-end tickets and so forth. Also hints for doing the company by old hands. Also character sketches of the station-masters at all likely stations.

Aeroplanes.

In order that accidents due to falling airmen may be guarded against, a map has been designed for sale in the hall, showing those parts of the country over which flights are most common.

OLD CHINA.

Little Wun-lee's father, Nang-Poo,
Let her do just what she wanted to do;
Made her processions with peacocky banners
In the most regal and lavish of manners.

Little Wun-lee's father, Nang-Poo,
Was a magician who lived at Foo-choo.
Now if you possess a magician of cunning
Nothing you want should be out of the running.

Little Wun-lee had all sorts of things—
Fly-away carpets and vanishing-rings,
Djinn as her footmen, and gem-spraying fountains,
And lovely snow-leopards from ghost-haunted mountains.

Little Wun-lee, combing her hair,
Saw a blue butterfly float through the air—
Saw a blue butterfly flicker and settle
On an azalea's rosy pink petal.

Little Wun-lee said: "By the Mings,
That for your fly-away carpets and rings!
Peacocks and palanquins? Powers and dominions?
I'll have a pair of blue butterfly's pinions!"

"Little Wun-lee," answered Nang Poo,
"That's the one trick no magician can do;
Never did wizard of land, air or water
Magic blue wings on a little white daughter."

Little Wun-lee, dainty and dear,
Cried for a day and a week and a year—
Cried till she died of a Thwarted Ambition,
And nobody cared but Nang-Poo, the magician.

Little Wun-lee, little Wun-lee,
He buried her 'neath the azalea tree;
And the burnished blue butterflies flicker and hover,
And the rosy pink petals fall lightly above her.

A Bloodthirsty Critic.

The Nation on *Saint Augustin*, by Louis Bertrand:

"The student of Church history will do well to take Dr. Bertrand's Life."



First Sportsman (on the way home after dinner). "Hi! look out where you're going!"
Second Sportsman. "Look out yourself! You're driving, aren't you?"
First Sportsman. "No, I thought you were."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I doubt if Messrs. Asquith, Churchill, Redmond, Lloyd George, or even Colonel Seely have leisure these days for novel-reading, and, if they have, they might be reluctant to devote it to *The Ulsterman* (Hutchinson). It does not treat of their favourite subject and, so far from offering any solution of extant difficulties, adds yet another complication to the Home Rule question. Everything from revenue to religion having been discussed, no one but Mr. F. Frankfort Moore has thought to deal with the love interest. What is to be done, the tale suggests, for the young lovers in the North whose families are loyal to different sovereigns? *Ned* was the son of a stalwart, if somewhat snobbish, adherent of His Majesty King George the Fifth; *Kate* was the daughter of a would-be subject of the Divine Devlin, and things could never have gone well with them had it not been for the intervention of *Ned's* uncle, who had been so long out of Ireland that he had ceased to cherish any keen feelings in the dispute, and had been so used by his brother in the past that he was only too glad of the opportunity of spiting him by getting his son married to a Papist. But there are other cases, where no such facilities are at hand, and, if Mr. Moore's picture is a true one, it must go hard with such couples. What is to be done for them? Are they to be told to wait six years and see? I hope not, for whatever they might see in the period could have no interest for them. This matrimonial difficulty is one, at any rate, which, as all must agree, even that reputed panacea, the General Election, cannot be expected to cure.

I think I never met a book more "racily" written—in a special sense of the word—than *The Progress of Prudence* (Mills and Boon). Horses and hounds play so large a part therein as almost to be the protagonists; certainly they are the chief influencing forces in the development of the heroine, from the day when she attempts to purchase one of the pack, under the impression that they are being exhibited for sale, to that other day, some time later, when her own entry finishes second in the Grand National. You will notice that *Prudence* had progressed considerably during the interval. Her early ignorance was due to the fact that she had only just developed from a slum factory-girl into a landed proprietress. The father of *Prudence* had been a miser; and, when he died in the attic where he and the girl had miserably lived, he left her a fortune, and instructions to spend it on real estate. So Mr. W. F. Hewer starts us on a pretty problem—how, in these circumstances, will *Prudence* get on? Of course, she gets on excellently; and soon is as keen a rider to hounds and a judge of horseflesh as any in a neighbourhood where those accomplishments are held in high esteem. Equally of course, there are men, nay lords, who fall under the spell of her attraction; but when I tell you that the groom-and-general-horse-master, whom *Prudence* engaged, and under whose tuition she so prospered, was a gentleman who had seen better days, you will probably have already guessed the end of the tale. This is reached after some scenes of pleasant humour

and sentiment, and after I don't know how many runs with hounds, given with a minuteness of detail that shows Mr. Hewer to be a practised master of his subject. The same remark applies to the various meetings at which *Prudence* (surely a little oddly named?) sees her colours carried to victory. Altogether a stablesque romance that should appeal irresistibly to its own public.

The Making of Blaise is Mr. A. S. Turberville's first novel, and it is easy to understand why Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson have drawn attention to this fact. For the work reveals a great ignorance of, or a supreme contempt for, the art of construction, and its theme is very hackneyed; but at the same time Mr. Turberville observes so keenly that I groan in the spirit when I think of so much labour misspent on a subject unworthy of his talent. Here we have a boy with the artistic temperament born into the house of one *Brown*, a Cheapside tailor with puritanical prejudices and the mind of a sparrow. He and his rather futile wife were enough to make anyone rebellious; but too much irony is spent upon them, and it would have been less difficult to sympathise with *Philip* if his parents' point of view had been more fairly stated. After many domestic frictions the son rushes away from London and lives a Bohemian life (extremely well described) on the Continent, until he marries a delightful and penniless wife. All the marks for charm go to *Athénée*, unless a few of them can be spared for their child, *Blaise*, who had, or so it seems to me, great trouble in thrusting his way upon the scenes. *Philip* and *Athénée* were going to do great things for their son, but unfortunately both of them were killed while he was still a little child, and he had to be retrieved to the bosom of the *Brown* family. The change from freedom to rigorous conventionality did not suit poor *Blaise*, and I could not be very sorry when he annoyed most of the *Browns* by catching measles and petrified all of them by not recovering. Still, he lived long enough to get his name into the title, though this, I feel, was a bit of favouritism.

The Way Home, by Basil King (Methuen), describes the spiritual wanderings of a New Yorker, *Charlie Grace*, destined for the ministry; rejecting it, because of his disillusionment through the practice of the professing Christians about him, in favour of a hunt for the money which alone he finds can earn respect; adopting in business the inverted Christian motto, "Down the other fellow before he downs you"; drifting in and out of loves clean and sordid; and finally, broken in health, discovering the way, through the bitterness of a deeper disillusionment, back to an estranged wife; and yet another way to somewhere near the faith of his childhood and the peace of resignation. Rarely is so serious a theme treated by a novelist with such simplicity, sincerity and eloquent reticence. Nobody need fear the dulness known as "pi-jaw." The story is full of interest. The characterisation, extraordinarily careful and balanced, is conveyed not only in description but in the cleverly-constructed dialogue. It is part of the author's skill to represent *Hilda, Charlie's* wife, with her charming reserve and dignity, as not a little difficult and exacting, and so to divide our sympathies fairly between the two. There are many other living characters, of which old *Remnant*, the sexton, with his queerly American business notions of religion and dislike of the "riff-raff," is too nicely absurd and human not to have been drawn from life. There is very good stuff indeed in this book, which seems to me in every way an advance upon *The Street Called Straight*.

It is all a matter of taste. If you like that sort of book you will like *The Great Attempt* (Murray), for Mr. Frederick Arthur's story is quite good of its kind. But what sort of a book is it? Well, on page 31 one character says to another character, "Now listen. Thou knowest that there is some mystery regarding the heir to the estate. He is said to be in hiding abroad. The truth is that they have cheated him out of his inheritance and he can't do anything until he finds his papers." And yet it is not entirely that sort of book, for Mr. Arthur is evidently a thoughtful student of history, and he has drawn quite a vivid picture of the events leading up to the battle of Culloden. His sympathies are on the side of the Pretender and his cause, and he can see nothing to approve of in the ranks of the Hanoverians. I am content to take his word for the rights and wrongs of the case. The whole matter leaves me a little cold. I have no actual grievance against the Old Pretender, though Bonnie Prince Charlie is one of my pet aversions; but I consider that enough fiction has been written about him already. In the matter of subjects for novels I should like to institute an *Index Expurgatorius*. It would contain the two Pretenders, the French Revolution, the American Civil War, Napoleon, and most of the other well-worn names and events of history, and would remove a powerful temptation from the path of the young author. Missing heirs in search of papers I do not so much mind. Indeed, I am on the whole fond of missing heirs. But missing heirs with an historical background make me tired.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

Enthusiast (to diner who has just told a good story). "Would you mind repeating that? It has been so well received. I wish to add it to my collection of Records of Good Things."

Doing the Hat Trick in Two.

"H. S. O. Ashington, who won three events last year, was expected to repeat the achievement yesterday. He figured in the hurdles, high and long jumps, and if he had not taken the high jump, which he won at 5ft. 8in., the probability is that he would have done the hat trick. His initial exertions, however, told against his hurdling."

Daily News.

Unfortunately the absence of them would have told still more against his high-jumping.

"Dr. John A. Bassin performed a surgical operation at Poughkeepsie, New York, on a boy whose heart was too weak to permit the use of an anaesthetic, and who was lulled into unconsciousness by the strains of 'Highland Fling.'"

To make this story more credible the *Singapore Free Press* heads it "Dacoits in Burma."

CHARIVARIA.

"MR. ASQUITH CLEANS THE SLATE."
Daily Chronicle.

The pity is that so many of his followers seem to prefer to slate the clean.

Even *The Nation* is not quite satisfied with the Government, and has been alluding to "the extreme slackness of Cabinet methods," and complains that "situations are not thought out beforehand." The Government, apparently, is now taking the lesson to heart, for *H.M.S. Foresight*, we read, has now replaced *H.M.S. Pathfinder* in Belfast Lough.

* * *

What the newspapers describe as "An unknown Botticelli" has just been sold by a celebrated firm of art dealers to an American gentleman, and it only remains to hope that the painting was not unknown to BOTTICELLI.

* * *

"A telegram from Toledo," says a contemporary, "reports the theft of three valuable pictures by the celebrated artist, El Greco." There must be some mistake here. Anyhow, at the time of his death, a good many years ago, this gentleman was not under suspicion.

* * *

The Christian Endeavour Union of Washington, alarmed at the spread of luxury, has launched a society whose members pledge themselves to wear no finery during Easter. Those members who hide baldness by means of elaborate coiffures might carry the idea further by appearing, for one week only, with heads like Easter eggs.

* * *

Whether it is due to the Suffrage movement or not it is difficult to say, but women are undoubtedly coming into their rights by degrees. By the provisions of the new Bankruptcy Act it is now possible for any married woman, whether trading apart from her husband or not, to be made a bankrupt.

* * *

In connection with the "Kensington Camp Week," when an effort is to be made to raise sufficient funds to establish and equip headquarters for the Kensington Reservists, a full-sized elephant has been chartered to ramble about the principal thoroughfares and collect money for the cause. To ensure success the sagacious quadruped is to be trained to step accidentally on the toes of those persons who ignore its appeal.

A correspondent writes to *The Observer* complaining bitterly of the state of the morass leading to the Aerodrome at Hendon. This gentleman does not realise that there is a didactic purpose in the cause of his annoyance. Learn to fly and you will keep your boots clean.

* * *

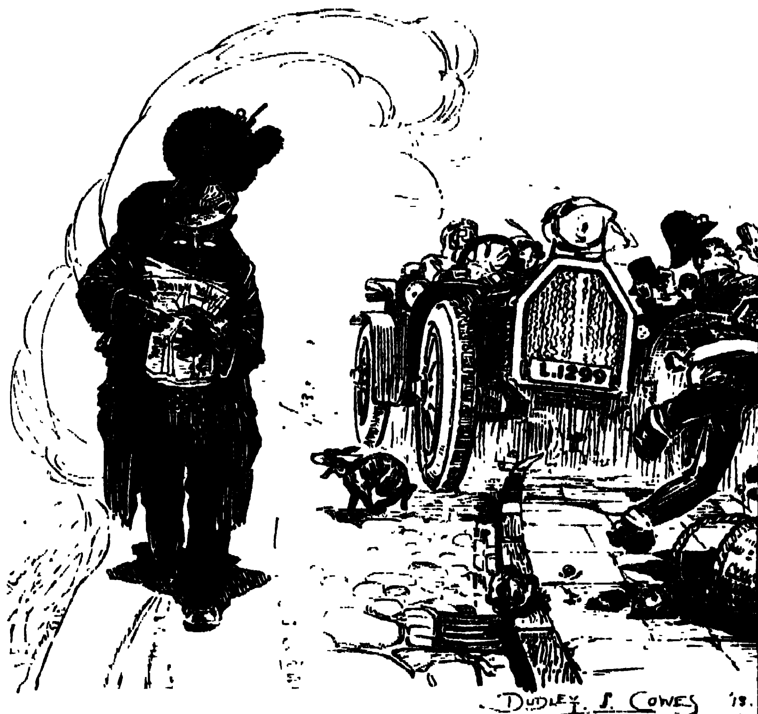
A man has been sentenced at Barmen, Prussia, on three separate counts to terms of imprisonment totalling 175 years. It is proposed that all the proprietors of specifics for prolonging life shall be given a free hand to enable the prisoner to cope with his sentence.

All German actresses, whether married or single, are, in accordance with the ruling of the German Theatrical Union of Berlin, to be styled henceforth "Frau Schauspielerin," *i.e.* "Mrs. Actress." We are confident that this does not mean that those who are not married ought to be.

* * *

An advertisement from *The Times*:—"BIG GAME EXPEDITION. Private and public shooting. Polar bears, musk oxen, walrus and seals arranged." This is not so easy as it sounds, for, ten to one, as soon as you have got the beasts arranged one of those plaguey musk oxen will spoil the whole thing by movin out of its place.

A remarkable story is being told of the sagacity of a horse belonging to Captain WATSON, of Ardow, Mull. It lost a shoe, and, managing to get out of the field where it was grazing, travelled a considerable distance to a blacksmith, who was astonished to find the horse standing in front of the door holding up a fore-leg. The horse was shod, and then—we are afraid the rest of the story makes ugly reading—coolly galloped off without paying.



Nut (in car). "WHAT'S THAT, KID? 'WHY DON'T I KEEP ON THE ROAD?' WELL, THE SWEEP MUST BE DEAF THE BALLY HOOTAH DON'T SHIFT HIM, AND—WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, THE CAR WAS CLEANED THIS MORNING!"

"After the annexation of Alsace by Germany the baron stayed some years in Paris, and became an intimate friend of Chopin."
Andover Advertiser.

Never realising that CHOPIN had died more than twenty years before.

From a beauty specialist's advertisement:—

"How a poet of such a 'profound subtlety of instinct for the absolute expression of absolute natural beauty' as Keats could have penned the lines:—
'*Beauty is Fat, Fat Beauty. That is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know*'
must remain one of those unfathomable curiosities of the working of the human mind."

We hope the writer hasn't been bothering about it for long. The good news we have for him—that KEATS didn't—will remove a great weight from his mind.

"The bride's going away costume was of Parma violet cloth, with waistcoat effect, in brocaded silk. She wore, also, a large blue wolf, the gift of the bridegroom."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

Bride. "Of course, dear, one is bound not to look a gift wolf in the mouth, but are you *sure* the large blue ones don't bite?"

HOW TO GET ON OFF-HAND.

(*A New Way With Employers.*)

The applicant for work is usually thrown into a state of nervous prostration by the difficulties that beset his task. By a perusal of the following hints he may learn to acquire an invulnerable calm, and if he follows the directions given he can reckon on surprising results.

Suppose the application is for clerical work.

When you are shown into the office of the employer he will probably be engaged with his correspondence. Do not stand meekly in front of him till he looks up and addresses you. This is playing into his hands. Instead, be perfectly at your ease. Make yourself at home. You might ring up one of your acquaintances on the telephone and have a little chat until the employer is disposed to interview you.

Possibly, however, he himself may be using the instrument. If so draw a seat to the desk and write any little note you may wish to. You will find writing materials handy. The stamps are usually kept in one of the small drawers to the right of the desk.

Either of these proceedings will show that you are used to an office and will create an impression on the employer. If you look at him you will see that it has done so.

If he stares at you and continues to stare, say pleasantly, "What a glorious sky this morning! I believe we are in for a long spell of fine weather."

At this he will probably grunt out gruffly, "Ugh!"

Sympathise with his tonsils. Recommend any simple remedy of which you have heard, or point out the advantages of several spots on the Sussex coast. Ask him where his favourite holiday resort is; whether he goes there alone or if he is married, and if so how many children he has. Ask if they are all well at home.

Remember politeness costs nothing.

This method of leading up to business is much better than the old one, in which you stand and are bullied by a man who has no sort of right over you except that he has employment to offer and you want it badly.

Therefore converse with him as if he were an equal, though possibly he may be your inferior.

He may not answer your kind enquiries, but look you up and down from the welt of your boot to your scarf-pin. All employers have learnt this method of scrutiny. They have learnt it from their wives.

Should he examine you in this manner, smile agreeably and walk a few yards to display your profile. Then change the angle and afford him a back view. Say easily, "This collar fits neatly, does it not?" or something like that.

Turning, you can show yourself pleased with his own style of dress.

"Excuse my mentioning it," you remark, "but your taste in neck-gear is exquisite. I have similar ties myself."

This will flatter him, and these men are very susceptible to flattery. Also he will be led to speculate favourably upon the stylishness and extent of your wardrobe.

After this interval of mutual admiration you draw a chair to the centre of the room and say, "I believe you have a vacancy in the office? What is it you want me to be? I presume you think of still managing the business yourself? I will gladly listen to your terms and we will discuss my prospects."

It is now his move. Lean back in your chair and light a cigarette, regarding him with a reassuring smile.

You will find that he will have listened to you attentively, looking hard at your face. As you finish he will push his chair back, rise and strut across the room.

Now is your chance to decide your fate one way or the other.

When he has gone a few steps produce your watch and exclaim in a mildly vexed tone, "How annoying! I had almost forgotten. I have another appointment at eleven. In the short time remaining at our disposal it is impossible to deal adequately with any offer you may make. May I propose an adjournment?"

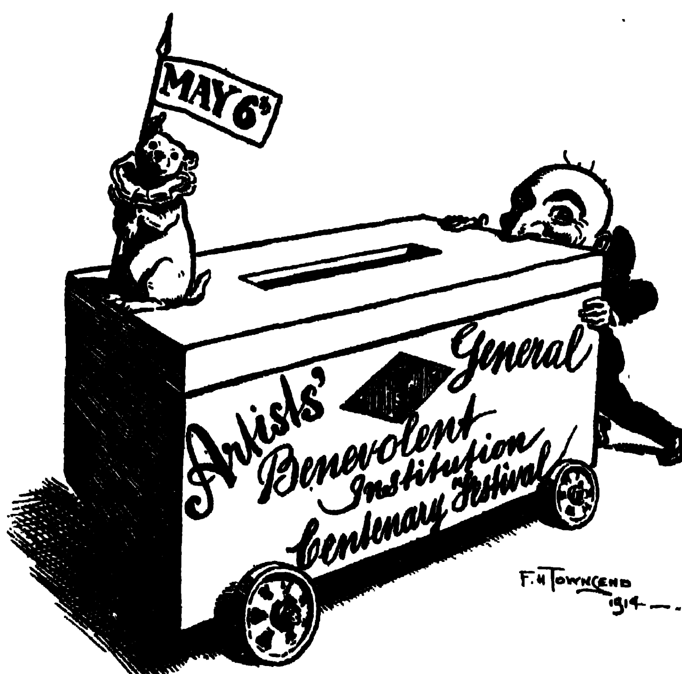
The suggestion of independence thus delicately conveyed will usually have the desired effect and result in an immediate engagement.

Should the employer fail to be impressed he simply pushes the bell and you are shown off the premises with great promptitude.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

To Every Reader of "Punch."

Dear Reader,—H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught has consented to take the chair at the Centenary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution on May 6th. This Institution devotes itself to the help of artists who are in need through poverty, sickness or other ill-chance. As a lover of Art—and of men—I am in close



sympathy with this good work, and am to be represented at the dinner in the person of my Art Editor, Mr. F. H. Townsend, who will act as one of the Stewards. I am appealing to my readers of their kindness to send something to swell his list, and so to help in making this Centenary a memorable year in the history of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Contributions addressed to Mr. F. H. Townsend, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., will be very gratefully acknowledged.

Your faithful Servant,

PUNCH.

"Wanted, strong Willing Girl, age 18, to wait on trained nurses and assist third housemaid upstairs."

Advt. in "Morning Post."

We should give the third housemaid one more chance and then, if she still can't get upstairs without assistance, dismiss her.

Unrest in India.

"The handwriting appeared to be that of a young school student and the word 'Prosecutor' had been spelt 'Prosecutor.' The matter is under enquiry."

"Statesman" (Calcutta).

It is our earnest hope that this grave business will be sifted to the bottom.



AN EASTER EGG.

The Grey Fowl. "A LITTLE SUGGESTION THAT I HAVE LAID ON THE TABLE—SO TO SPEAK."



Servant (rebuked for bringing in a dirty cup). "FUNNY THING, MUM, I ALWAYS SEEM TO HIT UPON THIS ONE WHEN YOU HAVE COMPANY."

THE MANLY PART.

(Reflections at the moment of "Moving in.")

THE house has burst a-bloom like CERES' daughter;
The painters bicker and the plumbers flee;
The H. tap in the bathroom gives cold water
Endlessly, like the C.

All arts are being used to gild the tarnished,
And exorcise old ghosts and spirits fled,
And treacherous quags abound where boards are varnished
And no man's boot may tread.

And none can tell me where my spats were taken,
And decorators' coats adorn the pegs,
And savour of new paint surrounds the bacon,
New paint is in the eggs.

And huge men meet me and remark, "This dresser,
Where shall we put it?" And of course I say,
"Up in the bedroom;" and they answer, "Yessir,"
But Marion bids them stay.

All right—I 'll sit (the sole place where one *can't* sit)
And gaze upon these walls with wild surmise,
And muse on all the things we 've lost in transit,
The socks, the gloves, the ties.

Here, where in time to come the firebeams ruddy,
Falling on cosy chairs and bookshelves straight,
Shall show to me my own familiar study,
And Maud shall do the grate,

Here in this narrow carpet's sacred border,
Girt by the wet distemper's weltering foam,
I 'll do my bit to set the house in order
And make it seem like home.

Mere hackwork, doubtless, is the stuff for women,
But mine to dissipate the dark has-been,
Mine to remove what shades are clustered dim in
Corners and coigns unseen;

To start the holiest rite of installation,
And from the still-remembering walls to wipe
All traces of a previous occupation—
Briefly, to light my pipe.

Paint is no hall-mark of a decent dwelling,
And moving furniture makes such a din;
The master's part shall be the ghost-dispelling—
That is where he comes in.

Forget not, while ye tramp with tread sonorous
The unclothed stairs and catch my weed's perfume,
That three mild spinsters had the house before us;
This was their morning-room.

EVOE.

A quotation in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* of a verse of Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES' new poem ends like this:—

"From numbing stress and gloom profound
Madest escape in life desirous
To embroider her thin-spun robe.

[PARAGRAPH ADVERTISEMENT.]
'WHO'S THE LADY?'"

Perhaps the POET LAUREATE will answer.

THE BOOK-BUYER.

There was plenty to eat, the landlord said, if the commercial gentlemen made no objection to my joining their table; and such objection was very unlikely, since nicer gentlemen you couldn't hope to meet.

He then went off to put the point to them, and they seem to have been very charming about it, judging by the cordiality and courtesy of the welcome which I received. Being, however, at the end of the table, I had but one neighbour, and he not a very communicative one, for, although he did at once lay down his knife and fork to tell me that the beef came from Scotland and was therefore more to be desired than the mutton, which was local, he said no more, and I was therefore left to eat in silence, my two *vis-à-vis* being engaged in a private conversation. Such little as from time to time I heard among the others was not much in my line, dealing as it did either with horses, Ulster, or Mexico; but suddenly a big man with a purple face and a signet ring as large as a carriage lamp plunged me into curiosity by remarking that he "never bought less than three two-shilling books a week, and sometimes four."

These being the last words I should have expected from him, for he looked absolutely the type that reads only a half-penny daily and a sporting sheet and puts in the rest of its leisure at gossip or cards, and as I am interested in people's taste in literature, I determined to improve his acquaintance and discover something as to his favourite authors; and again, as I made this resolve, I realised how foolish it is ever to expect the outside of a man to be any index of his mind. One never can tell, and one is always having further proof that one never can tell, and yet one goes on trying to tell.

Studying him in a series of glances, I set him down for a Nat Gould man.

The arrival of coffee and the departure of certain guests (wisely, as it happened,) who did not want that curious beverage, relaxed the table, and I moved up to the brave buyer of books. He received me affably, and we exchanged a few remarks on those ice-breaking matters of no importance upon which real convictions are not expected. Then, with a deft touch, I turned the talk to literature. "I suppose," I said, "with your long journeys you get plenty of time for reading?"

"Time enough," he said.

I continued by a reference to the advantages which we enjoyed over our fathers and grandfathers in the multiplicity of cheap books. "Those wonderful sevenpennies!" I said.

He agreed. He had often spent ten minutes at a junction in looking at them.



Injured Party (who has just been turned out of a public-house, explaining his little grievance). "Now, what d'you shay, conshable? d'you think I'm intoxicated?"

Constable. "Yes, I should certainly say you were."

Injured Party. "Well, I'm quite willing to be *analysed*."

"And the shilling books," I said. "The more serious ones—'Everyman's Library,' and all that sort of thing. Most remarkable!"

He had noticed those too, but still he offered no views of his own.

I saw that he was one of the uncommunicative kind. Information must be drawn forcibly from him.

"And the two-shilling novels," I said—"they're wonderful too."

But his eyes did not light; his purple mask kept its secrets.

"The two-shilling ones," I repeated, with emphasis on the price. Hang it, how slow he was.

Still he said nothing.

"So much better than the old yellow-backs at that figure," I said.

He was, if anything, more silent.

Clearly I must plunge. "Who is your favourite writer?" I demanded, point-blank.

"I haven't got such a thing," he said.

Here's a strange thing, I thought. I suppose he's one of those mechanical readers who go through a book as a kind of dutiful pastime and never even notice the author's name.

"But you read a lot?" I suggested.

"Me? Good gracious, no," he said. "I don't read a book from one year's end to the other. Papers—oh, yes; but not books."

I was staggered.

"But I thought," I said, "that I heard you say a little while ago that you never bought fewer than three two-shilling books a week, and sometimes more?"

His purple took on a darker richer shade, which I subsequently discovered indicated the approach of mirth. He began to make strange noises, which in time I found meant laughter.

For a while he gave himself up to chromatic rumblings. At last, able to speak, he replied to me. "So I did say," he said; "so I did say I bought three two-shilling books a week. But not books to read"—here he became momentarily inarticulate again—"not books to read, but those little two-shilling books of stamps in red covers that you get at the post-office. I don't know where I should be without them."

Shade of Carnegie!

Musical Criticism.

"Sir John French had stultified himself singing the order."—*Irish Independent.*

Personally we sing it over to ourselves in the bath every morning—all except the last two paragraphs.

Messrs. Bell quote the following appreciative notice of one of their spelling books:—

"The spelling exercises, largely alliterative—*e.g.*, 'A Beach-tree, a sandy beach'—are quite attractive, and once in the mind remain there."—*School Guardian.*

This attractive way of spelling "beech-tree" will not, we hope, remain indefinitely in the minds of our readers.



First Clubman. "WELL, HOW ARE YOU?"

Second Clubman. "ER—SO-SO, PERHAPS. LAST WEEK I THOUGHT I WAS IN FOR RHEUMATIC FEVER, BUT JUST MANAGED TO STAVE IT OFF, AND TO-DAY A TWINGE IN MY LEFT SHOULDER SUGGESTS—WELL, IT MAY BE NEURITIS OR——"

First Clubman. "MY DEAR CHAP, I DIDN'T MEAN IT *LITERALLY*."

LIBERALS DAY BY DAY.

March 23.—During the course of a heated debate Mr. Joshua Dredgwood, M.P., said that, in spite of the Parliament Act, the House of Lords still dominated the situation. If there was a General Election next week it would be fought on a cry of the Proletariat against the Peers. The entire Liberal Party rose to its feet and cheered the speaker for seven minutes, waving hats, order papers and pocket-handkerchiefs.

March 24.—Answering a question put by Mr. Connor Shaw, the PREMIER stated that he had decided to retire from the House of Commons and lead the Party from the House of Lords. The entire Liberal Party was convulsed with irrepressible enthusiasm and cheered the PREMIER's announcement for nine minutes, many Members removing their collars and ties and waving them in delirious excitement.

March 25.—A reference to the Welsh Church Bill by a member of the Opposition elicited an epoch-making remark from Mr. Haydn Tooth, M.P. He said that the English Church blocked every measure of social reform so effectually that unless it was immediately disestablished and every archbishop and bishop deported to the Antarctic regions civil war would break out in a week. All records were broken by the Liberal Party, who rose as one man and cheered Mr. Tooth's declaration for ten minutes, many Members standing on their heads and waving their legs with epileptic fervour.

March 26.—Immediately after Question time the PRIME MINISTER asked to be allowed to make a brief statement. Amid profound silence he stated that he had decided, with the cordial approval of his colleagues, to create a new Ministry of Public Worship, to be held by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and that he would himself assume the archbishopric on the following day. The frenzied delight of the entire Liberal Party on hearing this momentous announcement beggars description. The cheering lasted fifteen minutes, and when the vocal chords of the Members were exhausted by the strain they rolled about on the floor of the House for nearly half-an-hour.

March 27.—A tremendous impression was created by Mr. James Board, the Labour Member, during the discussion of the Plumage Bill. After observing that fine feathers might make fine birds he went on to say that lawn sleeves were no palliation of the assumption of dictatorial and autocratic powers. The entire Liberal Party cheered the statement for twenty minutes, and then continued the demonstration with mouth-organs and megaphones for close upon an hour and a-half.

March 30.—The PREMIER, bidding farewell to the House of Commons, announced that he had with infinite regret accepted his own resignation of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and would in future be known as Super-Archimandrite of the Isle of Man. The entire Liberal Party were still cheering the announcement when we went to press.

"Wanted, for country house, a good ODD MAN, more outside than inside."

Advt. in "Guardian."

The oddness of one's outside is, of course, more apparent.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

V.—The Gamesters.

"It's about time," said Simpson one evening, "that we went to the tables and—er——" (he adjusted his spectacles)—"had a little flutter."

We all looked at him in silent admiration.

"Oh, Samuel," sighed Myra, "and I promised your aunt that you shouldn't gamble while you were away."

"But, my dear Myra, it's the first thing the fellows at the club ask you when you've been to the Riviera—if you've had any luck."

"Well, you've had a lot of luck," said Archie. "Several times when you've been standing on the heights and calling attention to the beautiful view below I've said to myself, 'One push, and he's a deader,' but something, some mysterious agency within, has kept me back."

"All the fellows at the club——"

Simpson is popularly supposed to belong to a Fleet Street Toilet and Hairdressing Club, where for three guineas a year he gets shaved every day, and his hair cut whenever Myra insists. On the many occasions when he authorises a startling story of some well-known statesman with the words: "My dear old chap, I know it for a fact. I heard it at the club to-day from a friend of his," then we know that once again the barber's assistant has been gossiping over the lather.

"Do think, Samuel," I interrupted, "how much more splendid if you could be the only man who had seen Monte Carlo without going inside the rooms. And then when the hairdress—when your friends at the club ask if you've had any luck at the tables you just say coldly, 'What tables?'"

"Preferably in Latin," said Archie. "*Quæ mensæ?*"

But it was obviously no good arguing with him. Besides, we were all keen enough to go.

"We needn't lose," said Myra. "We might win."

"Good idea," said Thomas. He lit his pipe and added, "Simpson was telling me about his system last night. At least, he was just beginning when I went to sleep." He applied another match to his pipe and went on, as if the idea had suddenly struck him, "Perhaps it was only his internal system he meant. I didn't wait."

"Samuel, you *are* quite well inside, aren't you?"

"Quite, Myra. But I *have* invented a sort of system for *roulette*, which we might——"

"There's only one system which is any good," pronounced Archie. "It's the system by which, when you've lost all your own money, you turn to the man next to you and say, 'Lend me a louis, dear old chap, till Christmas; I've forgotten my purse.'"

"No systems," said Dahlia. "Let's make a collection and put it all on one number and hope it will win."

Dahlia had obviously been reading novels about people who break the bank.

"It's as good a way of losing as any other," said Archie. "Let's do it for our first gamble, anyway. Simpson, as our host, shall put the money on. I, as his oldest friend, shall watch him to see that he does it. What's the number to be?"

We all thought hard for several moments.

"Samuel, what's your age?" asked Myra at last.

"Right off the board," said Thomas.

"You're not really more than thirty-six?" Myra whispered to him. "Tell me as a secret."

"Peter's nearly two," said Dahlia.

"Do you think you could nearly put our money on 'two'?" asked Archie.

"I once made seventeen," I said. "On that never-to-be-forgotten day when I went in first with Archie——"

"That settles it. Here's to the highest score of The Rabbits' wicket-keeper. To-morrow afternoon we put our money on seventeen. Simpson, you have between now and 3.30 to-morrow to perfect your French delivery of the magic word *dix-sept*."

I went to bed a proud but anxious man that night. It was *my* famous score which had decided the figure that was to bring us fortune . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . .

Suppose eighteen turned up? The remorse, the bitterness! "If only," I should tell myself—"if only we had run three instead of two for that cut to square-leg!" Suppose it were sixteen! "Why, oh why," I should groan, "did I make the scorer put that bye down as a hit?" Suppose it were thirty-four! But there my responsibility ended. If it were going to be thirty-four, they should have used one of Archie's scores, and made a good job of it.

At 3.30 next day we were in the fatal building. I should like to pause here and describe my costume to you, which was a quiet grey in the best of taste, but Myra says that if I do this I must describe hers too, a feat beyond me. Sufficient that she looked dazzling, that as a party we were remarkably well-dressed, and that Simpson—murmuring "*dix-sept*" to himself at intervals—led the way through the rooms till he found a table to his liking.

"Aren't you excited?" whispered Myra to me.

"Frightfully," I said, and left my mouth well open.

I don't quite know what picture of the event Myra and I had conjured up in our minds, but I fancy it was one something like this. At the entrance into the rooms of such a large and obviously distinguished party there would be a slight sensation among the crowd, and way would be made for us at the most important table. It would then leak out that Chevalier Simpson—the tall poetical - looking gentleman in the middle, my dear—had brought with him no less a sum than thirty francs with which to break the bank, and that he proposed to do this in one daring *coup*. At this news the players at the other tables would hastily leave their winnings (or losings) and crowd round us. Chevalier Simpson, pale but controlled, would then place his money on seventeen—"*dix-sept*," he would say to the croupier to make it quite clear—and the ball would be spun. As it slowed down the tension in the crowd would increase. "*Mon Dieu!*" a woman would cry in a shrill voice; there would be guttural exclamations from Germans; at the edge of the crowd strong men would swoon. At last a sudden shriek . . . and the croupier's voice, trembling for the first time for thirty years, "*Dix-sept!*" Then gold and notes would be pushed at the Chevalier. He would stuff his pockets with them; he would fill his hat with them; we others, we would stuff our pockets too. The bank would send out for more money. There would be loud cheers from all the company (with the exception of one man, who had put five francs on sixteen and had shot himself) and we should be carried—that is to say, we four men—shoulder high to the door, while by the deserted table Myra and Dahlia clung to each other weeping tears of happiness . . .

Something like that.

What happened was different. As far as I could follow, it was this. Over the heads of an enormous, badly-dressed and utterly indifferent crowd Simpson handed his thirty francs to the croupier.

"*Dix-sept*," he said.

The croupier with his rake pushed the money on to seventeen.

Another croupier with his rake pulled it off again . . . and stuck to it.

The day's fun was over.

* * * * *

"What *did* win?" asked Myra some minutes later, when the fact that we should never see our money again had been brought home to her.

"Zero," said Archie.

I sighed heavily.

"My usual score," I said, "not my highest."

A. A. M.

THE SUPER-STORES.

(At a well-known Universal Emporium several Champions have been engaged to demonstrate the art of golf in the Games Department.)



Sir Gregory Pillkington, M.D., F.R.C.P., etc., etc., will be in attendance in the Drug Department, where all customers may exhibit their tongues free of charge.



In the Art Department, Sir William Dauber, R.A., will give a demonstration on the laying on of colour to every purchaser of a sixpenny box of paints.



A special line of dancing pumps in the Boot Department.

Shopman. "I think you'll find them fit, Sir, when the foot has worked down into them. Will you try a turn, Sir? Madame Pavlovina, forward, please!"



A special feature of the Gent's Ready-to-Wear Clothing Department will be the attendance, daily, of a super-"nut" (from the Gaiety or Daly's), who will give free advice to each purchaser of Easter Outfits.



Golfer (who has just been run over). "Gee! What luck! That was a near thing. They might have broken my pet cleek."

BALLAD OF THE WATCHFUL EYE.

["In this crisis the best we can do is to keep our eye on Mr. Asquith."—"*The Daily Chronicle's" report of Lord Saye and Sele at Worthing.*]

O keep your eye on David,
  The demigod of Wales,
Before whose furious onset
  Dukes turn their timid tails;
Whom Merioneth mystics
Praise in delirious distichs,
And matched with whose statistics
  Munchausen's glory pales.

O keep your eye on Winston,
  And mind you keep it tight,
For nearly every Saturday
  You'll find he takes to flight;
Now eloquent and thrilling,
Now simply cheap and filling,
And now bent on distilling
  The purest Party spite.

O keep your eye on Haldane,
  Ex-Minister of War,
The sleek and supple-minded
  And suave Lord Chancellor,
Whose brain, so keen and subtle,
Moves swifter than a shuttle,
Obscuring, like the cuttle,
  Things that were plain before.

O keep your eye on Morley
  (Well-known as "Honest John"),
The peccant paragrapher
  Who still is holding on;
But, though his strange position
Excited some suspicion,
We've Curzon's frank admission
  Of joy he hasn't gone.

O keep your eye on Lulu
  Who Greater Britain sways
From distant Woolloomooloo
  To Nova Scotia's bays;
Whose sumptuous urbanity,
Combined with well-groomed sanity
And freedom from profanity,
  Stirs David's deep amaze.

O keep your eye on Birrell,
  So wholly free from guile,
Conspicuous by his absence
  From Erin's peaceful isle;
Who wakes from floor to rafter
The House to heedless laughter,
Careless of what comes after
  Can he but raise a smile.

O keep your eye on Masterman,
  Dear David's henchman leal,
Whose piety and "uplift"
  Make ribald Tories squeal;
In every public function
Displaying the conjunction
Of perfect moral unction
  With perfect Party zeal.

Last, keep your eye on Asquith,
  And he will bring you through,
No matter what his colleagues
  May say or think or do;
For in the dirtiest weather
He moulted not a feather,
And safely kept together
  His variegated crew.

The Siamese Twin.

"Derbyshire.—To sell, handsome well-built and superbly finished semi-detached Mouse, containing two entertaining, six bed rooms, dressing-room, and excellent bath-room."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

We had no idea a mouse had so much accommodation.

"It was our intention before now to say a kindly word for 'The New Weekly.' We trust we are not too late yet."
Westminster Gazette.

No. The paper after three weeks or so is still alive. But our green contemporary should have had more confidence in it.

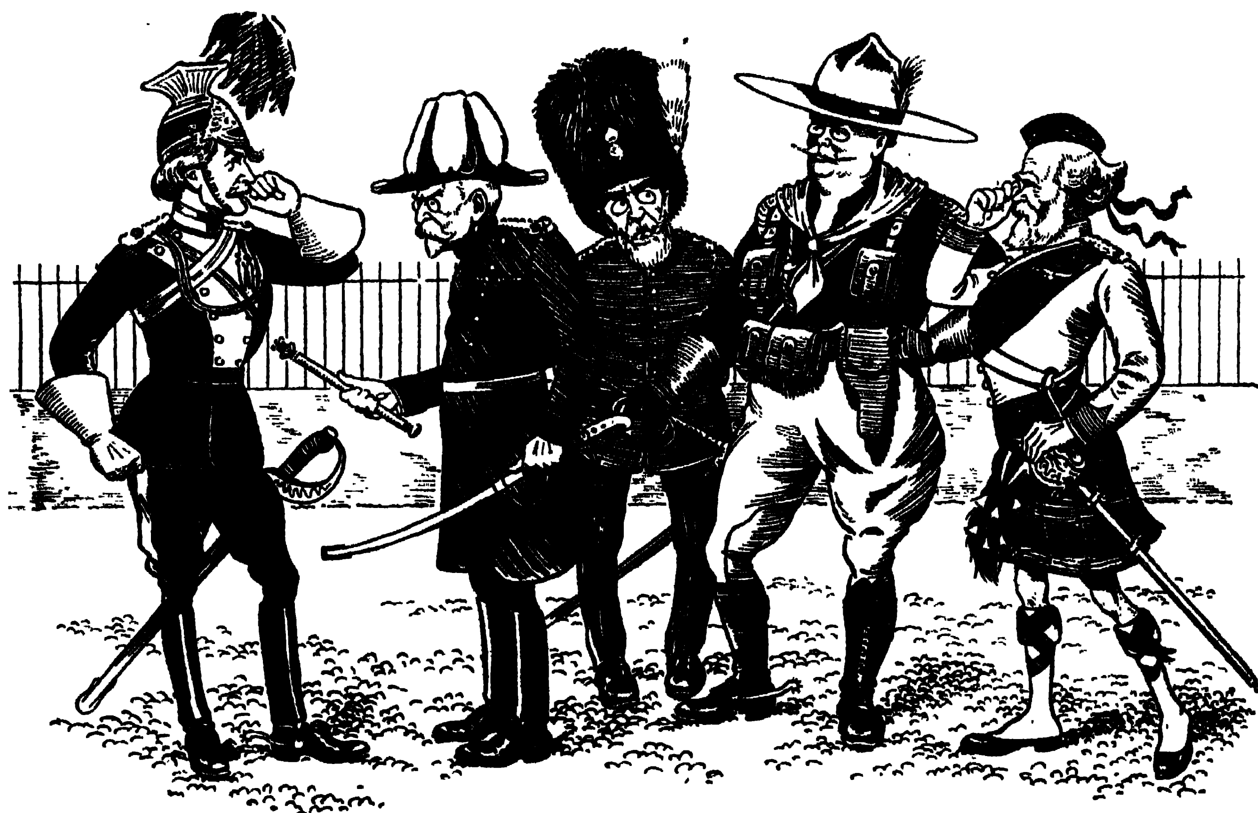


AN ASQUITH TO THE RESCUE!

War Minister (*to Premier*). "HOLD TIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU THROUGH."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE NEW "DEMOCRATISED" ARMY.

Certain officers having been guilty of the heinous offence of choosing one of two alternatives offered them by their superiors, it is now proposed to remodel our military system on democratic lines so as to leave no room for suspicion of political bias.

[Major RAMSAY MACDONALD, Field-Marshal the Baron BYLES OF BRADFORD, Lieut.-Col. Sir J. BRUNNER, Capt. JOHN WARD and Col. KEIR HARDIE.]

House of Commons, Monday, March 30.—Stirring quarter of an hour. For dramatic surprise Drury Lane or Sadlers Wells in palmiest days not in it with T. R. Westminster. Doors open as usual at 2.45. In a few minutes there was standing room only. Appointed business of sitting Third Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Peculiarity of this measure is that through successive stages, each occupying a full sitting, no one even distantly alludes to its existence or provisions. Any other subject under the sun may, and is, talked around at length. To-day expected that opportunity would be seized by Opposition to make fresh attack on Government in respect of the Curragh affair and all it led to. Hence the crowded benches and prevalent expectation of a scrimmage.

A cloud of questions addressed to PRIME MINISTER answered with that directness and brevity that mark his share in the conversation. Questions on Paper disposed of, LEADER OF OPPOSITION asked whether Sir JOHN FRENCH and Sir SPENCER EWART had withdrawn their resignation? Answering in the negative, the PREMIER paid high tribute to the ability, loyalty and devotion to duty with which the gallant officers have served the Army and the State. He added, what was regarded as foregone conclusion, that SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR had thought it right to press his proffered resignation.

Here it seemed was end of statement. Members expected to see PREMIER resume his seat. He continued in the same level businesslike tone:—

"In the circumstances, after much consideration, with not a little reluctance, I have felt it my duty, for the time at any rate, to assume the office of Secretary of State for War."

There followed a moment of silence. Effect of announcement, unexpected, momentous, was stupefying. Then a cheer, strident, almost savage in its passion, burst from serried ranks of Ministerialists. One leaped up and waved a copy of Orders of the Day. In an instant all were on their feet wildly cheering.

Meanwhile the PREMIER, apparently impassive, stood silent at the Table. When storm exhausted itself he quietly added that in accordance with law he would forthwith retire from the House "until, if it pleases them, my constituents sanction my return."

Demonstration of personal esteem and political approval repeated when, a few moments later, he walked out behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Again the Liberals, now joined by Irish Nationalists, uprose, madly cheering.

Following upon this unprecedented scene, SEELY'S personal statement inevitably partook of character of anti-climax. Entering while Questions were going forward, he passed the Treasury bench, where he had no longer right to sit, and turned up the Gangway, to find every seat occupied. He stood for a moment irresolute. CUTHBERT WASON, who has permanently appropriated third corner seat above Gangway (and portion of one adjoining), courteously made room for the ex-Minister.

SEELY'S brief statement, dignified in

its simplicity, unexceptional in its good taste, listened to by both sides with evident sympathy. During two years' administration of War Office affairs, he has by straightforwardness, urbanity, and display of perfect command of his subject, increased the personal popularity enjoyed whilst he was yet a private Member.

Business done.—Resignation by Colonel SEELY of War Office portfolio announced. PRIME MINISTER takes it in personal charge.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—During last two days noble Lords been delighted with little by-play provided by Lord CURZON. Yesterday, he by severe cross-examination extracted from Lord MORLEY admission of personal knowledge of what are known as the peccant paragraphs in document handed on behalf of War Office to General GOUGH.

What troubled CURZON was apprehension that such admission must necessarily be followed by resignation. Regretted this for dual reason. First, House would be deprived of presence of esteemed Viscount on Ministerial bench. Secondly, and to the generous mind this consideration even more poignant, the secession of a Minister so highly prized would in present circumstances strike heavy blow at Government. Might even lead to break up of Ministry, dissolution of Parliament, destruction of Home Rule and Welsh Church Bills.

Under cross-examination MORLEY, whilst making clean breast of his share in incident that led to resignation of WAR MINISTER, said never a word about possibility, or otherwise, of his own retirement. CURZON'S generous alarm deepened. Better know the worst if it were lurking in the background.

"How comes it," he asked, "if the Government felt compelled to withdraw these paragraphs, and if the SECRETARY FOR WAR resigned, that we still have the good fortune to see the noble Viscount in charge of the Government bench?"

"The latter point," said MORLEY, "will be answered more or less satisfactorily to-morrow."

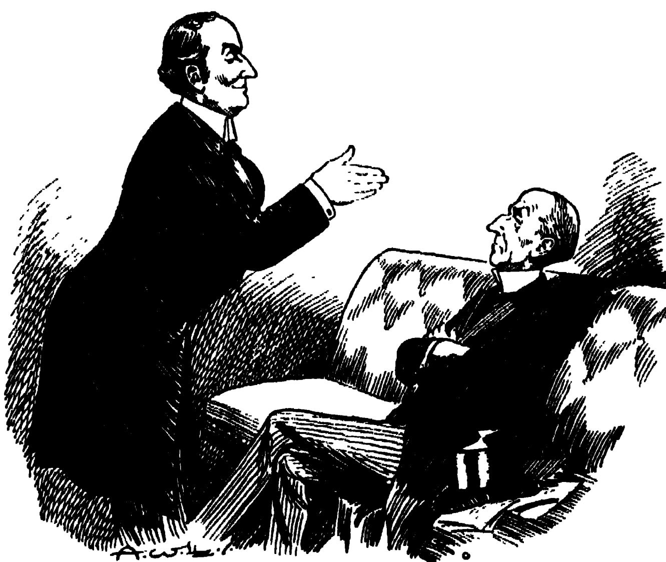
CURZON went home in state of profound depression. MORLEY, regardless of the comfort, even the safety, of his colleagues in the Cabinet, evidently meant resignation. Came down to-day, his ingenuous countenance exhibiting signs of passage through an unrestful night.

"But," as he quaintly remarked to commiserating friend, "better have the tooth out at once."

Up again at first opportunity. Still harping on the Viscount.

"It is rather difficult to see," he remarked, "why, the SECRETARY FOR WAR having handed in his first resignation, we should still have been favoured with the continuance in office of the noble Viscount. . . The upshot of the incident is that Colonel SEELY has gone, while I hope the noble Viscount is going to remain."

Appeal irresistible. In response MORLEY explained that had SEELY persisted in his first resignation his would have followed. When it came to SEELY'S second resignation he felt bound to remain.



Lord CURZON (*to Lord MORLEY*). "Must you go? Can't you stay?

Distinction subtle. Possibly it was effect of wrestling with it that made CURZON look less joyous than might have been expected, seeing he had realised his disinterested hope, and a second, even more damaging, secession from a stricken Cabinet had been averted.

Business done.—In the Commons debate on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill resumed. Atmosphere significantly less stormy than heretofore.

House of Commons, Thursday.—The MEMBER FOR SARK, in pursuance of his favourite axiom that there is nothing new under the sun, calls attention to two conversations in which he discovers singularly close parallel in tone and temper. The first will be found in official report of Parliamentary debate. It took place between LEADER OF OPPOSITION and FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY, the former insistent upon House being made acquainted with Sir ARTHUR PAGET'S report of what happened when he addressed officers under his command at Curragh on possibility of their being ordered to Ulster.

Here follows excerpt from official report:—

"*Mr. CHURCHILL.* The statement just made I make after having had an opportunity of communicating with Sir Arthur Paget. It is admitted that a misunderstanding on the point arose.

Mr. BONAR LAW. Rubbish.

Mr. CHURCHILL. Do I understand the right hon. gentleman to say 'rubbish'?

Mr. BONAR LAW. Yes."

The parallel that pleases SARK will be found in report of a conversation between *Mrs. Gamp* and *Mrs. Betsey Prig* at what should have been a friendly tea-table in the home of the former. This was the historic occasion when *Mrs. Prig* declared her rooted belief in the non-existence of *Mrs. Gamp's* friend *Mrs. Harris.* For purpose of comparison it may be convenient to put what followed in the same form as official Parliamentary report:—

Mrs. Gamp. What! you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person livin'! Go along with you!

Mrs. Prig. I'm agoin', Ma'am, ain't I?

Mrs. Gamp. You had better, Ma'am!

Mrs. Prig. Do you know who you're talking to, Ma'am?

Mrs. Gamp. Aperiently to Betsey Prig.

Business done.—Third night's debate on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill. Intended to divide. On urgent demand of Opposition division deferred till Monday.

"Then came the resignation of Mr. Asquith, which left the Ministry (temporarily) without its head. Hence another vacant seal in the Government Front Bench."—*Globe.*

To prevent self-consciousness among the Cabinet, the name of the Minister who looks like a vacant seal should be given.

"Mr. Bodkin, opening the case, described Hemmerde for the defence."

North Eastern Daily Gazette.

It is generally towards the end of a case that one wants to describe the opposing counsel in detail.

PROOF

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO HAS ASKED FOR IT.

OF old, when in the dance's whirl
Or crouched behind a friendly screen
I fell in love with any girl
(You know the kind of love I mean),
I gave the credit to champagne—
And breathed again.

When first we met, a more intense
Emotion stirred me, I admit,
But having dined at great expense
I didn't like to mention it,
For tribute seemed to Bacchus due
As much as you.

But love that made a parish hop
A sacred feast for both of us
Burst into flame without a drop
Of alcoholic stimulus;
And love that thrives on lemonade
Can never fade.

REVERSIBLE RHETORIC.

(Being the unsigned MS., evidently of a leading article, picked up in Fleet Street last week. What the finder wants to know is—which side is it arguing for?)

THE PLOT THAT FAILED.

OUT of the welter of mendacity, evasions and intrigue, for a parallel to which the records of this or indeed of any civilised country might be searched in vain, one fact has at last emerged clear and indisputable. The nation will learn this morning, with what feelings it is only too easy to conjecture, that a great party, a party which, despite its many political blunders, has at least a record for honourable if mistaken statesmanship in the past, has now stooped to the final and abysmal folly. Disguise the fact with what specious rhetoric they may, the truth remains that our opponents have deliberately endeavoured to tamper with a great national possession, and to make the British Army a tool in the game of party.

Incredible, nay unthinkable, as such a situation would have been till lately, who is now to deny it? If any doubt still remained, surely the venomous outpourings of those journals which support and encourage the machinations of "honourable gentlemen"—alas that the phrase should henceforth have to be in quotation marks!—on the opposite side of the House must by now have dispelled it. Beaten to their last ditch, and discredited even in that, it is now evident that the conspirators had determined to stake all upon one final throw. Fortunately the very desperateness of the plot has proved its undoing, and from the tremulous lips of the perpetrators themselves comes to-day a froth of vituperation and rancorous abuse that is the surest confession of abject failure.

Happily, however, there is a brighter side to the picture; signs are not wanting—and each hour, we are sure, will strengthen them—that moderate men in the ranks of our opponents are beginning to share our own indignation and dismay. Let but this spirit find its outlet and victory is ours. We say it in no petty strain of party triumph, but the day of reckoning can obviously no longer be delayed. A gang of wholly reckless and unscrupulous political adventurers have sown the dragon's teeth in the wind; let the whole nation see to it that they are now forced to reap armed men in the whirlwind!



AN ECHO OF SHOW SUNDAY.

(Proving that a humorist is never allowed to be serious.)

Visitor (after studying well-known humorous artist's classical Academy picture). "DELIGHTFULLY COMIC. TELL ME, WHAT IS THE JOKE TO THIS ONE?"

"Many a man whose courage would not respond to the spur of some huge burglar would die rather than be beaten by a wretched little collar stud."—*Times.*

The only burglar we have ever met was (luckily) in the Infantry.

AT THE PLAY.

"THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW."

ALMOST the last thing that you expect in a starting-price bookie is a strong penchant for poetry. It is true that I have before me, as I write, a Turf Commissioner's telegraphic code which contains some rather picturesque symbols. Thus "amber" is the code-word for £1; "heliotrope" for £20; "rainbow" for "win and 1, 2." Still I do not think it probable that if the author of this code should go bankrupt as a bookie—and this he is never likely to do as far as I am concerned—he would be able to retrieve his fortunes by taking up the profession of a publisher of poetical works. Yet this is just what happened, in Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE's play, with the firm of *Wilberforce Brothers*, Turf Commissioners. In the first Act we find them in such straits that they can barely scrape together enough petty cash to satisfy the demands of a Water-Rate Collector, insistent on the door-step. In the next Act, a year later, they are all flourishing like green bay-trees as a firm of Poetry Commissioners trading under the name of *The Lotus Publishing Company*. This amazing result they have achieved by foisting on the office typewriter—*très gamine*—the poetical output of one of their own number, and exploiting her as a prodigy under the auspices of a patron of the arts—one *Lord Glandeville*. How this Mæcenas, this connoisseur in taste, was ever imposed upon by the masquerading of such incredible types, and how they could have amassed all that wealth by the publication of serious poetry, the most notorious of drugs on the market—these are among the "things" that we should all "like to know" in case our own professions should fail us.

What worried me most was that Mr. HOFFE should have so poor an idea of my intelligence as to suppose it possible to impart an atmosphere of probability to a scheme that was pure farce. Yet that was what he tried to do; he wanted me to believe that I was assisting at a comedy. There was no knockabout business; nobody entered the room with a somersault, tripped over a pin or hung his hat on the scenery. They all behaved as if they were presenting us with what is known as a human document, to be regarded *au grand* (or, at worst, *au petit*) *sérieux*. The fun—and there were some very pleasant touches—was not so much the fun of a huge and preposterous joke, but rather the humour of character or incidental detail. The part of *Lord Glandeville*, who might have been made the most ridiculous butt of imposture, was treated quite solemnly. Indeed, our sympathies were provoked for a man whose finest instincts had been trifled with; who had been suffered to fall in love with the poet-soul of a girl only to find that she was the tool of a gang of rogues. One of them, *Dick Gilder*, might tell him that he (*Glandeville*) was an egoist and that he ought to have fallen in love with the girl's body, as he (*Gilder*) had done, instead of her supposed soul; but that did not help matters much, or prevent our feeling that this treatment of *Glandeville* was no matter for laughter. And when I go and see a production of Mr. HAWTREY's I want matter for laughter and nothing else.



POETRY COMMISSION-AGENTS FINDING A BACKER.

Lord Glandevill .. .. Mr. VANE-TEMPEST.
Brabazon Todd .. .. Mr. HENRY WENMAN.
Richard Gilder .. .. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY

The best individual performances were those of Mr. LYSTON LYLE—really excellent as a soldier of fortune—and Miss HELEN HAYE as *Lord Glandeville's* aunt who lays herself out to defeat the matrimonial designs of the prodigy. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY was not perhaps at his very best as *Dick Gilder*. He wore an air of detachment and indulged his old habit of looking over the heads of his stage-audience. He had too many set speeches and was not always quite sure what word came next. Still his mere presence is always irresistible.

As *Lord Glandeville*, Mr. VANE TEMPEST, most admirable of buffoons, must have longed to be allowed to make us laugh, but solemnity was his order of the day and he carried it out like a hero. As for Mr. WENMAN, who played the partner that introduced *Lord Glandeville* to the rest of the "Lotus Publishing Company" (though how that refined nobleman ever made the acquaintance of such a rough diamond is another of the "things we'd like to know"), his face is a gift and he used its mobility to good purpose.

Finally, Miss DOROTHY MINTO, as *Dorothy Gedge*, typewriter (with the *nom de guerre* of *Gedage*), was a little angular, and the motive of her spasmodic excursions across the stage was not always apparent. But she was extremely funny in her inimitable way when she had a chance of exhibiting the unreasonableness of her selection as a mouthpiece of the Muses. At the end, when she wonders if she could have been happy with *Glandeville* and knows that she would be happy with *Gilder*, she showed an extremely pretty vein of sentiment. And here, too, I must heartily compliment the author on a scene which threatened to be commonplace and tedious, but was handled with a most engaging freshness and a very unusual sense of what was just right and enough.

O. S.

ARGUMENTUM AD FEMINAM.

ONCE, unless the tale's a myth,
  Chloe danced mid rustic song
Indefatigably with
  Amorous Damon all day long.
This was all the joy she knew
  (Quite enough, no doubt), and yet,
Phyllis, when *you* gambol, *you*
  Rather gamble at roulette.

Simple 'twas in suchlike days
  Wooing Chloe. Now, alas,
You've no taste for simple ways,
  Much prefer green baize to grass.
Fled your interest in swains;
  Nothing for my sighs you care;
All your joy is little trains,
  Oddly dubbed "chemin de fer."

Phyllis, if your fixed intent
  Is that you forsake the dance,
Quit Arcadian merriment
  For exciting games of chance,
I've the best of 'em by heaps:
  Come with me, my dear, and call
At the Registrar's; he keeps
  One big gamble worth them all.

CON.

Con was the conjurer of the king
  Ere the coming of Padraig Mor,
And a wand he had, and a golden ring,
  And a five-prong crown he wore;
And his robe was trimmed with minever—
  His robe of the royal blue,
For Con was the wonderful conjurer
  In the days when the tricks were new.

He could pick a rabbit from out of a poke
  Where never had rabbit lain;
He could pulp your watch like an egg's red yolke
  And could give it you whole again;
And the king he laughed, "Ha-ha," he laughed,
  Till they thumped on his back anon;
And the other magicians went dancing daft
  To see the magic of Con.

Now Con he climbed on a moonbeam grey
  To the dusk of the god's great shop,
And he stole the Elixir of Life away,
  And he drank it, every drop;
He poured the draught in a golden cup
  On a wonderful day that's gone,
And he swilled it round and he tossed it up,
  And that was the curse of Con.

And the old king died at ninety-six
  And his son he reigned instead;
But Con he conjured the same old tricks,
  And his hair crow-black on his head;
And the new king died, and another king,
  And another king after he,
But Con went on with his conjuring
  The same as it used to be.

When the fifth king came (he was long of limb
  And a hasty man) he swore,
When Con he conjured his tricks for him,
  And he kicked Con through the door;
For that's in the songs the minstrels sung,
  And thus is the story told,
For "Con," said the king, "you're none so young,
  And your tricks are plaguey old!"

* * * * *

Now Con he tramps from shire to shire,
  And he must till the crack of doom;
He takes the road in the dust and mire,
  And he sleeps in the windy broom;
He's no address and he's no abode,
  And his jacket's the worse o' wear;
And I've met him once on the Portsmouth Road,
  And once at a Wicklow fair.

When the roundabouts and the swings are slow
  And a conjuring chap draws near,
And there's nothing about his mug to show
  That it's seen five thousand year
(For that's the way that the songs were sung,
  And thus is the story told),
You'll know it's Con and he's none so young
  For his tricks are plaguey old.



Retired M.F.H. "And when we came to the seventeenth, just as I was going to drive, what should I see but an old dog fox staring at me out of the hedge!"

Sympathetic Friend. "Ye-e-e-s?"

Retired M.F.H. "Now, don't you think that was a most remarkable thing?"

Sympathetic Friend. "Well, yes, I suppose it was; but then, you see, I don't know anything about golf."

From a list of new books:—

"Woman and Crime (Adam)."

Well, he ought to know.

From a pamphlet on "The 'King's Own' Mission":—

"Madam Ada Bacon,
Soloist for Easter Sunday Evening.

Please send some eggs."

The writer has been carried away by the association of ideas. The singing will not really be so bad as that.

Two conflicting announcements from *The Observer*.—

"Villa's Victory.
Four days of Furious Fighting."

"How the Villa were Beaten.
Liverpool's superior Pace."

EXILE.

"And how long," said the lady of the house from behind her rampart of breakfast things, "shall you want to be away?"

"Away?" I said. "Who said anything about being away?"

"Well," she said, "if you want to go to all these annual dinners and things you'll have to go to London, and if you go to London you'll have to be away from here."

"'Plato,'" I said, "'thou reasonest well.' Helen, pass me the butter."

"Why deny it, then?" said Helen's mother. "If you're going to be away you're going to be away, and there's an end of it."

"You're wrong there," I said. "There isn't an end of it. I can go away and come back on the same day. By the last train, you know. The last train is intended for that very purpose."

"What very purpose?"

"For coming back by the last train. That's what it's there for. Fathers of families who come back by it sleep in their own beds instead of sleeping in strange beds in clubs or hotels. Let us sing the praises of the last train. Rosie, push over the marmalade, and don't upset the spoon on the table-cloth."

It is not easy to converse with marmalade in one's mouth. I did not make the attempt, so there was a short pause in the argument. It was resumed by the lady of the house.

"You'll lose a lot of sleep, you know," she said. "The last train doesn't get you here till one o'clock in the morning."

"No matter," I said, "I can bear it. The thought of meeting my family at breakfast will sustain me."

"But you never do meet us. After a last train night you're always half-an-hour late, and by that time the girls are gone."

"But you remain," I said. "To see you pouring out coffee is a liberal education in patience."

"But it's tepid coffee."

"I like tepid coffee as a change."

"And the eggs and bacon are cold."

"Pooh!" I said. "There is always the toast."

"And the toast is limp."

"If," I said, "you are so sure of these discomforts why not order me a fresh breakfast?"

"And that," she said, "will make work for the servants."

"Work," I said, "is for the workers. Besides the cook will like me to show an independent spirit."

"The nature of cooks," she said, "is not one of your strong points. No, I am sure you will do better to stay in London."

"But I can give up my dinners," I said.

"And do you think I could ask you to make such a sacrifice? Old friends whom you meet only once a year! Certainly you must go."

"But——"

"If you don't turn up they'll put it down to me, and that wouldn't be fair."

"I don't know," I said, "why you are so keen on my staying in London. There's something behind this—something more than meets the eye."

"Nonsense," she said, "it's only your comfort; but men never can be reasonable."

"Dad," said Helen to Rosie, "is going to have a holiday given him."

"Yes," said Rosie; "but he doesn't seem to want it very much."

"And it's not going to be a very long one," said Peggy, who generally supports my side of the battle.

"And we'll do his packing," said their mother; "won't we, girls?"

"Hurrah!" said Peggy.

"Peggy," I said, "I am sorry to cast a cold shower on your enthusiasm, but there are limits. You and your mother are great and undeniable packers, but your ways are not my ways."

"Anyhow," said Helen, "we should do it better than Swabey."

"No," I said, "you would do it worse. Swabey has his faults, but I know them. He always forgets white ties and handkerchiefs, but these I can buy, borrow or steal. You would forget white shirts and dress trousers, which mean nothing to you, but are all the world to me. Swabey packs my shaving-brush and my safety razor into my dress shoes, where I come upon them eventually. You would leave them out altogether. I am grateful to you all for your generous offer, but Swabey shall do my packing—that is if I go."

It is unnecessary to say that I went. The dinners were, as usual, a great success. We all became young again in our own eyes, and on the whole I was not sorry to have a bedroom in London. But why had it been forced on me against my will? The reason will appear in a letter from Peggy which I received on the second morning of my compulsory freedom:—

"Dearest Dad,—We are geting on alright. The maids are now in the libary and everything has been put somwere else. A lot of your papers got blown about, but we ran after them and got most of them. Our meels are in your den. Their going into the dining room direckly. The dust is dredfull and the dogs dont like it. It is a spring cleening with love from your loving

Peggy." R. C. L.

LAID.

He was no commonplace suburban spook
  Content to rap on table-tops; he cherished
The memory of days when at his look
  Princes and peers incontinently perished;
Stuck in his heart a jewelled knife dripped red;
Flames had been known to issue from his head.

The Moated Grange, now ruinous and drear,
  He roamed, constrained to bitter self-effacement,
Until one midnight his enraptured ear
  Detected mortal accents in the basement.
Downstairs he crept; beside the cheerless grate
Sat four or five old men in keen debate.

Softly he chuckled, "Here's a bit of luck!"
  And beat a warning rattle on his tabor
That once had made the stoutest run amok;
  Then each old boy sat up and nudged his neighbour;
Calm and collected round the chimney-piece
They showed no sign of imminent decease.

In vain he practised all his horrid lore
  And rolled his eyes and beckoned with distort hand;
In vain his dagger dripped with gouts of gore,
  They only beamed and took a note in shorthand;
When in despair he loosed his flaming jet
One smiled and lit therefrom a cigarette.

That was the end! With agonising shriek
  He turned and fled, the spectral perspiration
Dewing his brow and coursing down his cheek;
  Fled, and was lost to man's investigation
(For full discussion of his little tricks
See Psychical Research Reports, vol. vi.).



Country Host. "I hope the owls didn't disturb you last night, Lady Jenkins?"
Wife of Local Mayor. "Law bless you, no! I didn't 'ear anything. Which dog was it?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Has Mr. W. J. Locke's hand—the hand that created vagabond *Paragot* for tears and laughter, and the resourceful *Aristide*—has it lost its particular cunning that he should begin his romance of *The Fortunate Youth* (Lane) in a mood of heavy and misplaced facetiousness, and drift by way of Family Heraldry into an atmosphere of sham politics and a bright general glow of ineffectual snobbery? *Paul Savelli*, the fortunate youth, with his incredible beauty, his dreams, his accomplishments beyond all discernible cause, his faintly Disraelian airs, never once carried me out of my chair. And to what other end is romance ordained? Nor did his Princess, with her mastery of the easier French idioms; nor *Barney Bill*, the kind-hearted stage-tramp. Indeed, I found Mr. Locke constantly making statements about his people that were not substantiated, as about *Ursula Winwood*, the egregiously competent, the *confidante* of troubled ministers, bishops and generals. *Jane* alone, an early simple friend of *Paul*, I found credible and charming, and thanked heaven for her sake that *Paul* married his Princess. It is indeed a romance gone wrong. Perhaps it is a more difficult thing plausibly and readily to sustain one's fancy in a modern setting, with modern folk, than in the fair realm of Tushery with rapier-wielding demigods. Yet I think that the dead Harland and the living Hope (himself no mean Tusher) might have brought off their *Paul*. As a matter of fact, so I believe could Mr. Locke; that is just the pity of it. I merely record the fact that he has not done so.

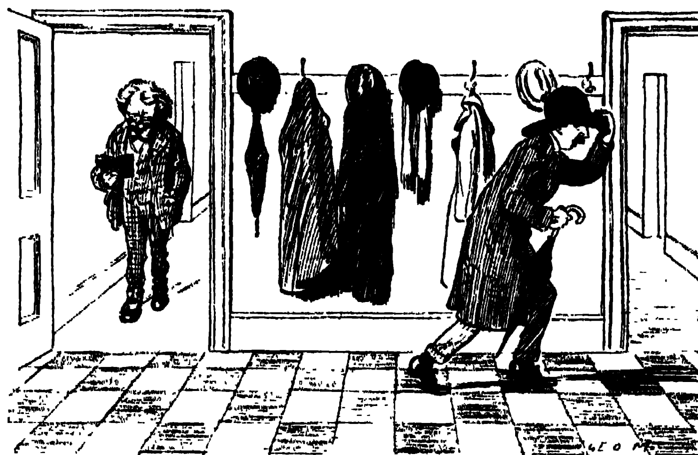
There are, of course, short stories and short stories. On a perusal of those that Mr. Richard Dehan has collected in volume form under the title of *The Cost of Wings* (Heinemann), I am bound to record my conviction that most of them are profoundly unworthy of the author of *The Dop Doctor*. Few of them even aspire to anything beyond "first serial" quality; and though there is often present a certain easy flippancy of phrase it impressed me only as the crackling of thorns in a pot-boiler. Perhaps the best is the first or title tale, which tells of a young wife goaded to hard words by her constant anxiety for an aviator-husband. There is some genuine feeling here; but the climax, in which the pair decide only to fly in company, was dangerously like the end of a stage duologue. Moreover, so swift now-a-days is the flight of time—or the time of flight—that aviation stories very soon come to sound antiquated. Still, after all, there is at least plenty of variety in this volume, and it will be hard if, in a collection of twenty-six brief tales, you do not come upon something to your individual taste. But one word of gentle protest. I fancy the stage has at last agreed upon a close time for supposed infants, against whose arrival from India nurses and rocking-horses are engaged, and who turn out on appearance to be young persons of mature years. Well, I am convinced that it is high time for a similar prohibition in fiction. Mr. Dehan at least has proved himself far too clever for me to tolerate this threadbare theme, not very illuminatingly treated, from his valuable pen.

Mr. Anthony Venning was a young man of remarkable tact. Taking advantage of his position as a consultant engineer, at the beginning of *The Sentence Absolute* (Nisbet), he pocketed an advance commission for recommending the tender of a certain firm of contractors to the Welsh

mill-owner who was employing his professional services. Whether this practice is common amongst engineers, as the authoress would seem to suggest, I cannot say, but at any rate it was hardly to be expected in the circumstances that *Mr. Venning* should not fall in love with *Mr. Powell's* extremely beautiful daughter, or that the boilers in *Mr. Powell's* mill should hesitate in the fulness of time to explode. But the lover had the native good sense to be present at the moment of the inevitable catastrophe and to be the only person seriously damaged; and since it was his first real lapse from the paths of rectitude, and he was otherwise amiable, athletic, presentable and brave, who shall complain if, after confessing in a manly way and being put into a state of thorough repair, he found happiness in the end? Miss Margaret Macaulay tells her story in a pleasant enough way, and describes with some skill its idyllic setting (for *Mr. Powell* was first a country squire, and only secondly a manufacturer); but since she neither indulges in satire, social and economic speculation, nor any pretence of subtlety in psychological probings, there is a curiously old-fashioned air about her novel. And when I mention that *Mr. Venning* and *Miss Powell* were actually cut off by the tide on a treacherous roof of the Cambrian coast it will be realised that *The Sentence Absolute* is a book for one of those softer moods in which we do not desire to be startled or stung to profound meditation on the meaning of life.

I hope that Mr. Vaughan Kester, author of *John o' Jamestown* (Hodder and Stoughton), is innocent of intent to do the dreadful thing that he has done. With the book itself I have no fault to find; it is quite a good historical novel, and tells with a fair amount of excitement the story of *Captain John Smith* and the early settlers in Virginia, not omitting *Pocahontas*. Mr. Kester's crime consists not in his novel, but in the fact that he has probably plunged America into all the horrors of a new outbreak of historical fiction. A few years ago every adult in the United States was writing historical novels. Those were the black days at the beginning of this century, still spoken of with a shudder from Maine to Tennessee. Gradually the horror spent itself; the country became pacified. Except for an occasional sporadic outbreak, the plague was stamped out. It got about that the historical novel was "a dead one," and young America turned to something else. Now you begin to see what Mr. Kester has done. While Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing *John o' Jamestown* over in England, another firm is flooding the States with it. Mr. Kester is a confirmed "best-seller" on the other side of the Atlantic. Probably his American publishers have issued a first edition of a hundred thousand of this story. The result may be imagined. Wild-eyed literary agents will carry the fiery cross throughout the country, crying that the historical novel is not dead after all, that there is still money in it; and thousands of estimable young men who might have been turning out quite decent stories of American life will thrust paper into their typewriters and begin, "Of the days when I followed my dear lord through many a hard-fought fray it ill becomes me, plain rude man that I am, to speak . . ." And it will be Mr. Kester's fault. It would not matter so much if the great army of American writers could do the thing even half as well as he has done it in *John o' Jamestown*; but they cannot. I know them, and that is why a great trembling runs through me so that I can scarce hold my pen to complete this review.

The name of Mr. Gordon Gardiner is unfamiliar to me; but I have little doubt that if *The Reconnaissance* (Chapman and Hall) is a first novel its author will improve upon work that struck me as at present somewhat ingenuously conventional. There are two parts to the tale; the first shows how *Leslie* earned popular applause and the V.C. by remaining with a wounded comrade whom he was actually too frightened to leave. That was a good beginning, and I said to myself that Mr. Gardiner was of the right stuff; he had a vigorous, incisive style that suited well the matter of pain and anguish that he had in hand. But, alas! in its hours of ease the story became much more uncertain. All the characters, including the involuntary hero and the man he rescued (now a lord), turn up at an hotel on the Lake of Como. There is some mild word-painting that may remind you pleasantly of pleasant places; and a disproportionate pother because in one of the sudden lake storms *Leslie* dashes for shelter into what he supposes to be his own bedroom (actually the heroine's) and is imprisoned there by the sticking of a shutter. An awkward incident, of course, especially as it occurred in the dead of night, but scarcely enough to make half a novel out of. Naturally, in the end *Leslie* owns up about the heroism, and goes away to justify his unearned credit upon the stricken field; but I am afraid I must confess that the prospect of his return left me indifferent. I understand that *The Reconnaissance* originally appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*; this being so, the persistence with which its characters quote extracts from *The Times* savours almost of filial ingratitude. Seriously, the first part of the novel was a promise which the second left unfulfilled. Mr. Gardiner is still in my debt.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

The man who takes every opportunity of adding to his gallery of Hats of Famous Men.

TO THE CABINET.

(*Suggested by a recent doctoring of "Hansard."*)

The judgment of the People's "Yea" or "Nay"
 Wherefore should virtuous men like *you* shun?
You are—or so you confidently say—
 Prepared for dissolution.

Then snatch a hint from Haldane's little fake,
 Who glanced with eye alert and beady at
His speech in proof, and, for appearance' sake,
 Added the word "*immediate*."

"The very clever may bethink themselves of Milton's 'subject of all verse.'"—*Reynolds' Newspaper.*

The mere well-informed will bethink themselves of Browne.

CHARIVARIA.

REUTER telegraphs from Melbourne that the Commonwealth building in London is to be called "Australia House." This should dispose effectively of the rumour that it was to be called "Canada House."

* * *

"The Song of the Breakers," which is being advertised, is not, we are told, a war song for the Suffragettes.

* * *

Some of the Press reported a recent happy event under the following heading:—

"WEDDING OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL."

Mr. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST would like it to be known that it was also his wedding.

* * *

It was rumoured one day last week that a certain officer famous for his picturesque language was about to receive a new appointment as Director-General of Expletives.

* * *

"GOLD-PLATED TYPE-WRITER,"

announces *The Mail*. We are sorry for the poor girl. Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER, of course, started the idea with his gilded fairies.

* * *

Miss MABEL ROGERS, we read, is bringing a suit against certain other girl students of Pardue University, Indiana, for "ragging" her by tearing off her clothes. It seems to us that it is the defendants who ought to bring the suit.

* * *

"Twelve small farmers," we are told, "were on Saturday sent for trial at Ballygar, County Galway, on a charge of cattle-driving." Their size should not excuse them.

* * *

One evening last week, *The Daily Mail* tells us, the electric light failed in several districts of Tooting and Mitcham. "A resident in Garden Avenue," says our contemporary, "had invited about a dozen friends to a card party. The host secured a supply of candles, in the dim light of which the party played." It is good to know that in this prosaic age and in this prosaic London of ours it is still possible to have stirring adventures worth recording in the country's annals.

The power of the motor! "At the request of the Car," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "M. POINCARÉ will leave on his visit to Russia, after the national fêtes on July 14."

* * *

A couple of pictures by unknown artists fetched as much as £2,625 and £1,837 at CHRISTIE'S last week, and we hear that some of our less notable painters have been greatly encouraged by this boom in obscurity.

* * *

"This Machine," says an advertisement of a motor cycle, "Gets You Out-of-Doors—and Keeps You There." Frankly, we prefer the sort that Gets You Home Again.

* * *

The PREMIER, who was said to have "run away" to Fife, after all had a "walk over."

* * *

"The Elizabethan spirit," says a *laudator temporis acti*, "is dead among us." We beg to challenge this statement. When the Armada was sighted DRAKE went on with his game of bowls. To-day, in similar circumstances, we are confident that thousands of Englishmen would refuse to leave their game of golf.



CAPTIVE GOLF.

DEFAULTING GOLF-CLUB OFFICIAL TRYING TO IMPART A LITTLE INTEREST TO THE DAILY ROUND.

PROFESSIONAL ANACHRONISM.

Mrs. Andrew Fitzpatrick, who looped the loop last Friday at Hendon with her son Hector, is certainly one of the youngest-looking women in the world of her age—for she is put down in black and white as forty-four in more than one book of reference. Her miraculous *Lady Macbeth*, which she impersonated at the age of seven, is still a happy memory to many middle-aged playgoers, though the miracle was eclipsed by the nine days' wonder of her elopement and marriage to Mr. Fitzpatrick, the famous Ballarat millionaire, on her thirteenth birthday. Her daughter Gemma, who made her *début* in Grand Opera at the Scala in 1895, is already a grandmother; and her son Hector, who fought in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, is the youngest Field-Marshal in the British Army.

M. Atichewsky, the famous Russian pianist, who gives his first recital in the Blüthstein Hall next Wednesday, is no stranger to London audiences, though he is only just twenty years of age. In the year of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Diamond Jubilee he visited England as a *Wunderkind*, being then only thirteen years of age, and created a *furore* by his precocious virtuosity. About eleven years later, while he was still in his teens, he appeared at the Philharmonic Concerts with his second wife, a soprano singer of remarkable attainments. The present Madame Atichewsky, it should be noted, has a wonderful contralto voice, which is inherited by her second daughter, Ladoga, who recently made her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels.

The Poetry of the Ring.

For two pugilists, shaking hands before the knock-out fight begins:—

'Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each."

BROWNING, "Love among the Ruins."

"It is interesting to learn that the swans on the lower lake have built a nest and that one of the pairs on the upper lake have followed suit, so that there is some possibility of signets on the lakes presently."

Beckenham Journal.

We shall be glad to see these fresh-water seals.

THE UNION OF IRISH HEARTS.

(*How the prospect strikes an Englishman.*)

["In ancient times . . . the Devlins were the hereditary horse-boys of the O'Neills. (Loud laughter.)"—*From the "Times" report of Mr. Timothy Healy's speech in the House.*]

I love to fancy, howsoe'er remote
The fiery dawn of that millennial future,
That some fine day the rent in Ireland's coat
Will be adjusted with a saving suture,
And one fair rule suffice
For lamb and lion, babe and cockatrice.

In her potential Kings I clearly trace
Ground for this hope; no bickering there, no jostling;
If Healy cares to hint that Devlin's race
Subsisted by hereditary ostling,
That's just the family fun
Brothers can well afford whose hearts are one.

No less the picture of O'Brien's fist
Clenched playfully beneath a colleague's nose-piece
Lets me foresee—a sanguine optimist—
That Union which shall bring to ancient foes peace,
When all who lap the Boyne
Beg on their knees to be allowed to join.

Still (to be frank) 'tis not alone the dream
Of leagued Hibernians kissing lips with Ulster
That warms my heart; there is another scheme
That with a livelier motion makes my pulse stir;
And this can never be
Till we have posted Redmond oversea.

But, when he's planted on his local throne,
The Federal Plan should find him far less sniffy;
We shall have Parliaments to call our own
Modelled from that high sample on the Liffey,
And crown the patient years
With joy of "England for the English" (*Cheers*).

Meanwhile, amid the present rude hotch-potch,
We natives must forgo this satisfaction,
For still the cry is "England for the Scotch"
(Or else some other tribe of Celt extraction);
That's why I shan't be happy
Till Erin's tedious Isle is off the tapis.
O. S.

THE BOMB.

I was rather glad to spend my eighteenth birthday in Germany, because I knew my people would make a special effort in the matter of presents. They did, and I turned the other girls at the *pension* green with envy when I wore them. The only thing that spoilt my day was that there was nothing at all from Cecil, which was rather a blow.

However, the next morning I received an official document referring to a parcel waiting for me at the Customs House, and lost no time in getting there.

It was a long, low building, strewn with packing cases, cardboard boxes and dirt, with a row of pigeon-holes—some big enough to take an ostrich—on one side, and a counter defending a row of haughty officials on the other. Several people were wandering aimlessly about, but no one took the least notice of me, or appeared to realise I was in my nineteenth year. So I approached an official in a green uniform with brass buttons, standing behind the counter. He was tall and stout, and his hair, being about one millimètre long, showed his head shining through. He had a fierce fair moustache, and, owing to overwork or influenza coming on, was perspiring freely.

Trusting he would prove more fatherly than he looked, I held out my paper. He drew back haughtily, ejaculating: "*Nein!*" and jerked his head towards a kind of letter-box on the counter. I pushed my paper in the slot, hoping the etiquette of the thing was all right now; and, as apparently it was, in his own good time he took the paper from the back of the box, looked at it, glanced sternly at me, looked at the paper again, and said severely:

"*Vee—ta—hay—ad?*"

I didn't know what he was driving at till I remembered my name was Whitehead. So I replied, "*Ja,*" thinking his pronunciation not bad for the first shot. He turned to a pigeon-hole and laid a small square parcel on the counter addressed to me in Cecil's scrawl. I held out my hand, but he ignored it, and, picking up a fearsome-looking instrument consisting of blades, hooks and points—which turned out to be the official cutter—severed the silly little bit of string, unwrapped the paper and disclosed a white wooden box with a sliding lid.

I bent forward, but he glared at me and moved it further away, slid back the lid, removed some shavings and looked inside. His official manner underwent a change; such a look of sudden human interest showed on his fat clammy face that I thought he must have found some quite new kind of sausage. But instead he drew out very gingerly a curious square black box with a sloping front, two round holes at one side, and a handle at the other. He put it down on the counter and glared at me.

"*Was ist das?*" he demanded.

"*Ich weiss nicht,*" I replied, shaking my head.

It was clear he didn't believe me, and he kept it out of my reach, turning it carefully about, and in response to a jerk of his chin two or three of his colleagues came up and glared, first at me and then at the suspicious object. However, he would not let them touch it, but, squaring his chin and taking a deep breath, he turned the handle.

There was a faint ticking noise, but nothing happened, and I suggested timidly that he should look through the peep-holes and see what was going on inside. He frowned at my interference, but taking my advice all the same, raised the box nearer his fierce eye and turned the handle once more and with greater force. Instantly there was a loud whirr, and a bright green trick-serpent leapt through the lid, caught him full on the nose and sent him back sprawling among his packing cases, carrying two of his friends with him.

I gave a bit of a squeak, but it was lost among the "*Ach Gotts*" and "*Himmels*" all round me. Cecil in his wildest dreams had never hoped for this. Whatever the consequences might be I meant to have my snake, and while I was collecting it from the floor and cramming it back in the box I discovered my defence.

Smiling my very best smile, I turned and faced the angry officials the other side of the counter and, holding the box towards them, pointed to three printed words underneath: "Made in Germany."

"The Prime Minister left Cupar by the 5.29 train . . . The motor arrived at the station at 5.55 and the party went in leisurely fashion down the station steps."—*Glasgow Herald.*

What it is to be a Prime Minister! Ordinary mortals arrive at 5.28 and go down the steps three at a time.

"It is, of course, impossible to dogmatise without conclusive evidence."—*Times.*

You should hear our curate.



THE FIGHT FOR THE BANNER.

John Bull. "THIS TIRES ME. WHY CAN'T YOU CARRY IT BETWEEN YOU? NEITHER OF YOU CAN CARRY IT ALONE."



"And what do you know about Moses?"

"Please, Teacher, it's my first Sunday here and I don't know anybody."

A NONENTITY.

He was a tramp, a mere tramp, clearly a man of no importance to you or me or anyone else in the world. The evening was warm, the place secluded and remote, and, other things being equal, he climbed over the hedge, chose a comfortable position against a haystack, pulled from his pocket a fragment of a newspaper and a fragment of a pipe and settled down.

A tramp, the merest tramp, seven miles from anywhere, sitting in a field smoking a pipe and reading a newspaper—what can such a one matter to the world at large?

The portion of the newspaper was that containing the law reports, not a prime favourite with the tramp. The lengthy report which had squeezed out other matter that might have been worth reading was a proceeding before the Lords of Appeal, in which Sir Rupert Bingley, K.C., M.P., was being very explicit and very firm about the exact limitations of the power of the Divisional Court to commit for contempt. This was hardly fit matter for the reading of a young and susceptible tramp, our man was telling himself, when the name of a district which he had once traversed cropped up in the case and caught his wandering attention.

The spot in question was on the wild Welsh border, and it was at a remote farm thereabouts that the trouble first began over which their Lordships and Sir Rupert, together with innumerable other senior counsel, junior counsel, solicitors, law reporters, lay reporters, ushers, and what-nots were so troubling themselves and each other. The farmer's stack of clover had been destroyed by fire, and the farmer, feeling that this was rather the affair of the Insurance Company than himself, had asked for solatium. The Insurance Company asked who set the stack on fire; the farmer didn't know; the Insurance Company, having regard to the size and the recent creation of the policy, were prepared to guess. The case was heard at Presteign Assizes and the farmer lost it, the jury who tried it being not quite so sure as was the farmer of his innocence in the matter.

Encouraged by this, the Insurance Company prosecuted the farmer for perjury; but the jury that tried this case took almost a stronger view of the farmer's virtue than he did himself and found a verdict of "Not Guilty," adding a rider very depreciatory of the Insurance Company. Encouraged by this verdict, the farmer sued the Insurance Company for malicious prosecution, but the jury that tried this case had no faith in either party and disagreed. Another jury were then put in their stead and they as good as disagreed by finding for the farmer but assessing the damages at one farthing.

It will be observed that their Lordships have not yet appeared in the matter, whereas the haystack, the cause of all the trouble, had as good as disappeared. Meanwhile our tramp, who had seen better days and was something of a mathematician, calculated that the total sum spent on counsels' fees alone up to this point was well over two hundred guineas.

Social reformers get mixed up in everything nowadays, and one appeared in the affair at this juncture. Having chanced to be in court at the hearing

of the Malicious Prosecution suit, he had formed an opinion of the last-mentioned jury, and in an extremely witty speech, had included them specifically in the long list of people and things that were no better than they should be. One of the jurors had unhappily been among his audience and, possibly because his experience of another's cause had endeared him to litigation, he must needs start his action for slander. By the time that action had been tried, and appealed, and a new trial ordered and held, and the legal proceedings in the respective bankruptcies of the social reformer and the juror were completed, the total of counsels' guineas must have been well on the other side of a thousand.

Everybody had now forgotten that there ever was a stack involved and no one would have recollected that the Insurance Company had had anything to do with it, had not the social reformer, in the course of his public examination, ingenuously attributed his financial downfall to the original misbehaviour of that company in disbelieving their policy-holders when they declared that they were not incendiaries. Thereupon, after a number of applications by counsel to a number of courts, the Insurance Company got itself inserted in the Bankruptcy proceedings, but not before an enterprising newspaper had taken upon itself to assert that there was an element of truth in the contention of the social reformer. And then it was that the Contempt proceedings began, and were fought strenuously stage by stage, each side briefing more and more counsel as they went along, until at last, when the case came before their Lordships, there were more barristers involved than could be seated in the limited accommodation provided at the bar of their Lordships' House.

To calculate even roughly the final total of counsels' fees was no easy sum to be done on the fingers. After wrestling with it a little, the tramp leant back and puffed hard at his pipe—so hard that the sparks flew and the smoke became thick around him—so thick that "Bless my soul," said the tramp, rising hurriedly, "there's another stack I've been and gone and set afire!"

A tramp, a mere tramp going about the country and setting fire to stacks, is not even he to be reckoned with in the order of things?

APRIL FOR THE EPICURE.

(An effort to emulate the gustatory enthusiasm of "The P.M.G.")

APRIL, though regarded as somewhat suspect by meteorologists, appeals with a peculiar force to gastronomic experts, owing to the number of delicacies associated with the month.

FISH.

Oysters, like the poor, are still with us, but only till the end of the month; hence, ostreophils should make the most of their opportunities. But, besides the "king of crustaceans," as Colonel NEWNHAM-DAVIS happily termed the oyster, the sea provides us with a quantity of other succulent denizens of the deep. Foremost among



Professor (to novice during his first lesson). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YER DOIN' OVER THERE? YER KNOW YOU'LL 'AVE TO COME AN' DO A BIT OF IN-FIGHTING IF YER WANT TO FIND MY WEAK SPOT."

these is the turbot, a fish held in high honour since the time of the Roman emperors. Nor must we omit honourable mention of lobster, whitebait, mullet and eels. It is true that some people have an insuperable aversion from eels, but it is the mark of the enlightened feeder to conquer these prejudices. Besides, no one is asked to eat conger-eel at the best houses.

MEAT.

Beef, mutton and pork are in good condition, or, if they are not, they ought to be. But the ways of the animal world are inscrutable, especially pigs. Lambs, again, show a strange want of consideration for the consumer, for, though April 12th is called "Lamb and Gooseberry-Pie Day," lamb, like veal, is dear just now and shows no signs of becoming less expensive. This is one of the things which independent back-bench Members should ask a question about in the House of Commons, or, failing that, they might write to *The Times*.

VERDANT STUFF.

Lovers of salads should now be conscious of a pleasing titillation, for this is the green season *par excellence*. Watercress is at its cressiest; and lettuce springs from the earth for no other reason than to invite the attentions of those two culinary modistes, oil and vinegar—the Paquins of the kitchen—and so be "dressed" with highest elegance.

LES PETITS OISEAUX.

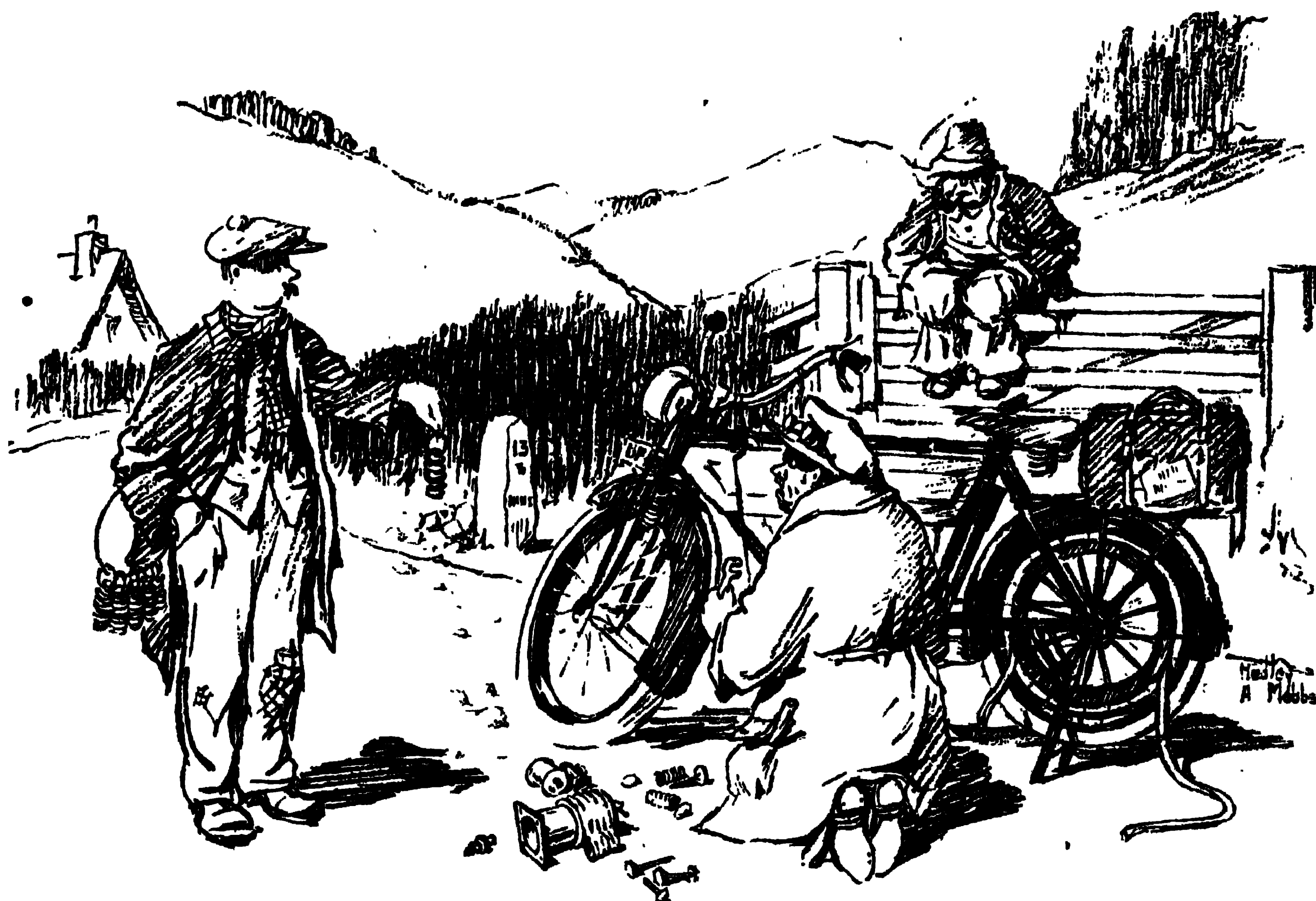
Pheasants and partridges are, alas! not now obtainable except from cold storage. But let us not grumble overmuch. Let us rather remember that the more they are neglected by the diner during the mating season the more of them there will be to eat when the horrid period of restriction is over. Among the rarer birds which are now on the market to compensate us may be mentioned the bobolink, the dwarf cassowary, the Bombay duckling and the skowbald fintail. The last-named bird, which comes to us from Algeria, is renowned for its savoury quality and is cooked in butter and madeira, with a *soupçon* of cayenne. The effect of the cayenne is to merge the too prominent black and white of the flesh into an appetising grey. The Rhodesian sparrow is another highly esteemed delicacy, which does itself most justice when seethed in a casserole with antimony, garlic and a few drops of eau-de-Cologne.

RHUBARB.

This is an extremely painful subject. Let us hurriedly pass to something more congenial.

EXOTIC FRUIT.

An agreeable seasonal feature is the widening of the horizon to the fruit lover. All sorts of delightful foreign species and sub-species may now be had for cash or (if one is lucky) credit—such as bomboudiac, angelica, piperazine, zakuska, shalloofs and pampooties. A delicious pampootie fool can be made quite cheaply as follows: 3lb. of pampooties, 8oz. of angelica paregoric, 1 imperial pint of sloe gin, 1 gill of ammoniated quinine, 9oz. of rock salt. Boil the sloe gin and quinine



'Buy a puzzle, Sir?

to a frazzle, put in the pampooties, cut in thin slices, and take out an insurance policy.

Plovers' Eggs.

These eggs by a strange freak of nature are more easily obtainable in April and May than in any other month. In fact in December they are worth their weight in gold, and are then to be found on the tables only of Mr. Mallaby-Deeley, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Harry Lauder and Mr. John Burns. To-day they are anything from ninepence to a shilling each, and in a fortnight's time they will be sixpence each, with the added pleasure to the consumer of now and then finding a young plover inside.

"On Wednesday of last week an express train dashed into a flock of sheep being driven over a level crossing at Northallerton to-day."
Meat Trades' Journal.

Only an express train could arrive a week early; the other ones are always late.

From a calendar:—

"April 6th. Dividends due. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.'"

Unfortunately we don't often see it.

NOCTURNE.

(A Golf-match has recently been played at Bushey by night.)

Not in the noontide's horrid glare
When nervousness and lunch combined
And James's shoes and well-oiled hair
Perturb me, but when Cynthia fair
In heaven is shrined,
I show my perfect form, and play
Big brassie-shots like Edward Ray.
By night I am *plus* four. By day ——
Well, never mind.

With elfin stance I stride the tee
And deal my orb an amorous slap
In the mid-moonshine's mystery,
And Puck preserves the stroke for me
From foul mishap;
Pan saves me from the casual pot
And Dryad nymphs upbear my shot
Outstripping James's (James has got
No soul, poor chap).

The little pixies of the wood
Come thronging round him while he putts;
They do his game no kind of good
But many an unseen toadstool-hood
Their craft unshuts;
They turn his eye-balls to and fro
And make marsh-lanterns round him glow;
He is all off, whilst I am—oh!
One of the nuts.

The gossips by the club-room fire
Applaud my game with constant din:
"Approach-work never was so dire,
No mashies on this earth expire
So near the tin.
You ought to watch his tee-shots whizz
At number nine. Hot stuff he is.
The captain's lunar vase is his,
If he goes in."

And so I do. My argent sphere
Goes speeding through the night's opaque;
No hazards of the sand I fear,
The heavenly huntress keeps me clear
Of thorn and brake;
Not Dionysus' spotted ounce
More featly on the sward may bounce;
I hover like a hawk at pounce,
Putt out—— and wake.

Evoe.

Spring Fashions.

"A waistcoat of tan and a limp lawn collar flowing over the shoulders make a good suit."
Times.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

VI.—The Record of it.

"I shall be glad to see Peter again," said Dahlia, as she folded up her letter from home.

Peter's previous letter, dictated to his nurse-secretary, had, according to Archie, been full of good things. Cross-examination of the proud father, however, had failed to reveal anything more stirring than "'I love mummy,' and—er—so on."

We were sitting in the loggia after what I don't call breakfast—all of us except Simpson, who was busy with a mysterious package. We had not many days left; and I was beginning to feel that, personally, I should not be sorry to see things like porridge again. Each to his taste.

"The time has passed absurdly quickly," said Myra. "We don't seem to have done *anything*—except enjoy ourselves. I mean anything specially Rivierish. But it's been heavenly."

"We've done lots of Rivierish things," I protested. "If you'll be quiet a moment I'll tell you some."

These were some of the things;

(1) We had been to the Riviera. (Nothing could take away from that. We had the labels on our luggage.)

(2) We had lost heavily (thirty francs) at the Tables. (This alone justified the journey.)

(3) Myra had sat next to a Prince at lunch. (Of course she might have done this in London, but so far there has been no great rush of Princes to our little flat. Dukes, Mayors, Companions of St. Michael and St. George, certainly; but, somehow, not Princes.)

(4) Simpson had done the short third hole at Mt. Agel in three. (His first had cleverly dislodged the ball from the piled-up tee; his second, a sudden nick, had set it rolling down the hill to the green; and the third, an accidental putt, had sunk it.)

(5) Myra and I had seen Corsica. (Question.)

(6) And finally, and best of all, we had sat in the sun, under a blue sky, above a blue sea, and watched the oranges and lemons grow.

So, though we had been to but few of the famous beauty spots around, we had had a delightfully lazy time; and as proof that we had not really been at Brighton there were, as I have said, the luggage labels. But we were to be able to show further proof. At this moment Simpson came out of the house, his face beaming with excitement, his hands carefully concealing something behind his back.

"Guess what I've got," he said eagerly.

"The sack," said Thomas.

"Your new vests," said Archie.

"Something that will interest us all," helped Simpson.

"I withdraw my suggestion," said Archie.

"Something we ought to have brought with us all along."

"More money," said Myra.

The tension was extreme. It was obvious that our consuming anxiety would have to be relieved very speedily. To avoid a riot, Thomas went behind Simpson's back and took his surprise away from him.

"A camera," he said. "Good idea."

Simpson was all over himself with bon-hommy.

"I suddenly thought of it the other night," he said, smiling round at all of us in his happiness, "and I was just going to wake Thomas up to tell him, when I thought I'd keep it a secret. So I wrote to a friend of mine and asked him to send me out one, and some films and things, just as a surprise for you."

"Samuel, you *are* a dear," said Myra, looking at him lovingly.

"You see, I thought, Myra, you'd like to have some records of the place, because they're so jolly to look back on, and—er, I'm not quite sure how you work it, but I expect some of you know, and—er——"

"Come on," said Myra, "I'll show you." She retired with Simpson to a secluded part of the loggia and helped him put the films in.

"Nothing can save us," said Archie. "We are going to be taken together in a group. Simpson will send it to one of the picture papers, and we shall appear as 'Another Merry Little Party of well-known Sun-seekers. Names from left to right: Blank, blank, Mr. Archibald Mannering, blank, blank.' I'd better go and brush my hair."

Simpson returned to us, nervous and fully charged with advice.

"Right, Myra, I see. That'll be all right. Oh, look here, do you—oh yes, I see. Right. Now then—wait a bit—oh yes, I've got it. Now then, what shall we have first? A group?"

"Take the house and the garden and the village," said Thomas. "You'll see plenty of *us* afterwards."

"The first one is bound to be a failure," I pointed out. "Rather let him fail at us, who are known to be beautiful, than at the garden, which has its reputation yet to make. Afterwards, when he has got the knack, he will be able to do justice to the scenery."

Archie joined us again, followed by the bull-dog. We grouped ourselves picturesquely.

"That looks ripping," said Simpson. "Oh, look here, Myra, do you—— No, don't come; you'll spoil the picture. I suppose you have to—oh, it's all right, I think I've got it."

"I shan't try to look handsome this time," said Archie; "it's not worth it. I shall just put an ordinary blurred expression on."

"Now, are you ready? Don't move. Quite still, please; quite——"

"It's instantaneous, you know," said Myra gently.

This so unnerved Simpson that he let the thing off without any further warning, before we had time to get our expressions natural.

"That was all right, Myra, wasn't it?" he said proudly.

"I'm—I'm afraid you had your hand over the lens, Samuel dear."

"Our new photographic series: 'Palms of the Great.' No. 1, Mr. S. Simpson's," murmured Archie.

"It wouldn't have been a very good one anyhow," I said encouragingly. "It wasn't typical. Dahlia should have had an orange in her hand, and Myra might have been resting her cheek against a cactus. Try it again, Simpson, and get a little more colour into it."

He tried again and got a lot more colour into it.

"Strictly speaking," said Myra sadly, "you ought to have got it on to a new film."

Simpson looked in horror at the back of his camera, found that he had forgotten to turn the handle, apologised profusely, and wound up very gingerly till the number "2" approached. "Now then," he said, looking up . . . and found himself alone.

* * * * *

As I write this in London I have Simpson's album in front of me. Should you ever do us the honour of dining with us (as I hope you will), and (which seems impossible) should there ever come a moment when the conversation runs low, and you are revolving in your mind whether it is worth while asking us if we have been to any theatres lately, then I shall produce the album, and you will be left in no doubt that we are just back from the Riviera. You will see oranges and lemons and olives and cactuses and palms; blue sky (if you have enough imagination) and still bluer sea; picturesque villas, curious effects of rocks, distant backgrounds of mountain. . . . and on the last page the clever kindly face of Simpson.

The whole affair will probably bore you to tears.

But with Myra and me the case of course is different. We find these things, as Simpson said, very jolly to look back on.

A. A. M.

IN SEARCH OF PETER.

Martell is one of those men that you might live next door to for half-a-century and never know any better. It is entirely owing to his wife and her love for Peter that Martell and I have discovered each other to be quite companionable fellows with many tastes in common, and I am smoking one of his cigars at the present moment.

Peter is the most precious and the most coveted of my possessions. He is coveted, or was, chiefly by Mrs. Martell, who fell in love with his name and his deep romantic eyes. Apart from these I can see nothing remarkable in him. He is certainly the most irresponsible hound that ever sat down in front of a motor-car to attend to his personal cleanliness, but still I should not like to part with him. "We must have a Peter," was the text of Mrs. Martell's domestic monologues, and of late, before the great disillusionment—that is, after hinting delicately to me that she would like best of all to have *the* Peter—she took to sallying forth, armed with the name, into the purlieus of dog-fanciers to find a criminal that would fit the punishment.

I was not altogether surprised, therefore, one afternoon when a note was brought in asking me to step round and have a cup of tea. Martell was monosyllabic as usual, and we sat and gazed into the fire.

"I don't suppose you would like to part with Peter," he said suddenly.

"I certainly should not," I answered.

Then, after a pause, "Could you tell a good lie?" he asked.

I looked up in astonishment, but just then Mrs. Martell entered and plunged *in medias res.* She had just returned from the last of those fruitless expeditions, and the slow realization that there can be only one Peter in the world had brought her nearly to tears.

"And I've bought such a sweet little collar for him," she said, "with 'Peter' printed in big letters."

I remembered then that the original dog was in daily danger of being arrested, his very aged collar having been chewed to pulp after his last castigation therewith.

"And a dear little pair of soft slippers, one for him to play with, and the other to smack him with if he's ever naughty, although I don't think he could be—your Peter, I mean. Have you slippers for him?"

"Well, not a pair," I said, "and not exactly slippers. One's a golf-ball, the other's more in the nature of a boot."

"Oh, but he's such a sweet-tempered little creature, isn't he?"

I felt Martell's eye upon me.

"Very," I said; "his early upbringing gave him a healthy body and a mellow heart. He was born in a brewery, you know, and never tasted water until I flung him into the canal the first day I had him. Since then, as often as he has time, he goes to bathe in the scummiest parts, and then comes and tells me all about it with any amount of circumstantial evidence. Most enthusiastic little swimmer he is."

"What a funny dog! But I should never allow him to go out alone—if he were mine, I mean. And what sort of food do you give him?"

"Well, he tried to swallow one of my white ties last night."

"Oh, but I should give him proper food," she said. "He doesn't hate cats, does he? I couldn't bear a dog that did."

My eyes met Martell's for one moment, then I cleared my throat. Slowly and sadly I opened the history of Peter militant, with unacknowledged borrowings from the lives of other Peters with other names. Beginning



[*Extract from Sentries' Orders:* "In case of man overboard, will throw the ship's life-buoy overboard, and report to the ship's officer on the bridge. In case of fire will at once report it quietly to the ship's officer on the bridge."]

Officer of the Watch (on transport). "What do you do in case of fire?"

Nervous Sentry. "Throw meself overboard an' report at once to the bloke on the balcony."



A NEW CRAZE.

"What a tragic face you have, Miss Pootle." "Yes, you see, I *adore misery*."

with cats I had seen in my garden looking as if they felt rather blurred and indistinct, I passed on through cats speechless and perforated, to cats that were. I told sad stories of the deaths of cats. I talked of nights of agonising shrieks, and mornings of guilty eyes and blood-stained lips. My store of reminiscences lasted five minutes, and before Mrs. Martell had recovered from their recitation I pleaded a pressing engagement and took my departure.

You will now understand why I count Martell among my friends and am at this moment, as I said before, smoking one of his cigars. It came in a box of a hundred, with the laconic note, "One for each."

As I write, my dog and my black kitten are barging in perfect accord all round my legs in pursuit of a brand-new collar with "Peter" printed in big letters.

Notice outside a station of the Wirral Railway Co.:—

"Loiterers on the Company's premises or annoying passengers will be prosecuted."

The passenger who annoys us most and seems worthiest of prosecution is the fifth on our side of the carriage.

ANNABEL LEE.

Up and down on the fresh-ploughed levels,
All for the sake of their lady fair,
Two cock-partridges fought like devils,
Hammer-and-tongs and a hop in the air;
And I and "Basket" Annabel Lee—
Elderly tinking gyp is she—
We leaned on the paling and watched it go;
And "Eh," said she, "now a fight 'tis cruel,
But of all the compliments 'tis the jewel!
May I die to-day, but I know, I know
There's naught as a young maid's 'eart takes better
Than a couple o' big chaps out to get her
Through a dozen o' dustin' rounds or so.

"Bet my bonnet it strikes you funny,
Seein' I'm risin' seventy-three,
To think o' me once as sweet as honey;
Lor' how their fists went 'long o' me!
Jake Peltevo and Pembroke Bill,
I saw 'em then, and I sees 'em still,
Eh, how their fists went—*thud! crack! thud!*
None o' your booze-house scraps,
Lor' love 'em;
Turf to their feet and the sky above 'em—
Stripped, bare-knuckle and mucked wi' blood;
Queer thing, ain't it, I still thinks pleasure
In the strength o' a man, bein' old, by measure,
And plain, you'd say, as a pint o' mud?

"Scared me fine at the time, though; weepin'
I 'id my face in the 'azels low;
Tip-toe soon I was back a-peepin',
Couldn't 'a' helped were it never so;
Each as good as the other chap—
Bad old woman I be, may'ap;
But oh, I loved 'em, the fine young men.
Marry a one of 'em? Why no, never;
They wasn't a-marryin' me whatever;
But I likes to think of 'em now and then;
For, of all the compliments, *that* was candy,
And—ain't them dicky-birds at it dandy?
I knows the pride o' their pretty 'en!
Eh, but I loved 'em, me fine young men!"



Bernard Partridge

FROM FIFE TO HARP.

Mr. Asquith. "ONE MORE BONNIE TOOTLE, AND THEN BACK TO THAT DREARY OLD HARP."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 6.—At third time of asking Home Rule Bill read a second time. Odd feature in curious sitting that hotly contested measure passed crucial stage without a division. House divided on WALTER LONG's amendment for its rejection. When thereupon SPEAKER put the question that "the Bill be now read a second time" there was none to say him nay. Some folk of hopeful habit see in this incident a forecast of the end.

Debate unexpectedly decorous, not to say decidedly dull. TIM HEALY did something to lift it out of rut. But he was more concerned to belabour JOHN REDMOND and to dig DEVLIN in the ribs than to argue merits of measure. Taunted his much-loved fellow-patriot and countryman with facing both ways on question of exclusion of Ulster. ATTORNEY-GENERAL declared that PREMIER's offer of exclusion for period of six years was still open. REDMOND, believing it was dead, had, TIM said, prepared its coffin, "and now the ATTORNEY-GENERAL comes along and forces fresh oxygen into the corpse."

As for DEVLIN, he was introduced accidentally at end of harangue. Had interposed comment inaudible to main body of House, but safely assumed not to be complimentary. WILLIAM O'BRIEN turned round with angry retort.

"There is," mused TIM, "one gentleman from whom on historical grounds I had expected firmness in regard to Ulster. It is the gentleman who has just interrupted me, and the grounds of expectation are that in ancient time downward from the flight of the earls the DEVLINS were the hereditary horse-boys of the O'NEILLS."

Remark perhaps scarcely relevant to Home Rule Bill or motion for its Second Reading. But it soothed TIM and didn't hurt DEVLIN.

BIRRELL having made cheery speech on situation generally, PETO rose with amiable intention of continuing debate. House had had enough of it. Persistently cried aloud for division. Amid hubbub PETO shouted dissatisfaction at top of his voice. Unequal contest maintained for only a few minutes, when MCKENNA in charge of business of House during absence of his elders nipped in with motion for Closure.

This carried, LONG's amendment negatived by 356 votes against 276.



A FORETASTE OF HOME RULE HARMONY.

"Mr. Devlin here interposed with a remark which was not heard in the gallery, and Mr. W. O'Brien, turning round to where the hon. member was sitting, called out in an angry tone something which was not clearly heard."—"*Times*" *Report.*

Majority for Government, 80. Motion for Second Reading unchallenged; amid prolonged cheering from Ministerialists and Irish Nationalists Bill read a second time.

Business done.—For third time in course of three successive sessions Home Rule Bill passes Second Reading stage.

Tuesday.—BROWNING, longing to be in England "now that April's there," would have been disappointed had it been possible for him to turn up to-day. So dark and dank that at three o'clock, when Questions opened, electric light was turned on. Revealed dreary array of half-empty benches. Had Closure been promptly moved a count out inevitable.

As in time of war the cutting off of superior officers brings comparatively young ones to chief command, MCKENNA (in the absence of PREMIER, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and FOREIGN SECRETARY) sits in the seat of the mighty in charge of Government business. Fills the part excellently. Ten days ago SPEAKER cheered House by announcement that there should be no more Supplementary Questions. Welcome resolution either forgotten or deliberately ignored. Supplementary Questions, almost exclusively argumentative, assertive, or personally offensive, buzzed about Treasury bench like bees at mouth of hive. HOME SECRETARY, alert, self-possessed, deftly parried attack.

While Questions on printed paper were being duly picked up, put and answered, midway in melancholy proceeding there entered Distinguished Strangers' Gallery a small group of gorgeously clad princes from the storied East. They surveyed the scene with keen interest. In their far-off home they had read and talked of the House of Commons, the central controlling force of wide-spread Empire, whereof their possessions were as a bit of fringe. They had travelled far to look upon it. And here in this comparatively small chamber, scantily peopled, they beheld it.

Is this the face that launched
a thousand ships
And stormed the topmost towers
of Ilium?

Fortunately for reputation of the House ROWLAND HUNT chanced to be to the fore. The other day, burning with patriotism, he issued a circular letter addressed to non-commissioned officers of the Army, advising them how to act in certain contingencies relating to Ulster. It happens that one CROWSLEY had previously circulated amongst soldiers at Aldershot a handbill urging the men to disobey orders when on duty. He was prosecuted for inciting to mutiny,



If only Sir EDWARD CARSON belonged to some other oppressed nationality—Armenia, for instance!

convicted and sentenced. Members in Radical stronghold below Gangway want to know wherein the two cases differ, and why, if CROWSLEY is in gaol, the Member for South Shropshire should go free?

ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to whom questions were addressed, diplomatically discriminated. Came to conclusion not to employ services of PUBLIC PROSECUTOR. So ROWLAND HUNT remains with us.

Business done.—A couple of small Government Bills advanced a stage. House talked out at eleven o'clock.

Wednesday.—Adjournment for brief Easter Holiday. Back on Tuesday.

THE COWL.

Murdoch McWhannel, 3, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W., to Messrs. Fairley and Willing, house-factors there.

January 3, 191-.

I have been seriously annoyed for some weeks now by a noisy chimney-cowl on your property at 15, Poynings Road. It is on the stack of chimneys at the rear of your property, and within about fifty yards of the back windows of this house. During the recent high winds the cowl has kept up a continual shrieking, day and night, which has been extremely destructive to "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." I trust that you will be so good as to have the cowl overhauled, and this cause of disturbance removed.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 6, 191-.

Re your letter of 3rd curt. the chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road shall have our immediate attention.

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 7, 191-.

I have to thank you for your prompt and courteous reply to my letter of 3rd January, and am glad to know that the noisy cowl will have your immediate attention.

The Same to the Same.

January 14, 191-.

May I remind you that in your letter of 6th January you were good enough to promise that the noisy cowl at 15, Poynings Road would have your immediate attention? Of course I know that it is difficult to get tradesmen to work so soon after the New Year holidays, but they should now be available, and the cowl is having a very serious effect on the health and nerves of the residents here.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 17, 191-.

Re chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road and your letter of 14th curt., we are surprised to receive same. We sent out a tradesman on January 11, who reported same date that he had oiled and adjusted the cowl, and that it would give no further trouble. If you are still troubled, some other cowl must be causing it now. We understand, from enquiries made on the spot, that there is a noisy one, not on our property at all, but on Hathaway Mansions. We hope you will find this explanation satisfactory.



Sir EDWARD GREY (*in Sutherlandshire on the day of the final debate on the Second Reading of the Home Rule Bill*). "Ireland? Ireland? Where have I heard that name?"

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 19, 191-.

I am surprised by the contents of your letter of 17th, for which I am much obliged. If your tradesman attended to a cowl on the back stack of your property at 15, Poynings Road, on January 11, he must have attended to the wrong cowl. One can readily understand that if he adjusted and oiled a cowl which had not been making any noise it would continue to be silent. The error might easily occur, especially so soon after the New Year holidays. This is the only explanation I can think of, for the noise has been as bad as ever. I trust you will have the matter further looked into, as the situation, especially in regard to my wife's nerves, is becoming more and more serious.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to Murdoch McWhannel.

January 23, 191-.

In re chimney cowl at 15, Poynings Road and your letter of January 19, we can only say that it surprises us very much. We employ only the most competent tradesmen, who could not possibly make the kind of mistake you suppose. We beg to refer you to the part of our letter of January 17 referring to Hathaway Mansions.

Murdoch McWhannel to Messrs. Fairley and Willing.

January 24, 191-.

I regret very much the tone of your letter of January 23. It is hardly courteous to suggest, as your letter does, that I cannot distinguish between the noise of a cowl on Hathaway Mansions, which are fully 150 yards away, and one which is practically just above my bedroom. As I write this letter, seated at a table at the window of my study, I can actually see the cowl shrieking—if you will pardon a figure of speech which has perhaps a Hibernian flavour. As my study is built out to the back of this house, it is parallel with your property at 15, Poynings Road. I am within fifty yards of the offending cowl. The noise it makes rises and falls in shrillness according to the speed at which the cowl revolves under the pressure of the wind. We are not disturbed at all by any cowl on Hathaway Mansions, but by this one of yours, about which I wrote you first so long ago as January 3. I have kept a diary of the cowl since then and for some days earlier, showing the number of hours per day that we have been annoyed by it, the number of times it has prevented us from getting to sleep at the usual time, the number of nights we have been wakened from the same cause, and the number of mornings when we have been prematurely wakened, often as early as seven o'clock, and prevented from getting to sleep again. I shall be glad to send you a copy of this document for your information. The original I must retain, in case any legal proceedings should be necessary, as I have had each item in the diary certified by my wife and our house-tablemaid, a very intelligent and observant girl. I hope, however, it may not be necessary to take any legal steps, such as an action of interdict and damages at my instance, or a prosecution for nuisance at the instance of the public authority, which in this case would be the City Council, to a number of which body I am not altogether unknown. In fact I may say I took the opportunity of mentioning the

HINTS TO ARTISTS AND WRITERS

WHO NEED TO ADVERTISE THEMSELVES BY SOME ECCENTRICITY OF COSTUME.



While the most elaborate attempts to draw attention often fall flat,



sometimes the smallest deviation from the usual may prove irresistible.

matter to Bailie McPartan at a municipal conversazione to which my wife and I were invited last week. I do not wish to trouble you by writing at any undue length on this subject, but I think it right and only fair to tell you that owing to the actual noise of the cowl, and perhaps even more (as our doctor says) to the mental strain of listening to hear whether it is going to begin again, my wife is on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, which seems likely to necessitate some weeks' rest cure in a nursing home, and possibly a trip to the Canaries. I am advised by my lawyer that these are contingent liabilities, the burden of which would fall upon you as the owner of the cowl. In these circumstances I feel sure you will favour the immediate removal of this nuisance.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to *Murdoch McWhannel.*

January 27, 191–.

Your letter of 24th curt. will receive immediate attention at the hands of solicitors, Messrs. Samson and Samuel, 114, North Regent Street, to whom perhaps you will kindly address any further communications you may think necessary *re* cowl.

Gilbert Macdonald, 5, Poynings Avenue, Glasgow, N.W., to *George Willing, house factor.*

February 3, 191–.

Dear Willing,—For Heaven's sake, as an old friend, spike or remove the chimney cowl that McWhannel at No. 3 has written you about. He has called on me twice and written three long letters, "to enlist my sympathy and support." He is the most poisonous kind of bore, and I 'll gladly pay for the removal of the cowl, if that 's the only way of muzzling him.

Reply by telephone, summarised. Willing to *Macdonald.*

February 4, 191–.

I would do so, for friendship's sake, but I 've just sold the property. I preferred that to having any more letters from him.

Messrs. Fairley and Willing to *Murdoch McWhannel.*

February 14, 191–.

Re your letters to Messrs. Samson and Samuel of January 29th and 31st, and February 2nd, 5th, 8th, 11th, and your telegrams of 12th and 13th, we have now pleasure in advising you that we have sold the property at 15, Poynings Road, including the cowl, to the Corporation. We understand that the Corporation propose to use the premises as a reception house in connection with their Home for Lost Dogs, and we trust that this arrangement will be satisfactory to you.

Commercial Candour.

From an Oxford Street wine merchant's advt.:—

"Equal to the so-called First Quality brands."

"He was defended by Mr. Macbottle of whisky."—*Scotch paper.*

The Macbottles (of whisky) are a very well-known Highland clan.

"At Sapphire Lodge in Vincent Square, W. A. Randall Wells has lately painted two rooms in a manner which combines novelty very successfully with a sound tradition." Speaking of the bedroom, *The Times* goes on to say that "there are passages from the 'Sensitive Blast' finely written on vellum in every panel." Certainly this variation on the title of Shelley's poem seems to "combine novelty very successfully with a sound tradition."

A VILLAIN IN REVOLT.

I have been in a fair dust-up in Denver City,
Made many a baresark rush;
I have bluffed with Death in my time and scooped the kitty,
Smashing a cool straight flush;
I have gouged my jack-knife deep in a victim's thorax
(Golly, how the blood did gush!);
I have scalped some dozens of skulls with an Indian war-axe
Without being put to the blush.

I 've killed with stilettos at times and with crude sandbagging,
Or a brute belaying-pin;
With a twisted cord I have frequently done my scragging,
And doped with devilish gin;
I remember once in a boarding-house racket at Rio
How my snickersnee snicked clean in;
And I booted a blackguard to death with consid'rable *brio*
One evening in Tien-tsin.

I 've run amok with a kris and sent men howling;
With a kukri I 've killed my prey;
I 'm an amateur still—I admit it—at disembow'ling,
But I 've settled a few that way;
And I mind me well (for I still can sniff the aroma
Of that particular fray)
How I quartered and cut into ribbons some beggars at Boma
On rather a busy day.

But I 'm blowed—being really a rabid humanitarian,
And a vegetarian too—
If I mean to devour an unfortunate fellow Aryan
In the Island of Oahu.
I have done dire deeds by request, without any evasion,
But this thing I will not do;
If they won't be content with a "fake" for this single occasion,
My cinema job is through.

From a list of popular novels:—

"*The Beloved Premier*, by H. Maxwell.
The Greater Law, by Victoria Cross."

Politicians can take their choice.

The Latest Cinema Poster.

"Our Sea Rooms now open.
No Finer Death."

The Men that Matter.

Sound the clarion, Filson, Fyfe,
To all the reading world proclaim
One signed half-column, straight from life,
Is worth a page without a name.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

I had a terrible experience yesterday, one of life's inky black hours which will bring a shudder whenever in future days memory seizes an idle moment to refresh herself. I had been dining with Scarfield and his mother at Hampstead, and with the entry of the coffee he had pleaded a sudden dyspepsia and withdrawn. So his mother, a dear colourless old lady, undertook to entertain me. By her desire I lighted a cigar.

She mentioned that she had just returned from a visit to Glasgow, and I remarked intelligently that Glasgow was a fine place. Considering for a moment, she observed that she thought the weather in Glasgow was colder than that of the South of England; and I said, Yes, very likely, I had heard so. In about two minutes she qualified her statement by informing me that the South of England was as a rule milder than Glasgow. I replied that it appeared to me very possible, adding recklessly that they had peculiarly mixed weather in Glasgow, which she seemed to think rather a questionable presentment of the case for the North, for she kept silent and ruminated for seven or eight minutes. My mind took a little excursion to Putney, where I have friends. But, before I had really settled at Putney, the lady's voice intimated that perhaps they had more rain in Glasgow than in the South of England.

I came back from Putney with a slight mental wrench, yet sufficiently clear-headed to say decidedly that Glasgow, on the whole, had a much better climate than the South, because I had once spent a day there, and the sun shone the whole time, so I ought to know. Then I started off again, and had just reached Walham Green (one does not speak of these places, but I may tell you that it is a station on the way to Putney, where I have a friend), when she responded with lightning-like swiftness that it couldn't be healthy to live in Glasgow. This bordered on repartee, so I countered rapidly with the brilliant suggestion that a good many people managed to live there, hoping she would not score by the obvious rejoinder that a good many people died there. If she had, I can't imagine how I should have extricated myself. Luckily she merely murmured, "Ah, yes," and reflected. I was just stepping off the train at a station (Putney—to be explicit, it is a lady friend) when there seemed to be a collision, and I caught myself saying, "Indeed!" though I don't know why. She nodded approval, however, and I ventured on a meditative "Ye-es."

"But they don't seem to mind," she said, glancing at me blandly through her spectacles. "*Do* they?"

"You see," I answered, chancing it, "they are so used to it." She smiled and agreed.

"That must be the reason," she said. For what, I hadn't the remotest idea; but this just shows what presence of mind will do for one in an emergency.

"What a difference they must find," I went on boldly, and lapsed into a muse. She sighted it, however, and replied in less than five minutes—

"You mean now that the old-fashioned ones are coming in again?"

Here was a catastrophe. Did she refer to hats, or skirts, or Christmas cards? What sudden original observation had I unfortunately missed during that last journey South-westward? At all costs I must keep cool. I pulled myself together and plunged.

"Yes," I said. "You see the old-fashioned ones were so awfully tight, weren't they?"

"Tight?" she echoed. "Not *tight*."

"Well, not exactly *tight*," I answered, feeling rather distracted. "I meant large."

She looked at me suspiciously, I thought. "*I* think they 're too long," she said, "and such a lot of people in them."

This was growing too complicated, and I wished heartily we had stuck to Glasgow and its weather.

"One finds them," she added, "so hard to follow."

I racked my miserable brain for anything that was lengthy, populous, and difficult to follow; in vain.

"Still," I gasped, glancing at the door, "one can always . . . one can generally . . . one can sometimes sit down . . . for a rest . . . if one is dreadfully tired," I explained.

She gazed at me reproachfully.

"I don't usually stand at the back of the pit," she said. "The last time Fred took me we had stalls."

"How—how *jolly*!" I murmured. "I was thinking of—of——"

"If you please, Mr. Fred would like some soda-water and a few biscuits taken up, Ma'am," said the servant, entering softly.

I rose.

"Must you go?" protested my conversationalist. "Oh, I am so sorry! But come again soon—you have kept me quite lively. Good-bye."

I took the tube to Charing Cross and changed there for Putney and Ethel. (Did I mention that her name was Ethel?) But when I told Ethel about it afterwards she said she thought sarcasm in elderly ladies was very objectionable.

COMMERCIAL ART.

Across the sundering gulf of time
I lift a song to you,
Melodious as a minster chime,
Loud, I expect, as two.
Years have flown swiftly since we met;
Do you, remembered one, forget
The rapturous moment and sublime
When I drew near to you? I bet
A half-a-crown you do.

Your name I never learned—Hélène,
Beryl, perhaps Marie,
Phyllis, Estelle, or merely Jane—
It makes no odds to me.
I hymn you, maiden, none the less;
I toil in rhyme and metre; yes,
From noon till eve I bear the pain
Of this prolonged poetic stress
(With half-an-hour for tea).

Carrots your hair was (*i.e.*, red;
"Carrots" is just my fun);
Blue were your eyes, and from them sped
A gleam that mocked the sun—
I *think* that's so, but, as I say,
Time has moved quickly since that day,
And few, too few, the words we said
When languidly, as beauty may,
You handed me a bun.

Calmly you took it from the place
Where it was used to sit,
And I can still recall the grace
With which you dusted it.
I paid you, and we parted; so
Life's rich adventures come and go!
And did that brief glimpse of your face
Set love within me surging? No,
It didn't. Not a bit.

I only sing because I must;
Not mine the fret, the throb
Of fevered passion; verse is just
My livelihood, or job.
Searching for themes, I had a clear,
Swift vision of your dial; queer
How such things happen, but I trust
These lines will bring me in, my dear,
£1 or 30*s*.



AT THE COSTUMIER'S.

"Oh yes, she's smart, but she hasn't an idea in her vocabulary."

THE BURNING QUESTION.

Feeling that not all the representative voices have been heard with regard to the question of smoking in theatres, *Mr. Punch* has been making further inquiries. The replies are appended:—

General Villa y Villa. I think that smoking should be permitted everywhere.

Mr. Max Pemberton. I am totally opposed to giving theatres the same comfortable rules as the variety halls. If people may smoke at musical comedies they are in danger of avoiding revues.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton. I am in favour of giving the public all they want. Let them smoke if they wish to, everywhere and everywhen. Let them also chew and take snuff: a private snuff-box should be attached to every stall.

Mr. Victor Grayson. I would support smoking in theatres if pipes were permitted. But of course they won't be.

Mr. Bernard Shaw (to whom no inquiry was addressed, but that did not prevent his sending a long letter on the subject, the purport of which is that there should be no smoking anywhere). Had I ever smoked I should not now be the first intellectual in Europe.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. No smoking in theatres for me. And if I go to the Gaiety and find that a cigar or cigarette on my right or left singes my whiskers I will have the law of Mr. George Edwardes.

"*Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.*" Let there be smoking, but let some kind of control be kept on the brands of cigars that are smoked.

Mr. Lloyd George. I am in favour of the extension of all taxable luxuries.

Mr. Eustace Miles. Most London theatres are now so grossly over-ventilated that I welcome the idea of tobacco as helping to redress the balance.

Master Anthony Asquith. Surely if there is smoking in one house of entertainment there may be smoking in another. I am sure my poor father would agree.

THE FEDERAL SOLUTION.

(*See the daily papers* passim.)

I.

Sir,—At last a ray of sanity has fallen like oil on the troubled waters of the Irish controversy and has given a well-merited cold douche to the extremists on either side. It is now acknowledged that what for want of a better term I may call the Federal Solution holds the field, and any attempt to expel it will only plunge the objector still deeper in the mire and cover him with ridicule from head to foot.

Long ago I adumbrated in the clearest possible way the fundamental outlines of this solution, and every hour which has passed has only sufficed to strengthen a conviction which was already so deeply rooted as to be beyond the reach of hostile argument. What is now required to be done may be stated in a nutshell. Let the Government withdraw the present Home Rule Bill. They will thus dispose at once of the opposition of Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. J. L. Garvin and Mr. William O'Brien, and will provide themselves with a clean slate, which will be a peg on which any subsequent plan may be hung. Then let them bring in a Bill (or four or more Bills, if deemed necessary) for conferring autonomous governments on all the counties of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, every county to have the option of excluding itself for a period of not less than fifty or more than a hundred years by a majority of two-thirds of its electorate, women to count as two on a division. At the same time let the House of Lords be so reconstituted as to become in truth an Imperial Legislature, subject, however, to the veto of a new and impartial body to be composed of Field-Marshals, Archbishops, Judges and retired Lieutenant-Governors. Our Oversea Dominions could come into this scheme at any moment, if so desired. To this plan I can see no objections whatever except, perhaps, that its execution will take time and will stand in the way of other legislation—but anything that is worth doing takes time, and, for my own part, I want no other legislation.

Yours, etc., James B. Hornblower,
Organising Secretary,
Society of Federationists.

II.

(*In answer to the above.*)

Sir,—Dr. Hornblower is at his old games. His plan for settling the Irish question is no plan at all, as I have frequently shown. Whenever it has been submitted to the fire of criticism it has been found that it will not wash. It is quite useless to try to mix oil and vinegar in a jug that will not hold water.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am a convinced supporter of a Federal Solution and have for many years endeavoured to remove the public apathy which I have found to exist in regard to this profoundly interesting question. My suggestion is that, in order to sift the matter thoroughly and, if possible, to strike out a new path, we should put our existing constitution into the melting pot and thus clear away the weeds which threaten to choke its fair growth. Let Parliament be a movable institution, sitting for one week in Australia, for one week in Canada, for one week in Ireland, and so on. In the course of a year it will have sat in all the component parts of the Empire, which will then, indeed, be an Empire on which the sun never sets, and in which Parliament always sits. It need not, of course, be the same Parliament in every case, but can be varied to suit local customs and prejudices. As a symbol of unity His Majesty the King might be conveyed by a special service of air-ships from one country to another, so that he might always open every Parliament in person. England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales would thus take their proper places in the Empire by the side of Barbados, Canada and British Guiana, and there would be no jealousy because all would be treated equally. Only in this way can civil war be avoided and Ulster be satisfied.

Yours, etc., Benjamin Woollet,
Chairman of the Amalgamated League
for the Federation of the Empire.

III.

(*In answer to the two preceding letters.*)

Sir,—Professor Woollet and Dr. Hornblower are both wrong. The only way in which a Federal Solution, such as we all desire, can be brought about is to convert the existing House of Lords—no change being made in its constitution—into the supreme and only legislative assembly of the whole Empire. The House of Commons, of course, would cease to sit, or it might take the place of the present London County Council. This is the true plan. All others are absurd. It is useless for people to say they do not want this. We insist on their having it.

Yours, etc., Jonathan Firedamp,
President of Council of the
Federal Association.

A MYTH OF BOND STREET.

(*The latest thing in female head-wear is said to be the "Minerva" Hat.*)

Forgive me if my nerves were somewhat shaken;
Pardon me if my pulse went pit-a-pat
When I observed your tiny head had taken
To a "Minerva" hat.

Love at my heart's closed door, with loudest knockings,
Won his admittance as I gazed on you
Garbed in the gear of her, of all blue-stockings,
The most superbly blue.

For you seemed nobler far in form and feature;
In wisdom, too, I deemed you now divine,
And, though I felt myself a worthless creature,
I swore to make you mine.

I said, "I'll win this goddess. Though the siege is
Long, I shall learn her wisdom if I can,
Until in time she throws her nuptial ægis
Over her Super-man."

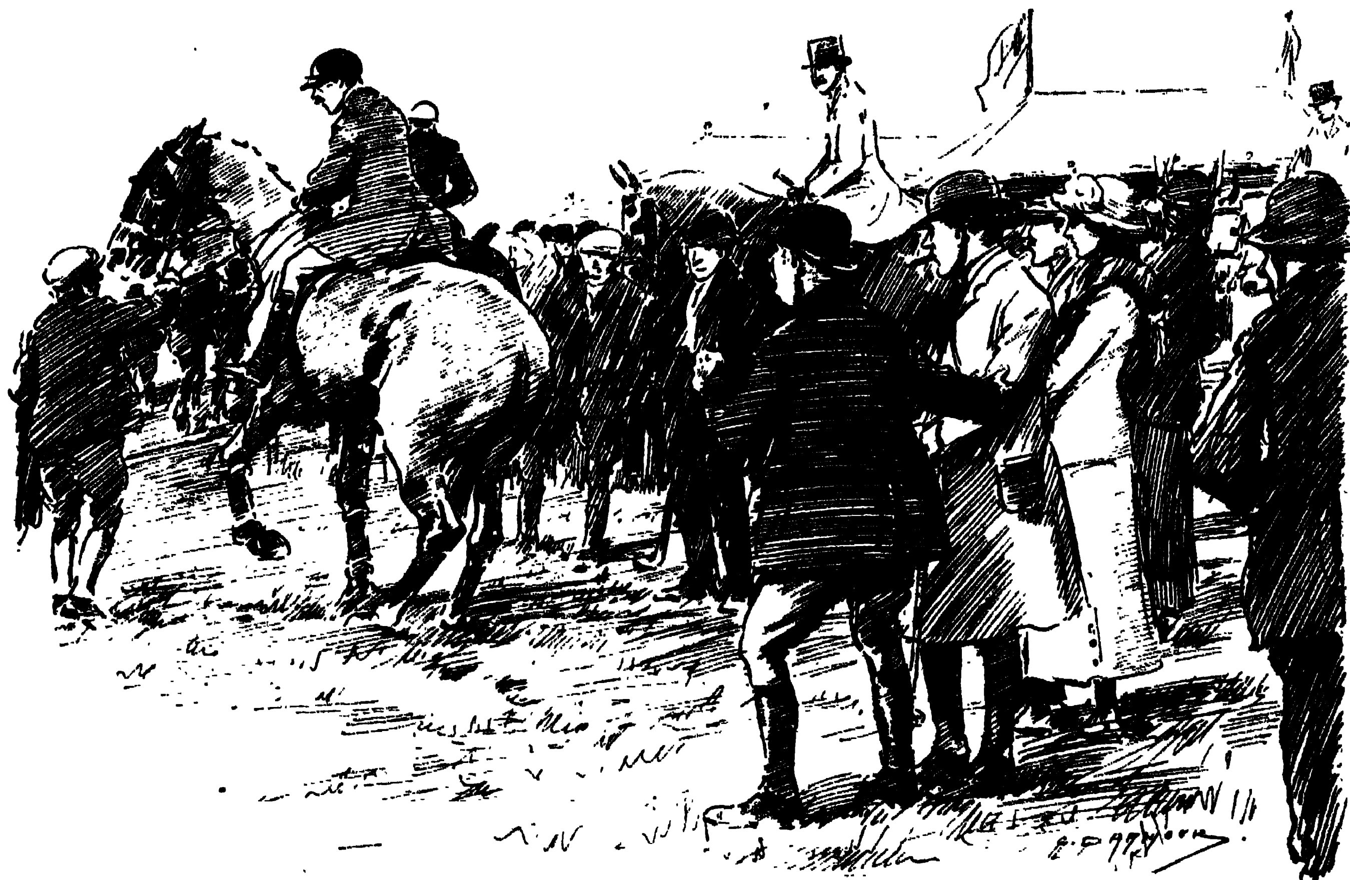
And then you spoke, in accents all too human,
Glanced at me coyly from beneath your casque;
My vision vanished, and I saw the woman
Behind that heavenly mask.

And straight I felt (so flippant was your mien) a
Pain as I mused on Pallas and her fowl,
And left the phantom of a faked Athena,
A disillusioned Owl.

Love's Labour Lost.

"The Newcastle Fire Brigade were called upon last night to deal with an outbreak at ——, where Mr. J. G—— carries on business as a firelighter manufacturer. Before much damage had been done, the firemen were able to extinguish the flames with chemicals."
Newcastle Daily Journal.

Once again we see how the economic instinct clashes with the artistic temperament.



A POINT TO POINT IN IRELAND.

Owner of Rank Bad Horse (who has given the mount to a stranger). "Begorra, I didn't know he was a friend of yer honour's! Tell him to get down off that horse! Shure, I thought he was only a —— Saxon."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

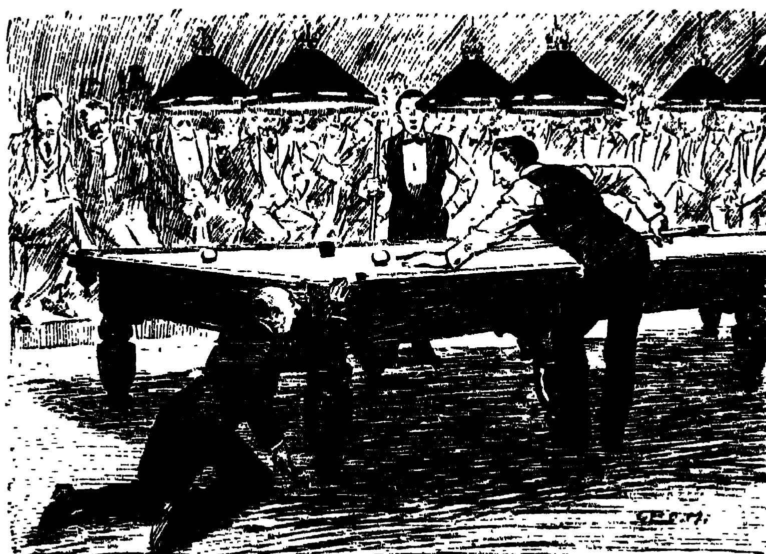
A reflection that I could not resist after reading *Love the Harper* (Smith, Elder) was that the Boy appears in this volume as a very indifferent performer upon his instrument. For the muddle into which he plunged the amatory affairs of the inhabitants of Downside was terrible. Downside was a quiet delightful village, as lovingly described by Miss Eleanor G. Hayden, but the number of misplaced attachments it contained seemed, as *Lady Bracknell* once observed, "in excess of that which statisticians have laid down for our guidance." There was *John Harding*, the hero, who began by courting *Phyllis*, and subsequently transferred his suit to *Ruth*. There was *Will*, his brother, an even more inconstant lover, whom *Phyllis* (still nominally betrothed to *John*) adored at first sight, and who divided his own heart between *Ruth*, *Phyllis* and the crippled *Miss Mayling*. There was also *Ruth* herself, who thought she had a Past (she hadn't, at least it was all right really; but just in what sense it would be unfair to explain here) and therefore imagined herself for no man. The story begins with a wedding on the first page; and what with one thing and another I began to fear that this was the last consummation we were likely to get. But, of course, in the end—— But I shall not tell you how the couples finally re-sort themselves, because this is the author's secret, and one that she very craftily preserves till the last moment. It is arithmetically inevitable that there must be an odd woman left over in the end; but as to her identity I was entirely wrong, and so probably will you be. This ending is perhaps the best thing—I don't mean the words in an unkind sense—about a pleasant if not very thrilling story of a country that Miss Hayden evidently knows with the knowledge of affection.

Perhaps some of those who remember J. Burgon Bickersteth captaining the Oxford soccer team four years ago may be surprised to find him serving his apprenticeship at sky-piloting in Alberta. And very manfully and sincerely and tactfully he does it, to judge by the account which he modestly renders in *The Land of Open Doors* (Wells, Gardner). With headquarters at Edmonton he rides and drives or swims (when the floods are out or the bridges down) across this untidy country from shack to shack, holding odd little services in dormitories and kitchens, and evidently making friends with the rough pioneer folk, railway men and small farmers, of his assorted acquaintance. The discouragements of such a task must be immense; indeed, they peep through the narrative, reticently enough, for grousing habits are not in the equipment of this staunch and cheery young parson. His notes of this land of promise and swift achievement are admirably observed. He has the gift of characterisation with humour, is clever at reproducing evidently authentic and entertaining dialogues, and has caught the Western idiom, not only in these set reproductions, but unconsciously in his own writing, which is singularly straightforward and attractive, nor burdened with the sort of cleverness which the young graduate is apt to air. Neither is there anything of the prig in his compo-

sition—his book abounds in reported words which an earlier generation of clerics would certainly have censored—but when he is saddened by the indifference, the unplumbed materialism and what he sees as the wickedness of his scattered flock he might remember for his comfort that valid and sane distinction of the casuists between formal and material sin. Anyway, good luck to him for a sportsman!

I have often wondered why so few novelists select the English Lake District as a fictional setting. I wonder still more after reading *Barbara Lynn* (Arnold), in which it is used with fine and telling effect. Miss Emily Jenkinson's previous story showed that she had a rare sympathy with nature, and a still rarer gift of expressing it. *Barbara Lynn* does much to strengthen that impression. It is a mountain tale, the scene of which is laid in an upland farm, girt about by the mighty hills and the solitude of the fells. Here, in the dour old house of Graystones, is played the drama of *Barbara* and her sister *Lucy*; of *Peter*, who loved one and married the other; of the feckless *Joel*, and the old bed-ridden great-grandmother, who is a kind of chorus to it all. Practically these five are the only characters. Of them it is, of course, *Barbara* herself who stands out most prominently, a figure of an austere yet wistful dignity, of whom any novelist might be proud. I should hazard a guess that Miss Jenkinson writes slowly, one feels this in her choice of words and her avoidance (even in the final tragic catastrophe) of anything approaching sensationalism or melodrama. When all is said, however, it is for its descriptions that I shall remember the book. The hot summer, with the flocks calling in the night for water; the storm on the slopes of Thundergray; and the end of all things (which, pardon me, I do not mean to tell)—these are what live in the reader's mind. *Barbara Lynn*, in short, is an unusually imaginative novel, which has confirmed me in two previous impressions—first, that Miss Emily Jenkinson is a writer upon whom to keep the appreciative eye; secondly, that Westmorland must be a perfectly beastly country to live in all the year round. Both of which conclusions are sincere tributes.

I was at school, some years ago, with two brilliant twins called Duff, who between them captured, amongst other trifles, the Porson, two Trinity scholarships, a Fellowship, and first place in the examination for the Indian Civil Service. I mention them here as an example of the minute care with which Alistair and Henrietta Tayler have compiled *The Book of the Duffs* (Constable). For I find their names and achievements duly recorded in the list of (I should think) every male Duff born of the stock of Adam of Clunybeg, *temp.* 1590, from whom the present Duchess of Fife is ninth or tenth in descent. And that is only one branch of the clan, only one of the numerous family-trees that make these two bulky volumes a perfect forest of Duffs. I know now exactly how *Macbeth* felt when he saw Birnam Wood descending on Dunsinane. No wonder he exclaimed, "The cry is still, *They come.*" When I looked at all these genealogies and lifelike portraits I had an appalling vision of this great army of Duffs of Clunybeg and Hatton and Fetteresso and the rest advancing towards me solemnly waving their family-trees. In the van, with his Dunsinane honours thick upon him, marched Macduff—Macduff, you know, who was also "Thane of Fife, created first Earl, 1057, *m.* Beatrice Banquo." Then followed a long train of other warriors—General Sir Alexander, who fought in Flanders; Captain George, who was killed at Trafalgar; Admiral Norwich and Admiral Robert, also contemporaries of Nelson; General Patrick, who slew a tiger in single combat with a bayonet; General Commander-in-Chief Sir Beauchamp of our own day—and I was afraid. Not, you understand, of their swords, but of their trees. And then suddenly the spirit of *Macbeth* came upon me again. With him I shouted, "Lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be he that first cries, *Hold, enough.*" But, luckier than he, I have lived to tell the tale, or rather to tell about it, and to recommend it to all those who have arborivorous tastes. I can promise them that they will heartily enjoy a good browse in the Forest of Duff.



OUR CURIO CRANKS.

The man who collects the chalk used by famous billiard-players.

When a book is called *The Sea Captain* (Methuen) I do not think that the hero ought to be the driest of dry-bobs for nearly a quarter of it. If, however, Mr. H. C. Bailey is a slow starter he knows how to make the pace when he once gets going; indeed, he travels so fast and so far that merely to follow him in fancy is a breathless business. When I have told you that *Diccon* belonged to the spacious times of Elizabeth, I need hardly add that his methods of winning fame and fortune on the sea were as rough as they were ready. Mercifully he had a steady head and a very strong back, or something must have given way under the strain that his creator puts upon him. No hero in modern fiction has jumped so frequently from the frying-pan into the fire with so little injury to himself. But if I cannot altogether believe in *Diccon* I admit an affection for him. He was as loyal a lover and friend as could be found in the Elizabethan or any other age, and although he treated troublesome men without mercy his behaviour to women was marked by the extreme of propriety; so, though you may insist that he was merely a pirate, I shall still go on calling him a gentleman-adventurer, and leave him at that.

The Barbados Standard on an approaching Royal visit:—

"The visit it is understood is fixed to begin on April 29 and to last until April 25. The visit is probably unprecedented."

It is.

CHARIVARIA.

Says *The Times*:—"It used to be a tradition of British Liberal statesmanship to support, without prospect of immediate advantage, the cause of nationality and freedom abroad . . . It would at least be showing some interest to send a minister to Durazzo." Here, perhaps, is a post for poor Mr. Masterman.

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The Kerry News states that it prefers pigs to Englishmen. This seems a queer — almost an ungracious—way of expressing its desire for a Home Rule Government.

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Oil has been discovered in Somaliland, and it is rumoured that the Government is at last about to realise that its obligations to our friendlies demand a forward move against the Mullah.

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Futurism is apparently spreading to the animal world. The following advertisement appeared in a recent issue of *Lloyd's*:—

"Dyer—Fancy Color Dyer for Ostrich required."

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There is a dispute, we see, as to who invented Revues. But, even if the responsibility be fixed, the guilty party, we have no doubt, will go scot-free.

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The inhabitants of Bugsworth in Derbyshire, are, *The Mail* tells us, dissatisfied with the name of their village. A former parish councillor has suggested that it shall be changed to Buxworth, on the ground that it was once a great hunting centre, and took its name from the buck, which used to be found in great numbers there. The present name has also a distinct suggestion of the chase about it.

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Extract from a speech by Colonel Seely on the recent Army crisis:—"The only difference is that I am £5,000 a year poorer. . . . I am not less Liberal but more Liberal after what has happened." To be more liberal after suffering financially does the ex-War Minister credit.

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The fees charged by beauty doctors are tending to become more exorbitant than ever. To have his eyes darkened, Mr. George Mitchell, of Bolton, had to pay M. Carpentier, of Paris, no less than £100.

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Old horse tramway-cars are being offered by the London County Council for sale at from £3 to £5 each. They are suitable for transformation into bungalows, tool-sheds, sanatoria and the like.

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Last week, at Bristol, eleven brothers named Hunt, of Pucklechurch, played a football match against a team composed of the Miller family, of Brislington. We are always pleased to see these practical object-lessons in the advantage of having large families—a custom which is in danger of falling into desuetude.

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"The Liberal Party, the Tory Party, and the House of Lords are nothing against the united intelligence of democracy," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at a meeting to celebrate the "coming of age" of the Independent Labour Party. We are of the opinion that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should know better than to impose upon youth like that. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.*



The Younger Brother (in an awestruck whisper). "Say, 'Orace, are you sure we're right for the gallery? There's a gent behind wiv spats on!"

According to *The Evening News'* critique of the exhibition of the International Society:—"Two statues by Rodin dominate the gallery. One, 'Benediction,' is in his early manner, but by Lord Howard de Walden." We suspect that there was division of labour here. Rodin sculped it (in his early manner) and Lord Howard de Walden said, "Bless you" (probably in his later manner).

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New York Suffragettes have been discussing the question, "Ought women to propose?" and one of them has stated, "I am seriously thinking of proposing to a man"—and now, we suspect, she is wondering why her male acquaintances are shy about stopping to talk to her. We ought to add that her name, as reported, is Miss Bonnie Ginger.

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We hear that, as a result of a contemporary drawing attention to Chicago's leniency towards women murderers, ladies whose hobby is homicide are now flocking to that city and it is becoming uncomfortably overcrowded.

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"Frau Krupp von Bohlen," we are told, "is the largest payer of war tax in Germany. Her contribution amounts to £440,000." We have a sort of idea, however, that she gets some of this back.

"Sir John Collie ridiculed the present system by which 22,000 doctors depend for an income on their capacity to please their parents."—*Labour Leader.*

And not only doctors. The Temple is full of people in the same ridiculous position.

"Mathilde explained (her name, of course, was Mathilde really but peasants in Normandy, and for that matter all over France, are curiously inaccurate with names, and often misplace letters in this manner)."

"Evening News" Feuilleton.

The printer of the above must be careful when he crosses the Channel, or he may pick up this bad habit.

"Tonight and tomorrow they will play a matched game of 1,500 points—750 each night. A local billiard enthusiast has offered $100 to either of the players who scores a 00 break or better. This to the average billiard player seems a tremendous break."

Vancouver Daily Paper.

But not to us.

POLITICS ON THE LINKS.

I put down my morning paper as I left the train for the golf club. It contained the interesting news that the Parliamentary Golf Handicap had been postponed lest fiery politicians should run amok with their clubs. I sighed, for the spectacle of Bonar v. Bogey (The Chancellor) would have beaten the Mitchell-Carpentier fight. Then it came home to me that I, a golfer, a citizen, a voter, was taking no part in the great political struggle of the day. I had not even declined to deal with my butcher because he was a Conservative, or closed my wife's draper's account because he was a Liberal. It is a curious fact, worthy the serious attention of political philosophers, that butchers are always Conservative and drapers always Liberal.

I reached the club-house, and the first man I saw was Redford. Now Redford is a scratch player and a vice-president of a Liberal Association. He has a portrait of Lloyd George in his dining-room.

"Play you a round, old man, and give you ten," he said cheerfully.

I had to do something for my country. "Never," I replied sternly. "I do not play with homicides."

"What are you talking about?" asked Redford, who is an estate agent when he isn't golfing.

"I merely say," I replied, "that I will play with no man who deliberately connives at the slaughter of his fellow-citizens. Every Liberal vote is a vote for civil war."

"Man, this is a golf links, not Hyde Park."

"I regret the course I have to take, but my conscience is imperative. Away! your clubs are blood-stained."

Redford shrugged his shoulders and went off to get the professional to go round with him.

The next man to drop in was Pobson. He is a Grand Knight Imperial (or something similar) of the Primrose League, and makes speeches between the ventriloquist and the step-dancer at their meetings. He has signed the Covenant, and reads every column Mr. Garvin writes. In fact, I attribute it entirely to Mr. Garvin's effect on the nerves that his handicap has been increased from plus two to scratch.

"Want a round? Give you eight strokes," he began.

"No, Sir; not with a man who tampers with the Army."

"You're either mad," said Pobson, "or else you've been reading *The Daily News*."

I will say this for Pobson—he seemed inclined to believe in my madness as the more credible alternative.

"Enough of this. Do you think I will be seen playing with a man who ruins our noble Army to gratify petty political spite? Every Conservative vote means an Army mutineer."

"Mad," said Pobson, still charitable, as he left me.

Then there entered a dear old stranger and my heart opened to him at once.

"I don't know whether you're waiting for a game, Sir," he began.

"Certainly," I said. "I'm an awfully rotten player. Ashamed to mention my handicap."

"Can't be worse than I am, Sir. There'll be a pair of us. What shall we play for? I like to have something on it."

"What you like," I replied. "Box of balls if you wish."

"Right."

And away we went. I beat him by eight up and seven to play and was marching triumphantly up to the club-house when Redford intercepted me.

"What's your game?" he said. "You wouldn't play with me and now you've played a round with our Candidate."

"Redford," I said, "when that dear old gentleman came along I felt that I had acted improperly in introducing political acerbity on the links. I was wrong, and as a proof of it I am willing to play level with any politician in the club for the same stakes—providing that his handicap is over twenty."

"*PEREANT QUI ANTE NOS. . .*"

["Before the Love of Letters, overdone,
Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves."—*Tennyson*.]

"The poets of an older time,"
Grumbled Rossetti Jones one day,
"Have used up every blessed rhyme
And collared every thought sublime,
Leaving us nothing new to say.

"They've sung the Game of War as played
By gods and men, heroic peers;
They've sung the love of man and maid,
To Life their laughing tribute paid,
Nor grudged grim Death his toll of tears.

"What *can* a modern poet sing,
Describe, imagine or invent?
They've been before, they've tapped the spring,
They've laid their hands on everything,
Staked out the spacious firmament.

"Last week, a line that did me proud
Flashed on me, strolling down the Strand:—
'I wandered lonely as a cloud;'
Then conscience suddenly avowed
The simile was second-hand.

"Take birds, for instance. No remark
Of mine on birds could but be stale;
Shelley and Wordsworth own the lark
(Which Shakspeare too had bid us hark),
While Keats has bagged the nightingale.

"With rose and lily surfeited,
Burns sang the daisy. Here's a fraud
Of Tennyson's: *I* might have said
How daisies crimson 'neath the tread
Of more attractive girls than *Maud!*

"You think you've something up to date?
You'll find it's been already done;
I'd like to clean the blooming slate;
Their footprints I'd obliterate;
I want my corner in the sun."

He ceased. "Yet your revenge," I said,
Taking a classic from his shelves,
"Is ample, surely"; there I read
How moderns vex the sacred dead,
Swamping old poets with themselves.

CAUTIOUS CONCLUSIONS.

(*By a Westminstering Angel.*)

["Looking back at what has been achieved, we can gain fresh courage for the perplexities of the moment, in the sure and certain hope that with energy and goodwill the task of social amelioration will be safely accomplished, if never finished."

"*Westminster Gazette*" *leading article.*

While then we admit that President Wilson's technical violation of his policy of non-intervention is fraught with possibilities of difficulty if not of actual danger for the United States, we can at least fortify ourselves with the reassuring consolation that, where righteous intentions are backed by a strong arm, the odds are generally in favour of their prevailing, even though they may never be victorious.

The prospects of a pacific solution of the Ulster problem, though they have not visibly improved in the last week, at least cannot be said to have substantially altered for the worse. But the atmosphere, though no longer electric, is not yet unclouded. All that can be safely said is that, if only the Government continue to play the game with the same forbearance, tenacity, and transparent honesty that they have shown in the past, the gulf that yawns between the extremists on either side must one day be filled up, though never bridged.

As we reflect on the happenings of the last year, we cannot but be sensible of a salutary *détente* in the relations of Germany and Great Britain. That this should lead to a closer understanding, and ultimately to an alliance,



A PENULTIMATUM.

President Huerta. "AMERICAN FLEET TO VISIT ME AND EXCHANGE COMPLIMENTS? WELL, IT'S NICE TO BE 'RECOGNISED,' ANYHOW."



TYPICAL SPRING BLOSSOMS IN OUR GARDEN SUBURB.

between the two Powers must be the heartfelt prayer of every patriotic Liberal. But good wishes are seldom operative unless they are backed by action. It is the duty of every lover of his country to labour unremittingly to promote this object, and at the same time to resign himself to the conviction that he may not live to see his aim realised, though his descendants may witness its translation into actuality, even if its consummation is indefinitely postponed.

The vagaries of feminine fashion are undoubtedly a source of misgiving and disquietude to those, like ourselves, who favour the extension of civil rights to women. But, amid all the evidences of frivolity and extravagance which pain the judicious, we need never relinquish the hope that, once the pendulum swings backwards into the direction of sanity, its retrogression will probably be beneficial, even though we cannot pronounce it satisfactory.

President Huerta: "Morituri te salutamus? I *don't* think."

EASY FRUIT.

He got in at Peterborough; I spotted him at once by the way he talked to the porter.

He sat down heavily and looked round the carriage for victims. I was doomed. The only other passenger in it had been asleep since Grantham.

I snatched up my paper and buried my head in it and shut my eyes. Ten seconds elapsed.

"I beg your pardon, Sir——"

"Not at all," I said gruffly.

"But your paper's upside down."

"Yes. I always read papers upside down. I'm ambidextrous."

Ten seconds more silence.

"What do you think of this weather we're having?"

"Nothing," I said curtly. I gave up the paper in despair and looked hard out of the window. I knew the man was staring at me and compassing a new attack.

He leant over at last.

"Now, what are your views on Ulster?"

I couldn't say "Nothing" again; but, even so, I retained some presence of mind.

"I am a convinced Home Ruler, and I never argue," I snapped.

"I happen to have gone into the question pretty thoroughly," he began.

About ten minutes later he stopped talking and looked at me triumphantly.

"Now, what answer have you to that?" he said.

"None," I admitted.

"But you said——"

"I'm a convinced Anti-Home Ruler."

"But just now you said——"

"I know. But you've convinced me."

He snorted violently and relapsed into a moody silence until the other man awoke at Finsbury Park.

The Vicar of St. John's, Carlisle (*The Carlisle Journal* tells us), in moving the adoption of the past year's accounts, said:—

"About £9 was saved through not paying the choir-boys, and the result had been most satisfactory."

The note of satisfaction in the choir-boys' voices is said to be very touching.

THE SLUGGARD.

My Uncle James, whose memoirs I am now preparing for publication, was a many-sided man; but his chief characteristic, I am inclined to think, was the indomitable resolution with which, disregarding hints, entreaties and even direct abuse, he would lie in bed of a morning. I have seen the domestic staff of his hostess day after day manœuvring restlessly in the passage outside his room, doing all those things which women do who wish to rout a man out of bed without moving Uncle James an inch. Footsteps might patter outside his door; voices might call one to the other; knuckles might rap the panels; relays of shaving-water might be dumped on his wash-stand; but devil a bit would Uncle James budge, till finally the enemy, giving in, would bring him his breakfast in bed. Then, after a leisurely cigar, he would at last rise and, having dressed himself with care, come downstairs and be the ray of sunshine about the home.

For many years I was accustomed to look on Uncle James as a mere sluggard. I pictured ants raising their antennæ scornfully at the sight of him. I was to learn that not sloth but a deep purpose dictated his movements, or his lack of movement.

"My boy," said Uncle James, "more evil is wrought by early rising than by want of thought. Happy homes are broken up by it. Why do men leave charming wives and run away with quite unattractive adventuresses? Because good women always get up early. Bad women, on the other hand, invariably rise late. To prize a man out of bed at some absurd hour like nine-thirty is to court disaster. To take my own case, when I first wake in the morning my mind is one welter of unkindly thoughts. I think of all the men who owe me money, and hate them. I review the regiment of women who have refused to marry me, and loathe them. I meditate on my faithful dog, Ponto, and wish that I had kicked him overnight. To introduce me to the human race at that moment would be to let loose a scourge upon society. But what a difference after I have lain in bed looking at the ceiling for an hour or so. The milk of human kindness comes surging back into me like a tidal wave. I love my species. Give me a bit of breakfast then, and let me enjoy a quiet meditative smoke, and I am a pleasure to all with whom I come in contact."

He settled himself more comfortably upon the pillows and listened luxuriously for a moment to the sound of rushing housemaids in the passage.

"Late rising saved my life once," he said. "Pass me my tobacco pouch."

He lit his pipe and expelled a cloud of smoke.

"It was when I was in South America. There was the usual revolution in the Republic which I had visited in my search for concessions, and, after due consideration, I threw in my lot with the revolutionary party. It is usually a sound move, for on these occasions the revolutionists have generally corrupted the standing army, and they win before the other side has time to re-corrupt it at a higher figure.



Pavement Artist (who has not yet recovered the nerve which he lost on hearing of the attack upon the Velasquez *Venus).* "Pass along them covers, George—the Suffragettes is coming."

In South America, thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, but six times he who gets his bribe in fust. On the occasion of which I speak, however, a hitch was caused by the fact of another party revolting against the revolutionists while they were revolting against the revolutionary party which had just upset the existing Government. Everything is very complicated in those parts. You will remember that the Tango came from there.

"Well, the long and the short of it was that I was captured and condemned to be shot. I need not go into my emotions at the time. Suffice it to say that I was led out and placed with my back against an odobe wall. The firing-party raised their rifles.

"It was a glorious morning. The sun was high in a cloudless sky. Everywhere sounded the gay rattle of the rattle-snake and the mellow chirrup of the hydrophobia-skunk and the gila monster. It vexed me to think that I was so soon to leave so peaceful a scene.

"And then suddenly it flashed upon me that there had been a serious mistake.

"'Wait!' I called.

"'What's the matter now?' asked the leader of the firing squad.

"'Matter?' I said. 'Look at the sun. The court-martial distinctly said that I was to be shot at sunrise. Do you call this sunrise? It must be nearly lunch-time.'

"'It's not our fault,' said the firing-party. 'We came to your cell all right, but you wouldn't get up. You told us to leave it on the mat.'

"I did remember then having heard someone fussing about outside my cell door.

"'That's neither here nor there,' I said firmly. 'It was your business to shoot me at sunrise, and you haven't done it. I claim a re-trial on a technicality.'

"Well, they stormed and blustered, but I was adamant; and in the end they had to take me back to my cell to be tried again. I was condemned to be shot at sunrise next morning, and they went to the trouble of giving me an alarm clock and setting it for 3 a.m.

"But at about eleven o'clock that night there was another revolution. Some revolutionaries revolted against the revolutionaries who had revolted against the revolutionaries who had revolted against the Government, and, having re-re-corrupted the standing army, they swept all before them, and at about midnight I was set free. I recall that the new President kissed me on both cheeks and called me the saviour of his country. Poor fellow, there was another revolution next day, and, being a confirmed early riser, he got up in time to be shot at sunrise."

Uncle James sighed, possibly with regret, but more probably with happiness, for at this moment they brought in his breakfast.

"It would be amusing, if it were not athletic, to read that this satirist who ridiculed sentiment made himself ridiculous by falling violently in love with a young girl of eighteen."
Winnipeg Telegram.

He who runs may read—but apparently he mustn't be amused.

"It is known the play is in three acts and nine scenes, and that there is an exceptionally long cast, but beyond that the strictest secrecy is being preserved."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Which will be good news for Mr. Gordon Craig.

GRUB STREET GOSSIP.

(*By our Special Parasitic Penman.*)

How I Got There and Back is the title of a new story of adventurous exploration which Messrs. Jones, Younger announce for immediate publication. The author, Mr. J. Minch Howson, whose text has been revised by the publishers, has had some astonishing experiences as a bonzo-hunter in the Aruwhimi forest. On one occasion he was rescued by a mad elephant from the jaws of an okapi, into which he had inadvertently fallen while flying from a gorilla. During his residence among the pygmies Mr. Howson became such an adept with the long blow-pipe that they offered him the headship of the tribe; but, as this involved the adoption of anthropophagous habits, he was reluctantly obliged to decline the honour.

Mr. Bamborough, the famous violinist, who recently changed his name by deed poll from Bamberger, has compiled a further volume of reminiscences based on his experiences as a travelling *virtuoso* in all four hemispheres. Some of these have already been made public in the Press, but in a condensed form. He now tells us for the first time in full detail his astounding adventures in New Guinea, where he was captured and partially eaten by cannibals, and his awful ordeal in the Never-Never Land, when he was attacked simultaneously by an emu and a wallaby, and conquered them both by the strains of his violin. The volume, which will be published by the House of Pougher and Kleimer, is profusely illustrated with portraits of Mr. Bamborough at various stages of his career, before and after the execution of the deed poll; of Mrs. Bamborough and their three gifted children, Wotan, Salome and Isolde Bamborough; and of her father, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.G.S., formerly Attorney-General of Pitcairn Island. It is further enriched with a number of letters in *fac-simile* from the Begum of Bhopal, General Huerta, the Lord Chief Justice, Madame Humbert, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie and the late King Theebaw of Burmah.

Messrs. Vigo announce the speedy publication of a volume of reminiscences from the pen of Count Lio Rotsac, the famous Bohemian revolutionary. In it special interest attaches to the long and desperate struggle between the Count and his rival, Baron Aracsac, which ended in the supersession of the latter and his confinement in the gloomy fortress prison of Niola Stelbat.

McLurkin, the composer of that delightful song *Peter Popinjay*, of which over a quarter of a million copies have been sold or given away, has expanded the four verses of her lyric into a full-length novel, which Messrs. Gulliver will publish under the same title. Miss McLurkin, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, is one of the few female performers on the bagpipes in the literary profession.

New novelists are always welcome if only for the titles of their books, for, after all, perusal of their contents is not compulsory. In this category may be included *Telepathic Theodora*, by Beryl Smuts; *The Rottenest Story in the World*, by Dermot Stuggy; and *In the Doldrums*, by Wally Gogg.



HOW TO TAKE YOUR PART IN A DIALOGUE.

"Why, Mrs. Codlins, 'ow are you, 'ow are you? I 'avn't seen you to speak to for ages." "No, Mrs. Whidden; no more 'aven't I you, neither."

The Latest Cinema Poster.

"Amazing Realistic Drama, featuring Big Game Hunting.

1500 feet—Between Man and Beast"

This is not realistic enough for us.

Seen on an Islington baker's shop:—

"Current Bread."

A marked improvement on the stale back-numbers supplied by some bakers.

"We understand that Prince William of Wied intends to proclaim himself King of Albania as soon as certain technical difficulties have been overcome."—*Times.*

Unfortunately there are several thousand "technical difficulties"—all well-armed.

THE OBVIOUS.

Celia had been calling on a newly-married friend of hers. They had been school-girls together; they had looked over the same Algebra book (or whatever it was that Celia learnt at school—I have never been quite certain); they had done their calisthenics side by side; they had compared picture-post-cards of Lewis Waller. Ah me! the fairy princes they had imagined together in those days . . . and here am I, and somewhere in the City (I believe he is a stockbroker) is Ermyntrude's husband, and we play our golf on Saturday afternoons, and complain of our dinners, and—— Well, anyhow, they were both married, and Celia had been calling on Ermyntrude.

"I hope you did all the right things," I said. "Asked to see the wedding-ring, and admired the charming little house, and gave a few hints on the proper way to manage a husband."

"Rather," said Celia. "But it did seem funny, because she used to be older than me at school."

"Isn't she still?"

"Oh, *no!* I'm ever so much older now. . . . Talking about wedding-rings," she went on, as she twisted her own round and round, "she's got all sorts of things written inside hers—the date and their initials and I don't know what else."

"There can't be much else—unless perhaps she has a very large finger."

"Well, I haven't got *anything* in mine," said Celia mournfully. She took off the offending ring and gave it to me.

On the day when I first put the ring on her finger, Celia swore an oath that nothing but death, extreme poverty or brigands should ever remove it. I swore too. Unfortunately it fell off in the course of the afternoon, which seemed to break the spell somehow. So now it goes off and on just like any other ring. I took it from her and looked inside.

"There are all sorts of things here too," I said. "Really, you don't seem to have read your wedding-ring at all. Or, anyhow, you've been skipping."

"There's nothing," said Celia in the same mournful voice. "I do think you might have put something."

I went and sat on the arm of her chair and held the ring up.

"You're an ungrateful wife," I said, "after all the trouble I took. Now look there," and I pointed with a pencil, "what's the first thing you see?"

"Twenty-two. That's only the——"

"That was your age when you married me. I had it put in at enormous expense. If you had been eighteen, the man said, or—or nine, it would have come much cheaper. But no, I would have your exact age. You were twenty-two, and that's what I had engraved on it. Very well. Now what do you see next to it?"

"A crown."

"Yes. And what does that mean? In the language of—er—crowns it means 'You are my queen.' I insisted on a crown. It would have been cheaper to have had a lion, which means—er—lions, but I was determined not to spare myself. For I thought," I went on pathetically, "I quite thought you would like a crown."

"Oh, I do," cried Celia quickly, "if it really means that." She took the ring in her hands and looked at it lovingly. "And what's that there? Sort of a man's head."

I gazed at her sadly.

"You don't recognize it? Has a year of marriage so greatly changed me? Celia, it is your Ronald! I sat for that, hour after hour, day after day, for your sake, Celia. It is not a perfect likeness; in the small space allotted to him the sculptor has hardly done me justice. But it is your Ronald. . . . And there," I added, "is his initial 'r.' Oh, woman, the amount of thought I spent on that ring!"

She came a little closer and slipped the ring on my finger.

"Spend a little more," she pleaded. "There's plenty of room. Just have something nice written in it—something about you and me."

"Like 'Pisgah'?"

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it's 'Mizpah,' or 'Ichabod,' or 'Habakkuk.' I'm sure there's a word you put on rings—I expect they'd know at the shop."

"But I don't want what they know at shops. It must be something quite private and special."

"But the shop has got to know about it when I tell them. And I don't like telling strange men in shops private and special things about ourselves. I love you, Celia, but——"

"That would be a lovely thing," she said, clasping her hands eagerly.

"What?"

"'I love you, Celia.'"

I looked at her aghast.

"Do you want me to order that in cold blood from the shopman?"

"He wouldn't mind. Besides, if he saw us together he'd probably know. You aren't afraid of a goldsmith, are you?"

"I'm not afraid of any goldsmith living—or goldfish either, if it comes to that. But I should prefer to be sentimental in some other language than plain English. I could order '*Cara sposa*,' or—or '*Spaghetti*,' or anything like that, without a tremor."

"But of course you shall put just whatever you like. Only—only let it be original. Not Mizpahs."

"Right," I said.

For three days I wandered past gold-and-silversmiths with the ring in my pocket . . . and for three days Celia went about without a wedding-ring, and, for all I know, without even her marriage-lines in her muff. And on the fourth day I walked boldly in.

"I want," I said, "a wedding-ring engraved," and I felt in my pockets. "Not initials," I said, and I felt in some more pockets, "but—but——" I tried the trousers pockets again. "Well, look here, I'll be quite frank with you. I—er—want——" I fumbled in my ticket-pocket, "I want 'I love you' on it," and I went through the waistcoat pockets a third time. "I—er—love you."

"Me?" said the shopman, surprised.

"I love you," I repeated mechanically. I love you, I love you, I—— Well, look here, perhaps I'd better go back and get the ring."

On the next day I was there again; but there was a different man behind the counter.

"I want this ring engraved," I said.

"Certainly. What shall we put?"

I had felt the question coming. I had a sort of instinct that he would ask me that. But I couldn't get the words out again.

"Well," I hesitated, "I—er—well."

"Ladies often like the date put in. When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"The wedding," he smiled.

"It has been," I said. "It's all over. You're too late for it."

I gave myself up to thought. At all costs I must be original. There must be something on Celia's wedding-ring that had never been on any other's. . .

There was only one thing I could think of.

* * * * *

The engraved ring arrived as we were at tea a few days later, and I had a sudden overwhelming fear that Celia would not be pleased. I saw that I must explain it to her. After all, there was a distinguished precedent.

"Come into the bath-room a moment," I said, and I led the way.

She followed, wondering.

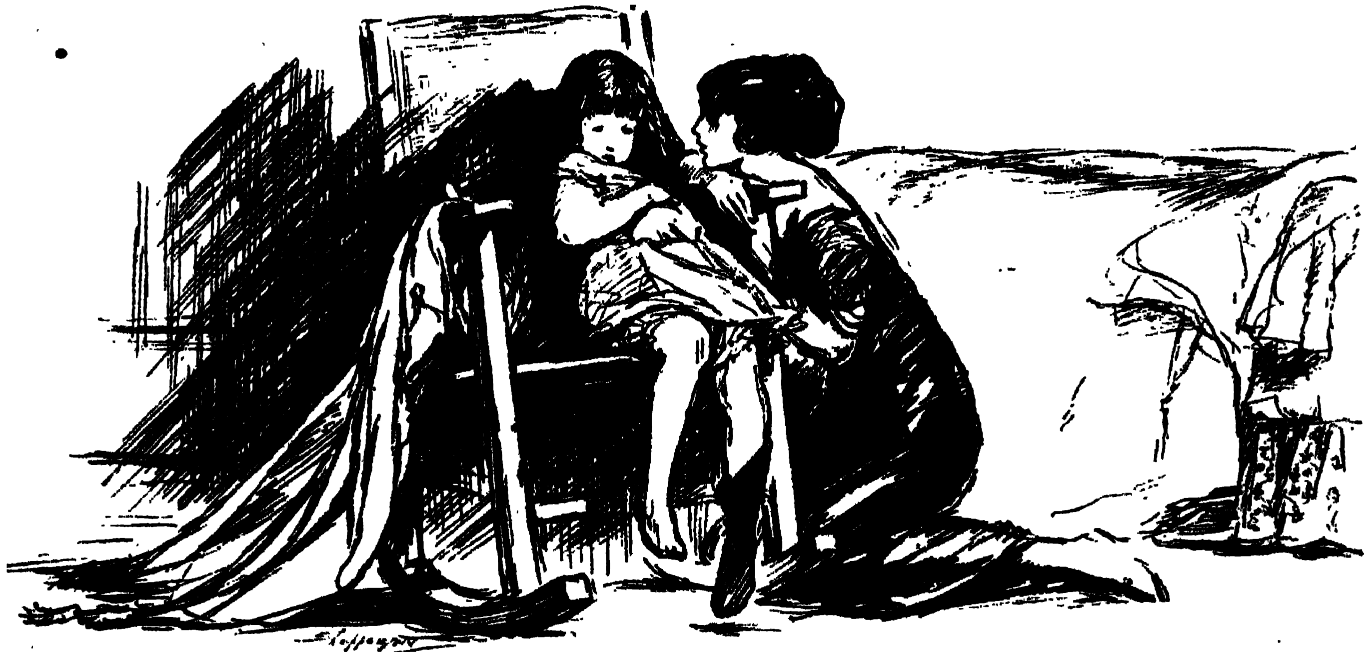
"What is that?" I asked, pointing to a blue thing on the floor.

"The bath-mat," she said, surprised.

"And what is written on it?"

"Why—'bath-mat,' of course."

"Of course," I said . . . and I handed her the wedding-ring. A. A. M.



Mother (to conciliate little girl who has been whipped). "Was she a nasty cruel Mother, then?"
Modern Child. "Oh no; I deserved it."

GWENDOLEN'S HOBBIES.

Gwendolen, when we were wed,
In her artless manner said,
"Dear, I think I'd better
Choose a hobby, lest I find
Household duties cramp the mind."
Foolishly, I let her.

Books at first were her delight;
Gwendolen grew erudite;
Vain were my petitions,
Till in scientific terms
I dilated on the germs
Haunting first editions.

Then, for one expensive week,
China (guaranteed antique)—
Derby, Sèvres and Lustre—
Charmed her, till our Abigail
Washed them in a kitchen pail,
Dried them with a duster!

Foreign stamps her time engrossed
For a busy month at most;
I endured—and waited.
Who so proud as Gwendolen
Of each gummy specimen
Till the craze abated?

Later (if I seem severe,
Gwendolen, forgive me, dear!)
Art proved all-compelling;
Post-Impressionist indeed
Were the colour-schemes decreed
For our modest dwelling.

* * * * *

With her last experiment
Gwendolen appears content;
Heaven grant she may be!
For, of all the hobbies run
By my wife, there isn't one
Suits her like a baby.

THE SITTER SAT UPON.

Wilkinson is a sculptor. I don't mean that he lives by sculping. No. As he puts it himself: "My lower self, the self that wants bread and meat and warmth and shelter, lives on unearned increment. My higher self, the only self that counts, lives on Art."

Wilkinson and I had been sworn pals from our boyhood till the day he said: "By the way, old thing, I've never had a turn at *your* headpiece. You might give me a few sittings."

For the first time I found myself seated on a sitter's throne, while Wilkinson stood at his modelling stand working away at a mass of clay that faintly suggested a human head and shoulders.

"Need you yawn so often?" There was a hint of savagery in Wilkinson's tone that was new to me.

"Why, you're not doing my mouth yet," I urged.

"No, but when a mouth like yours opens wide it alters the shape of the whole skull."

I was astonished and hurt, and took refuge in dignified silence.

"Shall you send it—I mean me—to the Academy?" I asked by-and-by.

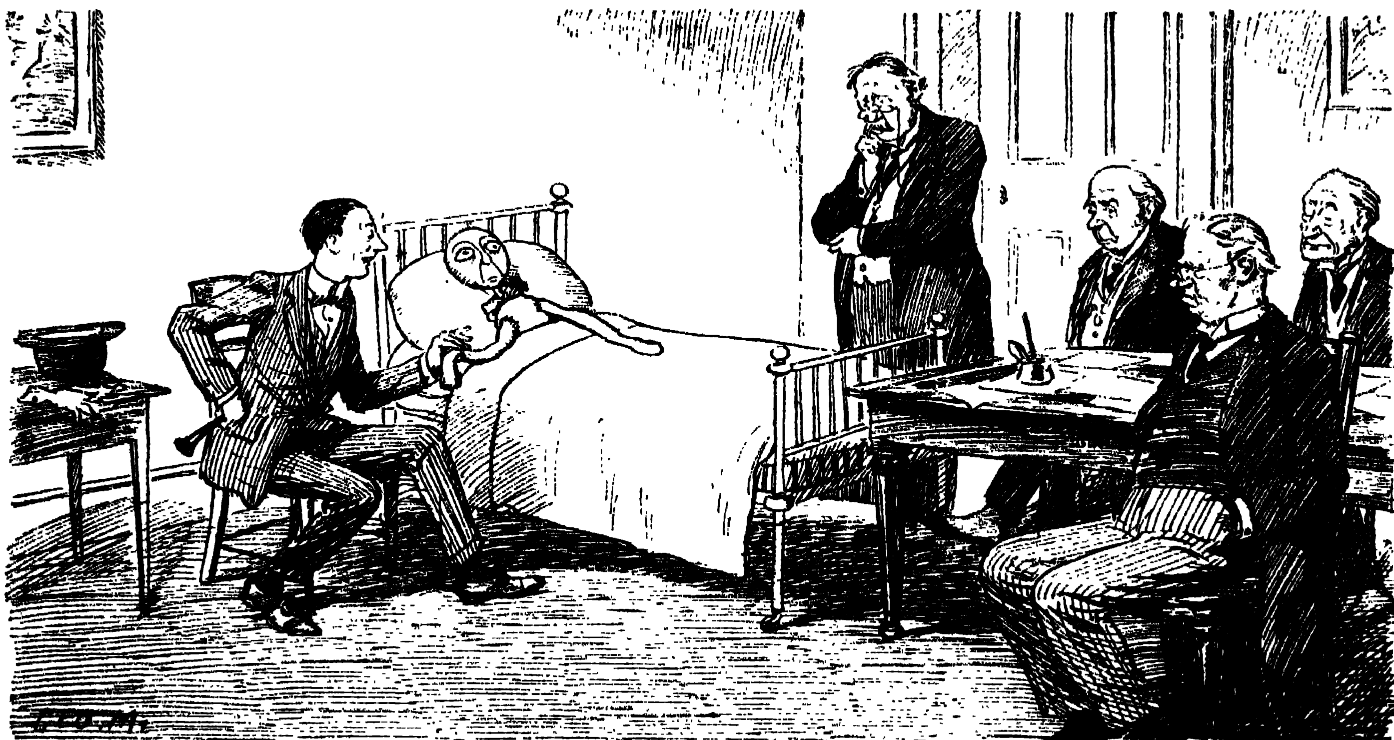
"Depends on how it pans out," grunted Wilkinson, leaving the clay, twirling the movable throne round, and taking a frowning survey of me in various aspects. "I might send it in with Popplewell's bust, as a sort of make-weight."

"As a sort of make-weight!" I echoed indignantly; and then, more calmly, "Popplewell's finished, isn't he?"

"Yes—gone to be cast; and then comes the marble."

"Oh, Popplewell's to be done in marble, is he? What shall *I* be done in?"

Wilkinson was taking an upward



Candidate for medical degree being examined in the subject of "Bedside Manner."

view of my features now, with a look of extreme distaste on his countenance.

"You? Oh, if I decide to finish you, it'll be just the clay-burnt terra-cotta, you know. Tut, tut, tut!"

"Why tut, tut, tut?" I asked.

"No offence, old chap, but you *have* such queer facial bones;" and as he turned back to his modelling I heard him mutter: "You never really know what people are like till they sit to you."

Again I felt a bit hurt, and this time I indulged a retort. "Wonder if you'll get Popplewell into the Academy. You've never had anything in yet, have you?"

"We sculptors are so vilely handicapped by the wretched amount of space the Academy people give us!" said Wilkinson angrily. "Still, I've great hopes this time. Not only is my work improved, but it's a popular subject—Popplewell, the novelist. There—that'll do for to-day. I've got the construction all right," looking resentfully from the clay head to mine, "though no one would believe it who hadn't your head here to compare it with."

"Why, what's the matter with my head?" I asked irritably as I got gingerly off the movable throne. "And, anyhow, I didn't ask to be modelled. You made me sit here—I didn't want to do it."

"Oh, people make practice for one, whatever they're like."

"Good-bye," I said stiffly.

At the second sitting I tried to make allowances for the artistic temperament when Wilkinson prowled round me with a look of something like horror on his face, assaulted my features with compasses, and turned away gibbering. I even kept calm when informed that one of my eyes was considerably larger and wider open than the other and that I had "no drawing" in my face. "No offence, old chap," added my former friend with a grin. "You must remember it's the artist-eye that's responsible for these cursory reflections."

"I wonder," I remarked musingly, "whether the artist-eye is a feature that occasionally gets blacked by an indignant sitter."

At the third and fourth sittings more bitter so-called truths were handed out to me, and he was down on my "construction" like a hundred of bricks.

"*That's* a normal one," here he indicated a skull on a shelf; "*his* bones are all right. But if yours were stripped of the flesh——"

"I shan't be sorry when these sittings are over," I said; then, as I caught a side view of the clay head, "I *say!* Am I as frightful as that?"

"As frightful as that!" snorted Wilkinson; "why, I've *flattered* you, if anything. People never know what they're like. There's such a lot of rotten vanity knocking about."

When the last sitting was over my wrongs found voice.

"When I first sat to you," I said in a tense tone, "I was comparatively happy; my self-esteem was in a healthy state; I felt that I was well-looking at my best, even good-looking. I go from you to-day a broken man, my confidence shaken, my manners spoiled by the consciousness that my construction is wrong, that there is 'no drawing' in my face, and that neither my eyes nor my nostrils are a pair; and, not content with this, you have darkened my remote future by implying that when it is time for me to be merely a skull I shall be an absurd one. May Heaven forgive you, Wilkinson—*I* never can!"

For some weeks we stood apart, "like cliffs that had been rent asunder," and then one day Wilkinson came up and thumped me on the back. "It's always the unexpected that happens, old thing," he said. "Popplewell's bust was rejected at once, but yours——"

"Am I *in?*" In my excitement I forgot my wrongs.

"No, not *in*; but you were a *doubtful*. Only think—first doubtful I've ever had! To have a doubtful sculpture is as good as having two or three paintings on the line. You can't be such a bad subject after all. I'll have another touch at you, and next year see if you're not in! Come and have some lunch."

"Notable things are done around a table. Corporations are formed . . ."
Westminster Teacher.

The beginnings of them, anyway.



AFTER TEN YEARS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 14.—Back to grindstone after so-called Easter recess. Divisions reveal presence of aggregate of something less than 200 Members. Watchful Whip, ever suspicious of ambush, succeeded in mustering four-fifths of the whole. Ministerial majority maintained at average of six-score.

Increased by a unit consequent on return of Premier after re-election by faithful Fife. Towards close of Questions was discovered standing at Bar awaiting Speaker's call.

"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

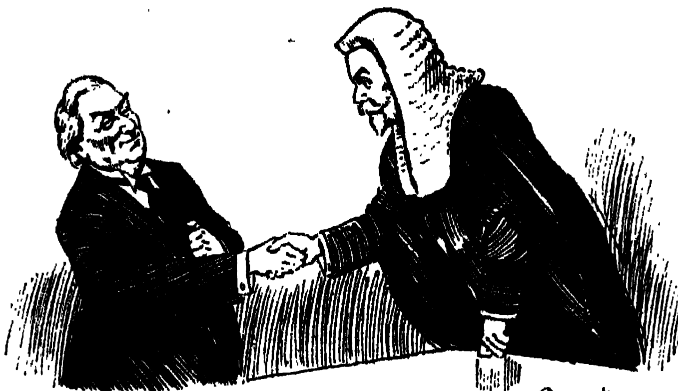
As he advanced, escorted by Chief Whip and Scottish colleague, Liberals and Irish Nationalists leaped to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs in loyal greeting. Only the haughty Labour Member remained seated. Not for him to pay court to chiefs of other parties, howsoever friendly. He is there as representative of the Working Man; is neither to be bought nor sold, cowed nor cajoled.

A fine spectacle. Pity Strangers' Galleries almost empty.

In process of swearing-in new Member nothing taken for granted. Halsbury discovered this when, far back in the last century, he, known at the time as Hardinge Giffard, came up to take his seat for Launceston. Challenged by the Clerk for production of writ of return, made painful discovery that it was not at hand. Sure he put it in his pocket when he left home; but which pocket?

In full gaze of four hundred quizzical Members he proceeded to search. Was there ever mortal man with so many pockets stuffed with such miscellaneous contents as Disraeli's Solicitor-General littered the Table withal? In the end—and its coming seemed interminable—the desired document was found coyly hidden in his hat left on the seat he had occupied under the Gallery awaiting summons to the Table.

The Prime Minister, cool and businesslike as usual, had necessary document ready. Handing it to the Clerk, he once more signed the roll of Parliament.



THE NEW MEMBER.

Mr. Speaker. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir. Somehow I seem to know your face."

Then came critical moment, awaited with keen interest by House. The roll signed, it is duty of Clerk to conduct new Member to Speaker and introduce him by name.

"Mr. Asquith!" the Clerk announced.

With half start of surprise Speaker regarded newcomer; thought he recognised him as he stood at the Table.

All doubt now removed. Yes, it was Asquith. With genial smile and friendly grip of the hand he welcomed the new Member. Delighted Ministerialists cheered again at this happy conclusion of the episode.

Business done.—Committee stage of Bill pledging national credit for loan to East African Protectorates entered upon. Not without opposition from Ministerial benches. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, of whom we hear little in these degenerate days, insisted that this kind of charity should begin at home—that is in the Highlands of Scotland. Wedgwood and Thorne thought Government had gone far enough in the way of lavish expenditure of tax-payers' money by providing them and others with salaries of £400 a year. From other side of House Banbury made several speeches in succession. Division called and opposition swamped.

Wednesday.—"Such larks!" as *Joe Gargery* used to say to *Pip* when they met for confidential confabulation. Of all men it was Cousin Hugh began them. At first sight difficult to associate tendency to larkiness with austerity of Member for Oxford University. But human nature is complex, and, after all, Cousin Hugh is only human.

In a former Parliament he was convicted of what was officially known as loitering in the Lobby. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and in those days debate automatically stood adjourned at half-past five. Business to the fore related to Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Every prospect of Resolution being approved if there were opportunity for division. The thing to do was to prevent one taking place. Accordingly, when House divided on Closure motion, Cousin Hugh and his confederates were such an unconscionably long time returning to their places that half-past five struck before main question could be put from Chair. Debate accordingly stood adjourned for indefinite period.



THE GREAT EAST AFRICAN PROTECTOR.

"Come under de ole umbrella,
Come along, piccaninnies, do;
Hark to Uncle Lulu a-callin',
Room for all ob you!"—*Coon Song.*
(Mr. Harcourt.)

A fortnight ago another of those domestic questions which stir Cousin Hugh's soul to the depths came up. At the ballot-box a Member secured favourable position for motion relating to Divorce. Cousin Hugh

straightway blocked it by a bogus Bill. Last Wednesday Opposition proposed on motion for adjournment for Easter to attack Government from divers points of compass. Ministerialists, taking leaf out of Cousin Hugh's book, put down notices that blocked the whole lot. To-day Premier's attention called to the matter. Admits "situation is scandalous"; undertakes forthwith to submit Resolution dealing with it.

Characteristically odd feature in case is that it was Brother Bob who brought matters to a head by tabling a Resolution making impossible in future the vagaries of Cousin Hugh.

Which shows afresh how remarkable are the resources of a family rooted in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth.

Business done.—Criminal Justice Administration Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—As at approach of Spring the time of the singing of birds comes, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land, so thus early in the session the voice of the objector is heard in the House of Commons. On days when Private Bills come up for consideration, there is a scene which interests while it perplexes occupants of Ladies' Gallery, in whose full view it is set. As soon as Speaker takes the Chair, before galleries are open to male strangers, there enters from hidden staircase leading to gallery over clock a procession of businesslike gentlemen. Silently, swiftly, they flood what is known as Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.

Clerk at Table reads list of Private Bills awaiting second reading: (1) Middlesbrough Corporation Bill, (2) Lurgan Gas and Electricity Bill, (3) Northwich Urban District Council Bill. From one side or other of benches below Gangway sounds a single word: "Object!" Title of next Bill on list recited. Again the cabalistic word, and so on to end of catalogue. This reached, anonymous Strangers in gallery rise and depart as swiftly, as silently, as they came, and what is still known as Question-hour (though it is limited to forty-five minutes) opens.

Whisper runs round Ladies' Gallery that mysterious Strangers are detachment of Ulster volunteers out on drill. As a matter of fact they are solicitors concerned for fate of private measures. With extreme rarity is a Private Bill debated on second reading. As a rule that stage is formally conceded, real work being done in select committees upstairs. One of the archaic absurdities of legislative practice remaining in Commons is that a single Member has autocratic power to delay progress of particular Bills approaching Committee stage by murmuring or shouting a magic dissyllable.

Last Session Tim Healy, offended at certain course taken by Board of Trade in respect of Private Bill for which he was concerned, held up for a fortnight the whole course of private legislation. At the end of that time Government with a majority still a hundred strong capitulated. It was an exceptionally weary time for solicitors filing in and filing out of the Gallery, day by day passing and their Bill "getting no forrarder."



THE THIRD TIME OF ASKING.

Fortunately in these cases there are two Bills that run concurrently. One is the legislative measure to which a Member objects; the other the bill of costs in which these daily attendances at the opening of successive sittings, this mounting and descending of unsympathetic stairways, are doubtless duly noted.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

The Postmaster-General is making heroic efforts to improve the telephone ser-ice. According to the current Post Office Circular the name of the "Coed Talon" exchange has been altered to "Pontybodkin."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Aviation.

Once upon a time there was a little primrose who grew all alone on a sunny bank. All around her were primroses in clusters, but she was a solitary flower.

Having no brothers or sisters to talk to and no very near neighbours, she made a confidant of a bee, who would often sit with her for several minutes at a time. He was brusque and opinionated, but he was wise too, and, having wings, knew the world; and she never tired of hearing of his travels.

He told her of gardens where flowers of every kind and sweetness bloomed. "Not like you," he said—"not wild flowers that no one values, but choice, wonderful, aristocratic flowers that are picked out of catalogues and cost money and need attention from a gardener."

"What is a gardener?" the primrose asked.

"A gardener is a man who does nothing but look after flowers," said the bee. "He brings them water and picks off the dead leaves, and all the time he is thinking how to make them more beautiful."

"How splendid!" said the primrose.

And the bee told her of the houses in these gardens, with pleasant sunny rooms, and pictures, and flowers in vases to cheer the eyes of the rich people who lived there.

"How splendid!" said the primrose again. "I wish I could see it all. I should love to be in a vase in a beautiful room and be admired by rich people."

"You're too simple," said the bee. "You haven't a chance. You've got to stay where you are till you die."

"Why shouldn't I have wings like you?" said the primrose.

"How absurd!" replied the bee as he flew away.

But the next day the primrose looked up and saw a most wonderful thing. A primrose that really had wings! A flying primrose! A primrose that could go anywhere just like the bee. It darted hither and thither so gaily, alighting where it wished and then soaring up again right into the blue sky above the earth.

The solitary primrose called to it, but it did not hear, and was soon out of sight.

"So primroses needn't always stop where they are till they die," she said to herself. "Why did the bee deceive



OUR YOUNG VETERANS.

He. "I say, your Grannie seems rather put out to-night. What's up?"

She. "Hush! Poor dear, she's just heard my other Grannie is engaged and she's so afraid she may be left on the shelf."

me? If I were like that I could see the garden and the gardener and the pretty gay sitting-rooms and the rich people."

She waited impatiently for the bee's return, and when he came she told him about the aviator.

"He was so splendid," she said, "so big and strong, and he flew beautifully. How can I get wings, too?"

"Pooh!" said the bee. "That wasn't a primrose. That was a brimstone butterfly; and as for flying—why, he can't compare with me. I could beat him every time: hundred yards, quarter-mile, mile, long distance—everything."

"He looked just like a wonderful big primrose," said the solitary flower wistfully.

"That's because you've got only one eye," said the bee. "He was a butterfly right enough;" and he hurried away laughing at the silliness of her mistake.

But that day the little primrose had part of her wish; for a party of children came into her corner of the wood and began to pick the flowers with cries of delight.

"Here's one all alone!" said a small girl. "I shall pick that for mother." Straightway the primrose was torn from its root and held tightly in a hand which was far too hot to be pleasant.

Down the road the children went, and the primrose looked as well as she could at the hedges and the trees.

"So this is the world," she said to herself. "It seems really interesting, but I should like it better if I didn't feel so faint."

At last they came to a garden gate and passed through it, up a long path, with strange flowers on each side, which the primrose saw mistily, for she was now really ill.

"I am sure it is all very beautiful," she murmured, "but I know I shall die if I don't have some water soon."

And then they entered a room, and the little girl hurried up to a lady and gave her the solitary primrose. "It was growing all alone," she said, "so I brought it for you."

"Put it into a vase at once," said the mother, "or it will die." And the primrose was placed in water, and at once began to revive.

Then she looked about her and saw what a nice room it was, and was happy.

The next morning in came the bee with a great fluster and bumped all over the room.

"Hullo," he said to the little primrose, "you here?"

She told him all her adventures.

"Well, what I said is right, isn't it?" the bee remarked. "It's all very jolly here, isn't it?"

"I suppose so, but I wish I didn't feel so weak. I never had an ache when I was in the wood."

"Ah, but you weren't among the nobs then," said the bee; "make the most of your time while you're here, for it won't be for long, you know."

"Come and see me to-morrow," the little primrose whimpered. "I feel so lonely here. I was happier in the wood."

"You won't be alive to-morrow," said the bee cheerily. "But never mind, you have seen the world." And out he bashed again, blowing his motor-horn to clear the way.

AT THE PLAY.

"PYGMALION."

THE original Pygmalion took a block of dead ivory and made of it so fair a figure of a woman that he fell in love with his own creation, and Aphrodite, at his request, brought it to life. Mr. SHAW'S *Pygmalion* takes a live flower-girl, turns her into a lifeless wax figure fit for a milliner's shop-window, and flatters himself, as an artist,' on the result, but, as a man, proposes to take no interest in it, moral or physical. So you can easily see why almost any other proper name you can think of would have done better for the title.

The play itself shows the same typical inconsequence, the same freedom from the pedantry of logic. *Eliza Doolittle's* ambition is to become fitted for the functions of a young lady in a florist's shop. *Henry Higgins*, professor of phonetics, undertakes for a wager to teach her the manners and diction of a duchess—a smaller achievement, of course, in Mr. SHAW'S eyes, but still a step in the right direction. And he is better than his word. After six months she has acquired a mincing speech, from which she is still liable to lapse into appalling indiscretions; but after another six months the product might pass muster in any *modiste's* showroom. And then she turns on him and protests that he has spoilt her life. As a flower-girl, she tells him, she used to earn her living honestly; now there is nothing she is good for.

Of course, you say, her contact with refined society—"we needs must love the highest when we see it"—has unfitted her for mixing with inferior people. On the contrary. She has, it is true, passed the final test of a series of social functions; but meanwhile all this time of her apprenticeship in manners she has been living her daily life, doing half-menial duties, in the house of *Higgins*, who happens to have no manners at all. One trembles, indeed, to picture the figure that he himself, the master, must have cut when he took his pupil to the halls of the great.

Then perhaps, you say, she has fallen into an unrequited passion for him, and this accounts for her peevishness? Well, if she has, we have only Mr. SHAW'S word for it, and she gets no sympathy from us for her deplorable taste in men. There was another man who was always about the house, a man with a habit of courtesy, but this gallant soldier left her cold. Such is the perversity of women—and Mr. SHAW. *Higgins's* one act of civility to his *protégée*, on which we had to base our hopes of a happy issue, was to throw a bunch of flowers at her from a balcony in Chelsea—not perhaps a very tactful reminder of her origin. But he was only just in time. Another two seconds of delay and the final curtain would have cut off this tardy and inadequate effort of conciliation.



We venture to suggest a new attitude to illustrate the ease of manner which one expects from a Master of Phonetics and Deportment.

Henry Higgins .. .. SIR HERBERT TREE.

However, nobody goes to a production of Mr. SHAW'S with the idea of seeing a play. We go to hear him discourse on just anything that occurs to him without prejudice in the matter of his mouthpiece. This time he was represented by a dustman; and for once Mr. SHAW consented to temper his wisdom to the limitations of its repository. His *Alfred Doolittle* (father of the flower-girl) threw off a little cheap satire on the morality of the middle-classes, yet admitted the drawbacks of unauthorised union (as practised by himself), since a man's wife is there to be kicked, whereas a mistress is apt to be more exigent of the amenities; you must adopt a more lover-like attitude if you want to retain her. He also argued brightly in defence of his proposal to sell his own daughter to any man for a fiver; let fall a platitude or two in praise of the lot of the undeserving poor; and (having come in for a fortune) found that charity had lost its blessedness—that the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin was only admirable when you did the "touching" yourself. Not bad for a dustman, but Mr. SHAW has done better.

For the rest the attraction lay in the performance of individual actors rather than in the stuff of the play. Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was delicious, both in her unregenerate state, and even more during the middle phase of the refining process. She made the Third Act a pure delight. Later, when she became tragic, she sacrificed something of her particular charm to the author's insincerity.

Sir HERBERT TREE, always at his best in comedy, was an excellent *Higgins* in his lighter moods. As for Mr. EDMUND GURNEY, he was far the best dustman I have ever met. His freedom from scruples, combined with a natural gift for unctuous and persuasive rhetoric, commanded admiration. *Higgins*, indeed, who could read potentialities at a glance, considered that he might, under happier conditions, have gone far toward attaining Cabinet rank or filling a Welsh pulpit.

Of the others, Mr. PHILIP MERIVALE played the too subsidiary part of *Colonel Pickering* with admirable self-repression; and Miss ROSAMOND MAYNE-YOUNG, as the mother of *Higgins*, was a very gracious figure.



FROM FLOWER-GIRL TO PERFECT LADY.

(Showing middle stage in course of lessons in Polite Conversation.)

Eliza Doolittle (Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL) to *Mrs. Eynsford-Hill* (Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON). "An aunt of mine died of in-flu-en-za: but it's my be-lief they done h-her in."

The play was curiously uneven. If one might be permitted to enter and leave at one's pleasure I would

advise you to miss out the desultory First Act. But if you insist on seeing it then take care to read your programme before the lights go down and find out that the scene is the porch of a church. I thought all the time that it was the porch of a theatre. Make sure in the same way about the Chelsea flat, or you may mistake it for a charming country cottage. The Second and Third Acts are not to be missed on any account, but I shouldn't worry about the Fourth. In the Fifth you should go away for good the moment that the dustman makes his exit. The tedium that follows is most distressing, and can only be explained as the author's revenge for your laughter. It was a cruel thing to do.

But I forgive him. I take away many delightful memories of my evening with *Pygmalion*, and, best of all, the picture of Sir Herbert's frank and childlike pleasure at having discovered Mr. Bernard Shaw.

"Potash and Perlmutter."

If you have ever been to an American commercial drama, you will know the opening scene of this one before the curtain goes up. The business interior; the typewriter on the left; the head of the firm opening cryptic correspondence and dictating unintelligible answers; spasmodic incursions of cocksure buyers and bagmen; a prevailing air of smartness, of bustle, of get-on-or-get-out. In *The Melting Pot* Mr. Zangwill has been creating a diversion with an Hebraic theme, his hero being a refugee from Kieff, where his family had perished in a pogrom. This new variation has occurred—independently, no doubt —to the author of *Potash and Perlmutter*, who has grafted it (including the detail of the immigrant from Kieff) on the old commercial stock, and done very well indeed with his blend.





Jones (selecting a uniform for his chauffeur). "I like this one best, but it's rather expensive."

Expert Salesman. "Then I should have it. After all, the guv'nor pays!"

His two protagonists in the Teuton-American-Semitic firm of "cloak and suit" manufacturers that gives its title to the play are extraordinarily alive. I am but imperfectly acquainted with this racial variety, but I can easily recognise that Messrs. Augustus Yorke and Robert Leonard, who represent the two partners, are gifted with the most amazing powers of observation and reproduction.

The pair are alike in their mercenary tastes and in that loyalty which is so fine a feature of the Jewish race, and is here found in frequent conflict with their commercial instincts. The cruel wrench that their generosity always costs them is a true measure of its excellence. They quarrel alike over details of business policy; but they always stand together where profit is obviously to be made by a common attitude, or where they find themselves in a tight corner. Yet the author has preserved a nice distinction between them. It is *Potash*, the elder of the two, and encumbered by fetters of domestic affection, who is the weaker vessel, and commits the indiscretions with whose issue he is impotent to cope; it is *Perlmutter*, with the quicker brains, contemptuous but devoted, who throws all the blame where it is due, yet stands by to share the punishment.

I found their language and accent rather hard to follow, a difficulty not shared by the strong Jewish element in an audience that was extremely quick to appreciate the humour that kept one always on the alert. It is profitless to ask how much of the fun was due to the things said and how much to the manner of saying them. The essential matter is that actors and author between them gave us an unusually good time, and I am much obliged to them.

Apart from the leading characters, the *Mrs. Potash* of Miss Matilda Cottrelly was a most delightful study, and the breezy methods of Mr. Charles Dickson as a buyer and Mr. Ezra Matthews as a salesman were effective of their kind.

The plot, as usual in such plays, was rather elementary. So, too, with the love interest; but the right kind of sentiment was not wanting in the very human characters of *Potash* and *Perlmutter*. For a rare moment or two there was a break in our laughter and tears were not far away. O. S.

THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS BANK.

My nephew Rupert has been spending part of his Easter holidays with me. There is nothing like a boy of fifteen for adding an atmosphere to a house—in which term I include a garden. It is a special atmosphere, hard to define, but quite unmistakable when you have once lived in it. It is compounded of football, cricket, hockey—these are not actual, but conversational—of visits to the stables, romps with dogs in a library, tousled hair, muddy trousers, a certain contempt for time, the loan of my collar-stud, an insatiable desire to look through the back volumes of *Punch*, long rides on a bicycle and an irresistible tendency of ink to the fingers, presumably caused by the terrible duty of writing letters to parents. There may be other ingredients, but these are the chief. I am bound to add that he is a very amiable boy, with a strong sense of humour, and that he associates on very friendly terms with the little girls, his cousins, who form the majority of this household, it being quite understood that, for the time, they become boys while he remains what he is.

The other morning Rupert evidently had something on his mind. He made various half-hearted and thoroughly unsuccessful efforts to leave the room, twiddled his cap in his hands, tripped over the rug and finally spoke.

"Thanks awfully, Uncle Harry, for lending me your bicycle."

"That's all right," I said. "You're very welcome to it. It's a good thing for it to be used."

"Yes," he said, "but I shan't want it again."

"Tired of it?" I said. "Well, there's no compulsion."

"Oh, I know that—thanks awfully—but it isn't that. It's a ripping bicycle. I should like to ride it for ever, but——"

"Well, what is it? Out with it."

"I've got one of my own."

"One of your own!" I said. "How's that? You hadn't got one yesterday."

"No, but I've got one now. I bought it this morning at Hickledon. There's a bicycle shop there, and I heard there was a good bicycle for sale cheap, so I went over this morning and had a ride on it, and it suited me splendidly, so I bought it, and I've got it here."

"Bought it?" I said. "That's all very well; but how did you pay for it?"

"That," he said, "is where all the bother comes in."

"It generally does," I said. "Either you've got the money, and then it seems such a waste; or you haven't got it, and then it's a lifetime of misery. Debt, my boy, is an awful thing."

"Don't rag, Uncle Harry; I've got the money all right."

"Then be a man and shell out."

"Yes, but that's just what I can't do. It's this way: the price of the bicycle is five pounds seventeen and sixpence."

"And a very good price too."

"It's got three gears and a lamp and everything complete. Well, I've got three pounds ten in the Post-Office Savings Bank. I put it in in London."

"That's a good beginning, anyhow."

"Yes, and Aunt Mary gave me a pound for my birthday, and I put that in at the post-office here yesterday. It's better not to keep pounds in your pocket."

"Quite right," I said; "we have now got to four pounds ten."

"And Grandma sent me a pound this morning in a postal-order."

"We're all but up to it now," I said. "The excitement is becoming intense."

"Isn't it? And I've got the rest in shillings and sixpences and coppers."

"Away you go, then, and pay for the bicycle."

"Ah, but it isn't as easy as all that. I can't get the money out of the Post-Office."

"What," I said—"they won't let you have your own money? They calmly take the savings of a lifetime and then refuse to give them up?"

"I went round there this morning and they said I'd put the money in in London and there were various formalities to be gone through before I could draw it out here."

"The official mind," I said, "delights in technicalities. Let us see how you stand:—

> To save you from the silly game of playing drakes and ducks
> You banked the cash in Middlesex—but asked for it in Bucks.

Or we could put it in this way:—

> In order not to spend it all in lollipops and toffees
> You gave it to the P. M. G. to keep it in his office.

Or in this way:—

> You bought a three-gear bicycle because you had a will for it,
> And now you've gone and fetched the thing and cannot pay the bill for it.

Rupert, you're in the cart."

"By Jove, Uncle Harry," he said in an awestruck tone, "that's poetry."

"Is it?" I said. "I just threw it off."

"Oh, yes, it's poetry all right. It's got rhymes, you know."

"Rupert," I said, "let us come back to plain prose and consider your desperate financial situation. You cannot get your three pounds ten."

"No, not yet."

"And Aunt Mary's pound?"

"They said that, being holiday time, that wouldn't have got to headquarters yet."

"Gracious goodness," I said, "I never knew a savings bank had so many pitfalls. The whole thing is too complicated for my mind."

"It isn't really complicated," said Rupert. "It's quite plain; but perhaps if you put it into poetry you'll understand it better."

"Rupert," I said, "let us have no sarcasms. The thing is too serious for that. You possess your grandmother's pound in a postal-order and assorted coins to the amount of seven and sixpence, total one pound seven and six, to pay for a bicycle costing five pounds seventeen and sixpence. In short, you are a bankrupt."

"But I shall get the money."

"That is what they all say."

Eventually the matter was arranged and the bicycle man was satisfied. Rupert's correspondence with the Post Office still continues. But his faith in that institution has received a severe shock. R. C. L.

"The Rev. C. A. Brereton has presented to the St. Pancras Guardians a donkey for the use of the children at Leavesden Poor Law Schools, and a member of the Board has presented an A B C time-table."—*Daily News.*

Anonymous Benefactor (*when the secret of his name leaks out*): "No, no, don't thank me . . . It was last year's."

Headlines to adjoining columns in *The Toronto Daily Star*:—

"Mayor to call meeting to discuss Scripture." | "Mayor calls 'Globe's' report a 'blasted lie.'"

These Mayors lead a life full of variety.



PLEASURES OF THE POINT TO POINT.

Good and encouraging Samaritan (helping sportsman to remount after immersion in the brook). "NEXT OLD BRUCK BE HEAPS BIGGER'N THIS UN, AND HE DO HAVE A TURRIBLE LOT O' WATER IN HE JUST NOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Dodo the Second (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), by E. F. BENSON. Doesn't the very title-page sound like a leaf from your dead past? I protest that for my own part I was back on hearing it in the naughty nineties, the very beginning of them indeed (the fact that I was also back in the school-room did little to impair the thrill) and agog to read the clever, audacious book that all the wonderful people who lived in those days were talking about. And behold! here they all are again—not the people who talked, but the audacious characters. Only the trouble is that we have all in the interval become so much more audacious ourselves that their efforts in this kind seem to fail to produce the old impression. This is by no means to say that I didn't enjoy *Dodo the Second*. I enjoyed it very much indeed; and so will you. For one thing, it was the jolliest experience to recognize so many old friends—*Dodo* herself (now of course the *Princess Waldenech*), and the wicked *Prince*, and the rest of them. Of *Dodo* at least it may be said, moreover, that she has matured credibly; this middle-aging lady is exactly what the siren of twenty years ago would have developed into, still beautiful, still alluring, and still (I must add) capable of infecting everyone else in a conversation with exactly her own trick of cheap and rather fatiguing brilliance. Added to all this there is now a new generation of characters, several of whom are quite pleasant company; for them and for one very impressive piece of descriptive work in the account of a gathering storm, this Twenty-Years-After may be heartily welcomed. Indeed one leaves *Dodo* of 1914 so vigorously alive that I am not without hope of her turning up yet again as a grandmother in 1934.

I have discovered from *The Rebellion of Esther* (ALSTON RIVERS) why it is that my sympathies, usually at the disposal of insurgents, are withheld from the Suffragette. Anyone who is genuinely out to assert a principle, at the cost of quarrelling with established authority, has a certain merit of altruism which even the most law-abiding may count as a mitigating circumstance, however unworthy the end in view; but the egoism of a young lady (like Miss MARGARET LEGGE'S heroine) who in whatever cause defies all institutions with the latent motive of asserting herself will induce even the most lawless to support warmly the powers of suppression. *Miss Esther Ballinger* had a number of real grievances, but her point of view was typified in her attitude towards the illicit and incidental motherhood of one of her acquaintances. Without hearing the facts, she pronounced it to be "a courageous stand against conventional morality," which it just possibly might have proved to be upon enquiry, and by no means a weak surrender to immediate desires, as much more probably it was in fact. From my knowledge of *Esther* she had but one reason for expressing this opinion, and that was the personal pleasure of saying the unorthodox thing, an element which accounts for much of the unconventionality of that intellectual class of townsfolk figuring broadcast in the book, and largely discounts the value of its criticisms. I suspected the same flaw in her expressed convictions on religious, political and feminist matters,

and I shouldn't be surprised to learn, though there is no hint of it, that she stopped short of complete revolt in her own big affair because she realized instinctively that even a passionate pose may lose its attractions if it has to be maintained for a lifetime. Miss MARGARET LEIGH, though alive to the young person's faults, regards her as, on the whole, deep-thinking and right-minded; and I would not for a moment have our personal difference of opinion discourage anybody from reading a carefully studied and ably written novel.

The attitude of Militarist to Pacifist has the makings of a very pretty comedy. When the Mystics (with the Friends and the Tolstoians) were evangelical enough to preach their message of peace even to the point of non-resistance, they were broadly scouted as sentimental and idealistic idiots, and reminded of a nature red in tooth and claw rampant in this most sordid of all possible worlds. Now that the Rationalists take up the case against war from another end, they are denounced as squalid souls, with a greengrocer's outlook, morbidly anxious about the price of peas and potatoes, and urged to remember that not by bread alone doth man live. In *The Foundations of International Polity* (HEINEMANN), a series of lectures developing phases of the argument of the Great Illusion, Mr. NORMAN ANGELL incidentally deals with this greengrocery business. Nobody with knowledge of his shrewd and vigorous method will be surprised that without bluster or rhetoric he establishes a very clear verdict of acquittal. One has always the impression that the rationalist in him is deliberately repressing the mystic, lest his case be weakened by a suspicion of sentimentalism. For it must be obvious that not a cold, still less a squalid, but a generous purpose alone could inspire the fervour that flashes between the reasoned lines. When Mr. ANGELL pleads that policy is directed towards "self-interest," an easily misunderstandable pronouncement, it is no mean self-interest he has in view but a quality of high civilising and social value. He argues cogently that defence is not incompatible with, but rather a part of, rational pacifism, which is the protest against coercion; re-emphasises the difference between soldiering and policing; and illustrates the essential shallowness of that venerable tag, "Human nature doesn't change," by pointing to the decay of the duello, and the decline of the grill as a means of reasoning with heretics and witches. Were this learned Clerk a politician (which Heaven avert!), he would move for yet another increment to the Supplementary Navy Estimates—to wit, the price of a battleship to be expended in the distribution of this fighting pacifist's books to all journalists, attachés, clergymen, bazaar-openers, club oracles, professors, head-masters and other obvious people in both Germany and Britain.



Vendor of studs and buttons (to vendor of inflating baby). "NOW THEN, *FATHER*, NOT SO MUCH OF IT. GIVE AN OLD BATCHILER A CHARNST, CARN'T YER?"

In his new satirical study of certain modern cranks and their unpleasantness Mr. OLIVER ONIONS has, I think, allowed his bitterness to outrun his sense of proportion. *A Crooked Mile* (METHUEN) is a sequel to his earlier book, *The Two Kisses*. We meet again those two young women, *Dorothy* and *Amory*, and the natural characteristics that they once presented seem now to be tortured into caricature. *Amory* has indeed all my sympathy, so badgered is she by Mr. ONIONS, so relentlessly forced into ignominious positions; and I cannot feel, as I should do, that she would have achieved those ignominies without Mr. ONIONS' impelling hand behind her. I have myself considerable sympathy for cranks, and perhaps that is why I regard Mr. ONIONS' satire as a dry, gritty business. His humour is, of course, always a delightful thing, but here I fancy that he has not drawn the true line between comedy and farce, between satire that preserves the probabilities and indiscriminate exaggeration. Of the three Mr. ONIONSES who have at different times given me pleasure—the author of *Widdershins*, the author of *In Accordance with the Evidence*, and the author of *Little Devil Doubt*—I greatly prefer the first. In *A Crooked Mile* there is one chapter worthy of all three of them—that chapter where *Amory* discovers that her lover is going away with another woman. That is fine work. For the rest I hope that he will grow tired of his social satire and soon give us again some more of his delicate imagination and fancy.

What I felt about *The Girl on the Green* (METHUEN) was that, however charming and capable, she was not quite likely, after but a few short months of golf, to have put up such a good fight in her great match with the crack amateur, *Jim Beverley*, who was giving her a half. I couldn't manage to believe it. However, that was not my business, but MARK ALLERTON'S. According to him, *Frank* took her match to the last green, in spite of a number of cats, headed by the Vicar's wife, who did their best to put her off her game. Yes, you are right to presume that what began as a single developed into a flirtsome, and that the twain lived happily ever after in a nice little dormy house, and that *Jim* bested the HILTONS and the OUIMETS, while *Frank* put permanently out of joint all the noses of all the Misses LEITCH. Those who not only play but talk, dream, read and generally live for golf will, I can say with confidence, be grateful to Mr. MARK ALLERTON for this easy, hopeful narrative.

The Morning Post on the Army and Navy Boxing Championships:—

"These men's middles were full of good things."

Why don't they train better?

CHARIVARIA.

Captain Fort, a French army airman from Chalons, flew over the German frontier, last week, by mistake, and alighted in Lorraine, but flew back again before the German police arrived. We think he should have waited. It is just little discourtesies such as this that accentuate ill-feeling between nations.

Mr. H. W. Thornton, the new American manager of the Great Eastern Railway, says that his ideal is to satisfy the public. This disposes of the absurd rumour that his appointment was made in the interests of the shareholders.

Jack Johnson, the pugilist, is about to become naturalized as a French subject. Frankly, America has brought this on herself.

It is possible, by the way, that the knowledge that America could not rely on Jack Johnson stiffened President Huerta's back.

In at least one of our colonies the War Minister is designated "Minister for Defence." This would surely be a more than apt title for Mr. Asquith, who has been doing yeoman work of this kind on behalf of his peccant colleagues.

Some idea of the confusion which reigned at the fight between Blake and Borrell may be gathered from the following paragraph in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Blake, who was the taller, at once led the £500 aside, and both men to deposit a further close quarters, and they indulged in in-fighting up to the close of the round."

It was certainly shrewd of Blake to act as he did in regard to the stakes, for, although he was the taller, it did not necessarily follow that he would win.

Stafford House, which contains the London Museum, will in future be called Lancaster House. It was felt, we understand, that its former name gave no clue to its contents.

We find the following announcement of the greatest interest:—

"April 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Turtle (née Nurse Lacey) a daughter."

It was a great performance to have been born a nurse, even if she turned Turtle later on.

"In everything where her means and opportunities allow," says Mr. Arthur Rackham, "woman seeks persistently for beauty." And now many husbands are flattering themselves that that is how they came to be married.

"Mothers who sleep nine hours on end," says Dr. Westcott, the coroner, "should not have babies, and, if they do, they should be put in cradles." The only difficulty is that at present there is no cradle on the market large enough to take a grown-up.

The Times has published an indictment of the London plane-tree as a disseminator of disease. Nervous folk, however, may like to know that, if they stay indoors with their windows closed and with a towel fastened across the mouth and nose, they will run comparatively little risk from this source.



THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

"Nah then, 'Erbert, we're in 'Yde Park. Pull socks an' look smart."

The Express is offering prizes to its readers with a view to ascertaining which is the best-looking animal in the Zoo, and which is the ugliest. It is, of course, no affair of ours, but we think it would be a graceful and humane act on the part of our contemporary to give a consolation prize to the poor beast adjudged to be the ugliest.

Meanwhile, in view of this competition, the wart-hog would be glad to hear of a really reliable cure for warts.

A thrush has built its nest and laid three eggs at the junction of two scaffold poles where between fifty and sixty men are working on a new building at Northampton. The kind-hearted labourers were, we understand, willing to work quietly and slowly in order not to disturb the young mother, but were over-ridden by the foremen.

What is described as a "Racegoers' Luncheon Palace" is being erected next to the Epsom Grand Stand. The new building will, we are informed, have fireproof floors and staircases. These will no doubt be duly tested by the Militants.

It is rumoured that such is the success of *The Melting Pot* that Mr. Zangwill has been approached by more than one manager with flattering proposals. Mr. Zangwill, however, is not to be rushed, and it is extremely unlikely that we shall have him turning out Melting Pot-Boilers.

The punishment does sometimes fit the crime. An individual who for some months past specialised in thefts of clocks was last week given time.

"A Blackburn platelayer," it is stated, "who has just died at the age of seventy, left £400, which he had accumulated out of his small earnings. He was a bachelor." Married women consider this a marvellous achievement in view of the fact that the man had no wife to help him.

At last it looks as if something is going to be done for golfers, whose language, it is rumoured, occasionally leaves so much to be desired. The Rector of Frinton has undertaken to consider a suggestion that a special service for golfers shall be held at nine o'clock on Sunday mornings.

Another "Daily Mail" Record.

"'How beautiful,' said the Queen as she passed me."

We congratulate *The Daily Mail's* Special Paris Correspondent (author of the above passage), on the tribute paid to him by Her Majesty.

The Rivals.

Two posters in Torquay:—

"Flying at Paignton by Monsieur Salmet."

"Flying Visit of Mr. H. B. Irving."

"Fashion Gossip" in *The Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"Black rats, however, are most in favour and bid fair to retain their popularity."

It is no longer fashionable to see snakes.

"For supply of a body suitable for motor ambulance for Ipswich."—*Contract Journal.*

Ipswich seems in a hurry. Surely it might wait for the accident to happen naturally.

GENERAL VILLA BREAKS INTO POETRY.

[The following unpublished poem of General Villa—not, of course, to be compared with the recently discovered compositions of Keats—throws an interesting light on the attitude of that incomparable brigand towards the academic diplomatist of the White House. This correspondence, rendered into English, is now made public without prejudice to any change of policy that may occur during its passage through the press.]

Wilson (or Woodrow, if I may),
I blush to own that ere to-day
I have described you as a "gringo";
For you are now my loved ally;
We see together, eye to eye;
The same usurper we defy
Each in his local lingo.

Friends I have had in your fair land,
Nice plutocrats who lent a hand
(In view of possible concessions),
But still I lacked official aid,
And lived, with that embargo laid
Upon the gunning border-trade,
A prey to rude depressions.

But, when you let the barrier drop,
And all the frontier opened shop
To deal in warlike apparatus,
Much heartened by your friendly leave
To storm and ravage, slay and reave,
I felt my fighting bosom heave
As with a fresh afflatus.

Now closer still we join our stars;
At Vera Cruz your valiant tars
Have lately forced a bloody landing;
No more you hold aloof to see
The dirty work all done by me,
You show by active sympathy
A cordial understanding.

Nor shall my loyal faith grow slack
Although you put the embargo back;
No doubt once more you'll countermand it;
And anyhow this party scores
Since you'll supply the arms and stores
The bill for which so rudely bores
A constitutional bandit.

At your expense, in fact, we go,
We two, against a one-man foe
(Of course you would not wish to hurt a
Hair of our folk in vulgar broil;
Your scheme is just to take and boil
Inside a vat of native oil
This vile impostor, Huerta).

Then here's my hand all warm and red,
And we will march through fire and lead
Waging the glorious war of Duty;
Though impotent to read or write,
I love the cause of Truth and Light,
So God defend us in the fight
For Villa, Home and Beauty! O. S.

"A Review of the Primates. By Daniel Giraud Elliot. Three volumes.

Monkeys, and especially the higher apes, have an unfailing interest for mankind."—"*Times*" *Literary Supplement.*

But this is not the way that we ourselves should begin an article on the Archbishops.

A "SCENE" IN 1916.

Showing the Development of Parliamentary Manners.

Mr. Asquith. I wish to ask the Prime Minister whether he will grant a full judicial enquiry into the recent military and naval movements contemplated by the Government in Munster.

Mr. Law (who was greeted by shouts of "Assassin"). I see no necessity for any such enquiry. I am prepared to answer for the Government on the floor of this House.

Mr. Lloyd George. May I ask the right honourable gentleman how many members of the Government are interested in armament companies, and to what extent they would have profited by the contemplated Tipperary pogrom? (Shouts of "Yah," "Thieves!" "Thieves!" "Brigands!" and "Yah!")

Mr. Law. I utterly and entirely repudiate the suggestion of the right honourable gentleman. (Opposition shouts of "Liar" and "Coward."). The information the right honourable gentleman has gained during his intrigues with the rank and file of the Welsh regiments is totally——

Mr. Speaker. Order, order. That reply obviously does not arise from the question.

Mr. Asquith. I wish to ask the right honourable gentleman if he is prepared to make a statement on oath. Nothing else will convince the country, as it knows by experience that Ministers are steeped in falsehood.

Mr. Law. That is an allegation against the honour of Ministers. (*Mr. Churchill*, "They have none.") If the Leader of the Opposition desires to attempt to substantiate these charges I will give him a day—or a week, if he wants it.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. Afraid of five years for perjury. Blackguards!

Mr. Amery (*President of the Local Government Board*). Mr. Speaker, should I be in order if I appealed to you to ask Members on the other side to maintain the honourable traditions of this House?

Mr. John Ward. All they care for is the £5,000 a year.

Mr. Speaker. Order, order! I must ask honourable members not to turn Question time into a debate.

Mr. Churchill. I beg to ask the Prime Minister whether the guns of the first cruiser squadron are not at this moment trained on Limerick, and to ask him if ample time will be given for women and children to escape before the massacre begins?

Mr. Bonar Law. The first cruiser squadron is not at Limerick. (Loud shouts of "Liar!") That disposes of the second part of the question also. (Cries of "No!" "Shame!" "Child-murderer!")

Lord Winterton (*Junior Lord of the Treasury*). Mr. Speaker, may I draw your attention to the fact that several Members of the Opposition shout "Liar" at the Prime Minister whenever he rises to his feet?

Mr. Speaker. The term is certainly an objectionable one, but unfortunately there are Parliamentary precedents.

Mr. Raymond Asquith. Yes, that's what he used to call Papa.

Mr. Lloyd George. May I ask the Prime Minister if it is true that victims of the Celtic pogrom are to be refused treatment by their panel doctors?

Mr. Law. As there will be no victims (shouts of "Found out" and "Afraid") the question of medical treatment does not arise.

Mr. John Redmond. Enough of this foolery. Enough of the deliberate falsehood of Ministers. I go to Ireland at once, where half a million resolute, dour, determined men are ready to defy this Government of assassins.

(Loud Opposition cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, as Mr. Redmond retires from the House.)



"A SORT OF WAR."

President Wilson. "I HOPE YOU ARE NOT SHOOTING AT MY DEAR FRIENDS THE MEXICANS?"

U.S.A. Gunner. "OH, NO, SIR. WE HAVE STRICT ORDERS ONLY TO AIM AT ONE HUERTA."

OUR CRAFTY CATERERS.



Born in Odessa in 1901,

and at 12 years of age thinking nothing of his 800 mile walk to the Fair at Nijni-Novgorod,

our hero—the "poularde de Surrey"—at last arrives in London.

Now, how to make this treasure palatable to the British Public?

First of all we'll catch him (the British Public) in our cosy Appetiser Department.

Then Signor Sarsaparillo shall entertain him in the cloak-room.



We'll waft him up to the dining-room to the strains of the Blue Danubian Band.

We'll give him "La Bohême" before the "poularde";

and the Maxixe during.

A Terrible Turk shall give him coffee (with Coon accompaniment);

and we'll send him home with a silver-mounted sterilised tooth-pick and presents for Madame and Baby. There!

PER ASPARAGOS AD ASTRA.

Now we who sense the odorous Spring
Our various winter garments fling,
Cast off the heat promoting clout
That wise men keep till May is out,
And hail with joy and wear too soon
Suitings more fitly planned for June.

'Twas ever thus; and now we look
Askance on what arrides the cook,
Behold her boil and chop and strain
For us the cabbage all in vain.
She would have dished what most we
scout,
But Brussels-sprouts at last are out.

And something else at last is in,
A something green and straight and
thin.
Long looked for, long desired, its head
Well raised above its English bed,
It smiles at last and blesses us,
Our garden-grown asparagus!

Let others in their praise advance
The monstrous branches sent from
France;
You ope your mouth as 'twere a door
And bite off half an inch, not more;
And then perforce you lay aside
A tasteless foot of wasted pride.

Besides, you find that what you
praise,
Is mostly sauce—a Hollandaise.
The succulent, the English kind,
You pick it up and eat it blind;
In fact, you lose your self-control,
And dip, and lift, and eat it whole.

And some day, when the beds have
ceased
To cater for your daily feast,
You'll see—the after growth is fair—
A green and feathery forest there,
And "here," you'll say, "is what shall
cheer
My palate in the coming year.

"Yes, when these graceful pigmy trees
Have swayed their last in any breeze,
And all is bare, I may again
See the ripe heads that pierce the plain,
And eat once more before I die
Our garden-grown asparagi."

R. C. L.

Massage in the 18th Century.

"*Anatomy*. Albinus (Bernard Siegfried). Tables of the Skeleton and Muscles of the Human Body, translated from the Latin. Folio, half calf (joints cracked, back rubbed). *Edinburgh* 1777-78."

A Special Correspondent of *The Evening News* wrote last week:—

"As for the Queen, from the moment she stepped off the yacht till she got into the train she went on smiling and bowing and murmuring 'Merci, oh merci bien?' I do not, of course, know what she was thinking."

Possibly it had something to do with gratitude.

MY LORD'S DINNER.

[A companion picture to Mr. Edward Knoblauch's play, *My Lady's Dress.*]

PROLOGUE.

William *and* Mary *have returned from the Royalty Theatre, where they have attended a play in several scenes each representing some incident in the making of a lady's dress.*

William (for the ninth time). Capital dinner we had to-night, dear. Don't know when I've had a better.

Mary. Oh, bother your old dinner. What did you think of the play?

William. H'm, not bad. Don't know that I care about those dream plays. (*After deep thought*) Capital caviare, that.

Mary (annoyed). You think of nothing but your food. Didn't you think Dennis Eadie was splendid?

William. Very clever. A remarkable *tour de force.* H'm. Capital whitebait, too. Did you notice the saddle of lamb, my love? Capital.

Mary. I thought it was all very novel and interesting.

William. The dinner, my dear? Not exactly novel, but certainly——

Mary (coldly). I wasn't referring to the dinner. If you could manage to get your mind off your meals occasionally, I should like to discuss the play.

William (yawning). Not to-night, dear, I'm sleepy. . . . Capital dinner; don't know when I've had a better. . . . Very, very sleepy.

[*He goes to bed and dreams.*

THE DREAM.

SCENE I.

Moscow. The top of the Shot Tower where they make the caviare. Alexandrovitch *is discovered at work. Enter* Marieovitch.

Alexandrovitch (dropping his sturgeon and clasping her round the neck). At last, my love!

Marieovitch. Be careful. Williamovitch suspects. He hates you.

Alexandrovitch. Nonsense, love! He's only jealous because my caviare is so much rounder than his.

Marieovitch. He knows I am tired of him. Look out; here he is.

Enter Williamovitch *from behind a heap of buttered toast.*

Williamovitch (sternly). I know all.

Alexandrovitch (pushing him over the edge of the tower). Then take that!

[*Exit* Williamovitch.

SCENE II.

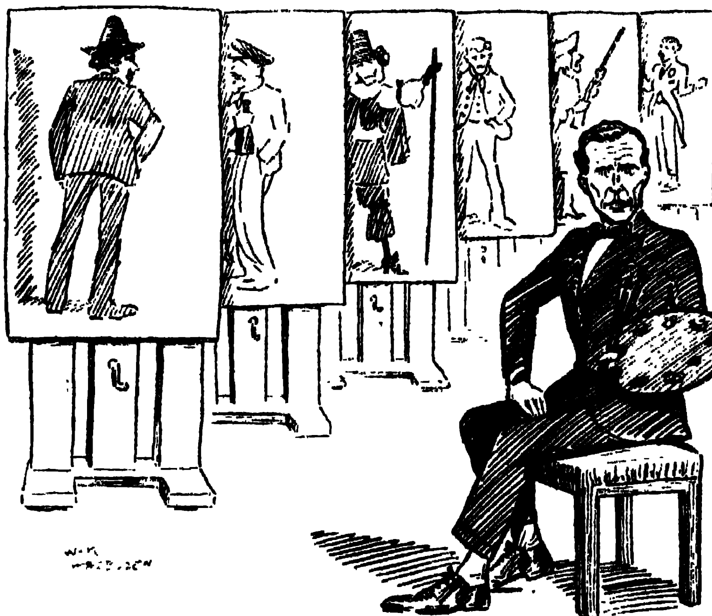
A typefounder's in Italy, where they make the macaroni letters for the consommé.

Gulielmo (sorting the O's). One million, three hundred and eighty-seven thousand, six hundred and forty-five. There are two missing, Maria.

Maria (nervously). Perhaps you counted wrong, Gulielmo.

Gulielmo (scornfully). Counted wrong! And me the best macaroni sorter in Italy! Now let's get the "E's" together. (*After a pause*) Two million, four hundred and five thousand, two hundred and ninety seven. *Corpo di Bacco!* There are two "E's" missing!

Maria. Don't you remember there was one "E" the reader wouldn't pass?



A LIGHTNING ROYALTY ACADEMICIAN
(*All done while you wait.*)
(Mr. Dennis Eadie.)

Gulielmo (suspiciously). I made another to take its place. There's some devilry in this. Maria, girl, what are you hiding from me?

Maria (confused). Oh, Gulielmo, I didn't want you to know.

[*She takes a handful of letters from her lap and gives them shyly to him.*

Gulielmo (sorting them). Two "O's," two "E's," two "L's——" What's all this?

Maria (overcome). Oh!

Gulielmo. "I Love Gulielmo." (*Ecstatically*). Maria! You love me?

[*She falls into his arms.*

SCENE III.

A whitebait stud farm at Greenwich. Polly *is discovered outside one of the stables. Enter* Alfred.

Polly. Can't think what's the matter with Randolph this morning. That's 'is fifth slice of lemon, and 'e's as fierce and 'ungry as ever.

Alfred (gaily). Never mind the whitebait now, sweet'eart, when we're going to be spliced this afternoon. 'Ullo, 'ere's Bill.

Enter Bill.

Bill. Wot cher, Alf! The guv'ner wants yer. (*Exit* Alfred *hastily.*) And now, Polly, my girl, wot's all this about marrying Alf when you're engaged to me?

Polly. Oh, Bill, I'm sorry. Do let me off. I love Alfred.

Bill. I'll let yer off all right.

[*He goes towards* Randolph's *stable.*

Polly (shrieking). Bill! Wotcher doing?

Bill (opening the stable door). Just giving Randolph a bit of a run like. 'E wants exercise.

[Randolph, *the fiercest of the whitebait, dashes out and springs at* Polly's *throat.*

Polly. Help! Help!

Bill. P'raps Alfred will elp you—when 'e comes back. I'll tell 'im.

[*Exit leisurely.*

SCENE IV.

A saddler's shop at Canterbury, New Zealand.

Molly. Busy, Willie?

William. Always busy at the beginning of the lamb season, Molly. The gentlemen in London will have their saddle.

Molly. Too busy to talk to me?

Willie. Plenty of time to talk when we're married. Shan't have to work so hard then.

Molly. Because of my money you mean, Willie dear. You aren't only marrying me for my money, are you?

Willie. Of course not.

[*He kisses her perfunctorily and returns to his work.*

Molly. Because—because I've lost it all.

Willie (sharply). What's that?

Molly. I've lost it all.

Willie. Then what are you doing in my shop? Get out!

Molly (with dignity). I'm going, Willie. And I haven't lost my money at all. I just wanted to test you. Good-bye for ever.

[*She goes out.* Willie *in despair rushes into the garden and buries his head in the mint.*

SCENE V.

[This part of William's dream was quite]



AN ALTRUIST MALGRÉ LUI.

different from the rest, and it was the only scene in which his wife didn't appear.]

An actor-manager's room.

Actor-manager. Yes, I like your play immensely. I don't suppose any actor-manager has ever played so many parts before in one evening. But couldn't you get another scene into it?

William. Well, I've got an old curtain-raiser here, but it doesn't seem to fit in somehow.

Actor-manager. Nonsense. In a dream play it doesn't matter about fitting in. What's it about?

William. Oh, the usual sort of love thing. Only it's in the tropics, and I really want an ice-pudding scene.

Actor-manager. Then make it the North Pole.

William. Good idea. [*Exit to do so.*

EPILOGUE.

Next morning.

William. I've had an extraordinary dream, dear, and—er—I've decided not to eat so much in future.

Mary. My darling boy!

[*She embraces him; and as the scene closes William takes his fifth egg.*

CURTAIN. A. A. M.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

["THE SARDINE WAR." *Headline in a daily paper.*]

THERE was peace at first in the tight-packed tin,
Content in the greasy gloom,
Till the whisper ran there were some therein
With more than their share of room;
And I saw the combat from start to end,
I heard the rage and the roar,
For I was the special *The Daily Friend*
Sent out to the Sardine War.

The courage was high on every face
As the wronged ones took their stand
On the right of all to a resting-place
In a tinfoil fatherland;
Yes, each one, knowing he fought for home,
Cast craven fear to the gales,
And the oil was whipped to a creamy foam
By the lashing of frenzied tails.

You may think that peace has been quite assured
When you've packed them tight inside,
But the sardine's spirit is far from cured
When you salt his outer hide;
They gave no quarter, they scorned to yield,
To a fish they died in the press,
And, dying, lay on the stricken field
In an oleaginous mess.

ISABEL IN SPRINGTIME.

THERE is a gladness in her eye,
And in the wind her dancing tread
Appears in swiftness to outvie
The scurrying cloudlets overhead;
In brief, her moods and graces are
Appropriate to the calendar.

And yet methinks that Mother Earth,
Awake from sleep, hath less a share
In this, my darling's, present mirth,
Than Madame Chic, *costumière*;
My love would barter Spring's display
For Madame's window any day.

"The members at the Club dance last Saturday were rather small—but this is only natural after four dances in 'the week' and the summer approaching."—*Pioneer.*

Certainly nothing gets the weight down so quickly.

THE IMPRESSING OF PERKINS.

"I hope," said my friend and host, Charles, "I hope that you'll manage to be comfortable."

I looked round as much of the room as I could see from where I stood and ventured also to hope that I should.

"The tap to the right," he said, indicating the amenities, "is hot water; the left tap is cold, and the tap in the middle . . ."

"Lukewarm?" I asked.

"Soft water, for shaving and so on. But Perkins will see to it."

Some people can assume a sort of detached attitude in the early morning, while body-servants get them up and dress them and send them downstairs, but me, I confess, these attentions overawe. "Perkins is one of those strong silent men, is he not," I asked, "who creep into one's bedroom in the morning and steal one's clothes when one isn't looking?"

Charles has no sympathy with Spartans and did not answer. "I think you'll find everything you want. There's a telephone by the bed." I said that I was not given to talking in my sleep. "Then," said he, "if you prefer to write here is the apparatus," and he pointed to a desk that would have satisfied all the needs of a daily editor.

"Thanks," I said, looking at the attractive bed, "but I expect to be too busy in the morning even to write." I yawned comfortably. "Though it may be that I shall dictate, from where I lie, a note or two to my stenographer."

Charles doubted, with all solemnity, whether Perkins could manage shorthand, but promised to enquire about it. He's a dear solid fellow, is Charles, and he does enjoy being rich. Moreover, he means his friends to enjoy it, too. Lastly, "If you don't find everything you want," he said, "you've only to ring," and he pointed to a row of pear-shaped appendages hanging by silken cords from the cornice.

"Heavens," said I, seizing his arm, "you're never going to leave a defenceless man alone with half-a-dozen bell-pushes!"

Charles softened; he admits to a weakness for electricity. "Some are switches, some are bell-pushes, and one," he said, blushing, "is a fire-alarm."

I climbed on to a chair forthwith and tied a big knot in the cord of the fire-alarm. "We'll get that safe out of the way first," said I, and then he tutored me in the use of the others. After some repetition it was drummed into me that the one nearest the bed was the switch of the getting-into-bed light, and the next one to that the bell which rang in Perkins' upstairs quarters. The other four or five I found, when I came to study them alone, I had forgotten.

I clambered into bed and with great intelligence pressed the correct switch. Had I left it at that my problem would never have arisen.

I have, however, a confession to make which ill accords with my luxurious surroundings of the moment. It is that I am accustomed to press my trousers myself by the homely and ignoble expedient of sleeping on them. My only excuse is that I am a heavy sleeper. So automatic is the process, that I was wrapped in sheets and darkness before it occurred to me that I had placed the trousers I had just doffed under the mattress on which I now lay. I could not help thinking how the masterful Perkins would take it when he came to look for them in the morning. I conceived him picking up my dinner-jacket here, my waistcoat there, and wandering round the room in a hopeless quest for the complement of my suit, trying to recall the events of the previous night and to remember whether I was English or Scottish . . . and then, more in sorrow than in anger, spotting the lost ones . . .

As I contemplated this picture I was moved to pity Perkins, torn asunder between two dreadful alternatives, the one of leaving the trousers there and committing a dereliction of duty, the other of removing them stealthily and committing an indelicacy. I was also moved to pity myself, lying supine under his speechless contempt. I resolved to spare us both, to get out of bed and put things right. I stretched out a hand for the switch. I grasped it with an effort. I pressed the button.

No light ensued.

I pressed again . . . and again . . . with no visible result. I pressed once more, and still there was a marked absence of light. I lay back in bed and, cursing Charles, thought out his instructions. Cautiously I reached out again, pressed once more and succeeded. The continued oscillation of the second cord revealed to me what you have already guessed, that I had meanwhile rung the bell in Perkins' sleeping quarters four times.

To me the approaching climax was horrible; I could see no way of dealing with the situation shortly about to arise. To those who have never known and feared Perkins or his like it may seem that there were at least two simple courses to pursue: to lie boldly and deny that I had rung; or to tell the truth and admit that I had made a mistake. Men like Perkins, however, are not to be lied to; still less may they be made the recipients of confessions. Methods of self-defence were therefore unthinkable, and I knew instinctively that I must assume the offensive. I must order him curtly, upon his arrival, to do something. But what? As I waited anxiously I tried to think of some service I could require at this hour. What can a man want at 1 A.M. except to go to sleep? Even the richest must do that for himself.

There were footsteps outside. . . . Perkins' . . . I thought harder, than I have ever thought before, but my life seemed replete with every modern comfort.

"Yes, Sir?" said Perkins.

"Ah, is that you, Perkins?" said I to gain time, and he said it was.

I shut my eyes and tried to think. Perkins stood silent. I had some idea of leaving it at that, of turning out the light and letting Perkins decide upon his own course of action. I was just about to do this when I had a brain wave. After all, he was paid to do the dirty work and not I.

At that moment I was anticipated.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Sir?" said the Model.

"There is," said I, in my most *négligé* voice. "Kindly turn out my light."

Perkins may have been annoyed about this, but he was certainly impressed. His demeanour suggested that he had met autocrats before but never such a thorough autocrat as I. For the rest of my time there I pressed my trousers in the usual way, well knowing that he would regard the process not as the makeshift of a valetless pauper but as the eccentricity of an over-staffed multi-billionaire.

The Honest Hypocrites.

"Among the most formidable foes to the reform of our industrial system are those who pretend to be most bitterly opposed to it."
Sunday Times.

Seen in a window in Clapham:—

"PAINLESS
ADVICE
FREE
EXTRACTIONS."

This "derangement of epitaphs" fails to attract us.

"The Counterfoil in centre must be returned to the Syndicate, which is placed in the Large Wheel with other Subscribers' Tickets for the Draw."—*Derby Sweep Circular.*

"As formerly, the ticket-holders, with their numbers, were placed in a barrel and thoroughly shaken up."—*Hamilton Advertiser.*

These repressive measures ought to satisfy even the sternest member of the Anti-Gambling League.



Harold (wanting a partner for the next dance). "ARE YOU VACANT?"

CIVIL WAR;

Or, Some Words about CARTER.

Not always for the noblest martyr,
My countrymen, ye forge
The crown of gold nor wreathe the laurel;
One protestant ye count as moral,
Neglect another. Take the quarrel
Extant between myself and CARTER
(Henchman of D. LLOYD GEORGE).

I see the Unionists grow oranger,
I mark the wigs upon the green,
The rooted hairs of Ulster bristle
And all men talk of CARSON's gristle,
Then why should this absurd epistle,
Put down beside my little porringer,
Provoke not England's spleen?

Did HAMPDEN positively jeopardise
His life, and did the axe
Extinguish CHARLES's hopes of boodle
And all the wrongs of bad days feudal
For this—that CARTER, the old noodle,
With t's all crossed and dot-bepeppered i's,
Should change my income-tax?

Thank heaven that one heart in Albion
Retains its oaken core;
Alone I can withstand my duty,
And so my answer to this beauty
Is simply "Rats!" and "Rooti-tooti!
My toll for this year *must* and *shall* be on
The sums declared before."

If not—if all things go by jobbery
And tape dyed red with sin,
Come, let him make a small collusion
And, when he writes his next effusion,
Grant me, we'll say, six years' exclusion
From re-assessments of his robbery,
And then—I *may* come in.

But, if the fiend still stays importunate,
My blood is up. *Ad lib.*,
Till at the door the bailiff rattles
And rude men reave me of my chattels,
I shall prolong these wordy battles,
And may the just cause prove the fortunate:
Phœbus defend my nib!

So long as gray goose yields a pinion,
So long as ink is damp,
Mine to resist the loathly fetters
Of D. LLOYD GEORGE and his abettors,
Posting innumerable letters
To CARTER (D. LLOYD GEORGE's minion),
Minus the penny stamp.

EVOE.

From *The Birmingham Daily Mail's* report of a fire:—

"The night-watchman was aroused."

A shame to disturb the poor fellow's sleep.



Squire. "Well, Matthew, and how are you now?"
Convalescent. "Thankee, Sir, I be better than I were, but I beant as well as I were afore I was as bad as I be now."

ASKING FOR IT.

The big clock in the station pointed three minutes to the hour, and my train went at one minute past, so I didn't waste words with the man in the booking-office.

"Third r'turn, Wat'loo."

Nothing happened. He was there all right, but he neither spoke nor made any attempt to give me my ticket; he merely looked.

"Third r'turn, Wat'loo," I repeated, and again, inserting my face as far as possible into the window, very firmly, distinctly and offensively, "Third re-turn, Wat-er-loo."

Then he spoke, slowly. "Sorry, Sir, I can't do it. You have hit on the one station to which we don't issue tickets. Any other one I could manage for you, but——"

"Look here," I said sternly, "you don't seem to know your business. If you haven't got a printed ticket, can't you make one out on paper? Hurry up, man; my train leaves in a minute or two."

"Yes," he said more slowly than ever, "I could do that—we have blank forms for that purpose; but all the same I won't do it."

"Oh, you won't? And why?"

"Well, I don't know what the fare is. I——"

"All right," I said. "You don't appear to be drunk, so I imagine you're trying to be funny. As your sense of humour doesn't correspond with mine I shall take great pleasure in reporting you to the station-master;" and I prepared to stalk off.

"Wait a moment, please," he said, leaning a bit forward and dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, "I'll give you a tip. You don't want a ticket at all, Sir; you can get there for nothing."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"It needn't cost you a halfpenny," he went on, smiling. "It's not many lines that have a station like this, but we——"

And then, but not until then, did I realise where I was.

"Oh," I said, "er—third return—er—Surbiton."

I don't think railway ticket-mongers ought to be allowed to have a sense of humour.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Mr. Punch ventures to remind his readers that the Centenary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution is to be held on May 6th, under the chairmanship of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. This Institution devotes itself to the relief of artists, and the orphans of artists, who are in need. *Mr. Punch*, who is to be represented among the Stewards at the dinner by his Art Editor, begs to return his most sincere thanks for the generous gifts he has already received from his readers, and will be very grateful for any further contributions addressed to Mr. F. H. Townsend, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

"The King this morning received the Bishop of Sheffield, who was introduced to Mr. McKenna (Home Secretary), and did homage upon appointment."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Mr. McKenna (*accepting homage*). "And now what do you think of my Welsh Disestablishment Bill?"



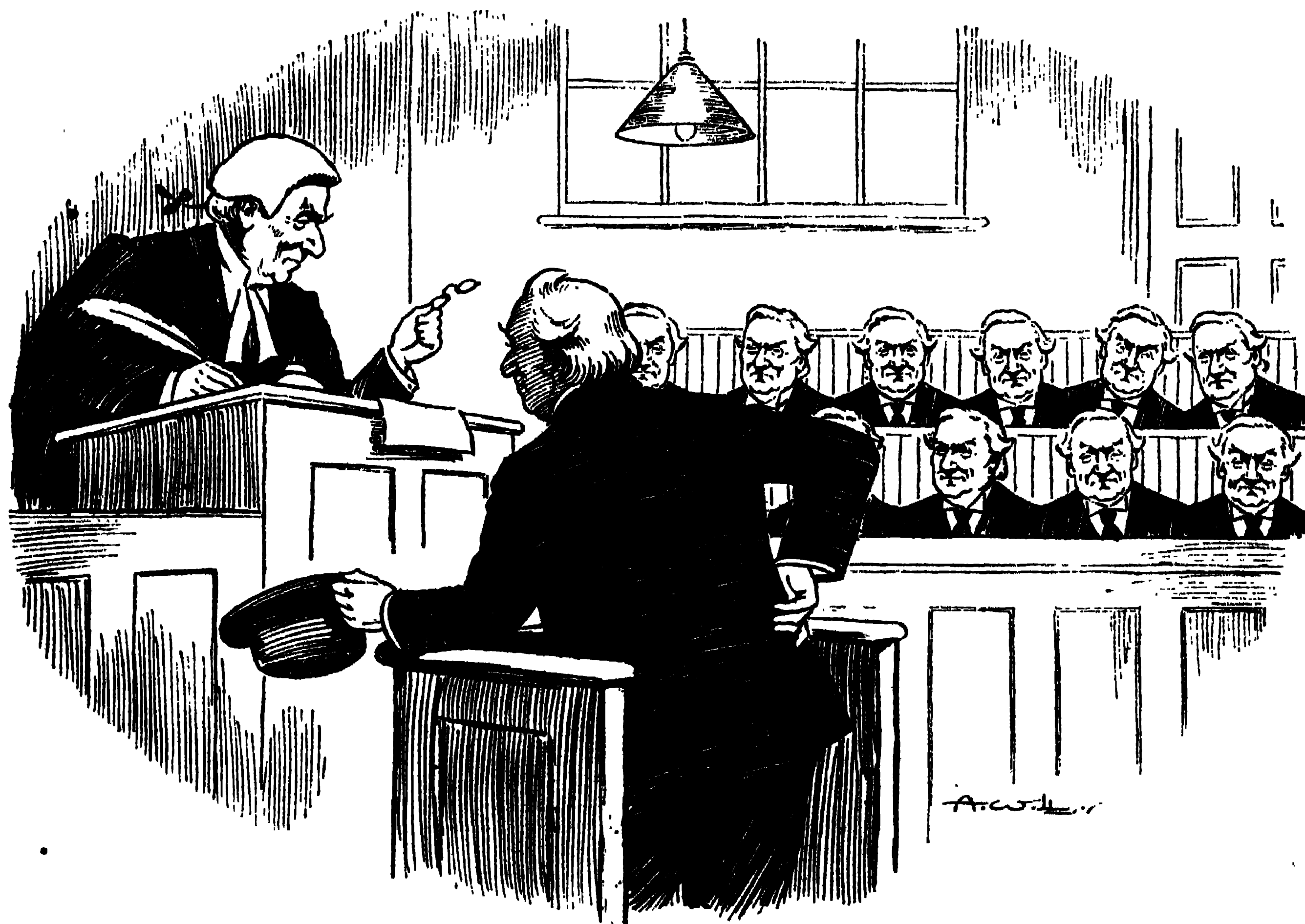
A DIVERSION.

Burglar George. "IT 'S YOUR MONEY I WANT!"

John Bull. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT 'S POSITIVELY A RELIEF TO SEE YOU. I 'VE JUST BEEN HAVING SUCH A *HORRIBLE* DREAM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



'THE INQUEST OF THE NATION.'

Mr. Asquith (to Jury of Asquiths). "Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the prisoner Asquith plead 'Not Guilty.' This should be sufficient evidence to enable you to arrive at a unanimous verdict of acquittal."

[*Prisoner leaves court without a stain on his character.*

House of Commons, Monday, April 20.—Lively half-hour with Questions. Cluster on printed Paper indefinitely extended by supplementaries. Only once did Speaker interpose. Colonel Greig, sternly regarding badgered Premier, asked, "Has the attention of the right hon. gentleman been directed to No. 453 of the King's Regulations?"

This too much for Speaker. If it had been the odd 53 it might not have been unreasonable.

"The right hon. gentleman," he remarked, "cannot be expected to carry all the Regulations in his head. The hon. member had better give notice."

Cannonade of Questions which opened along full length of Opposition Benches was concerned with the Plot.

"The Plot!" Member for Sark savagely repeated. "That's the ineffective heading in the newspapers. In order to keep up their circulation in parsonages, board-rooms of directors, and suchlike fastidious quarters they are reticent with adjectives. It's only Mrs. Patrick Campbell who could select the appropriate one and give it due emphasis."

Short of that, Opposition did pretty well in denunciation of the Plot and condemnation of dastardly Government responsible for its planning. Chaloner opened fire with demand that judicial enquiry should be ordered into "allegations as to an unauthorised plot to over-awe Ulster by armed occupation." Butcher, Worthington Evans, Helmsley,* Archer-Shee, Locker-Lampson, Kinloch-Cooke—what was it Grandolph, *à propos* of Sclater-Booth, said of men who "had double-barrelled names"? — blazed away. Sometimes in succession; occasionally in platoons. In each case imperturbable Premier gave the short reply that did not turn away wrath. On the contrary, angry passions rose.

Member for East Edinburgh, as usual going the whole Hogge, suggested arraignment of Bonar Law on charge of high treason. Kellaway, anxious to get to business, enquired "whether these Questions might not be addressed to the spies in the service of the Opposition." At end of half-hour even temper of Premier was ruffled. Asked a tenth Supplementary Question by Butcher, he sharply replied:—

"I decline to answer any such enquiry."

Ironical applause of Opposition drowned in burst of angry cheering from Ministerialists.

Sark, as mentioned, unusually roused. As a rule successfully affects attitude of one "who cares for none of these things." To-day moved to unsuspected depths.

"Here," he says, "is Ulster, for two years arming with avowed intention of

forcibly resisting the law of the land. The Constitutional Party in this country, bulwark of Law and Order, who, when the Southern Counties of Ireland were in revolt, applauded Prince Arthur's Cromwellian command, 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' backs them up, in my opinion very properly. Carson has developed Napoleonic genius in reviewing troops on parade. F. E. Smith has, with startling effect, 'galloped' along their massed ranks. Londonderry has pledged his knightly word to be in the firing line when the trumpet sounds. All the while, to the bewilderment of onlookers from the Continent, who confess they are further off than ever from understanding John Bull, to the creation of ominous restlessness among their own supporters, the Ministry, Brer Rabbit of established Governments, have 'lain low and said nuffin',' much less have they done anything. Suddenly, without word of warning, they take steps for the protection of military stores in Armagh, Omagh, and Carrickfergus.

"That's their account of the transaction. We know better. It was a carefully devised Plot to take Carson's hundred thousand armed and drilled men at their word and compel them to fight. Not since war began has there been such unjustifiable — don't wish to use strong language, but must say—such really rude procedure on part of a so-called civilised Government."

Business done. — McKenna moves Second Reading of Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Wholesome spirit of enquiry animates House just now. Bonner Law leads off with demand for judicial inquiry into "the Plot." Fact that its appointment would establish novel precedent in constitutional procedure adds interest to situation. Premier, with emphatic thump of the table that reminds it of Gladstone in his prime, stands by constitutional practice.

"If," he said, "the right hon. gentleman is prepared to make and sustain his allegation of dishonourable conduct on part of the Ministers, I will give him the earliest possible day to bring it forward. But," and here came the thump on the long-suffering table, "he must make it in this House."

Inspired by this high principle of getting at bottom of shady things, Richardson has Chief Whip up and sternly questions him about appointment of certain public auditors under Industrial and Provident Acts.

Position of Chief Whip, though dignified and important, has inevitable result of withdrawing him from participation in debate. Illingworth now has his chance. Made the most of it. Read paper of prodigious length containing memoirs of the two gentlemen concerned, together with succinct history of the birth and progress of the Hetton Downs Co-operative Society, county Durham, of which one of them had been secretary.

House entranced. Rounds of cheering marked progress of narrative, concluding passages inconveniently rendered inaudible by tumultuous applause.

Apprehension in some quarters that this will be the ruin of a really capable, universally popular Whip. Edmund Talbot goes so far as to hint at apprehension that Illingworth will turn up every afternoon at Question time and give us another speech.

Fear exaggerated. Illingworth a shrewd Yorkshireman; knows very well brilliant success of to-day was due to concatenation of accidental circumstance. Not likely to risk suddenly acquired reputation by hasty repetition of exploit.

Business done.—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill passes Second Reading by majority of 84.

Thursday.—Spirit of enquiry alluded to above manifests itself in fresh direction. The other day Charles Price wanted to know all about political pensions granted to ex-Ministers. Intrigued by disclosure of particulars of estate of our old friend Grand Cross. It appears he left property valued at £91,617. That a pleasant incident closing a worthy life. But, as Member for Central Edinburgh points out, he had for twenty-two years been in receipt of pension of £2,000 a year, a dole from public funds obtainable, as Prime Minister admits, only upon statutory declaration of a state of poverty incompatible with the maintenance of position proper to an ex-Minister.

Price wants to know in the interests of the overburdened taxpayer whether aggregate sum drawn by the noble pensioner may not be recovered from his estate? Premier thinks not.

Price, undaunted, returns to the attack to-day. Cites cases of two other ex-Ministers drawing political pensions in supplement of private estate and fees derived from manifold directorships in public companies. Wants to know if payment can be stopped?

Premier says it is a matter of personal honour. Must be left to consideration of noble lords concerned.

Business done. Committee of Supply.



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"Harrowing tales were told about churchyards being seized, ploughed up and let as allotments."—*Sir Alfred Mond on Nonconformist protest against the Disendowment of the Welsh Church.*

THE SEASON'S DELIGHTS.

Sir Archibald and Lady Bayne
Have struggled up to town again,
Leaving the gentle Shropshire air
For London dust and London glare,
And just that London folk may see
Their lumpish daughter, Dorothy.

Sir Archie, in the club all day,
Thinks of the bills he'll have to pay.
His wife is bored, and hates the smell
Of cooking in a cheap hotel.
She also very much deplores
The lack of likely bachelors.

While Dolly, in the season's swing,
Longs for the Shropshire woods in spring
And a dog chained up at home, poor thing!

"Members of the Oxford University 'relay' tea are in fine shape."—*Daily Citizen.*

The one whose business it is to take up the running at the muffin stage is particularly rotund.

"He would rather he went for three years, for one could readily understand that for the first year he simply touched the fungi of the Council business."—*Hexham Herald.*

Motto for rival town council: "There's no moss on *us*."



Sandy (newly arrived in the Canadian forest land). "Whatna beast 's yon?" *Native.* "A young moose."
Sandy. "Och, haud yer tongue! If that 's a young moose I 'd like to see ane o' yer auld rats!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

As a concrete protest against Jumbomania, or the worship of mammoth dimensions, the prodigious success of Tiny Titus, America's latest wonder-child, is immensely reassuring. In the Albert Hall, where he made his *début* amid scenes of corybantic enthusiasm last week, the diminutive *virtuoso* was hardly visible to the naked eye. (As a matter of fact he is only 21 inches high and weighs just under 11 lb.) Yet by his colossal personality he dominated the vast assemblage and inspired the orchestra to such feats of dynamic diabolism as entirely eclipsed the most momentous achievements of any full-grown conductor from Nero to Nikisch.

What renders the performance of this tremendous tot so awe-inspiring is the fact that he is not merely a musical illiterate, who cannot yet read a note of music, but that he has received no education of any kind! Born at Tipperusalem, Oklahoma, on the 15th of March, 1912, he has for parents a clerk in the Eagle Bakery and a Lithuanian laundress. He never touches meat, not even baked eagles, but subsists entirely on peaches and popcorn. He has been compared to Mozart, but the comparison is ridiculous, for Mozart was carefully trained by his father, and at the age of four was a finished executant. But it is quite otherwise with Tiny Titus, who knows no music, and yet by the sole power of his genius comprehends the musical heights unattainable by adults. Mozart, in short, was an explicable miracle, while Tiny Titus is an insoluble Sphinx.

From the innumerable tributes which have been paid to the genius of this unprecedented phenomenon we can only make a brief and inadequate selection. Prince Boris Ukhtomsky writes, "When I listen to this infinitesimal giant of conductors I dream that mankind is dancing on the edge of a precipice. Tiny Titus is—the 32nd of the month." Mme. Jolly Tartakoff, the famous singer, writes: "I have been deeply shaken by Tiny Titus's concert. He is the limit." Of the homages in verse, perhaps the most touching is the beautiful poem by Signor Ocarini, the charm of which we fear is but inadequately rendered in our halting translation:—

> Leaving his pop-gun and his ball,
> He goes into the concert hall,
> No more a baby, and proceeds
> To do electrifying deeds.
>
> Wielding a wizard's wondrous skill,
> He leads us captive at his will,
> But only, mark you, to delight us,
> Unlike the cruel Emperor Titus.
>
> O'ercome by harmony's aroma,
> I sink into a blissful coma,
> Until, my ecstasy to crown,
> The infant lays his baton down.
>
> From the Equator to the Poles
> Thy fame in widening circles rolls;
> But once the audience leave the hall
> Thy pop-gun claims thee, or thy ball.
>
> Imagination's wildest flight
> Pants far behind this wondrous mite,
> And St. Cecilia and St. Vitus
> Are vanquished by our Tiny Titus.

The Evening News on the Crystal Palace ground:—

> "The roof, back and sides of the stand have been taken away so that people standing on 'Spion Kop,' the hill at the back . . . will have an uninterested view of the whole length of the field of play."

This, together with a nicely crowded journey both ways, makes up a pleasant afternoon.

PROFESSOR SPLURGESON ON PERSONALITY.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE.

Professor Splurgeson delivered the first of his Claridge Lectures at the theatre of the Mayfair University yesterday. The auditorium was crowded to its utmost extent, ladies largely predominating.

Professor Peterson Prigwell, in a brief introductory speech, said that the achievements of Professor Splurgeson beggared the vocabulary of eulogy. More than any other thinker he had succeeded in reconciling high life with high thinking.

Professor Splurgeson, speaking in fluent American, began by alluding to the numerous links which bound together his country with that of his audience, and pointed out that nowhere was this affinity more pronounced than in their philosophies. Both showed a concrete cosmopolitanism indissolubly wedded to an idealistic particularism; both agreed that truth, no matter how abysmally profound, could be expressed in language sufficiently simple to attract large audiences of fashionable women; both, finally, made it clear that Pragmatism, unless allied with Feminism, was destined to be relegated to the limbo of the obsolete. (Cheers.)

Professor Splurgeson then went on to say that nowhere was this happy element of intellectual compromise more needful than in discussing the problem of personality. That problem comprised three questions: What are we? What do we think of ourselves? and What do others think of us? In regard to the first question, the philosophic pitch had been queered by the conflicting combinations of all thinkers from Corcorygus the Borborygmatic down to WILLIAM JAMES. (Applause.) Man had been defined as a gelastic apteryx, but in view of the attitude of women towards the Plumage Bill the definition could hardly be allowed to fit the requirements of the spindle side of creation. The danger of endeavouring to find some unifying concept in a multiplicity of conflicting details was only equalled by that of recognizing the essential diversity which underlay a superficial homogeneity. (Loud cheers.)

At this point the Professor paused for a few minutes while kümmel and caviare sandwiches were handed round.

Resuming, Professor Splurgeson discussed with great eloquence the secular duel between the Will and the Understanding. It was *ex hypothesi* impossible for the super-man, *à fortiori* the super-woman, to yield to the dictates of the understanding. The question arose whether we might not profitably invert metaphysic and, instead of trying to locate personality in totality, begin with personality and work outwards. (Applause.) Otherwise the process of endeavouring to effect a synthesis of centripetal and centrifugal tendencies would invariably result in an indefinite deadlock.

Professor Splurgeson then proceeded to give a brief outline of what we usually think of ourselves. It was true that the expression of the face held a great place in the idea we had of other personalities, but how was it that in the idea of ourselves it played so small a part? The reason was that we did not know our own countenances. (Sensation.) If we were to meet ourselves in the street we should infallibly pass without a recognition. More than that, we did not wish to know them. (Murmurs.) Whenever we looked at ourselves in the glass we systematically ignored the most individual features—(cries of dissent)—and that was why we never, or very seldom, agreed that a photograph resembled or rendered justice to us. The explanation was to be found in the fact that we thought it undesirable to have too individual features, just as we thought it undesirable to wear too individual clothes.

At this point a violent uproar broke out, many of those present protesting against these statements as involving a libel on the entire female sex. It being impossible to restore order, Professor Splurgeson had to be escorted to his hotel by policemen, the date of his second lecture being indefinitely postponed.



"REJECTED"; ANOTHER MOVING PICTURE TRAGEDY.

PANDEAN.

'TWAS harvest time and close and warm,
A day when tankards foam,
But when there came the thunder-storm
We 'd got the last load home;
We 'd knocked off work—as custom is—
Though 'twern't but four o'clock,
And turned in to Jim Stevens's,
That keeps "The Fighting-Cock."

The rain roared down in thunder-thresh,
And roared itself away,
And left the earth as sweet and fresh
As though 'twas only May;
And from outside came stock and clove
And half-a-dozen more;
And then up steps a piping cove,
A-piping at the door.

We tumbles out to hear him blow,
Tu-wit, he blew, *tu-wee*,
On rummy pipes o' reeds a-row
Their likes I never see;
And as he blew he shook a limb
And capered like a goat,
And us bold lads we looks at him
Like rabbits at a stoat.

An oddly chap and russet red,
He capered and he hopped,
A bit o' sacking on his head
Although the rain had stopped:
Tu-wee he blew, he blew *tu-wit*,
All in the clean sunshine,
And oh, the creepy charm of it
Went crawling up my spine.

I don't know if the others dreamed—
'Cos why, they never tell—
But in a little bit it seemed
I knew the tune quite well;
It seemed to me I 'd heard it once
In woods away and dim,
Where someone with a hornéd sconce
Came capering like him.

It held me tight, that tune o' his,
It crawled on scalp and skin,
Till sudden—'long o' choir-practice—
The belfry bells swung in;
The piping cove he turned and passed,
Till through the golden broom
A mile along we saw him last
Go lone-like up the coombe.

The belfry bells they rang—one—two;
The spell was lift from me,
The spell the oddly piper blew—
Tu-wit, he went, *tu-wee*;
The spell was lift that he had laid,
But still—*tu-wee, tu-wit*—
I can't forget the tune he played,
And that 's the truth of it.

ANOMALIES OF FEMININITY.



Why is it that Miss Birdie Montressor (of the Palaceum)



attends the Artists' Ball at Covent Garden like this?



While Mrs. Dumperley-Browne (of West Kensington)



appears as above?

THE AUTHOR.

I was reading proofs in my corner of the compartment, as I often do, and every time that I looked up I noticed the little shabby pathetic man with his eyes fixed upon me.

After a while I finished and put the proofs away with a sigh of relief.

"So you're an author too?" he said.

"Yes," I said, though I didn't want to talk at all.

"You wouldn't have thought I was one, he went on, "would you? What would you have said I did for a living?"

I am too old to guess such things. One nearly always gives offence. Moreover, I have seen too many authors to show any surprise.

"I'm not only a writer," he said, "but I dare say I'm better known than you."

"That's not difficult," I said.

"I am read by thousands—very likely millions—every day."

"This is very strange," I said. "Millions? Who are you, then? Not—no, you can't be. You haven't a red beard; you are not in knickerbockers; you don't recall Shakspeare. Nor can you be Mrs. Barclay. And yet, of course, I must have heard your name. Might I hear it again, now?"

"My name is unknown," he said. "All my work is anonymous."

"Not advertisements?" I said. "Not posters? You didn't write the 'Brown Cat's thanks,' or 'Alas, my poor brother,' or——"

"Certainly not," he replied. "My line is literature. Do you ever go to cinemas?"

"Now and then," I said, "when it rains, or I have an unexpected hour, or it is too late for a play."

"Then you have read me," he said. "I write for cinemas."

"There isn't much writing there," I suggested.

"Oh, isn't there!" he answered. "Haven't you ever noticed in a cinema how letters are always being brought in on trays?"

"Yes, I have."

"And then the hero or the villain or the victim opens them and reads them?"

"Yes."

"And then the audience has to read them?"

"Yes; there's no doubt about that."

"Well, those are all written by me. I mean, of course, all those that a certain film company requires."

"Marvellous," I said.

"I not only compose them—and it requires thought and compression, I can tell you—but I copy them out for the photographer too."

"Is that why they're always in the same handwriting?" I asked.

"Yes, that's it," he said. "It's mine."

"Then you can tell me something I have always wanted to know," I said. "I have noticed that when a letter written, say, by the Duke of Pemmican is thrown on the screen it is always signed 'Duke of Pemmican.' Why is that? In real life wouldn't he sign it 'Pemmican'?"

"He might," said my companion. "I don't know; but what I do know is that the cinema public expects a duke to call himself a duke; and we pride ourselves on giving them what they want."

"If you were making King George write a letter," I said, "would he sign himself 'King George'?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Why not? That's a good idea, anyway. A film with a letter from the King in it would go. As it is, his only place in a cinema has been to indicate—by the appearance of his portrait on the screen—that the show is over. It isn't fair that he should come to be looked upon as a spoil-sport like that. It has a bad effect on the young. Many thanks for your suggestion. I'll give him a show with a letter."

QUESTION OF COURTESY.

"Permit me, Sir, to pass you the potatoes."

"After you," I inclined.

My fellow-passenger helped himself, shrugging his eyebrows. It was a provocative shru a shrug I could not leave at that.

"You shrug your eyebrows," I challenged.

"A thousand pardons," he answered; "but one never escapes it."

He courted interrogation. "What is it that one never escapes?" I asked.

"The elaborate unselfishness of the age," he replied a little petulantly. "I had two friends who starved to death of it."

"Indeed!" I offered him the salt.

"Observe," said my fellow-passenger, "that when you offer me the salt I accept it. Why should I deprive you of one of the little complacencies of unselfishness? You see, my dear Sir, either you are to feel smug all over, or I am. Now, if I take the salt—so—I perform a true act of courtesy; but, if I postpone the salt, saying 'After you,' I at once enter into the lists, jousting with you for the prize of self-satisfaction. With my two friends it was, if I remember, a matter of Lancashire relish. It appears to me one of the ironies of Fate that they should have starved to death for want of a sauce. I am reminded of an epicure who starved to death for want of seasoning in his Julienne. But doubtless you are more interested in my two friends. I bow to your impatience. Hugh said, 'Allow me to offer you the Lancashire relish.' Arthur said, 'After you.' Hugh was piqued at this attempt to cheat his conscience out of a good mark. 'By no means,' he insisted. But Arthur, with a firm smile of politeness, only repeated, 'After you.'

"Hugh stuck out, and Arthur remained adamant. The contest lasted for nine days. On the first day Hugh was studiedly courteous. It was, 'I could not dream, my dear Arthur,' et-cetera. On the second day he was visibly aggravated. It was, 'But, my dear Arthur, confess now, was it not I who offered you the Lancashire relish first?' On the third day he was ominously calm. It was, 'You had better help yourself to the Lancashire relish, Arthur.' On the fourth day he was frankly fierce. It was, 'By heaven, Arthur, if you don't take some Lancashire relish . . .' And the only words in Arthur's vocabulary all that time were, 'After you! After you!' On the fifth day they came to grips on the floor, and through the sixth day and the seventh they swayed without separating. I suspect that the strain of this tussle assisted starvation to its victory. On the eighth day they were too weak for combat; they could only glare at each other passionately from opposite corners of the room; and on the ninth day came the end.

"Arthur held out the longer—he had, you see, wasted less breath. When he saw Hugh gasping in the penultimate throes of death, he mustered sufficient strength to clutch the bottle, and even to crawl over to his friend's side. Hugh saw him coming and shut his teeth. Arthur was too feeble to prize them open with his hands, but he had no difficulty in knocking out a couple with the butt end of the bottle, and with a faint groan of triumph he succeeded in pouring the contents down the cavity just before Hugh breathed his last.

"The exertion naturally hastened his own end. He made an effort to reach the well-stocked table of viands, but expired on the way, murmuring a final and, as it strikes me, rather too dramatic 'After you!'"

"When you have quite done with the cabbage," I rapped out. . . .

Commercial Candour.

"Our illustration is of an exclusive model which we can fake in the latest fabrics for 8¼ guineas."

Advt. in "Dewsbury District News."



A FAIR WARNING.

Barber (turning sharply round, to the grave discomfiture of his client's nose). "DON'T GO, SIR; IT'S YOUR TURN NEXT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

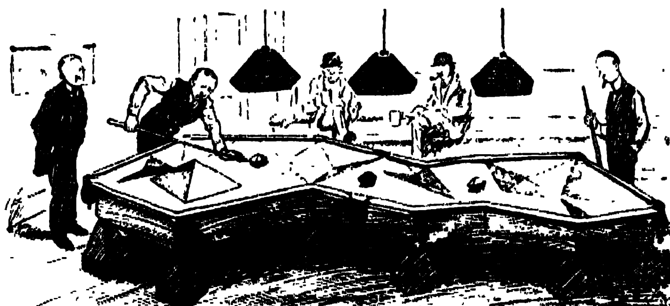
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE consideration of Fear seems to have a special appeal for the BENSON BROS. Only the other day did ROBERT HUGH write a clever and hauntingly horrible story round it, and now here is ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER discoursing at large upon the same theme in *Where No Fear Was* (SMITH, ELDER). It is a book that you will hardly expect me to criticise. One either likes these gentle monologues of Mr. BENSON or is impatient under them - and in any case the comments of a third party would be superfluous. Personally, I should call this one of the most charming of those many hortatory volumes that have come from his prolific pen; he has a subject that interests him, and is naturally therefore at his best in speaking of it. Many kinds of fear are treated in the book—those common to us all in childhood and youth and age; and there are chapters dedicated to men and women who have notably striven with and overcome the dragon—JOHNSON and CHARLOTTE BRONTË and CARLYLE, and that friend of his, JOHN STERLING, whose letter from his death-bed the author quotes and rightly calls "one of the finest human documents." So now you see what kind of book it is, and whether you yourself are likely to respond to its appeal. It will, I am firmly persuaded, bring encouragement to many and add to the already large numbers who owe a real debt of gratitude to the writer. Somewhere he has a passing reference to the time when first he began to receive letters from unknown correspondents. It set me thinking that it was no slight achievement to have said so many human and helpful things so unpriggishly. And certainly no one could call *Where No Fear Was* a pedantic work; its qualities of gentle humour and, above all, of sincerity absolve it from this charge and should commend it even to those who, as a rule, suffer counsel unwillingly.

Forrard, so to speak, in Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE'S latest book you shall discover the three redoubtable stokers from whom it derives its title of *Firemen Hot* (METHUEN). Combining the stedfast affection and loyalty of the *Three Musketeers* or the imperishable soldiers of Mr. KIPLING with a faculty, when planning an escapade, for faultless English, only equalled by that of the flustered client explaining what has happened to the lynx-eyed sleuth, they are as stout a trio as ever thrust coal into a furnace or fist into a first mate's jaw. English, American and Scotch (and this would seem to be another injustice to the Green Island), in many ports and on many seas they have many wild yet not wicked adventures, knowing, with an instinctive delicacy born perhaps of the perusal of monthly magazines, where (even whilst crossing it) to draw the line. Aft, you shall come across once more the evergreen *Captain Kettle*, with his sartorial outfit unimpaired, his endless tobacco reserves not withered by a single leaf from their former glory. About wind-jammers and tramp-steamers and the harbours of all the world the author writes familiarly as usual, and has several ingenious plots to unfold, together with one or two that are not so good; and I suppose that the whisky drunk in the pages of *Firemen Hot* would float a small battleship, and the men laid out

with lefts to the jaw, if set end to end, stretch from Hull to Plymouth Docks. I sometimes wonder whether Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE ever in an idle hour picks up a book by Mr. CONRAD, and, if so, what he thinks of it.

I confess to being both weary and a little sceptical of heroines (in novels) who leap from the obscurity of mountain glens to fame and a five-figure income as dancers. The latest example is the young person who fills the title *rôle* in *Belle Nairn* (MELROSE), and of her I must say that she displays almost all the faults of her kind. She certainly did carry on! On the first page she ran away from the humble cot of her virtuous parents to seek the protection of an aunt whom she supposed (I could not discover on what grounds) to be wealthy. However, so far from this, the aunt turned out to be even worse housed than the parents, and in point of fact to keep what you might call a gambling-cot on her side of the mountains, where a select circle met to drink smuggled spirits and entertain themselves in other ways that are at least sufficiently indicated in the text. So *Belle* shook off the dust of the aunt also; and soon afterwards found herself in an open boat, which was run down by the yacht of some real live lords, to one of whom she made violent eyes; at the same time giving an estimate of her social position that went considerably beyond what was warranted by the facts. It was about here that I found that my credulity with regard to *Belle* was becoming over-taxed, though it may be that Mr. ROY MELDRUM, her creator, believed in her; he has at least a solemnity and sincerity of style that carries him, apparently unwitting, through every peril of the grotesque. Of course *Belle* comes to town, smashes all booking records at the Basilica, and establishes herself as the idol of society. Later on, I regret to add, she becomes, so to speak, tinged with wine. Perhaps this unfortunate failing is the most credible thing about her. So, while I envy those readers who will doubtless follow her progress with delicious thrills, I can only repeat that it left me entirely unconvinced.



THE SPREAD OF CUBISM.

If I had to classify *Oh, Mr. Bidgood* (LANE), then I should call it a confused comedy, but I should want to add that Mr. PETER BLUNDELL writes with such delightful irresponsibility that the confusion does not make much difference. To explain exactly what occurred during the voyage of the *Susan Dale* from Ceylon until she was "in distress" off the Borneo coast is not within my scope of intellect, but I can draw up a short list of her passengers (she was not supposed to carry any). I shall give *Mr. Todd* pride of place, partly because he owned her, but chiefly because sea-sickness incited him to deeds of gallantry. Then there were two skittish nurses, who got on board because one of them knew the second engineer; there was *Colonel Tingle* (swashbuckler); *Señor Canaba* (scamp), who had bribed both the captain and the chief engineer (*Mr. Bidgood*); and lastly a brace of crafty Malays, who were the second mate's contribution to the batch, and made a very reluctant appearance upon the scene. Quite as important, however, as this human freight was *Susan's* cargo of five hundred kegs of gunpowder, shipped as pickled pork, and a wonderful picture which at one time *Mr. Bidgood* was induced to wear (it was unframed) as extra underclothing. This expedient was not devised to prevent him from catching cold, but to save the picture from being stolen. Indeed, if anyone or anything had to be protected, *Bidgood*, for better or worse, undertook the responsibility. A more engaging old ruffian I have seldom encountered; among all the philanderings, conspiracies and mutinies of this wild voyage he remains a master of volcanic versatility. And his humour is of the right JACOBS brand.

The really stupid thing about *Mr. Fergus Rowley* was that he had never been to see *The Great Adventure*. That popular play must have been running for a considerable while (and the story appeared in book-form, of course much earlier) before he decided to "fake" a suicide from the deck of the liner *Transella* and leave his large possessions to an unknown and penniless nephew. *It Will Be All Right* (HUTCHINSON) is the sanguine title which Mr. TOM GALLON has given to his latest novel; but whether he refers merely to *Mr. Rowley's* optimism or to the further possibility of his readers sharing that gentleman's ignorance of current drama, is more than I can say. Anyhow, *Mr. Rowley* disappeared, and his nephew succeeded to an estate largely impoverished by the depredations of *Gabriel Thurston*, a fraudulent solicitor and unmitigated rogue after Mr. GALLON'S own heart (and mine). Meanwhile, *Mr. Rowley* was reduced to playing butler in his own house and thereby saving some of the most precious of his curios from the double waste of a spendthrift heir and an unscrupulous lawyer. There was also—need I mention it?—a Circe in the case. *It Will Be All Right* is an exercise in the picaresque school, lacking none of the author's usual raciness and vigour; but, if at the end we find *Mr. Fergus Rowley* still unable to reinstate himself, and left with no better consolation than the "Heigho" of his famous great-uncle *Anthony*, the fault, I feel, was his own. He ought to have looked in at the Kingsway Theatre and provided himself with the indispensable mole.

"ON."

(A contemporary remarked recently how many names of famous men have ended in "on.")

CALL no man famous till you know his end.
"On" is the most effective. Docked of "on,"
Who's MILT? or NELS? or NEWT? "On" nerves
Anon
To blush unseen in public. Say, who penn'd
Don Juan? Was it BYR? Could BURT befriend
The humpstruck? So curtailed and put upon,
Would CAXT or PAXT, would LIPT, would WINST
have shone?
No, they would not. Their "on" 's what we commend.

And what though "on" too lavishly impart
The gift of greatness ("CHESTERT," murmur
some,
"Were ample; not to mention A. C. BENS")?
We 're spared—remember this in "on's" defence—
A SHAWON ranting from a super-cart,
A CAINEON skilled to beat the outsize drum.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to an official of the Imperial Japanese household, the poems composed by the late DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF JAPAN numbered 30,000. But these were never published, and the EMPRESS died universally respected.

* * *

A foolish hoax is said to have been perpetrated on the authorities at Dublin Castle. An anonymous communication informed them that a *Dreadnought* had been purchased by the Ulster loyalists, and would shortly make her appearance off the coast of Ireland disguised as an outrigger. Urgent instructions were in consequence issued to the coastguards not to be caught napping.

* * *

"I honestly hope," said General VILLA, "that the Americans will bottle up Vera Cruz so tight that one can't even get water into it." But this surely would place America's teetotal navy in a very awkward predicament.

* * *

His Majesty King FERDINAND of Bulgaria has, a Paris newspaper informs us, purchased four elephants as pets. We trust that this is the beginning of the end of the toy-dog craze. We have always considered elephants more interesting, and ladies no doubt will not be slow to realise that there is more effect to be got out of them.

* * *

The dogs which are to accompany his expedition are, Sir ERNEST SHACKLETON states, coming to London and will spend some little time here. It is to be hoped that they will be given a good time and shown the sights, and that no one will be so thoughtless as to mention emergency rations in their presence.

* * *

Says Mr. FILSON YOUNG in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—"I began yesterday by swimming in a sunlit sea, continued it by motoring through a hundred miles of lilac and gorse, and ended it listening to the most perfect concert programme at Queen's Hall that I have ever heard. . . . Was it not a happy day?" The answer, FILSON, is in the affirmative.

* * *

Forty years ago, £1,000 a year was spent on wines and spirits at the Medway (Chatham) Workhouse and Infirmary, while to-day the annual expenditure is only £5. In these hard times even paupers have to economise.

* * *

St. Mark's Church, Tunbridge Wells, which has been troubled with a plague of flies, has had to be closed for a week for the purpose of fumigation. Many members of the congregation had complained of being kept awake by those vivacious insects.

* * *

Apparently the modistes have resolved that this shall be a butcher's year, for we are promised leg-of-mutton sleeves, ham-frill skirts, and pork-pie hats.

* * *

Although M. JEAN WORTH, the famous creator of fashions, has declared that "the mania of modern women for changing styles of dress amounts to a disease, it is not, we understand, the present intention of any of the leading dressmaking firms to offer a prize for a cure for this ailment.

* * *

M. WORTH also stated that "Quality, not quantity," is the right motto for women in matters of dress. For all that, we trust that the irreducible minimum has now been reached.

* * *

According to the calculations of a M. VERRONET, the earth has only another two million years to live. We hope that the effect of this statement may not be to encourage jerry-building.



"LEND US A 'AND WIV THIS, WILL YER, MISTER? MUVVER WANTS 'IM 'OME AND 'E 'S THAT 'EADSTRONG!"

THE CRITIC AT THE R.A.

"TALKING of treacle pudding," said Felicity, helping that delicacy with a grace and skill that would have demanded the entire concentration of one less gifted—"talking of treacle pudding, I suppose you've done the Academy?"

"Not yet," I confessed.

She looked at me reproachfully.

"Dear, dear," she sighed, "when will the British Public awaken to the claims of Art? We haven't either."

"I generally wait a bit and find out which are the pictures I am expected to admire."

"And a very sensible plan too," she rejoined; "that is, for you and me and the rest of the common herd. Of course Papa's different. He's a critic."

Her father coughed deprecatingly.

"When he sees anything really artistic," she went on, "it fills him with delight."

"I wish you wouldn't use that horrible word, Felicity," he groaned.

"What horrible word?"

"Artistic."

"Sorry, Papa; I forgot. On the other hand," she continued unabashed, "if you show him anything that *isn't* it causes him terrible suffering. He will cover his eyes with one hand and shoo it away with the other."

"You mustn't mind my little daughter's nonsense," he said. "Someone told her the other day she had a sense of humour. It was a great mistake."

"That's one up to you, Papa," she returned cheerfully; "but before the House adjourns I should like to move that we all go to the Academy this afternoon."

"I should love it," I replied, "but I'm afraid I must get back to work."

"Do you *work?*" she exclaimed with rapture. "How frightfully exciting."

* * * * *

At a Flapper dance in the evening I met Felicity again and she gave me the second "Hesitation Waltz." Afterwards she led me to some nice basket chairs in the conservatory.

"Well, did the Academy come off?" I asked.

"Did it come off?" said Felicity. "I should say so. It was the nicest afternoon I've had for weeks. You *ought* to have been there."

"I suppose your father was in hot form criticising the pictures?"

"Hush," she whispered, holding her finger to her lips. "Papa as an Art critic is temporarily under a cloud. I'll tell you. It came about in this way: Papa is a great admirer of SARGENT, and to-day he was in a particularly Sargentesque mood. 'The great drawback to the Academy,' he said, as we were setting forth, 'is that the Sargents are spoiled by the other pictures. The huge mass of these all over the place entirely destroys one's perceptions of colour value. What I should like to do would be to see only the Sargents, turning a blind eye meanwhile to the other paintings.'"

"'You ought to wear blinkers,' I suggested.

"He was all for it at once.

"'That's a capital idea, Felicity.'

"'Then you'll go by yourself, Papa,' I said. 'I'll do some shopping and call for you at the police station on the way home.'

"Well, he abandoned the blinker idea eventually, but stuck to his scheme for concentrating on SARGENT, and suddenly I saw how the afternoon might be made both amusing and instructive. So I said, 'There's one thing that's rather pleasing, Papa. You won't have to buy a catalogue, because I've got one. Some people I had tea with yesterday gave me theirs, and I'll bring it if you like.'"

She looked at me mischievously under her long dark lashes.

"You catch the idea?" she asked.

"No," I said, "not yet."

"Well, as soon as we arrived Papa took the catalogue and looked up all the Sargents—in the index part, you know, and wrote the numbers on his cuff and then we began to hunt them down.

"The first one was a 'still life.' Papa viewed it in some perplexity. 'Ah,' he said at length, 'just as I thought. I have been anticipating this for some time.' He adjusted his spectacles. 'The tendency of modern Art—that is to say the best Art—is towards a return to more classic forms. SARGENT, as might be expected, leads the way; but he infuses the subject with his own special genius. I regard this as a very fine example—very fine, indeed. The vitality of the half salmon is positively amazing.'

"I led him gently away, and presently we stood before the portrait of a City gentleman the kind that is very fond of turtle soup. Papa raved over it.

"'Here, again,' he pointed out, 'see the loving care bestowed on each link in the watch-chain. What a reproof to the slovenly slap-dash methods of the Impressionists.'

"I gazed rapturously into his face and urged him onward. Things went from bad to worse, but it was really 'The Lowing Herd' that put the lid on it. A more lamentable company of cows you could hardly imagine. Even Papa was baffled for the moment; but after checking the number on the picture with the number on his cuff he pulled himself together.

"'Wonderful grouping,' he said; 'eminently Sargentesque;' and his voice seemed to challenge all within earshot to name another artist who could have produced the work.

"'Well, now,' he concluded, 'I think that is the last of them, and the best thing we can do is to go home. It would be a pity to spoil the afternoon by looking at any of the lesser lights.'

"I hesitated. 'Don't you think,' I suggested, 'it would be nice just to look at the Sargents before we go?"

"For some moments Papa was speechless.

"'The Sargents!' he exclaimed at length. 'Well, of all the—— Here I devote a solid half-hour to teaching you something about Art and your mind is woolgathering the whole time. What on earth were you thinking about?'

"'I was thinking about the years that are gone,' I said.

"'The years that are gone?'

"'Yes, and I'm afraid it's entirely my fault, because I brought it.'

"Papa gasped.

"'What on earth is the child talking about?'

"'The catalogue,' I said; 'it's some other year's.'"

* * * * *

At this moment the fallen Art critic entered the conservatory.

"Is that you, Felicity?" he exclaimed. "You're cutting a dance with your own father. I never heard of such a thing."

She sprang up.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, "I *am* sorry."

She slipped her arm through his, and as they moved away together I heard her say, with what seemed unnecessary distinctness, "We were talking Art, you know, and that's so dreadfully absorbing."

Commercial Candour.

"It is a matter of surprise in more than one well-appointed household that the best efforts of a skillful chef can produce nothing more acceptable than

——'s TOMATO SOUP."—*Advt.*

From a review of a book by Mr. HAROLD RUSSELL:—

"The horrible chigoes, or 'jiggers,' are of the flea family, and with them we must leave Mr. Russell."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Is this kind?

"The three greatest pets in the Darwin district are said to be the white ant—which sometimes grows to the size of a bee—the marsh fly, and the great Darwin mosquito."

Adelaide Register.

Our white ant "Fifi" has just bitten through her collar and run away. If found wandering, please return.



SITTING TIGHT.

American Eagle. "Of course I'm in a very strong position and quite comfortable. All the same, I hope they'll hurry up with the mediation."

NOVELIST AND MILLIONAIRE.

Fortified by the inspiring example of Mr. Upton Sinclair, who recently picketed the offices of the Standard Oil Company in New York with a view to bringing pressure to bear on Mr. John Rockefeller, Junr., Mr. Alf. Abel, the famous Manx novelist, has adopted similar measures to bring Mr. Andrew Carnegie to reason. The trouble is of long standing and has grown out of the movement inaugurated by Mr. Abel to induce municipalities and local authorities to refuse the gifts of Free Libraries. Such benefactions, as Mr. Abel has most conclusively shown, while nominally intended to educate the masses, in reality have the result of restricting the sale and circulation of those works of fiction which conduce most effectively to the culture, the intellectual emancipation and the moral uplift of the nation. Worse still, they reduce the legitimate emoluments which the authors of these noble works derive from their beneficent labours. Owing to this pernicious system the number of copies sold of Mr. Abel's last work only reached 250,000 copies, instead of 400,000, as he and his publisher, Mr. Goethemann, confidently expected. Mr. Abel has memorialised the Prime Minister, but without effect, and at last determined to take decisive action himself. Accordingly, having chartered a swift steamer manned by Manx fishermen, and carrying 500 volunteers wearing the national uniform, Mr. Abel set out from Douglas (I. of M.) on Wednesday last and, landing in the neighbourhood of Dornoch on Friday night, advanced early next morning on Skibo Castle, the seat of Mr. Carnegie.

The famous millionaire, who is an early riser, was playing the organ in the central hall of the Castle when he was apprised of the approach of the raiders by one of his retinue, and at once determined to organise a stubborn resistance. The portcullis was let down, the moat filled to its utmost capacity, while Winchester rifles were served out to the four butlers, sixteen footmen, seven chauffeurs and twenty-four gardeners who compose the staff. The organist was instructed to play martial music to hearten the defenders, while Mr. Carnegie took up his position in the bomb-proof gazebo which is so prominent a feature in the Sutherland landscape. Meantime Mr. Abel, advancing at the head of his volunteers, had taken cover behind an Araucaria and addressed an ultimatum to Mr. Carnegie through a megaphone. It was to the effect that unless he promised to forbid the supply of Mr. Abel's novels to his Free Libraries, Mr. Abel would—

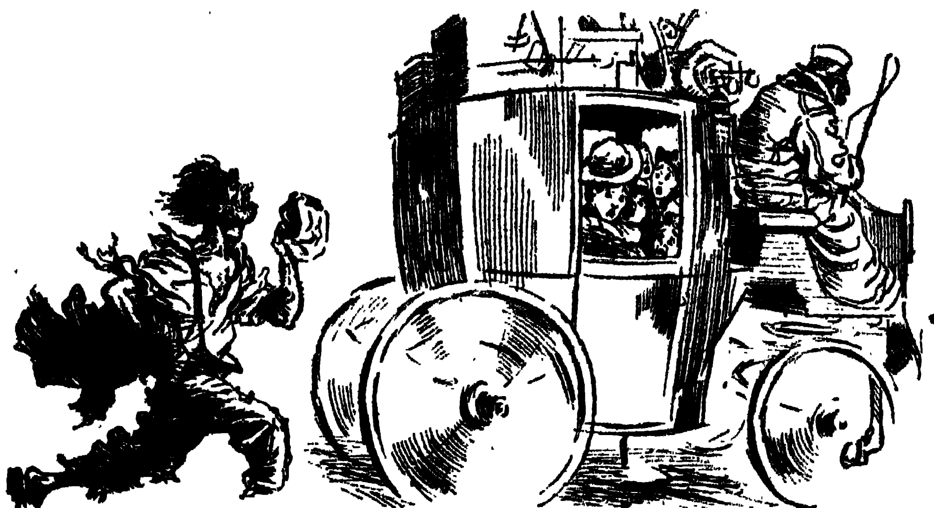
(1) Let loose 1,000 Manx cats in Mr. Carnegie's preserves;

(2) Permanently establish himself in the neighbourhood of Skibo and follow Mr. Carnegie about wherever he went, in Elizabethan costume;

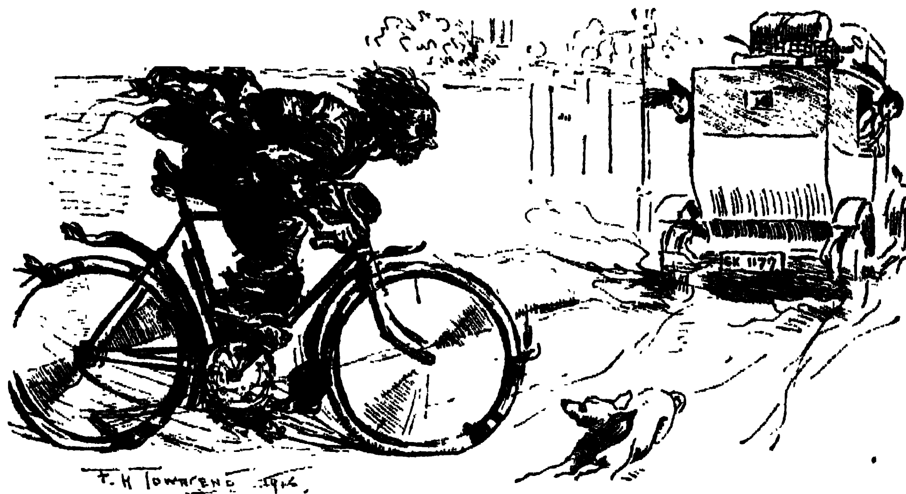
(3) Make Mr. Carnegie the villain of his next novel;

(4) Give free recitations from his works in Dornoch and the neighbourhood.

The situation was extremely critical when Mr. Jenery Hames, the illustrious American novelist, who was staying with Mr. Carnegie, gallantly offered his services as a mediator, and, sallying forth under a flag of truce, entered into negotiations with Mr. Abel. After a protracted interview a *via media* was reached by which, while Mr. Carnegie undertook to exclude Mr. Abel's works from his Free Libraries, Mr. Abel agreed to withdraw his threat of coming to reside in Sutherlandshire on the understanding that Mr. Jonery Hames contributed a six-column appreciation of Mr. Abel's works to *The Times*, provided that the demands of golf on the best pages of that journal permitted it. Subsequently Mr. Carnegie entertained the Manx Volunteers at a sumptuous *déjeuner*, at which Mr. Hames proposed the health of Mr. Abel and Mr. Abel fell on the neck of Mr. Hames. No other casualties occurred to mar the peaceful termination of what might have proved an international catastrophe.



Forced into retirement (happily only temporary) by the introduction of the taxi-cab, our devoted follower of yesterday



Again takes the field.

"Its author could no longer look forward with his old hope or confidence to a continued successful resistance to Home Rule."
Manchester Guardian.

"Half his old hope" a less meticulous speaker would have said.

"The defendants were ordered to pay the costs, but the Chairman (Mr. T. J. Price) remarked that if such breeches were repeated the magistrates would have to adopt sterner measures."—*South Wales Daily News.*

We hope this will be a warning to our nuts.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

WEEK-END-ON-SEA.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I 've been doing Easter with the Clackmannans and helping them with an idea they 're carrying out. There's a little coast town on their Southshire property (Shrimpington it 's been called up to now), and they 're turning it into a seaside place *that people can go to*. *Isn't* that dilly? Of course, our coasts quite *bristle* with seaside towns, but they 're places people *can't* go to because *everybody* goes there. And so the Clackmannans are going to supply a long-felt want, as old-fashioned people say, and give us a *ville de bains* of our very *very* own. Its name is to be changed from Shrimpington to Week-End-on-Sea. It has no railway station, which, of course, is a great merit; it 's not to have any big blatant hotels or pensions—nothing but charming bungalow-cottages; there 'll be no pier, no band, none of those banal winter-gardens and impossible pleasure palaces that *ces autres* delight in, and, *of course*, none of those immensely fearful concert parties and pierrots. But we shall have a troupe of mermen and mermaids who will do classic gambols by the marge of the sea and play on pipes or shells or whatever it is that sea-creatures play on. There 'll be bathing parties, when the last syllable of the last word in bathing-kit will be seen; paddling parties, in carefully thought out *toilettes pour marcher dans l'eau*, and shell-gathering parties. Stella Clackmannan, who has such an active brain that everyone's quite anxious about her, is going to have tons of really pretty shells laid along a part of the beach (above high water), and people will go shell-gathering *en habit coquilleux*.

The only feature Week-End-on-Sea will have in common with other seaside places is a parade. At first Stella wouldn't hear of having one; but Norty told her there's "a deep-seated primal instinct in human nature for sitting on benches and watching one's fellow-creatures walk up and down, and it would not be wise to thwart this instinct." He 's an enormously clever boy, and, when it was put to her like that, Stella gave in. So there 's to be a parade on the sea front, and Ray Rymington, whose sense of the beautiful is *absolutely*, will see after it. There 'll be none of those ghastly glass shelters, but just darling Sheraton benches at intervals, and the paraders will be carefully *censored*. Nobody who hasn't *something* of a profile will be allowed to walk up and down—and no woman who takes more than 4's in shoes or who 's wearing a last year's sleeve. So you see, dearest, it will be quite a *cachet*, both of person and style, to be seen walking on the parade at *our* watering-place. The Bullyon-Boundermere woman met Stella in town the other day and said, "My dear duchess, how can we thank you for at last giving us a really *classy* seaside place?" "What a wonderful word, Mrs. Boundermere!" answered Stella. "'*Classy*'! Do tell me what it means!"



Superb Chauffeur. "THERE HAS BEEN AN *ACCIDENT*, M' LADY."

Oh, my best one! Such a simply *sumptuous* storyette for you! Even in *your* remote fastnesses you must have heard of young Ivan Rowdidowsky, the very *very* latest thing in Russian composer-pianists. Playing the piano with his elbows, dressed in scarlet velvet, and fuller of "inner meanings" than anyone (even from *Russia*) ever was before, he captured London at the beginning of the Little Season, and his vogue has been *colossal*. He gave twelve elbow-recitals of his own compositions at Emperor's Hall. Those fearsome interviewers fairly mobbed him, and he told them, in the *prettiest* broken English, that "piano playing with the hands suited well enough the pale-blooded law-abiding people of yesterday, but that the full-pulsing stormy emotions of to-day could only be adequately expressed by the *elbows*!" Quite *myriads* of people made him write, "Your affectionate friend, Ivan Rowdidowsky," in their autograph-books, till at last he had cramp in the hand and Sir William Kiddom had to be called in. There were reassuring bulletins telling the public that they needn't be alarmed about their favourite, as cramp in the hand is *rarely* fatal and does *not* affect the elbows, and that, if M. Rowdidowsky stopped writing in autograph-books for a day or two, he 'd be quite his wonderful self again.

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has been *folle de lui* from the first, and at Easter she 'd a big party for him down at "Popsy's Pleasaunce," her place in Sussex, and then and there announced that she was engaged to him, and that after her marriage she would drop the Ramsgate title and be known by "her Ivan's beautiful Slavonic name!" People were very nice to her about it and didn't laugh more than they could help, and all went cheerily, Rowdidowsky in his scarlet velvet playing to them with his elbows every evening; and then one fatal morning (as novelists say) Popsy picked up a letter that her Ivan had dropped from his pocket. It was addressed outside to "M. Rowdidowsky," and this is an extract from what she read *inside*: "I was at your show at Emperor's Hall the other day and thought I should have split my skin at the way the silly jossers all round me were carrying on, and at the thought that it was my pal, good old Bert Smith of Camberwell, perched up on the platform in red velvet togs pounding away on the old piano with his elbows like a good 'un. I put my hands over my face to prevent myself from bursting out, and the woman next to me shoved a silver bottle under my nose and gurgled into my ear, 'You 've an artist-soul! I felt just as you do when I first heard this divine Rowdidowsky!' The silly geeser! Go it, old son! More power to your *elbows*! And don't forget, when you 've made your pile, that your old pal, Joe, was part-author of the idea and helped you to work it out!"

* * * * *

Popsy, poor old dear, is having the Gurra-Gurra treatment for nervous collapse. Lord and Lady Ramsgate are enormously relieved at the turn things have taken; and their boy Pegwell said to me yesterday, "I 'm jolly glad it 's all off! Fancy how *decomposed* it would have been to have Rumtidumsky, or whatever his name was, for a step-grandfather!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



OUR OVERBRED RACERS.

(The Nightmare of an Anxious Owner.)

"FLASH-IN-THE-PAN" SUDDENLY REALISES THE ENORMOUS ISSUES DEPENDING ON HIM AND FAINTS IN HIS TRAINER'S ARMS.

PETER, A PEKINESE PUPPY.

OUR Peter, who 's famed as an eater of things,
Is a miniature dragon without any wings.
He can gallop or trot, he can amble or jog,
But he flies like a flash when he 's after his prog;
And the slaves who adore him, whatever his mood,
Say that nothing is fleeter
Than Peter the eater,
Than Peter pursuing his food.

He considers the garden his absolute own:
It 's the place where a digger can bury a bone.
Then he tests his pin-teeth on a pansy or rose,
Spreading ruin and petals wherever he goes;
And his mistress declares, when he 's nibbled for hours,
That nothing is sweeter
Than Peter the eater,
The resolute eater of flowers.

Having finished his dinner he wheedles the cook,
Picks a coal from the scuttle or tackles a book,
Or devotes all his strength to a slipper or mat,
To the gnawing of this and the tearing of that;
Faute de mieux takes a dress; and his mistress asserts
That there 's nothing to beat her
Like Peter the eater
Attached by his teeth to her skirts.

But at last he has supped, and the moment is come
When, his stretchable tum being tight as a drum,
He is meek and submissive, who once was so proud,
And he creeps to his basket and slumbers aloud.
And his mistress proclaims, as she tucks up his shawl,
That nothing is neater
Than Peter the eater,
Than Peter curled up in a ball,
Asleep and digesting it all.

R. C. L.

A BARGAIN IN FASHIONS.

WHATEVER may chance in the coming season
Regarding the fashions in women's wear,
I should like to remark that I see no reason
For treating the thing like a German scare;
Rather let us, the oppressed, restricted,
Assert ourselves as the women do;
It 's *their* turn, dash it! to feel afflicted
By seeing *us* flaunting a craze or two.

It 's more than time their monopoly ceases;
Excepting the vote, I dare assert
We deny them none of their wild caprices,
Though I own we jibbed at the harem skirt;
We were wrong; we ought to have let them wear it;
Free will in dress is a sacred right;
But we should be equally keen to declare it
With them who make it their chief delight.

We must come to terms with our female betters,
Seeing that summer will soon be nigh;
If *they* would be rid of the skirt that fetters,
They might free *us* from the collar and tie;
It 's neck or nothing! I ask you whether
We can't be conspicuous now and then;
I think these challenges go together:—
Trousers for women!—Low necks for men!

THE COMPETITION SPIRIT.

ABOUT six weeks ago a Canadian gentleman named Smith arrived in the Old Country (England). He knew a man who knew a man who knew a man . . . and so on for a bit . . . who knew a man who knew a man who knew me. Letters passed; negotiations ensued; and about a week after he had first set foot in the Mother City (London) Smith and I met at my Club for lunch.

I may confess now that I was nervous. I think I expected a man in a brown shirt and leggings, who would ask me to put it "right there," and tell me I was "some Englishman." However, he turned out to be exactly like anybody else in London. Whether he found me exactly like anybody else in Canada I don't know. Anyway, we had a very pleasant lunch, and arranged to play golf together on the next day.

Whatever else is true of Canada there can be no doubt that it turns out delightful golfers. Smith proved to be just the best golfer I had ever met, being, in fact, when at the top of his form, almost exactly as good as I was. Hole after hole we halved in a mechanical eight. If by means of a raking drive and four perfect brassies at the sixth he managed to get one up for a moment, then at the short seventh a screaming iron and three consummate approaches would make me square again. Occasionally he would, by superhuman play, do a hole in bogey; but only to crack at the next, and leave me, at the edge of the green, to play "one off eleven." It was, in fact, a ding-dong struggle all the way; and for his one-hole victory in the morning I had my revenge with a one-hole victory in the afternoon.

By the end of a month we must have played a dozen rounds of this nature. I always had a feeling that I was really a better golfer than he, and this made me friendly towards his game. I would concede him short putts which I should have had no difficulty in missing myself; if he lost his ball I would beg him to drop another and go on with the hole; if he got into a bad place in a bunker I would assure him it was ground under repair. He was just as friendly in refusing to take these advantages, just as pleasant in offering similar indulgences to me. I thought at first it was part of his sporting way, but it turned out that (absurdly enough) he also was convinced that he was really the better golfer of the two, and could afford these amenities.

One day he announced that he was going back to Canada.

"We must have a last game," he said, "and this one must be decisive."

"For the championship of the Empire," I agreed. "Let's buy a little cup and play for it. I've never won anything at golf yet, and I should love to see a little cup on the dinner-table every night."

"You can't come to dinner in Canada *every* night," he pointed out. "It would be so expensive for you."

Well, the cup was bought, engraved "The Empire Challenge Cup," and played for last Monday.

"This," said Smith, "is a serious game, and we must play all out. No giving away anything, no waiving the rules. The Empire is at stake. The effeteness of the Mother Country is about to be put to the proof. Proceed."

It wasn't the most pleasant of our games. The spirit of the Cup hung over it and depressed us. At the third hole I had an eighteen-inch putt for a half. "That's all right," said Smith forgetfully, and then added, "perhaps you'd better put it in, though." Of course I missed. On the fifth green he bent down to brush away a leaf. "That's illegal," I said sharply, "you must pick it up; you mayn't brush it away," and after a fierce argument on the point he putted hastily—and badly. At the eighteenth tee we were all square and hardly on speaking terms. The fate of the Mother Country depended upon the result of this hole.

I drove a long one, the longest of the day, slightly hooked.

"Good shot," said Smith with an effort. He pressed and foozled badly. I tried not to look pleased.

We found his ball in a thick clump of heather. With a grim look on his face, he took out his niblick . . .

I stayed by him and helped him count up to eight.

"Where's your ball?" he growled.

"A long way on," I said reproachfully. "I wish you'd hurry up. The poor thing will be getting cold."

He got to work again. We had another count together up to fifteen. Sometimes there would be a gleam of white at the top of the heather for a moment and then it would fade away.

"How many?" I asked some minutes later.

"About thirty. But I don't care, I'm going to get the little beast into the hole if it takes me all night." He went on hacking.

I had lost interest in the performance, for the Cup was mine, but I did admire his Colonial grit.

"Got it," he cried suddenly, and the ball sailed out on to the pretty. Another shot put him level with me.

"Thirty-two?" I asked.

"About," he said coldly.

I began to look for my ball. It had got tired of waiting and had hidden itself. Smith joined gloomily in the search.

"This is absurd," I said after three or four minutes.

"By Jove!" said Smith, suddenly brightening up. "If your ball's lost I win after all."

"Nonsense; you've given the hole up," I protested. "You don't know how many you've played. According to the rules if I ask you how many, and you give wrong information——"

"It's thirty-five," he said promptly.

"I don't believe you counted."

"Call it forty-five then. There's nothing to prevent my calling it more than it really is. If it was really only forty, then I'm counting five occasions when the ball rolled over as I was addressing it. That's very generous of me. Actually I'm doubtful if the ball did roll over five times, but I say it did in order to be on the safe side." He looked at his watch. "And if you don't find your ball in thirty seconds you lose the hole."

It was ingenious, but the Mother Country can be ingenious too.

"How many have you played exactly?" I asked. "Be careful."

"Forty-five," he said. "Exactly."

"Right." I took my niblick and swung at the heather. "Bother," I said. "Missed it. Two."

"Hallo! Have you found it?"

"I have. It's somewhere in this field. There's no rule which insists that you shall hit the ball, or even that you shall hit near the ball, or even that you shall see the ball when you hit at it. Lots of old gentlemen shut their eyes and miss the sphere. I've missed. In five minutes I shall miss again."

"But what's the point?"

"The point, dear friend," I smiled, "is that after each stroke one is allowed five minutes in which to find the ball. I have forty-three strokes in hand; that gives me three hours and thirty-five minutes in which to look for it. At regular intervals of five minutes I shall swing my club and probably miss. It's four-thirty now; at eight o'clock, unless I find my ball before, I shall be playing the like. And if you are a sportsman," I added, "you will bring me out some tea in half-an-hour."

* * * * *

At six-thirty I was still looking—and swinging. Smith then came to terms and agreed to share the cup with me for the first year. He goes back to Canada to-morrow, and will spread the good news there that the Old Country can still hold its own in resource, determination and staying power. But next year we are going to play friendly golf again.

A. A. M.

THE EAVESDROPPER.

IT may not be generally known that, on very still nights, in the small hours, when there are no taxis rushing past and no late revellers returning home, it is possible, by leaning against a pillar-box and placing one's ear close to the opening, to hear the letters converse. Provided, of course, that one has a pure soul, as I have. Otherwise there is no sound.

Chancing to be out late the other night in a very quiet neighbourhood, I suddenly noticed a pillar-box and was reminded that I had a letter to post. I dropped it in and held my breath as I listened.

"Here's another!" said a voice. "Who are you, pray?"

"I'm an acceptance with thanks," said my letter.

"What do you accept?" another voice asked.

"An invitation to dinner," said my letter, with a touch of swank.

"Pooh!" said the other. "Only that."

"It's at a house in Kensington," said my letter rather haughtily.

"Well, *I'm* an acceptance of an invitation to a dance at a duchess's," was the reply, and my poor letter said no more.

Then all the others began to chatter.

"I contain news of a death," said one.

"I bring news of a legacy," said another.

"I demand the payment of a debt," said a sharp metallic voice.

"I decline an offer of marriage," said a fourth, rather wistfully.

"I've got a cheque inside," said a fifth with a swagger.

"I convey the sack," said a sixth in triumph.

"What do you think I am?" another inquired. "You shall have six guesses."

"Give us a clue," said a voice.

"Very well. I'm a foolscap envelope."

Then the guessing began.

One said a writ.

Another said an income-tax demand

But no one could guess it.

"I'm a poem for a paper," said the foolscap letter at last.

"Are you good?" asked a voice.

"Not good enough, I'm afraid," said the poem. "In fact I've been out and back again seven times already."

"Guess what I am," said a sentimental murmur.

"Any one could guess that," was the gruff reply. "You're a love-letter."

"Quite right," said the sentimental murmur. "But how clever of you!"

"Well," said another, "you're not the only love-letter here. I'm a love-letter too."

"How do you begin?" asked the first.

"I begin, 'My Darling,'" said the second love-letter.

"That's nothing," said the first; "I begin, 'My Ownest Own.'"

"I don't think much of either of those beginnings," said a new voice. "I begin, 'Most Beautiful.'"

"You're from a man, I suppose?" said the second love-letter.

"Yes, I am," said the new one. "Aren't you?"

"No, I'm from a woman," said the second. "I'll admit your beginning's rather good. But how do you end?"

"I end with 'A million kisses,'" said the new one.

"Ah, I've got you there!" said the second. "I end with 'For ever and ever yours.'"

"That's not bad," said the second, "but my ending is pretty good in its way. I end like this, 'To-morrow will be Heaven once more, for then we meet again.'"

"Oh, do stop all this love talk!" said the gruff letter, when I was conscious of a hand on my arm and a lantern in my face.

"Here," said the authoritative tones of the law, "I think you've been leaning against this pillar-box long enough. If you can't walk I'll help you home."

Thus does metallic prose invade the delicate realms of supernature.



"I SAY, NORA, THAT WOMAN'S WEARING RATHER A SMART COAT."

"Captain Amilcar Magalhaes, chief of the Brazilian Mission, accompanying Mr. Roosevelt, says the ex-President has discovered a tribe of savages named Painhates. The total bag collected on the expedition amounts to about 2,000 specimens.—*Reuter.*"

Sussex Daily News.

The flower of the tribe, no doubt.



Promising Member of Junior Form (having been given a lesson on SAMSON and told to write an account of him). "I FORGOT THAT MAN'S NAME YOU WAS TELLING US ABOUT, SO I CALLED HIM 'ARCHIE.'"

WATER IS BEST.

(General VILLA, who is a teetotaler, has denounced General HUERTA as an old drunkard.)

WHEN sons of Bacchus
Fiercely attack us,
Lauding the majesty of Alcohol,
And, spite of HORSLEY,
Indulge quite coarsely
In panegyrics of dry Monopole

For consolation
In our vexation
The news from Mexico we gladly hail,
Learning how VILLA
Shuns Manzanilla
And only slakes his thirst with ADAM's ale.

No wonder WILSON
The beer of Pilsen
Regards as liquid death within the pot,
When even a bandit
Can't stick or stand it,
And gibes at HUERTA as an aged sot!

Let senile soakers
And jaded jokers
Their bottle-noses still incarnadine,
But we, with VILLA,
Prefer Vanilla
Or Sarsaparilla to the choicest wine.

Port, brandy, sherry
Make idiots merry —
They're little use when civil wars begin;
Men who can slaughter
Upon barley-water
Are in the long run always bound to win.

NATURE STUDY.

THE following letter may have been noticed in the columns of *The Daily Eye* some weeks ago:—

The Lilac Grove,
Moonvale Park, S.E.

SIR,—On looking out of my bedroom window this morning at 6 o'clock I observed a cuckoo eating ripe strawberries in the garden next but one to mine. It occurs to me that for a cuckoo to be in a suburban garden eating ripe strawberries so early in the year as April 15 is somewhat unusual. Can you tell me whether this has ever been known before?

Yours etc., AUGUSTUS QUEST.

We understand that the following further letter has been sent to the Editor of *The Daily Eye* by the writer of the above, but has not appeared in print:—

SIR,—Some days ago I sent you a letter in which I mentioned that on April 15th a cuckoo was seen eating ripe strawberries in the garden next but one to mine, and asking whether you could tell me if anything of the kind had been known before. But up to the present I have received no reply. The only result of my letter has been the receipt of a number of circulars announcing works on the subjects of nature study and fruit culture. From a publisher's announcement which has been sent to me, giving specimen pages from "How to Tell Our Feathered Friends at a Glance," I discover that the bird I saw in my neighbour's garden could not possibly have been a cuckoo, its body being altogether too small. And in conversation with my neighbour in the train this morning I learnt that his garden does not contain strawberries; the bird, whatever it was, must therefore have been eating something else.

Yours, etc., AUGUSTUS QUEST.



THE ULSTER KING-AT-ARMS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—In accordance with arrangements made last week, House met to-day with primary intention on part of Opposition to place Premier once more on the rack constructed of Questions relating to "the Plot" for over-aweing peaceful law-abiding Ulster. Startling things have happened since the Friday afternoon when Members went off for well-earned week-end holiday. There had actually been a plot in Ulster, a real one, not compact of circumstantial imaginings — a skilfully planned scheme successfully carried out in the dead of the night, when honest citizens, including the police and the military, were sound asleep. Telegraphic and telephonic communications were ruthlessly cut; cordons of armed men were drawn round selected spots. Thus surrounded and protected the conspirators landed large quantities of rifles and ammunition, distributing them through the country by relays of motor-cars.



THE QUESTION CRAZE.
Scene—*The Battle of Belfast*, 19--
Galloper F. E. Smith, of the Ulster Volunteers, to ask the War Minister what are the next tactical dispositions to be carried out by the Military forces of the Crown.

["Do these right hon. gentlemen really suppose that they will be able to conduct a campaign against the Government on the field and at the same time to ask the Government all the awkward questions they can think of about their military operations?"—*Mr. Churchill.*]

Something like a "plot" this, dismissing into ignominious shade report of bloodthirsty intentions of First Lord of the Admiralty and the Ex-Secretary of State for War.

Interest in the old plot being thus suddenly, dramatically cooled by vigorous birth and development of the young 'un, it might reasonably have been expected that elaborate preparations for fanning it would be dropped, and House would straightway get to business on the genuine thing. Not a bit of it. Hon. Members who had in interests of the nation spent ingenuity and energy in compiling ninety-four Questions addressed to Prime Minister not to be denied pleasure of putting them.

As usual in similar circumstances not much change got out of Asquith. Answered sometimes by monosyllable; never exceeded a score of words. Yet none could complain of incompleteness of reply. Performance occupied full period allotted to Questions. When hand of clock pointed to quarter-to-three, the time-limit of intelligent curiosity, thronged House drew itself together, awaiting next move with breathless interest. How would the Government take this midnight outbreak of armed and disciplined men? Lying down? or standing up sternly to grapple with it in their capacity as custodians and champions of established law? Inquiry voiced from Ministerial side, where Members are growing increasingly impatient with benevolent neutrality. Premier's reply brief but weighty.

"In view of this grave and unprecedented outrage," he said, "the House may be assured that His Majesty's Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law and to protect officers and servants of the King and His Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duties and in the enjoyment of their legal rights."

Cheer after cheer from excited Ministerialists punctuated the ominous sentences. There was no counter-demonstration from the Opposition.

Business done.—Lords, abandoning rumoured intention of forcing crisis by throwing out Army Bill on Second Reading, passed the stage without debate. In the Commons Plural Voting Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—In crowded House two nights' debate opened on motion by Son Austen demanding Judicial Inquiry



THE POLITICAL "FACE OF THE SKY": APRIL 28.

Changeable; threatening in parts with passing squalls; considerable heat at first, milder later; general outlook more favourable.



Horror and indignation of the Rev. Sir Chadband Byles at the grave prospect of a conciliatory attitude on the part of the Government towards the Ulster "rebels."

into the "Plot." Circumstances peculiar. Attack on Government planned last week. Since then what is called "a great Coup," as distinct from an unnamable "Plot," startled the world and upset things generally. Austen, above all things systematic and orderly, insists on limiting discussion to the "Plot." The wily Winston equally determined on chatting about the "Coup."

Pretty play, watched with keen interest by critical audience. Austen's speech pleasantly differed from some familiar of late from same quarter. Luminous, lucid, temperate yet firm, it did much to uplift debate with tone of late lamentably lacking.

Winston, whilst once more replying in detail to insinuations and allegations upon which existence of the "Plot" is based, preferred to talk about the "Coup." This naturally goaded Opposition into recriminatory retort. Incidentally it led to exhibition of fine generosity and good feeling, innate in House of Commons, peculiarly welcome just now.

Winston was drawing vivid picture of great Conservative Party "committed by its Leaders to a policy of armed violence, to tampering with the discipline of the Army and Navy, to overpowering the police, coastguards and Customs officials, to smuggling arms by moonlight."

From centre of Opposition Camp rang the cry, "Shall we let him go on?" Then came the noble inspiring answer from Winterton—

"Oh yes, let him go on."

So they did, right on to the end, reached by earnest appeal for peaceful settlement of a question which between the varied circumstance of "Plot" and "Coup" has already brought Ulster within touch of civil war.

Business done.—Motion made from Front Opposition Bench for Judicial Inquiry into the "Plot." Following upon sound and fury there may be observed indescribable, but unmistakable tendency towards peace.

Wednesday.—When, as happened in respect of three speeches, debate on motion for Judicial Inquiry turned aside to deal with critical situation in Ireland, it rose to heights commensurate with the national interests involved. Yesterday Winston, towards close of speech particularly exasperating to Opposition, suddenly sheathed his sword and waved the olive branch. The happy accident of Prince Arthur's chancing to resume debate this afternoon gave it at outset the lofty tone echoed and preserved by Carson and the Premier. As the latter said, it was impossible for anyone to listen to concluding passage of Prince Arthur's speech without liveliest emotion. Finely conceived, its message was conveyed in language whose eloquence had the charm of simplicity and sincerity. Carson's yearning for a really united Ireland was greeted with sympathetic cheers. The Premier's declaration that he "had never closed the door against a peaceful solution of the problem, and until compelled by absolute force of circumstance will never do so," gave fresh assurance of a happy issue of what twenty-four hours earlier seemed hopeless dilemma.

Business done.—Austen Chamberlain's motion negatived by a majority of 80 in House of 608 Members.

Thursday.—Amid turmoil of Parliamentary week pleasant to look in on



ONE OF THE NUTS?

"No, the form of the right hon. gentleman is not the embodiment of the Suburban Nut."—*Mr. Lulu Harcourt on the Member for Wimbledon, Mr. Chaplin, in the Debate on the Plural Voting Bill.*

Wedgwood Benn in snug little den arranged for himself off quiet staircase leading from Central Lobby. When last week he mounted to roof of Westminster Hall, the way led for a quorum of Members by that youthful athlete Sir Thomas Roe (*ætat.* 80), he came upon party of grubs which, obedient to family tradition that goes back for centuries, had eaten into it. Conveyed choice specimens to his room and carefully provided for their comfort.

His favourite is the *Xestobium tessellatum*, which boasts that at least 35 per cent. of the damage to historic roof stands to its credit. Turns out to be lively, intelligent creature. Wedgwood, always thoughtful of other people's tastes, brought down with him from the roof (in Thomas Roe's pocket) a few chips. One of these he placed in a saucer borrowed from the tea room. Here the grub, which for brevity we will call X., lives. In incredibly short time X. burrowed through the wood, its bright intelligent eyes gleaming out on the other side, as who should say, "Here I am again."

Expects in time to be able to make it converse. Busy teaching it difference between a coup and a plot. Hasn't grasped it yet, its mother tongue being Norman-French. But prospect promising.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Post Office Vote.

JOHNNY RIGG.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,
He walked in Wood-o'-Lea
And happened on a stranger—
A nut-brown maid was she;
His heart it did rejoice of her,
As you may recognise;
The wind was in the voice of her,
The stars were in her eyes.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,
He followed far away,
He didn't know the danger
That lurks at time o' may;
She drew him with the smiles of her,
She left him with a laugh,
Bewildered with the wiles of her,
And moon-struck as a calf.

Johnny Rigg, the ranger,
The muckle oaf was he;
He followed of a stranger;
She led him bonnily;
The fox he marked the track of him
And watched him through the segs;
The tinkers ran a-back of him
And stole his pheasant eggs!

Now, all you jolly rangers,
When nesting-time is on,
Don't go to follow strangers,
Nut-brown nor white as swan;
Beware of 'em, be wise of 'em,
For sooth it is that's said:
When stars get in the eyes of 'em
The moon gets in your head.

THE FUSER.

In a moment of expansion, Sheila Armitage confided in me that she has worked it out, and that we are third cousins twice removed. I accept her word for this, because I have to work at other things, getting a living and so forth, while her sole occupation is to acquire a *flair* as a hostess, week-ends being her speciality.

I hope that I am not unkind to Sheila when I say that she seems to me more attractive when she is either in trouble or ill-health; in her more joyous moods I simply do not belong—and do



"YES, THAT'S THE SORT OF MAN THEY WOULD GIVE WORK TO—A MAN WIV NO PRINCIPLES! WHY, ONLY LAST WEEK 'E WAS 'AD UP FOR BEATING 'IS WIFE, AND NOW *'E'S WORKIN' ON A CHURCH!*"

not want to belong—to her life. A friend of mine once called her a social pirate, and there is no doubt that her method of collecting the people whom she wants is to besiege them until they eventually surrender. Why, however, Bobbie Outram is always asked to her smartest week-ends was a conundrum to me until I met her magnificently convalescing after influenza at Folkestone. For I know Bobbie, and I would run a mile or two any day to avoid him.

Sheila was in a bath-chair, but looked radiantly well, and at once gave me a list of her latest victims.

"They sound all right," I said. "But will Bobbie Outram like them?"

At this she gave a little gurgling laugh and put two fingers on my arm.

"Of course you know Bobbie. I forgot."

"I kicked him at school, I loathed him at Cambridge, and let him know it, and he is still all over me. He brags about you whenever he sees me before I see him."

"He is the greatest success I have ever had," she declared.

"Then Heaven help you," I replied.

"You don't understand; you think it's quite easy to collect——"

"People tell me you tried to found a *salon*, but only got as far as a Zoo," I interrupted.

For an instant she frowned, then she gurgled again.

"Brenda Thornton told you that," she protested. "It's just her jealousy. As a fact I'm quite good at getting only the right people. Fliers have rather had their day, though they are still useful, and I like an explorer or two for week-ends, though the best kind seems to be always exploring. But Brenda was getting ahead of me—I don't mind confessing that to you—until I thought of Bobbie Outram. He's my one stroke of genius; even David admits that."

"I never thought much of your husband's taste," I said brutally, and then, "in men," I added gently, as she was recovering from influenza.

She smiled again and continued:

"There is one thing that is indispensable to a successful week-end."

"It can't be Bobby Outram," I declared.

"It is, or somebody like him; but he is easily the best. Bobbie is my point of contact."

"He used often to be my boot's," I growled.

"The more you can fuse your guests the better," she went on, as if she were giving a lecture. "Everyone knows that; it's the A B C of entertaining; but they must have something to agree about—a sort of rallying point. And I was the first hostess to discover that no party is complete unless you have someone in it whom all the others can most cordially abuse."

"So that is Bobbie's *métier*?" I said.

"The help that man has been to me on wet Sundays is beyond belief," she replied ecstatically; "and Brenda Thornton is absolutely furious."

"I never expected to be sorry for Outram, but——"

"My dear Jack, you needn't worry about Bobbie. He knows all right. I told him, and he enjoys it. He's really rather a dear."

But at this my gorge rose. "At any rate," I said, "he's going to Mrs. Thornton's from next Friday to Tuesday; he told me so yesterday."

"The little worm," said Sheila.

"'Worm' is the word," I said; and as we remained to abuse Bobbie for another ten minutes with much mutual goodwill I suppose he had once more justified his existence by a successful feat of "fusing."

AT THE PLAY.

"The Clever Ones."

I do wish I had been one of the clever ones, for they seemed to be in Mr. Sutro's confidence and able to penetrate the obscurity of his motives. At first even I could understand something of the scheme, which ran (as I thought) like this:—*Wilfrid Callender*, a rich bachelor of Harrow and Oxford, has a socialist friend, *David Effick*, at whose meetings he happens to have encountered a Girton girl, *Doris Marrable* (pretty daughter of a hop-merchant in affluent circumstances), who affects revolutionary ideals. In order to win the approval of this lady he represents himself as an anarchist plumber, earning five pounds a week; and to the horror of her family they become affianced. Having no sort of intention of keeping up the imposture, even if he could, and being fearful lest the exposure of his wealth and education would, in her present state, alienate her affections, he proposes by practical demonstration to disgust her with the mode of life which she designs to lead. In collusion with *Effick* he arranges that he shall invite *Doris* to take tea at his friend's attic in Bethnal Green, and reveal to her the sordid conditions of existence in that quarter.

So far good, and the delightful first Act was rich in promise. Then came the complexities. There was another girl, *Rose Effick* (a rich relation of the socialist), to whom *Callender* should have been engaged but for a misunderstanding. It is her business to divert him back to his old love. You would naturally say that, if it is *Callender's* object to disgust *Doris* with the life of the people, so that she may change her mind and take him for what he actually is, it will be *Rose's* object, since her aim is the frustration of this design, to make Bethnal Green as attractive as possible, so that *Doris* will refuse to sacrifice her ideals when she learns the truth about *Callender*. Yet it looks as if *Rose* is playing *Callender's* game and not her own. At first, it is true, she tries to make the attic more supportable; imparts a pleasant flavour to the meal; dismisses the hurdy-gurdies that *Callender* has chartered from the Universal Provider. But subsequently she goes slumming with *Doris* to such good purpose that the latter turns sick of the whole thing.

Now, you will say, *Callender's* way is clear; he will reveal his identity and *Doris* will be prepared to tolerate his wealth. On the contrary, Mr. Sutro is not to be defeated by his own machinations; he means to bring *Callender* and *Rose* together; so he just takes and throws them into one another's arms and consigns *Doris* to an old admirer whom we have never so much as set eyes on.

I hope I am more lucid than I seem to myself to be—more lucid, anyhow, than Mr. Sutro, who has threatened to damage an excellent scheme by defiance of the first law of drama, even of farce, namely, that the audience should be permitted to know what the author is after. Nor, again—though of course he was not asking to be taken seriously—was he very particular about the probability of some of his characters. *Doris*, for instance, was required to be too many things at once. A bluestocking and a *sansculotte* (not a very usual combination), she was also a woman of the very latest cry in frocks. Miss Nina Sevening looked pretty and wore them well, but beyond this she gave us very little help. *Rose*, too charmingly played by Miss Marie Löhr), who disguised herself as a dweller in Bethnal Green by the simple expedient of a duster pinned over her shoulders—how could Mr. Sutro expect her dainty skirt and smart white shoes to escape the eye of this "clever" female, her rival?



A HAIR-AND-TIE ANARCHIST.

Wilfrid Callender Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

All the same, he gave us much matter for mirth, though the Second Act, which promised so well, was dragged out by interminable trivialities over the preparations for tea. I wish that authors and actors would understand how depressing it often is when people on the stage will insist on keeping things bright and brisk with domestic details.

As for the wit of "the clever ones"—*Doris* and her mother and her aunt—I don't know how the first-nighters took it, but when I was there a great deal of it (when audible) was over the heads of the audience. They understood all right the humour of things when somebody (not a clever one) said "Damn," but I wonder how many of them appreciated the symbolic force of the term *épicier*, or grasped the purport of *Quem deus vult perdere prius dementat*.

Mr. Sutro owed much to the excellence of his cast. Mr. Gerald du Maurier was, of course, inimitable; but there were also Miss Florence Haydon, Miss Mary Brough and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, all delightful in their own specialised veins of humour—the plaintive, the rich, the uproarious. But Mr. Holman Clark had not enough scope for his unique qualities.

I hear rumours of a revision, and hope that this means that I shall receive an invitation to renew a most delightful evening. For my only real criticism is that Mr. Sutro thought me more intelligent than I actually am—an error that I always encourage.

"Dusk."

Account Rendered, a comedy of some promise, but produced with an extraordinary inadequacy in the matter of what the programme called "the decors," has been very quickly withdrawn from the Little Theatre. But its curtain-raiser, *Dusk*, is to be retained for the revival of *Magic*.

That is nearly all that I have to say about Mr. Vansittart's "Oriental Fantasy." It deals with a youthful bride who has just been attached to a Persian hareem. In the garden at dusk she finds a young English traveller (who has just told us what a *penchant* he has for "women, women, women"—he is very insistent about this), and being caught in conversation with him is placed by her lord in a sack and consigned to the deep; but not before she has explained in fluent verse that in the circumstances this abrupt end to her young career has no terrors for her. But for this courageous attitude on her part I should have experienced greater relief when the hero appeared next morning in his pyjamas and indicated that the regrettable incident was a figment of his sleeping brain.

I thought I detected some good lines among the Englishman's remarks (though I did not like his voice), but I prefer to study poetical drama at leisure before attempting to pass any comment on it. I may add that I don't suppose that that engaging actor, Mr. Fred Lewis, has ever previously played the part of a Persian slave with a taste for philosophic recitation; and I hope he never will again, for, frankly, it is not his *métier*.

O. S.



[*Circular from head office of a London bank to its branches:* "Suggested that the Cashier should drop his cash-scoop as a warning to the remainder of the staff that a forged cheque is being presented and that they are to detain the presenter."]

THE CASHIER AT OUR GOLDSTEAD BRANCH HAS THE MISFORTUNE TO DROP HIS SCOOP ACCIDENTALLY WHEN CASHING A CHEQUE FOR THE WORTHY MAYOR OF OUR SELECT SUBURB.

A SPORTING CHANCE.

IT is generally in the spring that I begin to notice how big my accounts are growing. I don't know why this should be, unless it is because I haven't paid any during the previous year. At any rate you must take my word for it. I have the accounts here.

Then, again, it is a most remarkable fact that whenever one has bills to pay one finds there are other things to be bought.

A few days ago I discovered that my tailor wanted thirty pounds. I also discovered that I wanted a lighter overcoat and a raincoat. It was a nice problem.

On occasions of great difficulty like this I always consult Edith. Edith might have married me if it hadn't been for Henry. Had she accepted me I should probably have gone in for something. As it is I just go on existing.

The really sad part of the whole affair is that she seems to be very fond of me. Poor girl! We all make mistakes. Anyhow, apart from her momentary mad infatuation for her husband, she is very sensible and I always like to consult her. Married women are so different from single girls; I don't know why, unless it is that they have husbands.

Edith being married, therefore, I rang her up.

"I want," I said, "to consult you financially."

"Certainly," she replied. "What is it?"

"Private. I will come round to tea."

I rang off. I made a little parcel of my accounts and then telephoned for a taxi. In due course I found Edith in the drawing-room.

"Hello," she said. "Is it very bad trouble?"

"We are," I replied, "in deep water. Life is very shallow." Edith laughed; she appreciates wit.

"Well, let me see if I can help."

I sat down. "I want two new coats," I explained. "My tailor is clamouring for thirty pounds, balance of account owing, and," I added significantly, "there are others. It is going to be a big smash."

"Poor boy!"

I sighed heavily as I opened the accounts.

"Here we are," I said. "Tailor, thirty pounds."

I paused and again sighed.

"Hatter, three pounds."

"Three pounds?" Edith looked amazed.

"That's your fault. I bought a new hat for your wedding. Not only was I best, but best-dressed man. I wore beautiful clothes to hide a breaking heart."

Edith smiled. "A beautiful hat was perhaps superfluous," she suggested. "They are worn so little in church. Are there any more?"

"Plenty. Hatter, three pounds; Glover, one pound ——"

"What for?"

"Gloves. Need I go through the sad list?"

Edith shook her head. "What's the total?"

"Fifty-four pounds, thirteen and

fourpence. I'm hoping to avoid the fourpence in discounts. Total spare cash, twenty pounds, and nearly three months to go before I touch any more."

"Poor boy, have you really only twenty pounds?"

"To throw about in bills, certainly. I shall want all my other money for rent and food and cash payments."

"And are they all clamouring for their money?"

"Yes, the sharks."

Edith lay back in her chair and thought. Suddenly she sat up.

"It can't be helped," she said. "Some of them will have to wait. We'll put their names in a hat and the first three we draw out get paid."

"Yes," I objected, "but what about my overcoats?"

"You must wait."

"No," I said, "I have a better idea." I paused impressively. "I think that we can fairly assume that my creditors are sportsmen. At any rate, they must have the benefit of the doubt. That being so, I put my own name in the hat and draw against them. If I'm in the first three I get my new coats."

"But——"

"Not a word." I slipped noiselessly out of the room and came back with Henry's Homburg. In less than five minutes everything was prepared.

"Now," said Edith, and she put her hand in the hat. There was a tense silence. "(1) Glover, (2) Tobacconist, (3) Tailor. Bad luck!"

I suppressed a groan. Had I not been sitting down, I should probably have reeled. Then, with an effort, I pulled myself together and smiled.

"Well, that's all right," I said.

"All right?"

"Certainly," I said; "I can pay off the first two."

"But what about the tailor?"

"I have thought of that," said I. "I shall make a distinction in his favour. I shall give him an order for two coats. Surely that means more to him than a mere settlement."

"Yes," said Edith doubtfully. "But of course you'll pay him the money?"

I laughed amazedly. "My dear girl! Either I pay his account just like the other two, or I distinguish him by ordering the new coats. He can't have it both ways. And I couldn't very well pay for the new coats, if that's what you mean, before the old account is settled. You see that?"

"Yes, but still it doesn't seem——"

"Ah, perhaps not," I said, "perhaps not, at first sight. I hardly saw it myself at first. It was really a clever idea of yours."

Edith brightened visibly. "Yes, wasn't it?" she said.

AN EPIC FROM THE PROVINCES.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I know that from your superior standpoint as a Londoner you are disposed to regard us as dwellers in a quiet backwater, unswayed by the currents of political strife, but you must not imagine that the stirring events of the past few weeks have failed to leave their mark on the life of our little town. A study of the Press—that faithful mirror of our time—would quickly convince you to the contrary.

The Press, as you know, is here represented by *The Signal*, a fine old weekly journal of inflexible Unionist views. Well, last week, rising on a wave of enthusiasm, *The Signal* burst into poetry.

The Gun Runners, it is called, by "Cecilia Merrifield."

> The air is still, the night is dark;
> Along the harbour side
> There stands a silent, waiting park
> Of motors, full inside.

That is the opening stanza. You may possibly take exception to the French rhyme, but you cannot fail, Charles, to appreciate the fine spirit of it.

> What are they full of? Not of man,
> But rifles, neatly packed,
> Taken from out the good ship *Fan*,
> Now in the harbour backed.

Strictly speaking, I believe it was not the *Fan* at all, but that is a small matter.

> Brave men have toiled across the sea
> To bring those rifles in,
> With helm held stoutly hard-a-lee
> Amid the breakers' din.

I am not at all certain of the accuracy of the term "hard-a-lee" in this connection, but what a fine sense of stedfast heroism that run of aspirates awakens! "With helm held stoutly hard-a-lee."

> Amid the breakers' strident cry
> They kept their courage cool,
> For thus, they said, Home Rule must die,
> We will not have Home Rule!
>
> They 'scaped the vessels of the Fleet
> By lavish use of paint;
> The warships had to own defeat
> With loud and long complaint.

But I cannot give you more than a selection from those noble verses. They continue in the same lofty strain until the good ship is warped safely in port. Then comes another dramatic change of tense. We are again on the quayside.

> The night grows darker. All at once
> An order sharp we hear—
> The order waited for for months;
> The motors come in gear.

Yes, I admit that this stanza is open to criticism on more than one count, but I would not have it changed. It bears the impress of red-hot inspiration. Criticism must always be silent when confronted with that.

> The joy of having to obey
> Lights up each driver's face,
> And so the motors move away
> Each to its destined place.

You must not suppose, however, that there was no show of opposition. As you have observed, our poetess believes, on the whole, in sticking closely to historical truth.

> The minions of the Government,
> A weak and craven breed,
> Stand by, quite helpless to prevent
> This great heroic deed.

I cannot say I altogether like the tone of the second line, but the fury of enthusiasm, shackled by the exigencies of rhyme, must be forgiven much. Let us continue.

> Across the night the motors throb
> Without the slightest hitch,
> For this is quite a business job,
> Though in romance so rich.
>
> Indeed, the whole stupendous plot
> Is cleverly arranged;
> Even the motor-cars have got
> Their number plates all changed.
>
> And so they speed by tortuous ways
> With Freedom in the van,
> And patriotism sets ablaze
> The face of every man.

And so on. Then we come from the general to the particular, and follow the fortunes of a single consignment of arms until it reaches its destination.

> And into cellar, pantry, shed,
> In kitchen, bedroom, loft,
> The rifles go. Home Rule is dead!
> The words are uttered oft.
>
> The ammunition, too, is hid
> In many a secret hole,
> Each bearer doing as he's bid,
> Intent upon the goal.

The goal being, I take it, the final death of Home Rule. And now comes the wonderful peroration, in which the whole great adventure is brought to its dignified and eloquent climax. It runs into twenty-three stanzas, of which I will give you the last two without comment—

> Freedom is what we labour for,
> Freedom, it is our right;
> We have no wish for bloody war,
> But, if we must, we'll fight.
>
> This is our message sent to him,
> The dark Dictator's tool—
> Whatever happens, sink or swim,
> We Will Not Have Home Rule!

There, Charles! I challenge you to produce anything approaching that from all your boasted London dailies.

Yours, ROBERT.

"A villager will always tell the difference between a good coin and a bad one, but he cannot tell the difference between a bad coin and a good one."—*Pioneer.*

He must try to enlarge his mind.



Perspiring Sportsman (who has been riding in fourteen-stone point-to-point race). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS THAT'S THE LAST OF THE SEASON!" *Friend.* "THOUGHT YOU LIKED IT."

Perspiring Sportsman. "YES, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WASTING YOU'VE GOT TO DO TO RIDE THE WEIGHT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DOUBTLESS you will think, as I did at first, that the title of *The Priceless Thing* (STANLEY PAUL) has reference to love or something intense like that. Far from it. Not in fifty guesses would you be likely to discover that its real meaning is an autograph of the late WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. One know already that Mrs. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON could write a vigorous and bustling tale. If I have a complaint to make against *The Priceless Thing* it is indeed that it suffers from some superfluity of plot, and what approaches a plethora of villains, real or supposed. For this reason it is a story more than usually hard to condense fairly into a paragraph. Briefly, however, the P. T., which was the peculiar treasure of the noble line of *Annerslie*, lived in a case in the library of their ancestral home. The heroine, *Anstice*, a relation of the Family, was employed by My Lord as librarian. When I tell you, moreover, that *Anstice* had run away from her own father on finding that he was an expert manufacturer of literary forgeries, and that her circle of friends included an American blackmailer, a curiosity dealer and a mad Italian who was even better at the forgery business than her own father, you will perceive that the poor girl was likely to find her situation "some job." I could not begin to tell you what really happened. Towards the end there had been so much mystery, and the story had become such a palimpsest of forged signatures, that I myself knew no more than *Lord Annerslie* in which to believe. But I think we both had the upholding conviction that an affair of this kind was bound to come out all right in the end. Which indeed it did; leaving all the virtuous characters abundantly satisfied, a feeling that will, I am sure, be shared by Mrs. RAWSON's maze-loving public.

ROBERT TRESSALL was a house-painter, a Socialist, and very evidently a sincere if somewhat raw thinker. He left to his heirs and assigns a manuscript of many thousand words. It was a novel, oddly entitled *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* (GRANT RICHARDS), and fell into the hands of Miss JESSIE POPE, who recognised the genius in it (none too strong a word), made some excisions, and now stands sponsor for it to the world. It is a grim story of the unpicturesque and horribly anxious lives of working-folk, specifically of the house-painter and his mates working on a job, elated and satisfied at the beginning, depressed and despondent as the work nears completion with the uncertainty as to how long it will be before another job comes along. Nobody who hadn't lived exclusively in this hard environment could have written with such candour and intensity. Mr. TRESSALL has avoided altogether the pretentiousness and literary affectation that betrayed, for example, Mr. H. G. WELLS' bathchairman, MEEKS. The earlier part of the book is better than the later, where the propagandist ousts the chronicler. The exposition of Socialist doctrine is made with a considerable if a crude skill. It is disfigured with certain familiar limitations; the author can recognise no work except that done with the hands; and, whether by unhappy accident of actual circumstance or through defect of temperament, he sees his employers with a disproportionate bitterness that somewhat discounts his indictment, while he views his fellow-

workmen from rather a disdainful height. But *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* is a book to be read by any who want an insight into the conditions of working-class life at its average, with its virtues, its vices, its courage, its intolerable piteous anxieties.

Mr. Grant-Watson is one of the most resolute and intrepid novelists I have met, and his directness of speech may give offence, I fear, to the more reticent of his readers. His story of two white men and *Alice Desmond*, freed from the social conventions and let loose among the natives on a remote island in the Pacific, proceeds apace and with little regard for the susceptibilities of civilisation and refinement. Familiar but rarely printed language is used when occasion demands; primitive passions stalk naked and unashamed; and when murder is to be done it is done brutally, forthwith and notwithstanding the respective merits, from an heroic point of view, of active and passive agents. Being myself so situated in life that I am never likely to take part in any affair more passionate and drastic than a football match or a lawsuit, I found the savage reality, the candour and the unbridled wrath of *Where Bonds are Loosed* (Duckworth) most welcome by contrast. It gave me pleasure to see a man's annoyance being worked off, by the use of fists, knives and bullets, a woman's impatience spending itself in immediate violence, and love and hatred being expressed in sharp and decisive action rather than in deliberate subtleties of conversation. In short, Mr. Watson left me wondering, somewhat fondly, to what lengths I myself might go in my more heated moments if I too were isolated on Kauna Island and beyond the supervision of police-constables and next-door neighbours.



AT THE GLADIATORIAL AGENCY.

Manager. "But, my dear Sir, you don't seem to have the physique for an engagement of this kind!"

Applicant. "That's just it. You see, I've been rather run down for some time, and my doctor advised me to take a turn or two in the arena for the sake of my health."

Once upon a time it was my lot to read a slender volume of Prose Poems, all about stars and rivers and moons and such other things of which prose poetry is made, and written by the most intense and soulful young woman who ever put pen to paper. Which, being perused, I handed to another and elder woman, noted for a great reader of books. And after many days, and after (I suppose) much fruitless toil on the part of my friend, the volume was returned to me with this single comment, "It seems very racily written." I tell you the story, which being true is without point, because I have been wondering what the same critic would have found to say about another slender booklet called *The Word of Teregor* (Nisbet). My idea of it is that Mr. Guy Ridley, the author, knows and admires his Kipling and delights in his Maeterlinck to such extent that (possibly after a visit to *The Blue Bird*) he felt himself inspired to sit down and write these Forest-Jungle-Book tales of an earlier world, wherein Man and Beast and all created things were subject to the benevolent rule of *Teregor*, the Oak-tree; when everything living had a voice and used it, pleasantly enough, in rather mannered prose of the "Yea, Nay and Behold" type; and when all the old legends had yet to be started in ways of which Mr. Ridley gives his own most original explanations. So if you care about this kind of thing (and I had quite a pleasant half-hour from it myself) get it. You will at least find here a book entirely different from anything else in the library-box; printed in type that is a pleasure to the eye, and having, moreover, the classic excuse of being a very little one.

I have for some time watched a steady improvement in the work of Mr. Ralph Straus. It is therefore a pleasure to greet *The Orley Tradition* (Methuen) as his best yet. The *Orley* tradition was to do nothing whatever, and, like the House of Lords in *Iolanthe*, to do it very well. They were, as a family, noble, of ancient lineage, and fine stupidity. *John Orley*, the hero of the tale, starts out to follow worthily in the footsteps of his race, as a brainless but agreeable country magnate. Then comes an accident, which thwarts his physical ambitions and awakens his mental. Thereafter he essays the life of affairs—and fails all round; is defeated for Parliament, and equally worsted in the lists of Art. So, being now recovered of his hurt, he says a graceful farewell to the career intellectual and resumes the traditional *Orley* existence. This, in brief, is his story; but I give it without the pleasant style of Mr. Straus's telling. There are many very happily touched scenes; more especially had I a guilty sympathy roused by one in which poor *John* endeavours to concentrate his very slipshod brains upon an afternoon of hard reading. And almost all the characters are alive, from the entertaining old lady who keeps the village post-office to *Mrs. Adderson*, the naughty novelist in whose hands *John Orley* completed his sentimental education. As for the setting, I fancy that those who have spent their summers round about St. Margaret's Bay will have little difficulty in identifying *Handsfield*. Altogether a happy book (more so than you would expect from its theme) and one that marks, as I said, the further advance of a ready and agreeable writer.

"By road it is vastly different: there is an 80-mile sand desert to negotiate, and hundreds of miles of rutty roads and rocky bush tracks to drive over; yet Mr. Murray Aungor, of Adelaide, averaged 30 hours per mile from capital to capital."—*Advt.*

If it wasn't for the chance of being photographed we should always prefer to walk this bit.

"'I am,' he answered in rather indifferent English."

"Derby Advertiser," Jubilee.

Very indifferent, we call it. How much better if he could have answered, "Your statement of the position is not wholly unwarranted by the facts," or something snappy like that.

CHARIVARIA.

SOME idea of the amount of distress there is among Stock Exchange men, owing to the continued depression, may be gathered from the fact that a number of members, anxious to get to Brighton on their recent holiday on the 1st inst., walked all the way.

* * *

While there would seem to be no "Picture of the Year," the canvas which appears to attract anyhow most feminine attention is the Hon. JOHN COLLIER'S "Clytemnestra," with its guess at the fashion of to-morrow—the low-neck blouse carried a little bit further.

* * *

A publication entitled *Pictures and the Picturegoer* has made its appearance, and, please, we want to know what a Picturegoer is. Suffragettes, it is true, are apt to go *for* pictures, but we have never known anyone merely go pictures.

* * *

Sculptors submitting designs for a statue of PETER THE GREAT, to be set up at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, are required by the conditions not only to produce a statue which will be recognized by the man in the street as that of the monarch, but it must also convey the idea that he spent his last days in the Palace. Possibly this might be effected by his wearing his linen collar inside out, plainly showing the marking, "PETER THE GT. WINTER PALACE (2)."

* * *

In the duel which took place last week between M. CAILLAUX and M. D'ALLIÈRES the ex-Finance Minister fired in the air. As a result, we hear, aviation societies all over France are protesting against what they consider may develop into an exceedingly dangerous practice.

* * *

As regards the result of the duel, M. D'ALLIÈRES was certainly the more successful of the two. He fired at the ground and hit it. M. CAILLAUX aimed at the sky and missed it.

* * *

The House of Commons has passed the second reading of a Bill to enable Health Resorts and Watering Places to spend a portion of their rates on advertising. The urgent necessity for such a measure would appear to be proved by the fact that newspapers of every shade of political opinion approve it.

* * *

"Democracy," says Lord HALDANE, "is rapidly finding its feet." But it will not gain much if at the same time it loses its head.

* * *

"A rector," we read, "has written to his bishop and to his wife announcing his elopement with the wife of one of his parishioners." This is a little act of courtesy which some men would not have thought of.

* * *

The London County Council proposes to allow on the Aldwych site a circular experimental railway on the Kearney high-speed mono-rail system.



"I SAY, I'VE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

"PARDON ME, SIR, THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, FOR I'M A *STRICT VEGETARIAN*."

It seems strange that what is undoubtedly the most rugged and wildest tract of forest land in London should for so long have been without railway facilities. To nature-lovers, however, the proposal is as distasteful as the idea of a railway up Borrowdale.

* * *

We had thought that races between omnibuses had, owing to an entire lack of encouragement on the part of the police, died out, but we see that the L.G.O.C. is now advertising "ANOTHER MOTOR-BUS DERBY."

* * *

The police are said to be viewing with some apprehension the spread of habits of cleanliness among our housebreakers. Last week, for instance, some burglars who paid a visit to a Birmingham firm, after opening a safe and removing its contents, obtained a bucket of water and carefully removed all finger-marks.

At a recent smoking-match at Brighton the winner kept an eighth of an ounce of tobacco alight for 103 minutes. The tobacco trade, we understand, is strongly opposed to the holding of competitions of this nature, "which serve no useful purpose whatever."

* * *

"There are 'vintage years' for babies," says Dr. JAMES KERR. These must be the years when they take most readily to the bottle.

* * *

Extract from an account in *The Birmingham News* of a meeting at Solihull:—"The next business was the presentation of a handsome breakfast egg to the Rev. Courtnay Smith, B.A." Once upon a time such gifts were confined to political gatherings.

* * *

In the course of his exploring expedition Mr. ROOSEVELT lost nearly four stone in weight, and it is rumoured that Mr. TAFT may once again follow in his footsteps.

* * *

A vulgar person with no respect for wealth has suggested that the Royal Automobile Club shall change its name to the Hotel Nouveau Ritz.

Another Mysterious Disappearance.

From a catalogue:—

"20 Dozens Bottles Excellent Old Tawny Port, sold without reserve by the Port of London Authority to pay for charges, the owner having been lost sight of, and bottled by us last year."

We hope that, after this callous confession, Scotland Yard will now take action.

Musical Candour.

"The singing of the Bradshaw chorus broke up a happy evening."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that the famous Presidential biography, *From Log-Cabin to White House*, is to be followed by another, entitled, *From White House to Semi-attached* VILLA.

"'Reflection,' a picture of an elderly gentleman lost in thought after a lonely dinner, not only suggests a story, but how effective Mr. Jack is with interiors."

Cork Constitution.

In this picture, however, the gentleman's interior is wisely left to the imagination.

THE UNHAPPY MEAN.

(How the Budget strikes a Brain-Worker.)

WOULD I were poor (but not too poor),
A working plumber, say, by trade,
One of the class for whom the lure
Of Liberal Chancellors is laid;
For then no single sou from my revénue
Should go to swell the Treasury's bin,
Save indirectly through my breakfast-menu,
My pipe, my beer, my gin.

Would I were rich (O passing rich),
One of the idlers, softly bred,
From whom the hands of DAVID itch
To pluck their plumage, quick or dead:
For then, a super-man, I'd scorn to grudge it —
This super-tax on my estate,
But like a bird contribute to his Budget
The paltry two-and eight.

Alas, not being this nor that,
But just a middling type of man,
Neither a bloated plutocrat
Nor yet a pampered artisan,
I am not spared, nay, I am hardest smitten,
Although 'tis held (and I agree)
That half the backbone of these Isles of Britain
Is made of stuff like me.

O brothers, ye who follow Art,
Shunning the crowds that strive and pant,
Indifferent how you please the mart
So you may keep your souls extant,
LLOYD none the less is down upon your earnings,
And from the increment that flows
(With blood and tears) from your poetic yearnings
You pay him through the nose.

These very lines, in which I couch
My plaint of him and all his works —
Even from these he means to pouch,
Roughly, his six per cent. of perks;
This thought has left me singularly moody;
I fail to join in GEORGE's joke;
So strongly I resent the extra 2*d*.
Pinched from my modest poke.

O. S.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S DISCOVERIES.

SCRAPPING THE MAP IN BRAZIL.

WE are glad to be able to supplement with some further interesting details the meagre accounts of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S explorations in Brazil which have appeared in the daily papers.

Not only did Mr. ROOSEVELT add to the map a new river nearly a thousand miles long, but he has discovered a gigantic mountain, hitherto undreamt of even by Dr. COOK, to which he has attached the picturesque name of Mount Skyscraper. The lower slopes were thickly infested with cannibals, whom Mr. ROOSEVELT converted from anthropophagy by a sermon lasting six hours and containing 300,000 words—almost exactly as many as are contained in Mr. DE MORGAN's new novel.

The middle regions are densely covered with an impenetrable forest inhabited by rhomboidal armadillos and gigantic crabs, to which Mr. ROOSEVELT has given the name of Kermit crabs, to commemorate the escape of his son, who was carried off by one of these monsters and rescued by a troglodyte guide after a desperate struggle. On emerging from the forest the travellers were faced by perpendicular granite crags, which they ascended on the backs of some friendly condors. . . . The summit proved to be an extensive plateau, the site of a prehistoric city, built of pedunculated wood-pulp. Lying among the ruins was a gigantic mastodon in excellent preservation, which Mr. ROOSEVELT brought down on his shoulders.

It was after the descent from Mount Skyscraper, which was accomplished in parachutes, that Mr. ROOSEVELT struck the new river, the upper parts of which were utterly unknown except to some wild rubber-necked Indians. In consequence of its character and size Mr. ROOSEVELT originally thought of calling it the Taft, but finally decided on the Rio Encyclopaedia in virtue of its volume.

The journey was made in canoes and was full of incident. Descending the great Golliwog Falls Mr. ROOSEVELT'S canoe was smashed to atoms, but the EX-PRESIDENT escaped with only slight injury to his eyeglasses, after a desperate conflict with a pliocéne crocodile. The Encyclopædia River, as described by Mr. ROOSEVELT, resembles the Volga, the Hoang-ho and the Mississippi; but it is richer in snags and of a deeper and more luscious purple than any of them. Near its junction with the Mandragora it runs uphill for several miles, with the result that the canoes were constantly capsizing. The waters of Mandragora are of a curiously soporific character, while those of the River Madeira have a toxic quality which renders them dangerous when drunk in large quantities.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, it may be added, is shortly expected in London, when he will lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Master ANTHONY ASQUITH having kindly consented to preside.

TO MY HUSBAND'S BANKER.

FLORENCE, *May 2nd.*

DEAR MR. S.,—We have been here a week, and I feel I really must write and thank you for what I can see is going to be the most lovely holiday.

It was ripping of you to let us come—for *sending* us, in fact. I can't think why more people don't do it—I mean travel when they can't afford it. Perhaps it is that all bankers aren't so good-natured as you are. I shall tell all my friends to come to you in future. Of course I shall only recommend the conscientious ones. *We* are being frightfully conscientious. For instance, when we arrived we purposely didn't go to a hotel some friends of ours were at because it was two francs a day dearer than one we found in *Baedeker*—though as I told Fred I don't believe you'd have grudged us the two francs a bit. The only thing I have on my conscience a little is that in Paris, where we stayed three days on our way out, we *did* go to rather good restaurants. But I had never been to Paris before, and I thought, when you knew that, you would quite approve, because first impressions are everything, aren't they? It is rather as if you were an invisible host everywhere we go. "Of course you will have a liqueur with your coffee, Mrs. Merrison?" I hear you say after dinner; and really, Grand Marnier (*cordon jaune*) *is* heavenly, isn't it?

Then we came on here, and, do you know, "The Birth of Venus" nearly made me cry when I first saw it, it's so beautiful. I shall never forget that it was you who introduced me to it, so to speak.

And isn't Pisa jolly?

Oh, there's just one other thing I wanted to tell you. Before we came away we gave a little farewell dinner to one or two of our most intimate friends. It came out of the travelling money; and I do feel you ought to have been



THE SWASHBUCKLERS.

Tory Die-Hard. "DOWN WITH HOME RULE!"

Radical Extremist. "DOWN WITH ULSTER!"

John Bull. "THIS SORT OF THING MAY AMUSE YOU, GENTLEMEN, BUT I'VE NO USE FOR IT. I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE CIVIL WAR TO PLEASE EITHER OF YOU!"



HIGH ART.

Our very busiest Society Portrait Painter (who has rushed back to his studio after a luncheon in Park Lane). "I'm late, Mrs. Faulkner. Anybody come?" *Studio Caretaker.* "Yes, Sir. I've already shown a lady up to the dressing-room."

Portrait Painter. "Is it the Countess of West Middlesex or Lady Vera Valtravers?"

Studio Caretaker. "I'm sure I can't say, Sir. They're that covered up with powder and paint I can't tell one from t'other."

asked too, when you were really our host. But you see I don't know you *very* well (except through your actions), and I thought that just possibly you might have felt a little out of it. But I want you very much to come and dine with us one night when we are home again. I think it is time we knew each other ever so much better.

Well, no more now as we are off to lunch. (How ridiculously cheap food is in Italy, isn't it?) We shall be home in three weeks, I expect. I wish we could stay longer, especially as it's really cheaper to stay here than to come home, now we *are* here. But we mustn't put too much strain on your hospitality.

Yours always gratefully, Isabel Merrison.

THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN.

[In an article on Animal Training it has been stated that "wolves are so stupid it is a waste of time trying to do anything with them," and that "it is a wonderful tribute to the trainer's skill that he has succeeded in evolving so faithful a companion as the dog from this unpromising material."]

Full many a time when I've been overwrought,
And all has seemed besot by doubts and fogs,
I have gleaned ample comfort from the thought,
"Nature is kindly; she has given us dogs
To share our griefs with sympathetic eyes
And force us out for healthy exercise."

But, Carlo, I was wrong to take that view;
Nature, though wonderful, does not (I find)
Deserve the credit of evolving you;
A trainer did it, just by being kind;
Your rise from wolfish ancestors you owe
To some primæval impresario.

One sees the scene: how in the bygone days
Our forbears, fresh from bludgeoning their foes,
Would gather round to watch with glad amaze
A wolf who balanced rocks upon his nose.
"How quaint! How human!" thus their praises flowed;
"Look at his ikey way of wearing woad!"

And ever as the long years took their course
The trainer's skill came further to the front,
Until, through gentleness and moral force,
One wolf achieved the "trust-and-paid-for" stunt.
Topical, this produced unbounded fun,
Coming when commerce had but just begun.

Then cleverer grew the wolflings year by year,
And greater yearly grew the "spot-cash" boon
Given to trainers summoned to appear
And charm a cave-man's idle afternoon,
Till came the whisper, "This is not the least
Bit like a wolf's cub; 'tis a nobler beast."

And thus the dog was born; the gathered crowd
Cheered their approval of this wise remark;
A glad tail wagged its pride, and clear and loud
Rang out the music of the earliest bark,
While envious Nature sighed, "O parlous miss!
I *was* a silly not to think of this."

A SILVER JUBILEE.

"Another!" said George, flinging down the card. "I have had just about ENOUGH OF IT!" He spoke vehemently, with an intonation that I have tried to convey by the employment of capitals. It was obvious that he was deeply moved.

"Do you mind explaining?" I asked.

"It explains itself," he answered disgustedly, referring to the card. I picked it up. It was a printed communication, in which somebody, whose name I forget, requested the pleasure of George's presence at the marriage of his daughter Something to Mr. Somebody else.

I read it aloud. "What's wrong with that?" I asked. "Were you in love with her yourself?"

"I was not," said George shortly. "To the best of my knowledge I have never even set eyes on the wretched girl, and never want to. My implication in the affair rests solely on my having once been at school with the bridegroom."

"Then what more touching than that he should desire the presence of his old comrade at such a crisis?"

"*Presence!*" began George bitterly. "If they'd said —"

I stopped him. "I know the pun," I said quickly, "and am no longer capable of being amused at it. So that is the ground of your complaint. I must say, George, that I regard this as a little mean of you."

"You may," answered George. "That shows you don't realise the facts. If you were in my position you wouldn't talk like that. Why, look at it," he went on, warming to his subject, "here am I, a bachelor nearing fifty, with an income, secure certainly, but by no means lavish and what do we find? Scarcely a day goes by without my receiving some more or less veiled demand from persons without a shadow of claim!

"Relatives," pursued George, "one, of course, expects. I have myself five elder sisters, all of them comfortably married with my assistance. Pianos or dinner-sets or whatever it happened to be," explained George. "I make no complaint there. Not even though in these cases the initial outlay was only the beginning. I am by now seventeen times an uncle. A pleasant position at first, but repetition stales it. The expense of that alone is becoming appalling. Why on earth didn't Henry VIII. or somebody institute a bounty for uncles?"

"It can't be so bad as all that."

"It would not be, if, as I say, the matter was kept within one's own family. But you see it isn't. I have now reached that time of life in which the rush of weddings appears to be heaviest. Everybody I ever met seems to be doing it, and using the fact as an excuse for blackmail. I am a poor man, and I have had enough of it!"



Maid at Country Hotel. "Please, Sir, will you [u]se the hot water soon as there's an 'ole in the can?"

I made a sympathetic noise. As a matter of fact, George's friends agree that he is very comfortably off, but I let that pass. "What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"This," answered George unexpectedly. He opened his pocket-book and produced a half-sheet of note-paper. "This is going in *The Morning Post* to-morrow. I wrote it some time ago, but the hour has now come when I must make a stand and endeavour to get a little of my own back. So in she goes!"

I took the paper and read as follows: "1889—1914. Mr. George Pennywise, of 1096, Upper Brook Street, having remained a bachelor during twenty-five years of eligibility, invites his numerous friends to join with him in celebrating his silver celibacy."

"The idea is not original," I said coldly, "but I am interested to know why you should select this particular moment rather than any other. What happened in '89?"

George looked faintly conscious. "Nothing," he answered. "That's just the point. It's what might have happened. I think you've never heard me speak of a girl called Emeline? Anyhow, I was rather struck at that time; we were staying in the same house that autumn, and I believe everybody expected me to propose. Only, somehow I didn't. But it was the closest shave I've ever had, and, as that was just twenty-five years ago, I began counting from then."

"Did Miss—er Emeline share the general expectation?"

"To be candid, I rather fancy she did. Several of her set were quite nasty about it afterwards, though it was obviously no business of theirs. She married somebody else later on, and lives in Ireland." George sighed reflectively.

As it was apparent that he would shortly become sentimental, a condition for which he is unfitted, I took my leave. "You're not really going to put that nonsense in the paper?" I asked.

"I am," said George, recovering abruptly. "If there is any way in which a put-upon bachelor can get equal with the world, I mean to take it. I regard it as a public duty. Look in again next week, and you'll see the result."

Curiosity brought me on my next visit to George with more anticipation than usual. The advertisement had duly appeared. But my inquiries found him oddly reticent.

"Look here, George," I said at length, "what did that paragraph produce?"

"I got stacks of letters, mostly humorous, that will require answering."

"No presents?"

"One," answered George reluctantly, "from Emeline."

This was intriguing. George's manner with regard to it was discouraging, not to say morose. But I am not easily put off.

"What sort of present?" I persisted.

"Oh, handsome enough. A silver frame, quite good in its way, with a family group of herself and her husband

and three kids inside it. I shall take that out."

"Any inscription?"

The moment I had said it I saw that I had found the trouble.

"Only three words," answered George evasively. He hesitated. "But there, Emeline never did know how to express herself."

"George," I demanded sternly, "what were those three words?"

"*A Thank Offering*," said George.

GLEANINGS FROM GRUB STREET.

(*By our Special Parasite.*)

A BRILLIANT reception is being prepared for Professor Hjalmar Stormbarner, the Finnish novelist, on the occasion of his first visit to England in June. An address of welcome, composed by Mr. C. K. SHORTER and Sir ROBERTSON NICOLL, with lyrics by Mr. MAX PEMBERTON and Lord BURNHAM, will be presented to him at the Grafton Gallery, and Dr. CLIFFORD is arranging what he happily calls a "pious orgy of congratulation" at the Caxton Hall, at which Sir ALFRED MOND, Baron DE FOREST, and Mr. THORNTON, the new manager of the Great Eastern Railway, will deliver addresses. A demonstration in Hyde Park in honour of our guest is also being organised by his English publishers, Messrs. Dodder and Dodder, at which their principal authors will speak at thirteen different platforms, and a resolution will be simultaneously moved by blast of trumpet that Professor Stormbarner is the greatest novelist in the world.

Professor Stormbarner is of course best known in this country as the author of the famous romances, *Letters from Limbo*, *The Devil's Ducats*, *Narcotic Nelly* and *The Sarcophagus*, but his versatility and accomplishments in other departments of mental activity will come as a surprise to his English admirers. He has penetrated the Arctic circle in a bath-chair drawn by reindeer; he plays with great skill on the balalaika, and he has translated most of the works of Mr. EDMUND GOSSE into Mæso-Gothic. At the present moment he is undoubtedly the first favourite for the NOBEL Prize, though WILLIE FERRERO runs him close in virtue of the patronage of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE and the Dowager-Empress of RUSSIA.

Perhaps the finest and most convincing tribute to the overwhelming genius of the great Finnish romancer is the quatrain recently written in his honour by Mr. EDMUND GOSSE:—

GEORGE ELIOT, greatest of blue stockings,
JOSEPH and SILAS K. (the HOCKINGS),
WATTS-DUNTON and Professor GARNER
Are all united in Stormbarner.

We understand that during his visit to London Professor Stormbarner will stay with Mr. David Dodder at Hampstead, but will spend a week-end with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Walton Heath.

Mrs. Ray Clammer, whose novels in praise of Blackpool, written at the commission of the municipal council, have gained her equal cash and kudos, has gone to Australia for a visit, but hopes to return in time to spend August at the famous health resort which her genius has done so much to adorn. Her only regret is that she has had to leave at home her Persian cat Abracadabra, called "Abe" for short. "Abe," by the way, figures prominently in a bright personal article about Mrs. Ray Clammer which Miss Marjorie Moult contributes to *The Penwiper* for May.



Lady Canvasser. "I'VE CALLED TO ASK YOU TO GIVE US SOMETHING FOR THE O.P.Q.S. THE——"

Old Gentleman. "MY DEAR LADY, I ALREADY GIVE AWAY ONE-TENTH OF MY INCOME."

Lady Canvasser. "OH, JUST THIS YEAR, COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT AN ELEVENTH?"

Another Impending Apology.

"Meanwhile Dick Smith is matched with Carpentier, and will receive £200 as the loser's end of a £1,200 purse offered by the Liverpool Stadium." *Daily Mail.*

If it is as certain as this we shall put our money on CARPENTIER.

"FALLEN BY THE WAY.
Making a Deep Impression."
Advt. in "Era."

Evidently an accident to the heavy tragedians.

"Nurse, superior, or Help wanted, immediately: go to seaside: experienced infant."
Advt. in "The Manchester Guardian."

The infant: "Let her come. I think I shall know how to deal with her."

"WRONGLY ATTRIBUTED."

YOU'VE heard of WILLY FERRERO, the Boy Conductor? A musical prodigy, seven years old, who will order the fifth oboe out of the Albert Hall as soon as look at him. Well, he has a rival.

WILLY, as perhaps you know, does not play any instrument himself; he only conducts. His rival (Johnny, as I think of him) does not conduct as yet; at least, not audibly. His line is the actual manipulation of the pianoforte—the Paderewski touch. Johnny lives in the flat below, and I hear him touching.

On certain mornings in the week—no need to specify them—I enter my library and give myself up to literary composition. On the same mornings little Johnny enters his music-room (underneath) and gives himself up to musical composition. Thus we are at work together.

The worst of literary composition is this: that when you have got hold of what you feel is a really powerful idea you find suddenly that you have been forestalled by some earlier writer—SOPHOCLES or SHAKSPEARE or GEORGE R. SIMS. Then you have to think again. This frequently happens to me upstairs; and downstairs poor Johnny will find to his horror one day that his great work has already been given to the world by another—a certain Dr. JOHN BULL.

Johnny, in fact, is discovering "God Save the King" with one finger.

As I dip my pen in the ink and begin to write, Johnny strikes up. On the first day when this happened, some three months ago, I rose from my chair and stood stiffly through the performance—an affair of some minutes, owing to a little difficulty with "Send him victorious," a line which always bothers Johnny. However, he got right through it at last, after harking back no more than twice, and I sat down to my work again. Generally speaking, "God Save the King" ends a show; it would be disloyal to play any other tune after that. Johnny quite saw this . . . and so began to play "God Save the King" again.

I hope that HIS MAJESTY, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the late Dr. BULL, or whoever is most concerned, will sympathise with me when I say that this time I remained seated. I have my living to earn.

From that day Johnny has interpreted Dr. JOHN BULL's favourite composition nine times every morning. As this has been going on for three months, and as the line I mentioned has two special rehearsals to itself before coming out right, you can easily work out how many send-him-victoriouses Johnny and I have collaborated in. About two thousand.

Very well. Now, you ask yourself, why did I not send a polite note to Johnny's father asking him to restrain his little boy from over-composition, begging him not to force the child's musical genius too quickly, imploring him (in short) to lock up the piano and lose the key? What kept me from this course? The answer is "Patriotism." Those deep feelings for his country which one man will express glibly by rising nine times during the morning at the sound of the National Anthem, another will direct to more solid uses. It was my duty, I felt, not to discourage Johnny. He was showing qualities which could not fail, when he grew up, to be of value to the nation. Loyalty, musical genius, determination, patience, industry—never before have these qualities been so finely united in a child of six. Was I to say a single word to disturb the delicate balance of such a boy's mind? At six one is extraordinarily susceptible to outside influence. A word from his father to the effect that the gentleman above was getting sick of it, and Johnny's whole life might be altered.

No, I would bear it grimly.

And then, yesterday, who should write to me but Johnny's father himself. This was the letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—I do not wish to interfere unduly in the affairs of the other occupants of these flats, but I feel bound to call your attention to the fact that for many weeks now there has been a flow of water from your bathroom, which has penetrated through the ceiling of my bathroom, particularly after you have been using the room in the mornings. May I therefore beg you to be more careful in future not to splash or spill water on your floor, seeing that it causes inconvenience to the tenants beneath you?

Yours faithfully, JNO. MCANDREW."

You can understand how I felt about this. For months I had been suffering Johnny in silence; yet, at the first little drop of water from above, Johnny's father must break out into violent abuse of me. A fine reward! Well, Johnny's future could look after itself now; anyhow, he was doomed with a selfish father like that.

"DEAR SIR," I answered defiantly,—"Now that we are writing to each other I wish to call your attention to the fact that for many months past there has been a constant flow of one-fingered music from your little boy, which penetrates through the floor of my library and makes all work impossible. May I beg you therefore to see that your child is taught a new tune immediately, seeing that the National Anthem has lost its first freshness for the tenants above him?"

His reply to this came to-day.

"DEAR SIR,—I have no child.
Yours faithfully, JNO. MCANDREW."

I was so staggered that I could only think of one adequate retort.

"DEAR SIR," I wrote,—"I never have a bath."

* * * * *

So that's the end of Johnny, my boy prodigy, for whom I have suffered so long. It is not Johnny but Jno. who struggles with the National Anthem. He will give up music now, for he knows I have the bulge on him; I can flood his bathroom whenever I like. Probably he will learn something quieter—like painting. Anyway, Dr. JOHN BULL's masterpiece will rise no more through the ceiling of the flat below.

On referring to my encyclopædia, I see that, according to some authorities, "God Save the King" is "wrongly attributed" to Dr. BULL. Well, I wrongly attributed it to Johnny. It is easy to make these mistakes.

A. A. M.

WEST HIGHLAND.

WITH stern a-droop, a "dowie chiel,"
I see him lugged at Beauty's heel,
A captive bound on Fashion's wheel,
Down Bond Street's aisle,
Far from his land of cairn and creel
In grey Argyle.

I wonder if in dreams he goes
Afar from streets and kindred woes,
A-rabbiting with eager nose
And strenuous paw
In birch-woods where the west wind blows
By banks of Awe;

And if his slumbers take him back
To trail the mountain-fox's track,
In corries of the shifting wrack
Where one may spy
Old Cruachan's twin Titan stack
Heaved to the sky;

Or, boudoir-bred degenerate,
If ne'er he knew the nobler state,
The birk-clad brae, the roaring spate,
The tod's dark lair,
Too spiritless to girn at Fate
Or greatly care.

And better this, perhaps you'd say,
Than break his heart for yesterday,
Uneasy in the dreams that stray
Where lost trails stretch—
Well, he's my pity either way,
Poor little wretch!

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.

We were discussing London's needs. Each of us was suggesting some long-felt want which most appealed to him or her.

Some had declared that what London chiefly wanted was a tube from Victoria to Chelsea. Someone else said that what it chiefly wanted was a glass roof over Bond Street and the chief shopping area. Someone else said that what it chiefly wanted was perforated pavements to let the rain through at once—and so on.

"What I want," said a pretty girl—so pretty that I almost got up and set about providing her with it—"is a guide to the cinemas. I adore cinemas, but there is no means of knowing what is on unless you go to the place itself. Then very likely it's some stupid long play, with more printed descriptions than deeds and more letters to read than people to see. Now there ought to be a list of all the cinema programmes on sale at the bookstalls, like *The Times* and *Spectator*."

"Wouldn't you have a cinema critic too," someone asked, "like Mr. Walkley, to say how the films amused him, and so on?"

"No, I don't want that," she said. "But I should like information as to how long they were, and if they were American or Italian or French or English, and I should like a star to be put against those which Mr. Redford had not thought splendid."

When it came to my turn I said that London's most crying need was a tailors' clearing-house.

"What on earth is that?" they asked.

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you. All men have tailors, and for the most part they stick to them, because they find them all right, or fear to go further afield to begin all over again. But every now and then it happens, no matter how good the tailor, that a coat is stubborn. It goes on being wrong. Fitting after fitting leaves it even worse than before; and the result is that one either loses one's temper and bangs out of the place and never enters it again, or, not wishing to hurt the tailor's feelings, one accepts defeat and gives the coat away the next day at considerable personal loss. In other words, a time comes when one either cannot, through disgust, bring oneself to visit one's tailor again on that matter, or when one cannot, through sympathy, bring oneself to ask him to do any more. Don't you know that?"

They agreed.

"Very well then. This is where the clearing-house comes in. The tailor there is prepared to tackle such cases as those I have described. He will come to the coat with an open mind and put it right. You can ask him, without any false delicacy, to do so because it is his business. That's what London most needs," I concluded.

"I daresay you're right," said another of the party; "but in my opinion what London most needs is a good restaurant which has pork pie on its bill of fare."



THE MILITANT SCANDAL.

I.—The Sex pays the Penalty.

Algernon (suddenly to his aunt and cousin). "Look here, I hope you both understand that when we get to the Academy I don't know you. I can't be seen there with women after this Sargent business!"

"An extraordinary amount of destruction and annoyance is annually perpetrated by the somewhat unsociable creatures known as wasps."—*Amateur Gardening.*

They are still more annoying when they are sociable.

"Masterman jumped out of the conveyance, which also contained several ladies, and, overtaking the animals, succeeded in turning them into a telegraph pole."

Lincolnshire Echo.

This trick is a favourite one with all good conjurers, but rarely comes in so opportunely. The second part of it—in which the telegraph pole is turned into a couple of rabbits—is rather in the nature of an anti-climax.

The Pall Mall Gazette on John Burns:—

"*Johannes loquitur est; res finite est.* Or so we hope."

We, too, always hoped at school, and then wished afterwards we had looked it up in our Latin Grammar.



THE MILITANT SCANDAL.

II.—THE SKIED ARTIST COMES INTO HIS OWN.

PERFECTION.

(An Up-to-date Romance of Studio Life.)

Spaghetti, the prince of Futurists, stood
And gazed at his work with a thoughtful eye;
"It is good," he murmured, "yet not quite good,"
He had labelled it *Midsummer Eve in a Wood*,
But the gods knew why.

A lady's eyes and a calf-topped boot,
And a ticket (punched) for the Highgate Tube,
He had painted there, with some crimson fruit
And a couple of uptorn elms, each root
A perfect cube.

"It is better than all those beastly Dutch
And the old Italian frauds," he said;
"But the little something that means so much
Still waits;" and he gave an anguished clutch
At his mop-crowned head.

He went to the further side of the room
And flecked the canvas with daubs of mud;
He wiped it down with a housemaid's broom,
And gummed in the middle a jackdaw's plume
And a ha'penny stud.

He put on his motor-bicycling mask,
And prayed to his Muse; and whilst he prayed
(So Heaven is kind to those that ask)
Like a mænad flushed from the wine-god's flask,
Behold, a maid!

Her skirt was draggled, her hair was down,
As though she had walked by woodland tracks
Or come on an omnibus through the town,
And suddenly forth from her loosened gown
She pulled an axe.

And "Thus!" and "Thus!" she observed, and dealt
The painted fantasy blow on blow;
"Thou tyrannous man, thy doom is spelt!"
She gave it another frightful welt,
Then turned to go.

But the master, rolling upon the floor,
Leapt up to his feet like a mountain kid,
And "Swipe it," he said, "sweet maid; once more
Just here where the axe hit not before;"
And swipe she did.

He pressed his bosom, his eyes were wet,
He knelt and fawned at the damsel's feet;
"Be mine," he bellowed, "O Suffragette,
For the noblest work I have painted yet
Is now complete!"

EVOE.

Fair Warning.

"Any wedding, singing party, dance, conserts, dramas, social gatherings, friendly companion, jolly trips, pleasure enjoyments etc. Cannot be performed without at least a Bottle of ——. This is simple in price but gives lasting odours."

Advt. in "United India and Native States."

"Again I was welcomed by my cheery hostess, and once more partook of her simple yet palatable face."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

The next time he kisses her he must try not to tell us about it.



CRESCENDO;

OR, THE TUNE THE OLD COW'S LIKELY TO DIE OF.

The Cow. "STOP! STOP! THIS ISN'T MILKING; IT'S MURDER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—Not since epoch-making night four years ago has House been so densely crowded in anticipation of Budget statement. Amongst most honourable traditions of English public life is absolute secrecy in which Budgets are wrapped till veil is lifted by Chancellor of Exchequer. Somehow it gets known in advance when a particular one will prove to be of exceptional public and personal interest. Thus it was to-night. Hence the crowd that filled every bench on floor, every nook and cranny of the galleries.

Expectation fully realised. Lloyd George, Atlas in miniature, lightly bore on his shoulders weight of biggest Budget ever presented to House of Commons. Total expenditure £210,203,000. Total revenue £210,455,000. Balance in hand, £252,000.

How *Mr. Micawber's* heart would have glowed over this realisation in colossal figures of his cherished principle! You remember his formula to young *Copperfield*: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six; result misery."

Lloyd George, keeping this axiom steadily in view, after dallying with income and expenditure counted by the hundred million, came out triumphant with £252,000 in his pocket.

Spoke for two hours and forty minutes. Avoiding flights of eloquence that were wont to entrance Gladstone's audience on Budget nights, resisting temptation to epigram that beset Mr. Chancellor Lowe, was content with plain business statement. The massive figures dealt with, the millions lightly scattered there and sedulously picked up here, left some passages obscure. Son Austen well advised in reserving criticism till he had opportunity of studying statement set forth in print.



Lloyd Charon (to Plutocratic Shades). "Your fares will cost you more!"



Mr. Chancellor Micawber. "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result, happiness."

A passage in speech followed with breathless interest below Gangway dealt with increase of super-tax. Chancellor set forth how what he called a "£3,500 man" would, in addition to ordinary income-tax, pay 1·7*d.* in the £. Running up the gamut to "a £10,000 man" he mentioned that the affluent citizen would oblige with an additional 8·9*d.*

"I can," he blandly added, "go further if anybody specially wants me."

General expression of sympathy with Houston when he asked what the £100,000 man would be called upon to pay.

"The hon. gentleman," said the Chancellor, with encouraging smile bent on inquirer, "will be let off with an additional 15·3*d.*"

The Member for the Toxteth division of Liverpool didn't seem so pleased with this prospect as might have been expected.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—Lord "Bob" Cecil, whose industry is equalled only by his ingenuousness, posed the Premier with awkward question. Wants to know "whether the Government propose to continue Sir Nevil Macready's appointment as resident magistrate; if so, whether he will be able in that capacity, in case of civil disturbance, to call upon himself as a military officer to give assistance to the civil power?"

Suggests difficulty at first sight appalling. On historic occasion John Bright found himself in analogous quandary. As he then protested in ear of sympathising House: "I cannot turn my back upon myself." True that in the last three years of his political career he achieved the apparently impossible. But exception does not make a rule.

More exact parallel found in case of eldest of *Dr. Blimber's* pupils. *Mr. Toots*, we know, occupied his time at school chiefly in writing long letters to

himself from persons of distinction addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," which with great care he preserved in his desk. Thus, in case of emergency, Sir NEVIL MACREADY, Resident Magistrate, might write to General Sir NEVIL MACREADY in command of troops in Ireland a note something to this effect:

"SIR,—From information received, I expect Ulster will be in a blaze before the end of the week. Please hold yourself in readiness to co-ordinate the action of your troops with that of the Royal Irish Constabulary.—Your obedient Servant, NEVIL MACREADY, Resident Magistrate. To Sir NEVIL MACREADY, General in command of troops in Ireland."

PREMIER tried to explain away the situation. Remembering recreation of *Mr. Toots*, it is not really so bad as LORD "BOB'S" earnest desire for preservation of law and order in Ulster leads him to fear.

Business done.—On motion of PRIME MINISTER new Standing Order dealing with blocking motions carried *nemine contradicente.*

House of Lords, Thursday.—The death of the Duke of ARGYLL leaves the House of Lords poorer by withdrawal of a quiet, gracious presence. I talked with him here a few days before the Easter recess. To-night the MAC-CAILEAN MHOR, on his way to his last resting-place in the Highlands, sleeps amid the stately silence of Westminster Abbey, unawakened by the noiseless footsteps of the ghosts of great men dead. Thus in Plantagenet times the coffined body of the wife of EDWARD I., brought from Lincoln to Westminster, halted by the way, Charing Cross being the last of the nine resting-places of her bier.

A happy marriage which brought him into close kinship with the Sovereign forbade the Duke's taking active part in political life. It gave him fuller opportunity for dallying with his dearly-loved foster-mother, Literature. Endowed with the highest honours birth could give or the Sovereign bestow, he bore them with a modesty that made others momentarily forget their existence. Circumstances precluding his living at Inveraray Castle and keeping up its feudal state, it was characteristic of him that he cheerily homed himself in a cottage some two miles down the loch-side, originally built for a factor. Little by little he enlarged the residence till Dalchenna House became a roomy mansion. Here, in company of a few choice companions, it was his delight to stay during the autumn months. He kept to his study in the morning, engaged in literary work or dealing with his vast correspondence. After luncheon he led his guests forth, usually on foot, to tread the Highland ways he knew since boyhood, when as Marquis of LORNE he presented the picture of manly beauty in Highland dress that to-day adorns the hall of Inveraray Castle.

In later years he built for himself a châlet set amid the pine-trees of the ancient French forest of Hardelot, within sight and sound and scent of the sea. Like Dalchenna this began in a small way. Enamoured with the peace and rest that brooded over the place, he went on year by year enlarging and embellishing it.

According to long-laid plans he was to have spent the Easter recess in his French retreat. Almost at the last moment duty called him elsewhere, and,



"It was hardly a tactful way of trying to convert him to the movement to place a bomb under his throne at St. Paul's."—*The Bishop of LONDON in the Debate on Lord SELBORNE'S Bill for Female Enfranchisement.*

as was his wont, he uncomplainingly obeyed. But he insisted that two old friends, whom he had bidden to keep Easter tryst with him, should not alter their plans. So the châlet, with its dainty appointments and its domestic establishment after the DUKE'S own heart—a French peasant and his wife, who acted as butler and cook—was placed at their disposal, he bestowing infinite pains upon arrangements for their comfort whilst under his roof.

This little episode, the most recent in a busy life, is a typical instance of his unselfishness and untiring thought for others.

A scholar of wide reading, a man of shrewd judgment, and, as his government of Canada disclosed, a statesman of high degree, he might have filled a part in public affairs at least as lofty as that commanded by his distinguished father. Debarred from such career he was content to live up to the highest standard of Christian conduct. If a line of commentary might be added to the inscription on the coffin which to-morrow journeys northward to lie beside those of the ten Dukes of ARGYLL at rest in the burial-place of the Campbells at Kilmun, here it is written in one of the oldest of Books: "He went about doing good."

Business done.—Commons resume debate on Budget.

FLORAL DANGERS.

DEAR, I do not send you flowers,
 Though I notice day by day
That, 'neath Spring's recurring powers,
All the shops are perfect bowers
 With the floral wealth of May;
I could get you quite a heap,
Fresh and reasonably cheap.

Here is many a fragrant rose
 Mingling with the scented pea,
Hyacinths whose odour flows
Fondly to the grateful nose,
 These, and many more, there be;
You should have them like a shot,
But I think you'd better not.

Science 'tis that bids me pause;
 'Tis by her the tale is told
That, by Nature's mystic laws,
Blossoms are a frequent cause
 Of a lady catching cold;
Their aroma, so she says,
Irritates the passages.

Whether this is quite exact
 May be food for questioning;
But, as it's a painful fact
That your membrane is attacked
 Thus about the prime of Spring,
I, who hold your welfare dear,
May not leave it with a sneer.

Wherefore, much though I aspire
 You, and you alone, to please,
I refrain from this desire,
For 'twould set my heart on fire
 If I made my lady wheeze;
I should well-nigh perish if
Aught from me should rouse a sniff.

DUM-DUM.

"In connection with the daily service at St. Enoch's Parish Church, it would be possible to have marriage celebrated at two o'clock on any particular week-day. That meant that in ordinary circumstances it would be possible to have marriage celebrated in St. Enoch's Church at two o'clock on any week day."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

Left to ourselves, we were just arriving at the same conclusion.

"Captain W. M. Turner joined Freeman, and played the best cricket of the day. He bit hard on the off-side."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We always move to the leg side of the field when Captain TURNER comes in.



Mr. Brown. "YES, THIS CIVIL WAR BUSINESS IN IRELAND IS TERRIBLE—TERRIBLE! BUT, GOOD HEAVENS, MARIA, WHY ISN'T THERE ANY ONION SAUCE?"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE DANGEROUS AGE."

WHEN there is a good deal of talk on the stage about a certain character, who however remains "off" throughout the play and gives you no chance to discover for yourself what he is like, then I have an instinctive distrust of him. If his name is as bad as *Cecil* he is practically doomed. *Betty Dunbar*, widow, ran away from her rich sister's house and spent a night in London with such a *Cecil*. *Betty* had arrived at the dangerous age of forty, and was temporarily and ridiculously in love with this young bounder (as I felt him to be) of twenty-two. But the fact that, at the very time when she was thus making a fool of herself in London, her younger son, *Jack*, was falling off a tree and nearly killing himself in the country brought her to her senses. When she returned to the country to find *Jack* at death's door, her love for *Cecil* died and she could only think of him with hatred.

Now I can remember wondering, when I read *The Vicar of Wakefield* at an early and innocent age, why *Dr. Primrose* was so anxious that his daughter *Olivia* should be married to the beast with whom she had eloped, when it would be so much better for her if *Thornhill* left her (as he was willing to do) and she returned unmarried to her father. I am older now, and I know that in the good Vicar's opinion only thus could his daughter's "honour" be "preserved." But the world is also older now, and perhaps the oldest person in it is the woman suffragist—such a one, for instance, as *Betty's* elder sister, *Ethel*, who carried copies of *Votes for Women* about with her when she strolled through the home park. That *Ethel* should share *Dr. Primrose's* ingenuous views on this matter is unbelievable—by me, but not by the author. For she insisted, under threat of cutting off supplies, that *Betty* should marry *Cecil*, and (so to speak) become a lady again. *Betty* wisely refused, which left the way clear for *Sir Egbert Englefield*, and



Distracted Mother (at the top of her voice, outside sick son's room). "He won't die! Tell me he won't die!"

Author of Play. "No, he won't die, because this is a 'happy ending' play, but the noise that goes on outside his room would kill him in ordinary life."

Betty Dunbar . . . . Miss EVA MOORE.
Sir Egbert Englefield . . . . . . Mr. H. V. ESMOND.

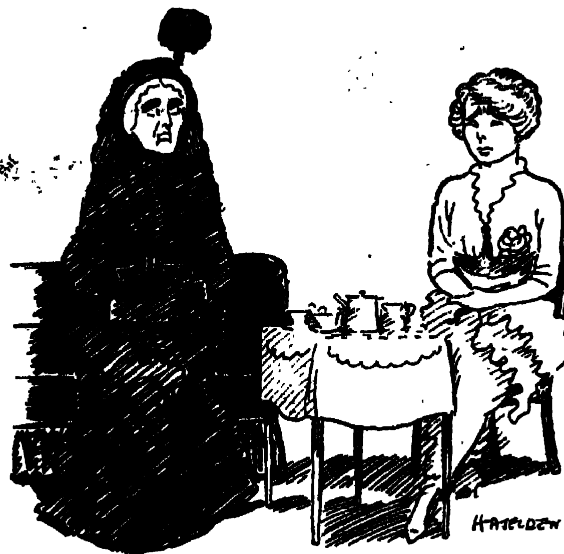
so brought down the curtain. I haven't mentioned *Sir Egbert* before, but he was there or thereabouts all the time, and being in the flesh Mr. H. V. Esmond, author of the play, it was obvious that he would have the pull over any unseen *Cecil* in the final arrangement of partners.

Although *Ethel* appears to be possible, and the other characters mostly conventional, *The Dangerous Age* makes a very charming entertainment at the Vaudeville, a patchwork of humour and pathos ingeniously woven together; of which the humour was as fresh and jolly as anything I have heard on the stage, and the pathos put me in greater danger of being caught "blubbering like a seal" than I have ever been before. It is to Masters Reginald Grasdorff and Roy Royston that I owe my special thanks. Two more delightful boys on the stage cannot be imagined. Indeed I was at least as sorry as *Betty* when *Jack* fell off his tree, for I knew then that I should not see Master Roy again that evening. Fortunately Reginald remained, and acted with great skill a part which suddenly became serious. But I wish Osborne boys on the stage wouldn't wear their uniforms in the holidays when they climb trees. It emphasizes their Osbirth (if I may use the word) at the expense of their boyishness. Miss Eva Moore and Mr. Esmond were excellent, the latter playing a perfect Wyndham part without the Wyndham mannerisms. Mr. Leslie Banks, representing an entirely incredible person, was exactly like somebody I knew; a feat, it seems to me, of some skill. M.

"The Wynmartens."

When a young widow wants to commit a flagrant outrage on the proprieties in order to scandalise a detested mother-in-law, and selects the first likely man for her accomplice, she will probably not be deterred by fear of any damage that may occur to his reputation. When *Lady Wynmarten* engaged the services of *Bill Carington* she had the less compunction because he was only over from India for a week and might rely upon the fresh air of the high seas to repair the damage and displace the breath of scandal. Unfortunately, his very limited time in England had been carefully scheduled for the execution of several important contracts; and when his firm heard of his escapade and found him twenty minutes late for a business appointment, he was briefly booted.

It was at this point that the critics began to think of taking notes on their cuffs about Browning's views on the danger of "playing with souls," but found on reflection that the case was not so serious as that. For we knew all the time (by the splendour of her frocks) that the lady was rich, and we had gathered half-way through that she was prepared to accept *Bill* in marriage and make an honest man of him. Not that their joint adventure had actually achieved immorality. She had simply dined with him, done a play, had supper at the Savoy, gone on to a Covent Garden ball, failed to effect an entrance into her house (having deliberately mislaid her latch-key and cut the bell-wire), and been taken a little before milk-time to her mother-in-law's,



BLACK TRIES TO CHECK WHITE.

Lady Wynmarten .. .. .. Miss Marie Tempest
Dowager Lady Wynmarten Miss Agnes Thomas.

where her appearance had caused the greatest confusion and scandal, which was indeed the ultimate purpose of the scheme. But the fatal devotion of her French maid, who telephoned next morning to all her mistress's friends to say that her bed had not been slept in, and that a dark mystery brooded over her whereabouts, tended to promote a garrulous interest in her conduct.

It was a sad pity that we were not permitted to witness any phase of this adventure. One seemed to be assisting at a farce with the fun left out. I should have greatly enjoyed being present at the moment when her ladyship claimed the hospitality of her mother-in-law's roof. But perhaps this experience would have left me in a frame of mind too frivolous for the right reception of the grave things that were to follow.

Yet the play was mixed of all moods, from gay to earnest, and offered excellent scope for the versatility of Miss Marie Tempest. Mr. Clarence's humour, on the other hand, was not so well served; and there were frequent *longueurs* during the episodes in which the *Dowager Lady Wynmarten* figured. She was meant to be a terror, and had some very vicious things to say; but Miss Agnes Thomas delivered them with superfluously well-bred restraint, and the level tone of her bitter suavity tended to become a little tedious.

Mr. Graham Browne showed a very nice self-repression as the widow's dummy. But he let himself go with his cigarettes which in moments of emotion he threw away with an appalling recklessness after the first two whiffs.

The rest of the cast did ample justice to a play which, if it is Mr. Powell's first, must be commended for its promise. But the next time he writes a Four-Act Comedy he must try and give us more than one Act without any tea in it. O. S.

"MILESTONES."

(*Ladies of the coloured hair school are reported to be painting dragons on their cheeks in place of complexion spots.*)

When the world was very young
And agog with derring-do,
Knights went courting maids who hung
Chained, for dragons' teeth to chew;
Found their lass, and set her free,
Having duly on the spot
Slain the dragon (or, maybe,
Having failed to slay, did not).

Later, when your maid demure,
Long of lash and coy of mien
Seemed a conquest swift and sure,
Fiercer monsters stepped between:
Mrs. Grundies, grey and grim,
Kept Miss Proper closely tied;
Beaus dissolved before the prim
Portly dragon at her side.

Now there dawns a lighter day;
Chaperons are nearly dead;
Undefended lies the way
For your amorous wight to tread,
Yet we still must pay our toll,
We who woo the guarded rose:
Frightful at the very goal
Lurks the dragon *by her nose.*

Modern maidens, if upon
Cheeks that court the curious stare
Voluntarily you don
This insane pictorial wear,
Know your tricks intrigue us not,
Frankly, ladies, they appal;
Out, I say, out, damned spot!
We don't like your cheek at all.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



THE COLLIER PROBLEM. WHICH PICTURE HAS SHE CUT TO RIBBONS!



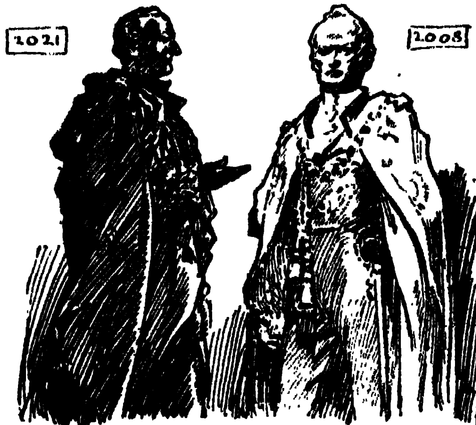
SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ELECTRIC COOKER. THE CHEF EXPLAINS THAT THE CAVIARE HAS BEEN BURNT TO A CINDER.



Cupid. "A ROTTEN STANCE, BUT HERE GOES."



THE JUGGLER'S PET OWL THINKS IT'S ALMOST TIME HE GOT OUT OF THE WAY.



Lord CURZON *to Lord* CURZON. "I'M CURZON OF KEDLESTON. WHICH ARE YOU?"



Little Boy (rather shocked). "OH, PLEASE MISS, YOUR LEG'S SHOWING."



Fond Mother. "COURAGE, MY BOY; IT'LL SOON BE OVER."



Lord Bishop BIRRELL. "AH, DISESTABLISHMENT! SURELY I'VE HEARD THAT WORD SOMEWHERE!"



THE ROSARY—988RD PERFORMANCE.



A SYNOPSIS OF THE SCULPTURE IN THE LECTURE ROOM.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

"IT was here yesterday," I said. "I am quite sure I saw it."

"Saw what?" said the lady of the house.

"A letter," I said, "that required an answer."

"Well," she said, "there are about fifty letters of that kind on your table there. Why don't you answer some of those? You can take your pick of them."

"Those are different," I said. "They've waited a long time, and it won't hurt them to wait a little longer. The one I want came yesterday, and required an immediate answer. I remember it quite distinctly."

"Why not answer it, then, without finding it? I'll dictate to you:—'Dear Sir or Madam, In answer to your obliging letter, I beg to say that I much regret I shall be unable to attend the meeting of the blank committee on the blank of blank, owing to a previous engagement to be present at the meeting of the blank association for the blank blank blank. I enclose herewith my subscription of blank, and remain, with apologies for my delay, yours blankly, etc., etc.' Fire away: you can't go wrong."

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like all those blanks. It's a good model, of course, but it's just a bit too sketchy."

"If you remember the letter so perfectly you can fill in the blanks as you go along."

"I didn't say I remembered it so perfectly as all that. I remember getting it. I remember it was marked 'Urgent and confidential' or 'Private and immediate,' or something of that kind, and I remember putting it down on this writing-table and making up my mind to answer it at once, but I don't remember who it was from."

"*Whom* it was from."

"Amiable pedant! I don't remember who my importunate correspondent was, or what address he or she wrote from, or what it was about. It was one of those letters that produce a general sense of discomfort, the sort you want to forget but can't."

"Oh, but *you* can. I never heard of anything so completely forgotten as this unfortunate letter."

"Really," I said, "you drive me to despair. Can't you see that a man may remember the *existence* of a letter without remembering all its petty details? For instance, I know there's a Sultan of Morocco, but I don't know what he's like, or what his name is, or how he's dressed, or what his exact colour is. Still, there he is, you know."

"Where?"

"Oh, I don't know. Morocco, I suppose, would find him."

"Then all you've got to do is to write him a respectful letter, saying that you can't accept his Majesty's kind invitation to the small and early dance at the Palace."

"I am not," I said, "in a humour for frivolity. I want to write a letter."

"And I," she said proudly, "am doing my best to help you."

"I put it down on this writing-table, and one of you has moved it. Possibly it looked untidy, and one of you has tidied it—you yourself, for choice. In that case I shall never, never find it. To think that there is some one in the world who is eagerly expecting a letter from me, who is watching for the postman as he comes on his rounds, who is constantly disappointed, who lapses finally into a sullen acquiescence, who considers me unbusinesslike—and all because you saw a letter which didn't please you, and so you tidied it away. After all, it's my writing-table, and in future I won't have anyone at it except myself."

"Don't be harsh," she said. "How do you know any of us have been at what you call your table?"

"How do I know?" I said bitterly. "Look at these neat little packets of papers all put carefully one on top of the other. Look at my pens, look at my bills, look at my cheque-book, look at my notepaper and envelopes—I mean, don't look at them, because if you did you wouldn't see them. They're tucked away out of sight, and all that is left to me is a blotting pad, on which you have done several interesting money addition sums, and Peggy has drawn four Red Indians in crayons, and Helen has tentatively written in ink the words 'alright' and 'allright.' Oh yes, some of you have invaded my private domain and sat at my table, and have first scattered and then re-asserted my papers."

At this moment John entered the room, came and stood beside me, and abstracted from the table a pencil and a sheet of foolscap.

"There," I said, "you can see the result of your dreadful example. Even this innocent child has learnt to pilfer my writing materials."

"John," said his mother, "would you like to search your father?"

"What's 'search'?" said John.

"Feel in his coat pockets and see if you can find a letter."

John was quite willing. He inserted a pudgy hand into one pocket after another, and finally extracted a rather crumpled letter.

"Hurrah!" I said. "He's got it."

"What is it?" she said.

"It is a courteous communication from Messrs. Wilfer and Wontner, highly commending the virtues of their renowned Hygeia tabloids, two to be taken daily after dinner."

"It's the most private and urgent letter I ever heard of. And now, I suppose, you'll withdraw your most unjust decree against our using the writing-table."

"Not at all," I said; "I make it stricter than ever. If you hadn't used my table I should have looked in my coat pocket and found the letter long ago."

"Anyhow," she said, "it's a comfort to think you won't have to write to the Sultan of Morocco." R. C. L.

THE LORD OF THE LEVIATHANS.

THERE harbours somewhere in our midst to-day
A visionary whom I long to meet;
He shuns publicity, and yet his sway
Is felt in many a teeming London street,
From staid Stoke Newington to sylvan Sheen,
From gay Mile End to high-browed Golder's Green.

'Tis he who planned the routes for motor-bi,
Who set them in the way that they should go,
That Maida Vale might wot of Peckham Rye,
That Walham Green might fraternise with Bow—
For him a Norwood bus stormed Notting Hill;
'Erb at the helm, Augustus at the till.

"Tooting is fair," he mused, "but what of Kew?
Shall Cricklewood and Balham be forgot?"
Mindful of regions Barking never knew,
He linked them up with that idyllic spot,
And then, his wild imaginings to crown,
He ran a bus from Barnes to Camden Town.

Dreamer of dreams! above the city's strife
I picture him, in some lone eyrie pent,
What time the crash and roar of London's life
Drone deep-mouthed up in sullen music blent,
And, hearkening, he weaves with lonely glee
A wondrous web of bus-routes yet to be.



Farmer's Wife (to visitor). "NOW, JOHNNY, WILL YOU GO AND COLLECT THE EGGS, AND DON'T TAKE THE CHINA ONES. I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE FOR?"

Johnny. "OH, YES; THEY'RE FOR A PATTERN TO SHOW 'EM HOW TO MAKE THE OTHERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BERESFORD is most warmly to be congratulated upon his new book, *The House in Demetrius Road* (HEINEMANN). Mr. BERESFORD'S work has had from the first remarkable qualities that place him beyond question amongst the first half-dozen of the younger English novelists; but never before, I think, have his talents had a subject so exactly suited to their best display. It would be difficult to praise too highly the grim and relentless effect of the author's treatment of his subject. *Robin Gregg* is a drunkard, and everyone about him—his secretary, his sister-in-law, his little girl—is caught into the dingy cloud of his vice. The house also is caught; and very fine indeed is the way in which Mr. BERESFORD has presented his atmosphere—the rooms, the dirty strip of garden, the shabby suburb, the London rain—but beyond all these things is the central figure of *Gregg* himself. Here is a character entirely new to English fiction—a man who in spite of his degradation has his brilliance, his humour and, above all, his mystery. It is in this implication that, at the very heart of the man, there are fine things too degraded and degraded things too fine for any human record of them to be possible that the exceptional merit of Mr. BERESFORD'S work lies. In his desire to avoid any possible cheapness or weak indulgence he misses, perhaps, some effects of colour and pathos that might, a little, have heightened the contrasts of his study; and I do not feel that the woman is as vivid as she should be. These things, however, affect very slightly a story that its author may indeed be proud to have written.

Penelope was the heroine. She was in what are called reduced circumstances, and was moreover encumbered by sisters who were not quite all that could have been wished in the way of niceness. One day *Penelope*, looking through an iron gate, saw a beautiful garden, full of flowers; and the master of the garden, himself unseen, saw *Penelope*, and loved her. So she accepted the invitation of his voice and went into the garden and found that the master was a young man so disfigured by a recent accident that he had to wear blue spectacles and a shade. However, he loved her and she didn't mind him, so that after a time they became engaged, which was pleasant enough for *Penelope*, who had henceforth the run of the garden and leave to take home roses and things to the not-nice sisters. Do you want to be told how presently these began to tempt *Penelope*, urging her to insist that her lover should unmask, and what happened when she yielded? Or have you seen already that the story here called *A Garden of the Gods* (ALSTON RIVERS) is just a modern version of one that we all used to be told in the nursery? Moreover, Beauty and the Beast had been used once at least in this fashion before Miss EDITH M. KEATE happened on the idea. But that does not make the present any the less an amiable, quietly entertaining story, if a little obvious. The characters have never anything but a very distant resemblance to life; and their speech is for the most part that of a lady novelist's

creations rather than of human beings. But those who demand "a good tale," with beauty properly distressed till the last page, and there beatified with the knowledge that "the darkness that surrounded her was scattered for ever," will find some highly agreeable pasturage in *A Garden of the Gods*.

The Modern Chesterfield (HURST AND BLACKETT) is a book that I enjoyed only after overcoming a considerable and partially-justified prejudice. In the first place, I generally dislike stories told in epistolary form; in the second, I almost always detest books that their publishers advertise by selected "smart sayings." But I must honestly admit that *The Modern Chesterfield* conquered me—chiefly, I think, by its good-nature. The writer of these very up-to-date paternal admonitions is supposed to be one *Sir Benjamin Budgen, Bart*, "of Budgen House, Fleet Street, E.C. and Cedar Court, Twickenham, Middlesex." The addresses tell you what to expect—a satire on the methods of popular journalism. This in fact is what you get; but the satire is so neat (and withal so genial) and Mr. MAX RITTENBERG has so happy a knack of conveying character in a few lines that you are simply bound to enjoy reading him. One other facility he has that deserves the highest praise: he tells his story, in letters that emanate from one side only, without wearisome repetition. There is, I mean, hardly any of that "You say in your last that—and ask me whether—etc.," which in similar volumes always bores me to ill-temper by its unlikeness to the letter-writing customs of real life. An explanatory line or two at the head of each epistle puts you in possession of the facts—that *Norman*, the son to whom they are written, has left Cambridge, is proving unsatisfactory, has married an Earl's daughter, and so on. That known, the letters tell their own tale. They reveal the writer too (I refer to *Sir Benjamin*): shrewd, clear-headed, vulgar and of bull-dog courage. The disasters that overwhelm him in the end do not leave his readers unmoved; bankrupt and beaten he goes down fighting, with the final characteristic wire, in response to a suggestion of compromise by his chief enemy, "Surrender be damned." A little book to enjoy.



Jovial Person (to sweep). 'HULLO, CHAWLIE ME BOY. GLAD TER SEE YER LOOKIN' SO WELL."

The village priest of Clogher, as depicted in two colours on the paper wrapper of *Father O'Flynn* (HUTCHINSON), is a man of plethoric habit and sanguine countenance engaged in brandishing a large horsewhip. The book is dedicated by Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE to Sir E. CARSON and Mr. REDMOND, and in a short preface he says: "The Irish Roman Catholic priest is the main factor in present-day Irish affairs. I have attempted to catch him at his best in the butterfly net of this trivial story. I am anxious not to do Mr. STACPOOLE an injustice, but I do feel that (as an entomologist) he gets easily tired. In the 250 pages of *Father O'Flynn* there is a good deal of very tolerable Irish "atmosphere;" a very tepid love affair between *Miss Eileen Pope* and a gentleman from England "over for the hunting;" a lot about old *Mr. Pope*—a moody maniac who owned an illicit still at Clon Beg House, incurred the enmity of the United Patriots, was in the habit of keeping followers away from his beautiful step-daughter with a duck-gun, and finally (after locking up his brother who came to recover a debt) set fire to his own mansion—but practically nothing at all about the reverend gentleman outside. Beyond a few conversations with the "boys" and some rescue work at the end, *Father O'Flynn* scarcely comes into the plot. There is humour in the book and some good description in patches, but towards understanding the Irish priest it will probably assist Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. JOHN REDMOND very little more than it will assist a settlement of the problems of Ulster. However, it may give them an agreeable hour or so in a railway train, and the announcement (also made on the cover) that it is "an entirely new novel, now published for the first time," may call their attention to the value, in art as well as politics, of emphatic tautology.

I could wish that *The Escape of Mr. Trimm, His Plight and Other Plights* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had been one continuous whole, instead of a number of separate items, for though Mr. IRVIN S. COBB tells a tale well he has not such a genius for the short story that he needs must express himself through that medium. Moreover, the people of his imagination are too interesting to be readily parted with; I should, for instance, have liked to see how that gentleman convict, *Mr. Trimm*, fared when, after his odd vicissitudes, he was restored to the clutches of the Law and was set on to do his time with the worst of them. There was plenty of criminal company available, for Mr. COBB makes some speciality of perpetrators of dark deeds, and I feel that all the characters and events of the subsequent stories could, with a little ingenuity, have been worked into the one plot with our fraudulent financier as the centrepiece. That wrong-headed but chivalrous relic of the Southern Confederacy, *Major Putnam Stone*, would fit in as the virtuous or comic relief, his inborn lust for battle and his chance employment as a newspaper reporter being just the things to combat these felonious activities. There is certainly a lack of lovable women in the book, yet I have always been led to suppose that the U.S.A., the *locus in quo*, overflows with feminine charm, and our author is obviously man enough to appreciate and reproduce it for us. However, even a critic must take things as they are, and it is a collection of short stories that I have to complain about. My complaint, then, reduces itself to this, that in the case of each of them I regret their shortness.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (to shade of PITT). "Peace hath her income-tax no less renowned than War."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is comforting to know that we need not yet despair of human nature. Even the most abandoned politician may have one redeeming quality. For example, *The Express* tells us that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a reader of *The Express*.

It is reported to be the intention of General BOTHA to visit this country in June or July, and the Labour Party here are said to be already taking steps with a view to having him deported as an undesirable.

If Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN has been correctly reported he is even more of a reactionary than most of his opponents imagined. In the course of the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill he is said to have delivered himself as follows:—"Drunkenness is diminishing, and I say Thank God; long may it continue." The pious ejaculation would seem to be an expression of gratitude for the joys of inebriety.

"Does the nightingale really boycott the land of Llewelyn and Mr. Lloyd George — and why?" asks an anxious inquirer in a contemporary. If it is so we suspect the reason is a fear on the part of the bird that the CHANCELLOR may get to know of the rich quality of his notes and tax him out of existence.

Mr. GEORGE STOREY has been elected a Royal Academician. This will surprise no one. Burlington House has always favoured the Storey picture. And as regards MR. H. S. TUKE, who was promoted at the same time, his serial tale, "Three Boys and a Boat," has now been running for quite a number of years.

"English," says Mr. BALFOUR, "is abominably difficult." But Erse is worse.

Despatched at Teddington twenty-three years ago a postcard has just been delivered at Walton-on-Thames. The postal authorities trust that the publication of this fact will induce people to exercise a little patience when they do not receive correspondence which they expect, instead of at once jumping to the conclusion that it has been lost.

As a consequence of recent outrages at the Royal Academy the Council is reported to be testing "unbreakable glass." No doubt the Indestructible Paint Company is also circularising artists.

A man walking across St. Paul's Churchyard gave a remarkable exhibition of presence of mind one day last week. He was knocked down under a motor-omnibus, but managed so to arrange himself that the wheels passed clear of him. Cinema operators will be obliged if he will give them due notice of any intention to repeat the turn.



THE NEW DRESS.

Going along Oxford Street, are you? I should love to come with you, but it would be a little hard on Bond Street. You see, I haven't shown it to Bond Street yet."

"The London General Omnibus Company advertises itself, so why shouldn't we?" said the L.C.C. Tramways—so they had a nice little collision on the Embankment last week.

At the second annual celebration of "Mothers' Day" at the London Central Y.M.C.A., an eloquent address was delivered by the secretary of the association, Mr. VIRGO. The thought that, in spite of his name, this gentleman, try as he might, could never become a mother is said to have raised a lump in the throat of many a member of the audience.

We are glad to hear that "Hospital Egg Week" has been a success. We find it difficult, however, to believe one account, which states that sufficient new-laid eggs have been contributed to last the whole year.

"If Adam had lived till now," says Mr. SNOWDEN, "and had worked hard at honest labour the whole time, and had been a thrifty man withal, he would not have had an income like some of those enjoyed to-day." Mr. SNOWDEN is apparently presuming that ADAM's wife would have lived as long as her husband.

At his examination in bankruptcy a Clacton monumental mason attributed his failure to the healthfulness of the neighbourhood. Suggested motto for Clacton funeral artists: "*Si monumentum requiris*—go elsewhere."

Among probable forthcoming improvements at the Zoological Gardens is the provision of a band on Sunday. But one great difficulty, we imagine, will be to persuade the laughing hyena and certain other rowdy animals not to take part in the performances.

The didactic drama is with us again, and this time we are to be taught to feel affection for the unpopular. *Love Cheats* is the hortatory title of a play to be produced by Miss HORNIMAN's company next month.

Mr. MARGAM JONES has written a volume entitled *Angels in Wales*. Nonconformists, we presume.

"BAD LANGUAGE.

FROM SIR HERBERT TREE.

To the Editor of *The Daily Mail*."

We hope the Editor replied suitably.

"WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF"—NINETEEN-SIX?

[*Thoughts on "a Bill for the Better* (sic) *Government of Ireland."*]

THERE was an Isle all green and fair
Where milk and whisky used to flow,
Where, thanks to lavish legislators,
The pious cult of pigs and taters
Filled with content the balmy air—
Eight little years ago!

Distressful she had been, a land
Of kine curtailed and burning ricks,
Until we others oped our purses
To rectify her feudal curses
And freed the soil with generous hand—
Prior to nineteen-six.

Though still the casual moonlight raid
Occurred at seasons, just for joy,
New brands of owners, fat and thriving,
Had lost their use for cattle-driving,
And agitation's artful aid
Pined for its old employ.

Then came the Liberals in and eyed
This land where Peace had poised her wings;
And "O!" said they, "how sad a smutch on
Our clean United Kingdom's 'scutcheon!
It is our duty to provide
A Better State of Things."

Eight years ago! And now we see
The dogs of war about to bay;
The Bill for Ruling Ireland Better
(Strangely enough) has so upset her
That pretty soon there ought to be
The DEVLIN's self to pay.

So, when the general atmosphere
Becomes opaque with flying bricks,
And those who ran the Home Rule movement
Bid me applaud this marked improvement,
From pure politeness I shall fear
To speak of nineteen-six. O. S.

BUSINESSFRIENDSHIP.

HAVE you heard from —— this year? Mine came last night. Of course (to keep it among ourselves) I am not going to say who —— is beyond mentioning (for the purpose of handy reference) that he appears to have been christened Josef and that the capital from which he writes (or alleges that he writes) is associable with a high standard of musical comedy. His communication is very much underlined, very profuse of the mark of exclamation in quite unnecessary places (until, indeed, the sign begins to assume an absolutely satirical value), and very ornate with little amputated hands, all pointing out the short cut to illimitable wealth. Now you understand.

The envelope was addressed, as Josef himself assures me that his future communications will be, "in the most discreet manner," and yet . . .

"Put it into the waste-paper basket, my dear," I said to Philippa, who had brought it in with some curiosity. "We need not open it. It is only Josef offering us another fortune." Need I say that she at once opened it?

My address, according to Josef, had been given to him "by a mutual businessfriend." This threw me into a contemplation. Who could it be? Spraggs had certainly toured the capitals of Central Europe last autumn, but he never mentioned Josef on his return. Harris? Well, one would scarcely call Harris a *business*friend. Filmer? No, Filmer is too selfish, I fear, to do me so good a turn. Ah, of course! Kelly, dear old burly rubicund Kelly, with his unfailing memory for an address and his delightfully abbreviated style. And he goes everywhere too: the very man. I can almost hear him saying it: "Then there's Johnson, my staunch old businessfriend Johnson, whom I can trace right back as far as my impressions of 1912; mustn't leave him out. I think I can—yes, I have it: John Fdk. Johnson, 72, Chestnut Av., Mayfield Pk., S.W. You're got that?" Josef has it.

Josef, it appears, possesses a few tickets, and I gather that for some reason he does not require all of them himself. Naturally he turns to the friend of our mutual businessfriend. Will I participate in the distribution of "many, many million within five months?" The first prize is one—but perhaps I had better express it as Josef loves to do. The first prize is . . .

☞ One Million crs. ☜

The chance, he goes on to say, is "without any risk worth mentioning." Still, he does mention it. He mentions it quite explicitly so that there shall be no mistake. The risk is as follows:—

1/4 Ticket sh 8/6.
1/2 Ticket sh 17/.
1/1 Ticket sh 34/.

"All tickets forwarded (paid for) belong to the customer," I am assured, "from the moment of dispatch and play, of course, on his account."

I fancy I see what Josef means, but I don't think that the expression, "play, of course, on his account," is altogether well chosen. I think it might have been phrased more felicitously.

You will not be surprised to know that Josef's interest, stimulated by our mutual businessfriend, goes beyond my mere personality. He reminds me—Philippa is quite affected by this—that there are others. "The astonishing advantages . . . must induce to serious consideration anyone who is looking after his own welfare, and that of those near and dear to him as well." Yet Josef can be almost stern when there is occasion, and he tersely warns me that it is a chance which "probably never will be offered to you ain!" Ah, well.

I suppose that I shall give a miss as usual. It isn't that I doubt a single word of Josef's splendid optimism on my behalf. It isn't that I really mind the always, to me, inexplicable fact that every second ticket is guaranteed to draw a prize, while the *lowest* prize is double the amount charged for the ticket. It isn't (altogether) that I distrust Philippa's rosy presentiment. I think it is the concluding paragraph that settles it. I read:—

Will you become
A Millionaire?
Fill out this Order-Form and send it to me by return of post with the necessary remittance!

That last and entirely superfluous note of exclamation seems only to be adequately vocalised as a chuckle. And as I listen it does not seem to be myself that is laughing.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is already using his influence with the new WAR MINISTER. In the Army Orders for March, 1914, we read:—

Paragraph 155, line 4. *"For '4d.' substitute '8d.'"*



THE CONCERT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE MEDIATORS. "PARDON, MADAM, BUT YOU HAVE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE OF THIS KIND OF THING. HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

EUROPA. "OH, WE JUST TALK AND TALK—AND THEN TALK!"



First Player (encouragingly). "Bad luck! Well tried!" *Second Player (petulantly).* "I didn't try for anything."

THE PIERCING OF THE VEIL.

"I think," says Dr. Lynch in *The Daily Chronicle*, "that a man leaves some trace of himself in every sentence that he writes. What then of works so extensive as Shakspeare's? Certainly we should see him through and through if we only knew how to look."

We do know how to look, and we have done so with results that can hardly fail to astonish the reader. It has long been known, for instance, that Shakspeare was a good man of business, but until our researches no one had realised quite how good. His theatre had to pay, and he knew as well as any modern manager how to make it do so. That he realised, for instance, the attractions of American dance tunes is evident from his reference to "rags to split the ears of the groundlings" (*Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 2).

Apart from his business Shakspeare had private ambitions. We all know that he applied for a grant of arms, but few are aware that he also stood for Parliament, and, like many another, regretted the expense after it was incurred. "Almost all," he says feelingly, "repent in their election" (*Coriolanus*, Act II., Scene 3). His exact political views are still uncertain, but, at any rate, we may be sure that he disapproved of the Lords, for he boldly announced the fact in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V., Scene 4, where he says, "One house, one mutual happiness."

But these are serious matters. What of his hours of ease? That he golfed there can now be no manner of doubt. In *The Tempest*, Act IV., Scene 1, he refers to the "short grassed green," and in *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2, he earns our respect by the simple statement, "I went round," without any tedious details. Possible the "thousand marks in links" in the first part of *Henry IV.*, Act III., Scene 3, explains this reticence, but, at any rate, he occasionally found one whom he fancied he could beat; witness his remark in *Twelfth Night*, Act II., Scene 3, "Sir Toby, I must be round with you."

And, golf over, he liked his pipe and his glass. The "smoke and lukewarm water" mentioned in *Timon of Athens*, Act III., Scene 6, only needs the addition of a dash of whisky to make an evening any of us might enjoy; and his words in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act I., Scene 2, "We bring forth weeds when our quick minds are still," will find an echo in many a chest. In this connection it might be noted that he took an occasional holiday in France. That at least seems a reasonable assumption when so keen a smoker cries, as he does in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 1, "I have another bad match."

A VAGRANT.

The humble bee
No skep has he,
No twisted, straw-thatched dome,
A ferny crest
Provides his nest,
The mowing-grass his home.

The crook-beaked shrike
His back may spike
And pierce him with a thorn;
The humble bee
A tramp is he
And there is none to mourn.

O'er bank and brook,
In wooded nook,
He wanders at his whim,
Lives as he can,
Owes naught to man,
And man owes naught to him.

No hive receives
The sweets he gives,
No flowers for him are sown,
Yet wild and gay
He hums his way,
A nomad on his own.

THE SUFFERER.

Having engaged a sleeping-berth I naturally hurried, coin in hand, to the conductor, as all wise travellers do (usually to their discomfiture), to see if I could be accommodated with a compartment to myself and be guaranteed against invasion.

The carriage was full.

I then sought my compartment, to learn the worst as to my position, whether above or below the necessarily offensive person who was to be my companion.

He was already there, and we exchanged the hard implacable glare that is reserved among the English for the other fellow in a wagon-lit compartment.

When I discovered that to him had fallen the dreaded upper berth I relaxed a little, and later we were full of courtesies to each other—renunciations of hat-pegs, racks and so forth, and charming mutual concessions as to the light, which I controlled from below—so that by morning we were so friendly that he deemed me a fit recipient of his Great Paris Grievance.

This grievance, which he considered that everyone should know about, bears upon the prevalence of spurious coins in the so-called Gay City and the tendency of Parisians to work them off on foreigners. As he says, a more inhospitable course one cannot conceive. Foreigners in Paris should be treated as guests, and just now, with all this Entente talk, the English especially. But no. It is the English who are the first victims of the possessor of obsolete francs, two-franc and five-franc pieces guiltless of their country's silver and ten-franc pieces into whose composition no gold has entered.

He had been in Paris but an hour or so when—but let me tell the story as my travelling companion told it to me.

"I don't know what your experience in Paris has been," he said, "but I have been victimised right and left."

He was now getting up while I lay at comparative ease in my berth and watched his difficulties in the congested room and thought what horrid vests he wore.

"I had been in Paris but a few hours," he continued, "when it was necessary to pay a cabman. I handed him a franc. He examined it, laughed and returned it. I handed him another. He went through the same performance. Having found some good money to get rid of him, I sat down outside a café to try and remember where I had received the change in which these useless coins had been inserted. During a week in Paris much of my time was spent in that way."

He sighed and drew on his trousers. His braces were red.

"I showed the bad francs to a waiter," he went on, "and he, like the cabman, laughed. In fact, next to an undressed woman, there is no stroke of wit so certain of Parisian mirth as a bad coin. The first thought of everyone to whom I showed my collection was to be amused." His face blackened with rage. "This cheerful callousness in a matter involving a total want of principle and straight-dealing as between man and man," he said, "denotes to what a point of cynicism the Parisians have attained."



"Curfew *shall not* ring to-night."

I agreed with him.

"The waiter," he continued, "went through my money and pointed out what was good and what either bad or out of currency. He called other waiters to enjoy the joke. It seemed that in about four hours I had acquired three bad francs, one bad two-franc piece and two bad five-franc pieces. I put them away in another pocket and got fresh change from him, which, as I subsequently discovered, contained one obsolete five-franc piece and two discredited francs. And so it went on. I was a continual target for them."

Here he began to wash, and the story was interrupted.

When he re-emerged I asked him why he didn't always examine his change.

"It's very difficult to remember to do so," he said, "and, besides, I am not an expert. Anyway, it got worse and worse, and when a bad gold piece came along I realised that I must do something; so I wrote to the Chief of the Police."

"In French?" I asked.

"No, in English—the language of honesty. I told him my own experiences. I said that other English people whom I had met had testified to similar trouble; and I put it to him that as a matter of civic pride—*esprit de pays*—he should do his utmost to cleanse Paris of this evil. I added that in my opinion the waiters were the worst offenders."

"Have you had a reply?" I asked.

"Not yet," he said, and having completed his toilet he made room for me.

I thought about him a good deal and sympathised not a little, for he seemed a good sort of fellow and might possibly have had his calculations as to expenditure considerably upset by his adventures. It certainly was a shame!

Later, meeting him in the restaurant-car I asked him to show me his store of bad money. I wanted to see for myself what these coins were like.

"I haven't got them," he said.

"You sent them to the Chief of the Police with your letter, I suppose?" I said.

"No, I didn't," he replied. "The fact is—well—as a matter of fact I managed to work them all off again."

"At the beginning of the season good bowling performances are not unusual—batsmen get themselves out so easily—but Barratt's bowling yesterday was better than his figures . . . Five times yesterday he broke right across the wicket from leg, but none of those magnificent balls got wickets, perhaps because it was too early in the season."—*Times.*

The beginning of the season seems rather a tricky time.

"Death of Collar: Cobham Stud's severe loss."—*Yorkshire Post.*

The converse of this accident occurred to us the other day, when our Whitefriars collar lost its stud.

"Richard I. . . . at once began to prepare the third crusade. In 1190 he started, and reached Acre in June, 1911."

"Everyman" Encyclopædia.

Thus missing King George Vth's Coronation.

VANDALISM.

THE new proposals with regard to the water supply of the City of Glasgow are causing, we are not surprised to learn, the utmost fury and consternation throughout Scotland. Criticism has concentrated especially upon two points: the imminent risk of submerging ROBERT THE BRUCE's Stone and, of course, the danger of tampering in however slight a degree with the birthplace of ROB ROY. The passive resistance movement has already assumed such proportions that one enterprising publisher feels justified in announcing a new cheap edition of the "Waverley Novels," illustrated from local photographs.

There is, of course, another side to the question. As far as the stone goes it is contended:—

(1) That no one knows why it should have belonged to ROBERT THE BRUCE, where he got it or what he did with it when he had it.

(2) That the fact of its being under water would not impair its value in any way and at the same time would give an historical flavour to every glass of mitigated whisky thereafter drunk in the City of Glasgow.

(3) That it could very easily be shifted a bit up the hill if it is desired to keep it dry, and a small permanent umbrella erected over it.

With regard to ROB ROY's birthplace the contention is that it is practically impossible to construct a new reservoir in these days anywhere north of the Tweed which will not interfere in some way with one or other of the places where ROB ROY was born.



Customer. "THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL CHOP, WAITER, THE BEST YOU'VE EVER——"
Waiter. "YES, AN' I WON'T 'ARF COP NOTHING. THAT WAS THE BOSS'S CHOP WHAT I'VE GIV YOU IN MISTAKE."

It is not only Scotchmen, however, who have been touched to the quick by this irreverent and thoughtless proposal. The whole literary profession is up in arms. A memorial is being prepared to be presented to the PRIME MINISTER, under the heading, "Hands off ROB ROY!" *Mr. Punch* himself has not been idle in the matter. He has spent the last week in eliciting the opinions of some of our leading writers on this vital question.

Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN (in a charming, if rather discursive, letter of 32,000 words) demands legislation. "Who knows," he asks, "to what lengths this modern craze for water supplies may go? It is even possible that, within a century, attempts may be made to submerge that delightful little cottage in the county of Essex where Ghost met Ghost."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, interviewed on his doorstep, derided the action of the Glasgow Corporation. No amount of water, he told our representative, could have the least effect in making our modern cities less beastly than they were. For his part, however, he was taking no risks. He had that morning arranged for the erection of a spiked iron fence twenty feet high round the (supposed) birthplace of *Eliza Doolittle*.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes:—"I have every sympathy with the widespread indignation of my fellow-authors, but personally I am not very closely concerned. My position is secure: no one is likely to tamper with the Five Towns in an attempt to improve their washing facilities."

"Might I suggest to the learned pundits of the House of Lords, if it is not too late," writes Mrs. FLORENCE BARCLAY, "that a writer who, in his day, enjoyed such a circulation as that of Sir WALTER SCOTT—this is, of course, fundamentally a question of circulation —is not to be treated in this cavalier fashion? For oneself, whatever fate may be in store for the precious local associations of one's past work, it is fortunately possible to make the future secure. I am laying the scene of my new romance, of which the fifth chapter is almost completed, on the top of an inaccessible hill."

Mr. H. G. WELLS points out that there is no particular need in his case to take action. He hopes that by the day when the conditions in time and space of his latest novel come into being every household in the country will be supplied with its own water by a process of filtered absorption from the atmosphere.

It is anticipated that something definite will be done by the special committee of the Authors Society which has been appointed with the view of extending the law of copyright so as to secure the author's undoubted property in his local associations.

BILLET DOUX.

MONDAY'S breakfast is never a jovial affair. One always has the feeling that something dreadful has happened or is going to happen. Thus, three days ago I had with a light heart handed over my practice to a locum and my books to an accountant, telling the one to look up my bad patients and the other to look up my bad debts, while I went away to end the week with the Wrefords. Twelve hours ago it had seemed that I should never know such happiness in this world again as I had found with them, and here we all were on Monday morning with everything changed, Mrs. Wreford sulking in bed and Wreford displaying a polite but firm hatred of me and all the world. In this case my feeling was that something dreadful *was* happening.

"Mornin', Wreford," said I, as I took my place at table.

"Mornin', Everall," he grunted, barely looking up from his letters, and that seemed to end the dialogue. When, however, one's host is also one's most valuable patient, there is call for a special effort. He had all the correspondence, I had none; in an emergency this suggested itself as a matter of comment.

"To me," I said chattily, "things seem to be just as badly managed at the Post Office as they were in SAMUEL's time."

"Was there a post office in those days?" he asked, without noticeable enthusiasm.

"*The* SAMUEL; HERBERT," I explained, and that again seemed to end it.

After a pause, "However," I said kindly, "you enjoy your letters and I will find what consolation and company I can in a poached egg."

"Enjoy?" asked Wreford. "But you are being sarcastic, no doubt."

"Only panel doctors can afford to be that," I murmured.

Wreford's first letter appeared to pain him, and he looked at me sternly, as if the evils of this life were all my fault. Then he unbent a little.

"Tell me, Everall," said he, "have you enjoyed your little visit to us?"

The question took me by surprise but it was, at any rate, one to be answered in the affirmative.

"And you are proportionately grateful?" he pursued.

I protested, somewhat lamely, that I most certainly was.

"Gratitude, it seems," said he, "may express itself in the most odd manner."

"Mine," I replied stiffly, "will express itself in the customary letter."

"What, another?" he asked, adding, after a pause, "Do you refer to the note which your solicitors will write me forthwith and charge me three-and-sixpence for?"

I thought deeply but was baffled. "It is full early in the morning for the cryptic and abstruse," I said.

Wreford sighed as he slowly folded up his letter and put it in its envelope. "It is the one moment in the week," he explained, "when the very worst must be expected."

I begged him to elucidate the position.

"Suppose," said he, "you had invited a man to stay with you for the week-end, had motored him down from town on the Friday night and given him dinner and a nice big bed, and on Saturday more meals and more bed, and on Sunday still more meals and still more bed, and on the Monday morning a nice yellow-and-white poached egg all to himself."

"I quite appreciate all that," said I.

"And suppose, while he was still sitting at your table and working his way through the bit of toast where the egg once sat, you received a letter from him."

"A letter from me?" I cried.

"You said your thanks would be expressed in a letter, but the promptitude of it has surprised even yourself, hasn't it? I should have received it yesterday, but that there is no Sunday post, happily."

"You remember I said I was very grateful," said I, still not understanding.

"And I said that gratitude had a queer way of expressing itself sometimes," said he, handing over the letter at last. "Read it aloud," he added; "I find the style original."

"Harley Street, W. 25th April, 1914," I read. "Thomas Wreford, Esquire, debtor to John Everall. For professional services, 1912 to 1913, thirty-eight guineas."

"Go on," he said. "The postscript is where your gratitude becomes the most exuberant."

"Your attention will oblige," I finished.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked with a smile.

"I prefer not to," said I, also smiling tentatively.

There was a silence. "However," said Wreford eventually, "let us say no more about it." At this my smile became firmer and more expansive. "Let us agree," he said significantly, "to let bygones be bygones."

My smile died out suddenly, as smiles do on a Monday morning.

"In practice yesterday Mr. Hilton did 72 in a three-hole match."

Liverpool Daily Post.

We must challenge him at once.

HIGHWAY LOOT.

AH! the lapse of courtly manners,
 Ah! the change from knighthood's code
Since the day when oil and spanners
 Ousted horseflesh from the road!
This I realised most fully
 Last week-end at Potter's Bar
When a beetle-flattening bully
 Held me up in Laura's car.

"Where," I shouted, "are the graces,
 Officer, of days long dead?
Never mind how hot our pace is,
 Conjure up the past instead;
Dream of chaises and postilions,
 Turnpike bars that ope and shut;
Try to get some more resilience
 Into your confounded nut.

"Blooms are bursting in the covers
 Even as they burst to-day
(Not to mention tyres); two lovers
 Post to Scotland, let us say;
Sudden from the hedge comes TURPIN,
 Pistols cocked and debonair;
Both the horses stand up perpen-
 dicularly in the air.

"What occurs? The gallant caitiff,
 Noticing the swain is poor
(Courtesy with him is native,
 Not like you, suburban boor),
Bows, and says in accents sunny,
 'Pass along, Sir—make good speed;
I'm convinced you've got no money
 And I do not want your blood.

"'Sweet be Maytime to your noses;
 Short is life, but love is sweet,
There's a city man named Moses
 Whom I've simply got to meet;
On you go, you two young larkers;'
 Then he bids his Jew disgorge
Or reserves his brace of barkers
 For the coach of D. LLOYD GEORGE.

"Such the good high Toby fashion;
 Surely in your bosom stirs,
Constable, a like compassion
 For our two poor cylinders;
All we have is vile and shoddy;
 See that low-hung touring brute—
There's a bonnet! there's a body
 Worthy of a road-knight's loot!"

Thus I spake; but, still phlegmatic,
 Imperturbable and stout,
Rendering Doric for my Attic,
 Robert pulled his note-book out;
Said, "Me dooty is me dooty,"
 And retiring to his trench
Pondered further schemes of booty
 For the footpads on the Bench.

EVOE.

"The enthusiasm of the people was so great that it was not damped by a real Scotch milk."—*Liverpool Courier.*

When did whisky ever damp the enthusiasm of a Scotch crowd?

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



Harlequin. "NEVER MIND, MY DEAR; I'LL HAVE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE LIMELIGHT MAN ABOUT THIS!"



THE CARD-SHARPERS.
Near Female. "STOP CHEATING FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GET MY PORTRAIT TAKEN."



A PHANTASY IN THE CENTRAL HALL.—"CAUGHT."



A DEADLOCK.
"IF WE GO FORWARD WE'LL GET SUNSTROKE, AND IF WE GO BACK THERE'S A BLIZZARD; SO WE MAY AS WELL STOP WHERE WE ARE AND HAVE OUR PICTURE PAINTED."



FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.
THE FAMILY OF A WELL-KNOWN STOCKBROKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION TO PRACTISE A LITTLE FIRST-AID, AND INCIDENTALLY GET ON WITH THE WEEK'S WASHING.



SINGULAR APATHY OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS DURING AN INVASION.



The Sea-Maiden. "CATCH ME!"
The Shrimp-Hunter (regretfully). "I'D LIKE TO, BUT UNFORTUNATELY THIS IS THE CLOSE SEASON FOR MERMAIDS."



THE ART OF ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE—A CUBIST PICTURE GETS A PLACE ON THE LINE.



YOUTHFUL ATHLETES, WHILE TRAINING FOR THE NEXT OLYMPIC GAMES (THREE-LEGGED RACE), ARE HAMPERED BY THE PRESENCE OF LARGE, FIERCE BIRDS.



First Territorial. "Well, what do you think of our manœuvres, Bill?"
Second Territorial (hitherto unacquainted with field-days). "Thank 'evin we've got a Nivy!"

BELOW THE WEIR.

Beyond the punt the swallows go
Like blue-black arrows to and fro,
Now stooping where the rushes grow,
Now flashing o'er a shallow;
And overhead in blue and white
High Spring and Summer hold delight;
"All right!" the black-cap calls, "All right!"
His mate says from the sallow.

O dancing stream, O diamond day,
O charm of lilac-time and May,
O whispering meadows green and gay,
O fair things past believing!
Could but the world stand still, stand still
When over wood and stream and hill
This morn's eternal miracle
The rosy Hours are weaving!

Eternal, for I like to think
That mayflowers, crimson, white and pink,
When I am dust the boughs shall prink,
On days to live and die for;
That sun and cloud, as now, shall veer,
And streams run tumbling off the weir,
Where still the mottled trout rolls clear
For other men to try for.

I like to think, when I shall go
To this essential dust, that so
I yet may share in flowers that blow,
And with such brave sights mingle,
If tossed by summer breeze on high
I'm carried where the cuckoos cry
And dropped beside old Thames to lie
A sand-grain on a shingle.

Meanwhile the swallows flash and skim
Like blue-black arrows notched and trim,
And splendid kingcups lift a brim
Of gold to king or peasant,
And 'neath a sky of blue and white
High Spring with Summer weaves delight;
"All right!" the black-cap calls, "all right!"
And life is very pleasant.

THE LANGUAGE OF COLOUR.

"My dear Clarice," I said, "I may say, in the circumstances, my very dear Clarice, I like being engaged—to you, that is; no, I've never been engaged before—but I don't see the sense of getting married. Even the State seems to deride the idea of our union."

"What do you mean?" said Clarice. "I'm almost alarmed. Have they discovered that you suffered from toothache as a boy?"

"It isn't," I said, "a question of eugenics. I was at Somerset House to-day getting a copy of my birth certificate, and——"

"They surely didn't say anything about our engagement at Somerset House. I didn't suppose they even knew of it," said Clarice.

"Ill news travels apace," I said. "But that by the way. I was about to say that red is a noble colour. It is a bold, a striking colour. A day on which a great event occurs is called 'a red letter day.' Black, on the other hand, may mean nothing, or it may denote sadness."

"Why this going off at a tangent?" said Clarice. "Why this dissertation on colours?"

"I say, that's a good word—I mean that long one just near the end. Did you really learn it, or did you merely come by it? But, as I was saying, red is a colour used for indicating notable events. The State considers a birth is a notable event. Birth certificates are printed in red."

"And death certificates," said Clarice, "in black, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, "a delicate hint that the State feels sad."

"And marriage certificates?" asked Clarice.

"Ah!" I said, "that's the strange thing. Nothing may be implied really, but it is significant that they print them in——"

"Purple?" said Clarice eagerly.

"Verdant green," I said.



THE NEW SHYLOCK.

MR. REDMOND. "LOOK HERE, I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE TO GET ME MY FULL POUND OF FLESH!"

MR. ASQUITH (*his counsel*). "YES, YES, I KNOW: BUT IT RATHER LOOKS NOW AS IF WE MIGHT HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THREE-QUARTERS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 11. —For a while Prime Minister's protest against inordinate questioning, his announcement of determination not to take part in further shorter catechism more or less distantly related to the "plot" and the "coup," had wholesome effect. As he stated, since the plot was discovered he had made seven hundred replies to friendly inquiries. A Member below Gangway to his right added the seven hundred and first. Wanted to know whether it is true that the argumentative questions crowding the notice paper are the product of a factory in the neighbourhood of Parliament Street, presided over by an official whose name suggests that he has been "made in Germany." Expeditiously turned out, as from a sausage machine, is it true that they are nicely sorted and distributed among Members of the Opposition, who in turn pelt the Premier with them?



Mr. Lloyd George Regards Mr. Balfour's Attitude as Bellicose.

"If every conciliatory offer put forward by the Government is to be treated in the spirit displayed by the right hon. gentleman, that is the way to promote civil war."

Mr. Lloyd George.

After brief lull epidemic breaks out afresh. Twenty-three Questions addressed to Prime Minister to-day appear on printed paper. As each, with the aid of semi-colons, represents two, three, occasionally five distinct queries they reach aggregate of half a hundred. This not counting Supplementaries.

Happily the Premier is incomparable master of the rare art of brief reply, wherein he presents pleasing contrast to the manner of his old master, Gladstone. Had he chanced to be Premier when the Fourth Party were struggling into notoriety their task would have been more difficult, their triumph delayed if not unattainable.

When Grandolph, Wolff and Gorst, with Prince Arthur looking on, set themselves to "draw Gladstone," as was their custom of an afternoon, that astute personage became as a child in their hands. Grandolph led off with a question, to which long reply was made. Wolff, profusely grateful for the right hon. gentleman's courtesy, shunted the Premier on to another track, along which he cheerfully sprinted. Then came John o' Gorst. With the subtlety of a trained but not practising barrister he put a third question, drawing a third speech. Thus merrily sped a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, deferring by so much the progress of public business.

Asquith's share in the conversation at the Question hour is based on a familiar Biblical injunction. It is largely composed of "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." In the case alluded to, wherein the Fourth Party gave play to their insatiable desire for information, he would have replied to Grandolph, "Yes, Sir;" to Wolff, "No, Sir." Had he been exceptionally lured into verbosity he might have gone as far as to say, "The answer is in the negative," or "in the affirmative," as the case might be. As for John o' Gorst, he would have referred him to a speech made on a particular preceding date, to which I have nothing to add."

Business done.—Lloyd George further explains his Budget. Resolutions founded thereupon agreed to.



THE BILL AND THE AMENDING BILL.

Nurse Asquith. "Now, take the powder like a good boy

Master Bonar Law. "Where's the jam?"

Nurse Asquith. "Oh, that comes later."

Master Bonar Law. "Well, I want to see it now. What's it made of?"

Nurse Asquith. "I must have notice of that question."

Tuesday.—What at outset promised to be businesslike debate verging on dulness suddenly leapt into flame and fury, signifying angry passion stirred by Home Rule Bill. In studiously moderate speech Premier moved resolution identical with that adopted last year, whereby Committee stage of Home Rule Bill, Welsh Church Disestablishment and Plural Voting will be forgone. Pointed out that Committee stage is designed for purpose of providing opportunity of amending Bills. Since under Parliament Act none of these measures can be amended in the Commons, what use to go into Committee on them?

Being in increasingly businesslike mood Premier went a step further. Abandoned proposal to submit and discuss "suggestions" to Home Rule Bill. Authoritatively announced by Walter Long and others that the Lords are predetermined to throw it out on second reading. What use then to formulate and discuss suggestions

that could be dealt with by the Lords only in subsequent Committee? Finally announced intention of getting Bill through all Parliamentary stages before Whitsuntide, placing it on Statute Book by automatic process of Parliament Act. Will then bring in Amending Bill dealing with Ulster.

It was PRINCE ARTHUR who roused crowded House from chilled condition following upon douche of this application of ordinary business principles to legislative procedure. In best fighting form. Stirred to profoundest depths of scorn for actual working of that detested statute, the Parliament Act.

"We are," he said, amid strident cheers from Opposition, welcoming their old captain back to the fighting line, "asked to force through under the Parliament Act a Bill which by hypothesis requires amendment. What is worse than that is that we are to be compelled to read it a third time and to part with it while we know that it is to be amended, but while we have not the smallest conception in what respects or in what way." Insisted that before Home Rule Bill is added to Statute Book Parliament should know in what points it would be amended. "Let us have the Amending Bill first."

PRINCE ARTHUR having stirred the embers of slumbering fire, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER vigorously fanned them.

"If," he said, "every conciliatory offer put forward by the Government is to be treated in the spirit displayed by the right hon. gentleman, that is the way to promote civil war."

Hereupon storm burst over Opposition quarters. Shouts of "Shame!" and "Liar" hurtled through the suddenly heated atmosphere. The CHANCELLOR's attempt to proceed with his speech baffled by continuous cry, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" At length SPEAKER interposed with suggestion that the CHANCELLOR had been misunderstood. Claimed for him the right of explanation. This conceded, LLOYD GEORGE pointed out that what he had meant to say was that argument such as that forthcoming from Front Opposition Bench, making it difficult for the Government to submit proposals of peace, would have effect of promoting civil war.

PRINCE ARTHUR naturally falling into "old style" of House of Commons debate, not only frankly accepted explanation but chivalrously took upon himself blame of the outbreak, which he said "apparently arose from an unfortunate expression of mine." Ended with pretty turn of grave satire that greatly pleased the House.

After this, debate quietly proceeded to appointed end, everyone mutely invoking

> Blessings on the falling out
> That all the more endears,
> When we fall out with those we love
> And kiss again with tears.

Business done.—PREMIER's resolution carried by 276 votes against 194. Majority 82. House of Lords by common consent passed second reading of useful little Bill for protection of grey seals threatened with extinction by mercenary sportsmen.

Thursday.—Remarkable how SHAKSPEARE (or was it BACON?) wrote not only for all time but for all circumstance. The marvel came to light again in scene in House yesterday.

Writing of the time of *Romeo and Juliet* SHAKSPEARE reports dialogue between two fighting men of the houses of *Capulet* and *Montague*. Meeting *Sampson* in a public place in Verona, *Abram* truculently asks, "Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. (*aside, to his comrade* Gregory). Is the law on our side if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb."



MR. ROWLAND HUNT IN HIS BEST FORM.

"I don't know [laughter] what honourable Members [renewed laughter] are laughing about [loud and prolonged laughter]."

KINLOCH-COOKE, having put question to WEDGWOOD BENN, following it up by two supplementary inquiries, put a third when the SPEAKER interposed. Shrugging his shoulders in silent protest against this tyranny KINLOCH-COOKE resumed his seat.

Said the SPEAKER sternly, "It is no good shrugging your shoulders at me." This is prosaic account of incident given in this morning's papers. Refer to *Hansard* and see how it runs.

SPEAKER. Do you shrug your shoulders at me, Sir?

KINLOCH-COOKE. I do shrug my shoulders, Sir.

SPEAKER. Do you shrug your shoulders at me, Sir?

KINLOCH-COOKE (*aside to WINTERTON*). Is there anything in the Standing Orders that forbids my shrugging my shoulders at the SPEAKER?

WINTERTON (*who is training for Speakership and has them all by heart*). Yes.

KINLOCH-COOKE. No, Sir, I do not shrug my shoulders at you, Sir; but I shrug my shoulders.

SPEAKER. Order! Order!

Business done.—Another plot that failed. For some weeks Opposition have not attempted to snap a division. Ministerialists, lulled into sense of security, off guard. Secret preparations sedulously made for trapping them this afternoon. Questions over, division challenged on formal motion. Ministerial Whips awake in good time to emergency. Urgent messages had been sent out to their men by telephone and special messengers. Arrivals watched with feverish interest. Ministerialists hurriedly drop in by twos and threes, presently by tens. ILLINGWORTH's massive brow, temporarily seared with wrinkles, smooths out. When, after division, Clerk hands paper to him indicating that ambush has been baffled, hilarious cheer rises from Ministerial benches. Renewed when figures read by the SPEAKER show that the motion is carried by 255 votes against 234.

"Not a high-class game in imperial politics," says SARK. "Rather akin to the humour of making a butter slide on the pavement for the discomfiture of unsuspecting passers-by. But boys will be boys."

A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

GREAT PERFORMER CONTEMPLATES RETIREMENT.

ONCE more the Atlantic liner has delivered Mr. Bamborough (*né* Bamberger) back to us, and once more British concert-goers should in consequence rejoice. But their natural jubilations are unfortunately tempered by a momentous announcement which the great violinist made to our representative at Plymouth last week, on the arrival of the *Julius Cæsar*, to the effect that he has decided to retire from the active pursuit of his profession. On receiving the news of this national calamity our representative fell into a heavy swoon, and was revived with some difficulty. The thought of the



Small Brother (whose sisters are working for their girl guides' ambulance badge). "COME ON, HERE'S A BIT OF LUCK FOR YOU. I'VE MADE RUPERT'S NOSE BLEED."

permanent withdrawal from public life in his golden prime of the great virtuoso, with his opulent physique, his superbly Mosaic features and his luxuriant chevelure, was altogether too poignantly overwhelming. Let us hasten then to reassure our readers that the blow, though it must inevitably descend one day, is mercifully deferred for a considerable period. To begin with, Mr. Bamborough is under contract to give five farewell tours in the United States at intervals of four years before entering upon the penultimate stage of his severance from the British concert platform. This, which will begin in the autumn of 1934, is likely to continue until the year 1948, when he is booked for an extended tour in Polynesia, Japan, New Guinea and Java. On his return to England in 1950 he proposes to give sixty farewell recitals at intervals of three months, culminating in a grand concert at the Albert Hall.

"And then," mused the illustrious artist, "farewell to the platform for ever! I find it hard indeed to realise that the concert-going public and I by that time will have been intimate friends for more than seventy years, but so it will be, for I was only nine when I made my first appearance in London, in a velvet knickerbocker suit with pearl buttons and a Fauntleroy collar. Still, it will all make a lovely retrospect for me, and when I finally retire it will be with a heart very full of gratitude to my generous friends in all four hemispheres of the globe."

"And after that?" suggested our representative, now partially restored by those reassuring tidings.

"After that—literature," was the emphatic reply. "I have already signed a contract with Messrs. Goodleigh and Champ to write my Reminiscences in the form of a Musical Encyclopædia. My father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, is giving me valuable assistance in preparing the material, but as he is already sixty-five I cannot, unhappily, count with absolute confidence on his being spared to witness the completion of the work. Still, he is so full of vigour that M. METCHNIKOFF considers his chances of becoming a centenarian decidedly promising. In any case the collaboration of my children, whose filial devotion is only equalled by their talent, is secured, and Mrs. Bamborough, as you know, wields a vivid and trenchant pen. But literature will not occupy all my time. My estancia in the Argentine will need supervision, and I hope to spend an occasional summer in the Solomon Islands, where the natives are strangely attached to us."

Mr. Bamborough pointed out that Sir JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON, who also returned by the *Julius Cæsar*, had only drawn receipts amounting to £107,000 in a tour of thirty weeks' duration, while he (Mr. Bamborough) had netted no less than £150,000 in a tour lasting twenty-seven weeks and three days. In addition to the receipts in specie, Mr. Bamborough had received several nuggets from the gold miners in Colorado, and a bull moose from Mr. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, while Mrs. Bamborough had been the recipient of of a highly-trained bobolink, and a charming young alligator from the cedar swamps of Louisiana.

Other notable passengers on the *Julius Cæsar* were Miss Topsy Cooney, the famous coloured pianist, who plays only on the black keys and entirely by ear; Little Dinky, the marvellous calculating boy, who does not know the names of the numbers; and Elaine Runnymede, the child contralto, who can only sing the whole tone scale.

Commercial Candour.

From a catalogue:—

"Also made in cheaper and better quality models."

"GRUMPY."

(As it might as well have been.)

ACT I.—THE CRIME.

Scene—Mr. "Grumpy" Bullivant's *library. Enter his grand-daughter* Virginia *and* Mrs. Maclaren.

Mrs. Maclaren. What a remarkable man Mr. Jarvis seems to be, dear—so amusing at dinner! And he writes for *Tiddly Bits*, he tells me. Where *did* you meet him?

Virginia. Quite accidentally in Hyde Park. He told grandfather a long story about a gold brick, and grandfather was so charmed with him he asked him down at once for the week-end.

Mrs. Maclaren. Such a knowledge of character your grandfather has, love.

Virginia. Yes, but you must remember he used to be the cleverest criminal lawyer of his time. He saw directly that Mr. Jarvis was a nice man. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ernest Heron *and* "Grumpy" *by opposite doors.*

Grumpy (when the audience's delight at seeing Mr. CYRIL MAUDE *again has at last been got under).* Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow; tut-tut-tut-tut-tut *(and other old-gentleman noises).* Ah, Ernest, my boy, what are you doing here?

Ernest. Just back from Africa, uncle, with a diamond weighing —I mean costing—ninety thousand pounds in my belt, which I'm taking up to the firm in London. May I sleep here?

Grumpy. Do, my boy. *(Enter* Mr. Jarvis.) Ah, Mr. Jarvis, let me introduce my nephew, Mr. Heron. He's just back from Africa with a—— *(To himself)* No, perhaps better not. W good night to you both. Wow-wow-wow, tut-tut-tut-tut.

[*Exit, followed by* Mr. Jarvis.

Ernest *is left alone with his diamond. Seeing a suspicious shadow at the window he rushes to it and leans out, so as to give anybody a chance of sand-bagging him. The chance going begging, he takes his diamond from his belt to see if it is still there. The only other precaution he can think of is to draw the curtains. At this moment a hand steals through the door and turns out the lights. A terrible struggle in the dark ensues; there is a noise of somebody's larynx going; and then the curtain goes down and up . . . to disclose the body of poor* Ernest *on the floor. Is he dead? Certainly not; he's got to marry* Virginia; *but the diamond is gone.*

ACT II.—THE SLEUTH-HOUND.

Time—Next morning.

Grumpy. Tut-tut. Is everything just as it was last night? Very well, then. You say that when you discovered Mr. Ernest he was lying on his back, and in his right hand he was clutching this—what did you call it?

Ruddock (the valet). A dicky, Sir. A detachable shirt-front.

Grumpy. Excellent. Then the first question is—to whom did this—er—richard belong?

Ruddock. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy (musing). Could it have been his own? In the fierceness of the struggle might he have torn it off in order to give himself greater freedom? Was he offering it to his assailant as a bribe? Was he—but first we must find if he was wearing one at all. Call Susan.



Grumpy. "Better put the diamond in the safe, my boy. You'll be ruined if anybody steals it."
Ernest. "Yes, but the play will be ruined if nobody does."
Grumpy .. Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.
Ernest Heron Mr. EDWARD COMBERMERE

Enter Susan, *the lady's-maid.*

Grumpy. Susan, you were the first to see Mr. Ernest when he came in last night. Did you happen to notice if he was wearing a detachable shirt-front, a—h'm—dicky?

Susan. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy. Ah! *(He hands her the all-important clue.)* Was this it?

Susan (examining it). No, Sir.

Grumpy. Tut-tut, are you sure?

Susan. Yes, Sir; Mr. Ernest's was an india-rubber one. I know, because he said he'd been travelling all day, and he asked me to sponge it for him.

Grumpy. Thank you, Susan. Ruddock, we must find that india-rubber richard. If Ernest has his assailant's shirt-front, what more likely than that his assailant has Ernest's? Probably they exchanged them before the battle, as, you may remember, Glaucus and Diomed did at the siege of Troy.

Ruddock. Yes, Sir.

Grumpy. Every shirt-front we see we must suspect. Let us go and look for some. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jarvis *and* Virginia.

Virginia. Still in evening dress, Mr. Jarvis?

Jarvis. Yes, I was so busy fetching the doctor last night that I had no time to change. I am going back to London now. *(Tenderly)* I should like to think you had some little memento of me. *(He removes his shirt front.)* Keep this and think of me sometimes when you look at it.

Virginia. Oh, Mr. Jarvis! But I must give *you* something too. *(She goes out and returns with one of her grandfather's shirt-fronts.)* Wear this in place of the one you have given me—always. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Grumpy.

Grumpy. Now, Mr. Jarvis, I wonder if you would help me. You were the first to find the body last night. Would you mind lying down in the position in which it lay? It may give me an important clue.

Jarvis. Certainly. *(He prepares to lie down.)*

Grumpy. Take care, you mustn't crumple your shirt-front. Perhaps it removes? Ah, allow me. *(He detaches it and hastily substitutes the other one for it.)* Ah, thank you so much. Here is your shirt-front again.

[*Exit* Jarvis.

Ruddock (eagerly). Is that it, Sir?

Grumpy (examining Jarvis's shirt-front carefully). No, linen, confound it. Ruddock, we *must* find that india-rubber richard. Who has it? Ah!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.—TRAPPED.

Scene—Jarvis's *rooms in London.*

Keble (his man). Terrible thing that assault on Mr. Heron, Sir.

Jarvis. Yes, terrible.

Keble. I hope they don't suspect me of it, Sir.

Jarvis. Why on earth should they suspect *you*?

Keble. Well, I was known to be jealous of Mr. Heron, Sir. I found Susan sponging his shirt-front, and Susan and I are as good as engaged.

Jarvis (*mildly interested*). How *can* you sponge a shirt-front?

Keble. It was an india-rubber one, Sir; they sponge off quite clean, and save the laundry bill, Sir. My——

Jarvis. Good Heavens, I'm ruined!

Enter Isaac Wolfe, *his partner. Exit* Keble.

Wolfe. Got the diamond, my boy?

Jarvis (*moodily*). Yes . . . I'm done for; I must leave the country.

Wolfe. What d' you mean? You've got the diamond?

Jarvis (*rapidly*). I throttled him in the dark and got the diamond. My shirt-front fell off in the struggle. I noticed one on the floor and picked it up. I thought it was mine. It was his; his had fallen off too; and he was found with mine in his hand.

Wolfe. Well, why did you leave it there?

Jarvis. I thought it was his own—and that, anyhow, as long as we each had one, no one would notice. But his was an india-rubber one!

Wolfe. And that's the one you've got now? Well, burn it.

Jarvis (*burying his face in his hands*). It isn't! I cannot! I gave it to Miss Bullivant. (*Grimly*) But I shall get it back again.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.—THE SLEUTH-HOUND'S TRIUMPH.

The Library again.

Grumpy. Well, Virginia, and how's Ernest? Better, hey? He ought —— Good heavens, child, what's that you've got in your hand?

Virginia. Just a dicky, grandfather.

Grumpy (*excitedly*). Let me look . . . Virginia, it's an india-rubber one! (*Sternly*) Where did you get this?

Virginia. Mr. Jarvis gave it to me.

Grumpy. Mr. Jarvis! Aha! (*He hides behind the sofa.*)

Enter Mr. Jarvis.

Jarvis (*to* Virginia). I'm afraid my conduct must seem very strange, but I had to come back to see you. I—er—lost the shirt-front you gave me. Could you let me have my own back again? You see, I'm going abroad and I must have *one*.

Grumpy (*popping his head up*). Ah, Mr. Jarvis, did I hear you asking for a shirt-front? Allow me to offer you one—an indiarubber one, Mr. Jarvis! (Jarvis *blenches.*) And the price, Mr. Jarvis, is the diamond in your waistcoat-pocket!

CURTAIN—*except that* Ernest *gets engaged to* Virginia *first.*

Postscript.—On reading this through I feel that it hardly does justice to the clever acting of Mr. MAUDE as an always delightful old gentleman, the excellent support given him by the rest of the company, and the pleasantly exciting melodrama provided for them by Messrs. HORACE HODGES and T. W. PERCYVAL. To all of them my thanks for an entertaining evening.

A. A. M.



Pat (*having hung up an ostrich's egg on the hen-house door*). "THERE, YE DEGINERATE LITTLE SPALPEENS, LOOK AT THAT AND THRY WHAT YE CAN DO!"

From a letter to *The Scotsman*:—

"It goes without saying that when recognising a friend in the street one raises one's hat by the hand removed from that friend."

Of course. But it is proper to return the hand immediately after the little ceremony with a few words of thanks.

"For the latter an excuse must be offered in that he was badly hit on the left hip by the previous ball—a yorker—to that which bowled him."—*Evening News.*

In the over before he had been stunned by a sneak.

The Yorkshire Daily Observer on the income tax:—

"A Bradford widow has been left with five children under 15 years of age. Her income is £300 a ear."

Or £3,600 in all. We refuse to be moved by her hard case.

"Miscellaneous Volumes. 10s. per cwt. (No theology.)

Theology. 5s. 6d. per cwt."—*Catalogue.*

Money being tight, we are ordering 8 stone 7 lbs. of theology for the drawing-room.

"The Government has introduced another Bill to regulate the sale of milk and the inspection of dairies. This disgracefully dilutory Parliament of ours has been playing with similar Bills for five years."—*Daily Herald.*

The dilutory milkman is really more to blame.

MEDIATION.

[Scene—*A room at Niagara Falls. The Argentine, the Brazilian and the Chilian mediators are mediating; that is to say, they are sitting on rocking chairs not very close to a large table covered with papers, pens, ink, etc. A deep noise of falling water pervades the air. Out of compliment to Canada the conversation is carried on in English.*]

Argentine Mediator. Cold, isn't it?

Brazilian Mediator. Yes, there's a great deal of cold in the atmosphere.

Chilian Mediator. We often get it colder than this in Chili.

(*A pause.*)

A. M. There's a lot of water coming down.

B. M. Yes, and it keeps coming, too, doesn't it?

C. M. It isn't as noisy as I thought it would be, though.

A. M. Oh, I don't know. It's quite noisy enough.

B. M. Yes, it's very difficult to concentrate one's mind. We've got a waterfall in Brazil which has the same effect. You can't do any work near it. People go there for a rest-cure.

C. M. There are a good many waterfalls in Chili, too, and they make more noise than this one.

(*A pause.*)

A. M. How long do you think we shall be here?

B. M. A week, or a month, or a year—I don't know.

C. M. It's a dull place, isn't it?

A. M. Yes, it is, dull as ditchwater.

B. M. Dull as a ditchwaterfall. Ha, ha.

C. M. and A. M. (*together*). Ha, ha. That's capital.

B. M. You fellows must remind me to telegraph that home to Brazil.

A. M. By the way, I see Roosevelt has been in Brazil.

B. M. Yes; isn't it awful?

C. M. Discovered a river, hasn't he?

B. M. Something of that sort. He'll discover the world next.

A. M. Anyhow, I'm glad he's not here.

B. M. By Jove, yes. Wouldn't it be dreadful if he were?

C. M. Don't. You make my flesh creep.

B. M. After all, I'm not sure he's worse than Wilson. They're all alike, those Yankees. I've no use for them and their Monroe Doctrine; have you?

A. M. Not the slightest. If they think we're children they'll soon find out their mistake.

C. M. Hear, hear!

(*A pause.*)

A. M. Anything new from Mexico?

B. M. No. Same old game.

C. M. What's Huerta up to?

B. M. Sitting tight.

A. M. And what's Villa doing?

B. M. Oh, he's been capturing Tampico a good deal lately.

C. M. Isn't a fellow called Zapata chipping in somewhere?

B. M. Yes, he's having a go too.

(*A pause.*)

A. M. I say, you men, I've got an idea.

B. M. Out with it, then.

C. M. Yes, let's have it.

A. M. Well, then, suppose we start by saying that Huerta and Wilson must both be eliminated. That'll please both sides. Huerta will be tickled to death if Wilson has to go, and Wilson will be delighted at our backing up his policy. What do you think?

B. M. I can't think at all in this noise.

C. M. Nor can I, but I daresay it's all right.

A. M. I'm glad you like the idea. It's fair to both sides, you see. That's what mediation's for.

(*Left mediating.*)

THE BATH UNREST.

My bath awaits me! It contains to-night,
Besides the customary water—stay:
Before I name ingredients, let me say
Exactly who and what I am who write.

(My bath awaits me!) I am known to fame,
First, as a rising music-hall artiste;
But, secondly and chiefly, I'm the beast
Who Puts Things in his Bath. You've met my name.

(My bath awaits me!) People come, you see,
With sample packets of the Lord knows what,
And want me to "endorse" the silly rot.
Well, I "endorse"; receiving £ *s. d.*

(My bath awaits me!) But I specialise
In baths. I will not "like it in my soup,"
Nor "take five drops before I loop the loop";
Nor will I "find it helps to keep off flies."

(My bath awaits me!) Am I over-nice?
I cannot "thank you for the lovely sox,"
Nor shall "my children quarrel for the box."
I Put It In My Bath. Let that suffice.

(My bath awaits me!) Now, to take the list:
Mustard, by thirteen makers; salt, by six;
Saponica; Shampoona; Sozothrix;
Eau-de-Cologne (nine samples); Bathex; Vrist.

(My bath awaits me!) These and more than these
(I drop the catalogue) in pungent strife,
Stench hard at grips with stench for loathly life,
Yon seething cauldron holds. Excuse a sneeze.

(My bath awaits me!) Why the cauldron? Why
Not desecrate the dustbin? Here's the rub:
All the endorsements specify my tub;
The dustbin is not mentioned. Can I lie?

(My bath awaits me!) So I made a vow,
Soon as the groaning shelf could bear no more,
In one doomed bath to mix 'em. What I swore
I've done. The night of reckoning is now.

My bath awaits me! True. But then I said
Not "use" but "put." Why have my beastly bath?
Bed, too, awaits me; be the bedward path
My choice. I do not Put Things in my Bed.

"The following are good dishes for a small luncheon, not a complete menu, but suggestions for filling one out with those light and tempting dishes which the jaded modern palate so greatly prefers to the solid English cookery of our forefathers."—*Truth.*

That is all very well, but if one really wants filling out these little kickshaws are no good; roast beef and Yorkshire pudding is the thing.

"Folds of net and thick white face lighten the effect of the corsage."—*Westminster Gazette.*

The writer seems keen, but we are not.



THE SCRUTINEER.

Eliza Jane. "'ERB, THAT LAST ONE DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A FULL SACK TO ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NOT the least attractive feature in Madame WADDINGTON'S new book, *My First Years as a Frenchwoman* (SMITH, ELDER), is the revelation, undesignedly made, of a keen-sighted, vivacious, exceedingly womanly woman. During her residence in France as the wife of a highly placed Minister she had rare opportunity of watching the progress of historic events from a favoured standpoint behind the scenes. When she married M. WADDINGTON, in later years known to this country as French Ambassador, the National Assembly was sitting at Versailles. THIERS, first President of the Republic, had been overthrown and MACMAHON reigned in his stead. Madame WADDINGTON was brought into personal touch with these statesmen, with their successors, JULES GRÉVY, DE FREYCINET, CARNOT and with their varied *entourage*. Of each she has something shrewd, sprightly and informing to say. While immersed in international politics, perhaps not wholly free from anxious conviction that she was in some measure responsible for their direction, she had a seeing eye for frocks. Frequently, when describing social gatherings at the height of political crises, she stops to tell you how some lady was dressed and how the apparel suited her. Amongst other men of the epoch she has something to say about BLOWITZ, the famous Paris correspondent of *The Times*. It is evident that, without premeditation, he managed to offend the lady. She reports how Prince HOHENLOHE expressed a high opinion of the journalist, remarking, "He is marvellously well-informed of all that is going on." "It was curious," writes Madame, "how a keen clever man like the Prince attached so much importance to anything Blowitz said." For the side-lights which it flashes on high life in Paris at a critical period of the Republic the volume possesses exceptional value.

The subtleties of human motives, the fine problems of temperament, the delicate interplay of masculine logic and feminine intuition, what are these compared to blood, thunder, plots, counter-plots, earthquakes and, from the final chaos, the salvage of the "sweetest woman on earth" effected in the nick of time by a herculean and always imperturbable hero? Mr. FRANK SAVILE is not out to analyse souls. The opening chapter of *The Red Wall* (NELSON) plunges us into a fray, irrelevant to the narrative save in so far as it introduces *Dick Blake* and *Eileen O'Creagh* and removes any possible doubt that might ever have been felt as to their respective merits and their mutual suitability. That preliminary complete, we proceed to the real business of the agenda, and momentous, passionate, nefarious, diabolical, mysterious and incessantly exciting business it is, covering the gamut of private emotions and international complications. In such narratives I demand three things: the first, that my author should combine a graphic (and grammatical) style with the professional knack of imparting an air of probability to his tale; the second, that things should go all wrong in the beginning and come all right in the end; the third, that if any German schemers are involved these should be eventually outwitted. Mr.

SAVILE has abundantly satisfied me in all particulars; although I incline to carp at the opportuneness with which nature is made to erupt from time to time, and I venture to suggest that men and women never were and are probably never going to be like *Dick* and *Eileen*. The book is, however, of the sort which is to be read and enjoyed but not considered further.

Joe Quinney, the curiosity shop man in Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S *Quinneys'* (MURRAY), is undoubtedly a "card," not unrelated, I should say, to Mr. BENNETT'S *Machen*. He is an entertaining fellow with his enthusiasms, his truculences, his fluctuating standards of honesty. Mr. VACHELL didn't quite get me to believe in *Joe's* expert knowledge, which indeed seemed to be turned on and off in rather an arbitrary way as the exigencies of the story rather than the development and experience of the character dictated; but he did make me see and like the fellow. *Mrs. Quinney*, that faithful timid soul, is admirably drawn, both in her courtship and her matronly days. But I found *Quinney* a little hypocritical in his denunciation of *Miggott*, the chair-faker, who was not really sailing half so close to the wind or so profitably as *Quinney* and his bibulous friend of a dealer, *Tamlin*. There are some interesting side-lights upon the astonishing tricks of the furniture trade, which are reflected by the authentic experience of the bitten wise. An entertaining and clever book; but why, why should H. A. V. drop from his Hill into the discreditable fellowship of those who have misquoted "honoured in the breach"?



(*A nervous individual, having been advised by a specialist that he must undergo an operation, calls upon his own doctor to ask him to administer the anæsthetic.*)

The Doctor (a conscientious practitioner). "WELL! I WILL ADMINISTER THE ANÆSTHETIC, BUT—YOU KNOW, I NEVER LIKE DOING IT. *THE JURY ARE ALWAYS DOWN ON THE ANÆSTHETIST.*"

Anybody can understand how extremely annoying and inconvenient the complete disappearance of a husband would be to a wife after a mere fortnight or so of married existence, before he had even begun to complain of the—well, anyhow that is what happens in Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES'S latest novel, *The End of Her Honeymoon* (METHUEN). The *Dampiers* arrive in Paris, a Paris *en fête* and crowded beyond all custom because of the state visit of the TSAR, and are obliged to occupy rooms on different floors of the *Poulains'* hotel. Next morning *Mrs. Dampier* awakes to find herself in the awkward predicament of Ariadne on the beach of Naxos, with the aggravation (spared to Theseus' bride) that the hotel people absolutely deny that she came with a husband at all. A punctilious if sceptical American senator (refreshingly guiltless of accent) and his enthusiastic son and daughter take pity on her, and the rest of the book resolves itself into a detective story, saved from conventionality by the pleasantly distinguished style in which the author writes and the intimate knowledge which she appears to possess of the Paris *préfecture de police*. *Gerald Burton*, the young American, not entirely platonic in his solicitude, is baffled; *Salgas*, a famous enquiry agent, is baffled; and I am ready to take very long odds against the reader's unravelling the mystery, unless he happens to be familiar with a certain legend of the plague (though no plague comes in here). Indeed, it is only a chance conversation in the last chapter that throws light, my dear Watson, on this particularly *bizarre* affair. And what then, you ask, had happened to *Jack Dampier* after all? Ah!

I wonder why it is that so many books about walking tours should be written in much the same style. At least I don't really wonder at all, since it is quite apparent that R. L. S. and *Modestine* are the models responsible for this state of things. And, since the style in itself is pleasant enough, I don't know that any one need complain. What put me upon this reflection was *Vagabonds in Perigord* (CONSTABLE), which, for the modulation of its prose, might almost have been an unacknowledged work of the Master, but is actually written by Mr. H. H. BASHFORD. It concerns the wanderings on foot of certain pleasure pilgrims along the course of the river Dordogne; and is, for those that like such things, one of the most attractive volumes I have met this great while. I liked especially the author's happy gift of filling his pages with a holiday atmosphere; there is, indeed, so much fresh air and sunshine in them that the sympathetic reader will emerge feeling mentally bronzed. Nor does Mr. BASHFORD lack an agreeable humour of phrase. "Those wonderful three-franc dinners that seem to fall like manna upon France at seven o'clock every evening" is an example that lingers in my memory. Moreover, running through the whole is a hidden joke, and very cunningly hidden too, only to be revealed in the last paragraphs. Not for worlds would I reveal it here; I content myself with admitting that I for one was entirely fooled. I am less sure whether as a record of travel the book tempts to emulation. The drawbacks are perhaps too vividly rendered for this—heat and thirst through the flaming June days, and by night not wholly unbroken repose. But I am delighted to read about it all.

BRAM STOKER, whose too early cutting off saddened a wide circle of friends, was the Fat Boy of modern writers of fiction. He knew how to provide opportunity in fullest measure for making your flesh creep. A series of stories named after the first, *Dracula's Guest* (ROUTLEDGE), is a marvellous collection of weird fancies wrought with ingenuity, related with graphic power, that come as near EDGAR ALLAN POE as anything I am acquainted with. There are nine, widely varying in subject and plot. I have read them all, and am not ashamed to confess that, finishing one before commencing another of the fascinating series, I found it convenient and agreeable to turn aside for a while and glance over less exciting pages. Not the least marvellous thing about the banquet is that it is provided at the modest charge of a shilling.

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that the news of the defeat of Messrs. Travers, Evans ("Chick") and Ouimet in the Amateur Golf Championship was received by President Huerta's troops with round upon round of cheering. Frankly, we think it rather petty of them.

* * *

The statement in *The Daily Mail* to the effect that about two million pounds have been sunk in the new German liner *Vaterland* is apt to be misconstrued, and we are requested to state that the vessel is still afloat.

* * *

There was a fire at the Press Club off Fleet Street last week, but we refuse absolutely to credit the rumour that this was the work of a member anxious that his paper should have first news of the conflagration.

* * *

We came across a flagrant example, the other day, of an advertisement that did not speak the truth. Seated on the top of an omnibus were six persons with most regrettable faces. Underneath them was an inscription, which ran the length of the knife-board:—

"Things we 'd like to know."

* * *

Persons who are hesitating to visit the Anglo-American Exposition may like to know that the representation of New York there is not so realistic as to be unpleasant.

* * *

Mr. A. Kipling Common writes to *The Daily Mail* deploring England's lack of great men. We are sorry that *The Times* should be so shy in using its power to remedy this defect. Letters from the great are always printed by our contemporary in large type. A few promotions might surely be distributed now and then among the small-type men?

* * *

A friendly intimation is said to have been conveyed by the Royal Academy to a restaurant in the immediate neighbourhood which advertises an Academy luncheon that its name might with advantage be changed to one of a nature less inciting to Suffragettes. We refer to Hatchett's.

* * *

Is cannibalism to be Society's latest fad? We notice that somebody's Skin Food is being advertised pretty freely.

* * *

The Criterion Restaurant, we see, is advertising a "*Souper Dansant.*" Personally we dislike the kind of supper which, when eaten, will not lie down and rest.



The Patriarch. "I don't believe this 'ere about tellin' a man's character just by lookin' at 'is face. It ain't possible."

It looks, we fear, as if in *Break the Walls Down* the Savoy Theatre has not found a play which will *Bring the House Down.*

* * *

The proposal that a "full blue" should be awarded at Cambridge to those who represent the University at boxing was recently considered but not adopted. We should have thought that a "black and blue" would have been the appropriate thing.

* * *

Some idea of the heat last week may be gathered from the following order issued by the Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps:—

INTER-COMPANY COMPETITION.

Dress:—Two pouches will be worn on the right.

A translation is announced of a book by August Strindberg, entitled "Fair Haven and Foul Strand." Those of us who remember the Strand of twenty years ago, with its mud baths, will not consider the epithet too strong.

* * *

There is, we hear, considerable satisfaction among the animals at the Zoo at the result of a recent competition open to readers of *The Express.* It has been decided that the ugliest animal in the collection is the orang-utan, who resembles a human being more closely than any other animal.

* * *

Meanwhile it has been decided, humanely, not to break the news to the orang-utan himself until the weather gets cooler.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE OUTRAGED MEMORY OF KEATS.

[Two pretty poor sonnets by KEATS have been exposed by a Mr. HORNER and exploited in facsimile, twice over in one week, by *The Times*. In its *Literary Supplement*, where they made their second appearance, we are told with cynical candour that "afterwards, when he had become ashamed of his crowning" (the foolish episode which is the subject of these two sonnets) KEATS "kept them from publication; and Reynolds" (the friend to whom he confided them), "knowing the story, respected his feelings after his death."]

WHAT is there in the poet's human lot
Most beastly loathsome? Haply you will say
An influenza in the prime of May?
Or haply, nosed in some suburban plot,
The reek of putrid cabbage when it's hot?
Or, with the game all square and one to play,
To be defeated by a stymie? Nay,
I know of something worse—I 'll tell you what.
It is to have your rotten childish rhymes
(Rotten as these) dragged from oblivion's shroud
Where, with the silly act that gave them birth,
They lay as lie the dead in sacred earth,
And see them, twice in one week, boomed aloud
To tickle penny readers of *The Times*.

O. S.

THE AUDIT.

THIS income of mine, in which the world has suddenly become so interested, must be calculated from the following returns of past years, being the figures supplied privately to Phyllis:—

(1)

		guineas		
1911 1912.	By fees as specialist . .	113	By occasional papers in Medical Journals	35
1912 1913.	ditto .	152	ditto	42
1913-1914.	ditto .	203	ditto	37

(2) My capital is invested in Ordinary Stock, and brings in anything from £50 to £100 a year, in accordance with the varying moods of the directors.

(3) Lastly, I have now bought, out of my earnings, the freehold of the premises in which I carry on my practice. In making out a Balance Sheet this item must be regarded either as a liability or as an asset accordingly as one takes the dark or the bright view of the position. Either I owe myself so much a year for rent of the premises, in which case it is a liability: or else myself owes me so much for rent, in which case it is an asset. Practically speaking it doesn't much matter, because it is a bad debt either way.

Those amongst my (apparently) most intimate friends, who are money-lenders, do not ask for details. They are content to assume the worst and hope for the best. Sir Reginald Hartley and Mr. Charles Dugmore, Assessor of Taxes, the most interested enquirers, are not, however, money-lenders.

Sir Reginald is not naturally an inquisitive man, and his concern for me, in spite of my frequent appearance at his table, had hitherto been limited to my services in getting the port decanter round its circuit. It was I who, when one evening we were doing this alone, led up to the subject.

"Sir Reginald," said I.

He passed the port again, hoping thus to damp down my conversational powers. I, hoping to stimulate them, helped myself.

"Well, what do you want now, my boy?" he asked reluctantly, noting my unsatisfied air.

"I 'll tell you what I should like, Sir," said I, "and that's a father-in-law. Would you care for the job?"

Not, I think, entirely with a view to what he himself was likely to get out of this suggestion, he asked me outright what I was worth. "I don't think," he suggested, "that I could very well let my Phyllis marry anyone with less than five hundred a year, eh?"

I got out paper and pencil, puckered up my brow, and worked out a sum. "I am happy to announce," I said eventually, "that we may put my income on the other side of that figure."

To show my *bona fides*, I set out my sum:—

MY INCOME ('14 to '15):	£
(1) *Fees.* (To estimate this item it is necessary to take actual figures of last three years, which show an annual increase at the rate of about 33%. The '13 to '14 figure is 203 guineas; add 33% and you get total for '14 to '15, 284 pounds, say	300
(2) Add annual value of professional premises, which is . .	50
(3) *Occasional literature.* This is practically a regular stipend, at the fixed figure of (*circa*) £40. But a happy marriage should promote inspiration. Allowing for same, put this figure at, say. . .	51
(4) Interest on Investments, say	100
GRAND TOTAL (E. & O. E.) . . .	£501

These, however, were not the figures I quoted to Charles Dugmore, A.T.

There was no port about him, and still less did he wait for me to introduce the subject. He sent me a sharp note and gave me twenty-one days to answer, in default of which he said he would have the law on me. Still, there is a certain rough kindness even about your Assessor of Taxes; this one enclosed a slip of paper, which he hoped I wouldn't read, but which, when I did read it, suggested to me my middle course of safety. "Work out your income, on lines consistent with honesty, at less than £160, and you've won," it said. With the assistance of the advice it gave, I had no difficulty in doing this; thus:—

MY INCOME ('14 to '15):	£
(1) *Trade, Vocation or Profession, A Specialist.* (To estimate this item it is necessary to take actual figures of last three years, which show an average of 161 pounds. It is difficult to say how much of this will be nett profit after making allowance for estimated rental of professional premises and other liabilities, but let us give the Inland Revenue the benefit of the doubt and say 50%. 50% of 164 is	82
(2) *Ditto, Occasional literature.* (This is a fluctuating stipend, at the figure of (*circa*) 35. But one's inspiration gets exhausted. Allowing for same, and for pens, ink and paper, put this figure at .	27
(3) Interest on Investments, say	50
	£159

Ulster may fight and Mexico may be right; nevertheless these things are apt to be forgotten when conversation reverts, as it always does, to My Income.

The sordid subject came up again for discussion when Phyllis and I went to have a preliminary chat with the house-agent.

"You have spoken with eloquence and conviction about reception-rooms, out-houses, railway stations, golf courses and h. and c.," said I, "but sooner or later some one must rise and say a few pointed words about Rent."

"That all depends on what you are prepared to give," he replied. "The rough-and-ready rule is to fix one's rent at a tenth of one's income."

"Yes, but which income?" I asked. "For I have two incomes and I can't afford a separate house for each."

He had no formula for my case and I left him a little later under a cloud of suspicion. Your house-agent is an ill judge of the subtler forms of humour.



THE COALITION TOUCH.

Preparing to receive By-election Cavalry.

Front Rank (*to Rear Rank*). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ENEMY MAY THINK OF YOUR PIKE, BUT PERSONALLY IT INCOMMODES ME!"



Very sorry, Sir; but I'm afraid I've made a small cut on your chin.
"Ah! it must have been a sharp patch on the razor."

THE COLONEL TALKS.

The great hunter and explorer received us with profound affability. Thinner he may be, but his terrible privations in the perilous back blocks of Brazil have left his dazzling benzoline smile unharmed. Every one of the powerful two-and-thirty extended a separate welcome.

"Sit right down," he said.

We sat right down.

"Say, Colonel," we began in the vernacular, "tell us about the river. Some river, ain't it?"

"You are right, Sir," he replied. "It's a river. The Thames, according to your great statesman, Colonel Burns, is 'liquid history;' my river is——"

"According to Savage Landor," we interrupted, "'liquid mystery.'"

The explorer's face fell. "I will deal with him later," he said. "Meanwhile let me tell you, Sir, that this is no slouch of a river. It has all the necessary ingredients of a river. It has banks and a current. There are fish in it. Boats and canoes can progress on its surface. Twenty-three times did I risk my valuable life in saving boats and canoes that had got adrift. It has rapids. Twenty-eight times did I nearly drown in negotiating them. It has some ugly snags. The ugliest I have called 'Wilson,' the next ugliest, 'Bryan.'"

He stopped for applause and we let him have it.

"It was a great discovery of yours," we said, after he had bowed several times.

"No, Sir," he replied, "let us get that right. It is not my discovery. It is the discovery of Colonel Rondor."

"Well, you keep it among the colonels anyway," we said.

"In America, Sir," replied the modern Columbus—"in G. O. C., by which I mean God's Own Country—we keep everything among the colonels. But to proceed—it is not my discovery. All that I did was to trace it to its source in order to put it on the map. That is my ambition—the crowning moment of my *ex-officio* life—to put this river on the map. It will mean a boom in South America at last. They are all out-of-date and new ones must be made."

"And what will you call the river?" I asked.

"I am not sure," he said. "Some want it to be known as the 'Roosevelt,' but that does not please me. The 'Rondor' would be better, or 'The Two Colonels.' Can you suggest anything?"

"Why not 'The Sixty-five'?" we said, "since you lost sixty-five pounds in your travels."

"Good," he said. "I will put the point to Kermet."

"And is that your only triumph," we asked—"the river?"

"Oh, no," he said. "There is a bird too. A new bird, about the size of a turkey."

"Turkey in Europe or Turkey in Asia?" we asked.

He pulled a gun from his belt and stroked it lovingly. There are moments when even an interviewer recognises the dangers of importunity, and this was one.

ONE OF OUR GREATEST.

AN INTERVIEW.

IT was naturally not without difficulty that I won my way to the presence of so busy and influential a publicist. A man who spends his whole time in instructing the readers of so many different papers in the delicate art of discerning the best and ignoring the rest cannot have much margin for inquisitive strangers.

However, I succeeded in penetrating to his sanctum and, while waiting for the lion to appear, had an opportunity to look round. It was severely furnished obviously the room of a great thinker. I noticed on the desk, which was covered with paper and note-books, a copy of ROGET'S *Thesaurus* and TAYLOR'S *Natural History of Enthusiasm*. With two such works one can, of course, go far. On the wall were the mottoes, "We needs must love the highest when we see it," and (from *The Bellman*) "What I tell you three times is true." I noticed two portraits also: one was of a delightful grande dame who might have graced a pavane in the days of LOUIS QUINZE, inscribed to her "fellow-worker in the great cause, from Madame de BOCCAGE," and another was the photograph of a gay young Frenchman in English clothes, signed "To mon cher colleague from 'is sincere friend Alphonse." There were also three telephones on the table and several typewriters here and there.

A moment later the wizard came in—a tall scholarly-looking figure, with all the stigmata of the great thinker beneath one of the highest brows in Europe.

"And what," he asked, bowing with perfect courtesy, "can I do for you?"

"I have come hoping for the privilege of an interview," I said.

"But why," he replied with charming diffidence, "should you interview me? Why am I thus honoured?"

"Because you are a very remarkable person," I replied. "You are the only journalist who can contribute the same articles regularly to *The Pall Mall*, *The Westminster* and I don't know to how many other papers besides. That is a feat in itself. You are the only journalist who always has the same subject."

He admitted these fine performances.

"So I should like to ask you a few questions," I continued. "The public is naturally interested in the personality of so widely read an author. May I know how you obtained your amazing command of words? Your fluency?"

"I have ever made a study of the finest writers," he said. "From MOSES to DE COURVILLE, I have read them all. These studies and constant intercourse with the brainiest Americans I can meet have made me what I am."

"But your certainty in discrimination," I said—"how did you acquire that? Most of us are so doubtful of ourselves."

"I never am," he replied; "I am sure. One thing at a time is my theory. Concentrate on one thing and forget all the rest. In other words, trust to elimination. That's what I do. Having found something that I know to be good I instantly eliminate all thought of the existence of rival claimants and concentrate on that discovery and its exploitation."



'ARF A MO, CHAWLEY; LET'S WAIT AN' SEE 'IM SIT DOWN.'

"Marvellous," I murmured. "And how do you think of all your variations on the one stimulating theme?"

"Ah!" he said, "that is my secret." He tapped his massive forehead. "It wants a bit of doing, but I think I may say that up to date I have delivered the goods."

"You may," I said. "Have you no assistants?"

He flushed angrily and I changed the subject.

"In your spare time——" I began.

"I have none," he said "I want none."

"But surely now and then," I urged, "after office hours?"

"I never relax," he said. "If I am not writing I am worshipping. I walk up and down on the other side of the street, gazing this way, wondering and adoring."

What a man!

"Now and then," I said, "you puzzle me a little. The columns in the evening papers go fairly straight to the point, but you are not always so direct. One now and then has to search for the true purpose of the article."

He bent his fine brows in perplexity.

"As when?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "those third leaders in *The Times*, for example. I often read them without making perfectly sure which department of the great House you are recommending: to which of its varied activities you are drawing particular attention."

He looked more bewildered. "The third leaders in *The Times*?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Don't you write those?"

"No," he replied with emphasis.

"Great Heavens!" I said, "I'm very sorry if I've hurt you. But I always assumed that you did."

The simultaneous ringing of the three telephones warned me that my time was up and I rose to go.

"Good-bye," he said, "good-bye. You know where to go if you want anything, don't you? No matter what it is—ties, socks, dress-suits, scent, afternoon tea, civility, perfection. You know where to go?"—and he bowed me out.

And that is how I met Callisthenes.

BLUDYARD.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S few remarks, made beneath the blue sky of the Empire at Tunbridge Wells, have not yet lost their effect. The famous orator's letter-bag is daily crowded with communications from total strangers who have striven in vain to resist the impulse to tell him what they think of him and his speech.

"I understand from the local paper that you're an author," writes one correspondent from Haggerston; "if you can write like you can speak, your books ought to sell in hundreds."

"Your speech was quite good," writes another, "so far as it went; the only fault I have to find with it is that it was not strong enough, Sir, not strong enough. The blackguards!"

An envelope of pale purple, gently perfumed, contained that well-known work (now in its tenth thousand), "Gentle Words, and How to Use Them. By Amelia Papp." We under-



ACCORDING TO A SCHEME SUGGESTED BY THE ROYAL STATISTICAL SOCIETY EVERYONE SHOULD BE GIVEN A NUMBER AND AN INDEX CARD AT HIS BIRTH. THIS WOULD HELP THE POLICE TO TRACE MISSING PERSONS, PREVENT FRAUDULENT MARRIAGES, ETC. IT WOULD BRIGHTEN THE SCHEME IF EVERYBODY WAS COMPELLED TO WEAR HIS NUMBER IN A CONSPICUOUS POSITION, AND IF A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE WAS ISSUED.

stand that the receipt of this famous pamphlet had a tremendous effect upon Mr. KIPLING.

The speech has put courage into the heart of a young literary man known to us. "I have long yearned to break away from the weaklings who can do no more than call a spade a spade," he said the other day. "I feel that I now have a master's authority for doing so. In gratitude I can do no less than send Mr. KIPLING a copy of my new book, *The Seven D's*, when it is ready."

"I cannot be too grateful for your impressive speech," wrote a lady from Balham. "For many weeks now I consider that my butcher has been sending joints that are perfectly disgraceful, and I have been quite at a loss to know how to deal with him. But thanks to your great utterance I was able to get together just the words I wanted, and on Tuesday last I sent him *such* a letter. You will be glad to know that Wednesday's shoulder was excellent."

An anonymous correspondent, dating from a temporary address at Limehouse, has written, "Why don't you come over on our side? You and I together could do great things."

THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

GET your summer smocks on, ye little elves and fairies!
Put your winter ones away in burrows underground—
Thick leaves and thistledown,
Rabbit's-fur and missel-down,
Woven in your magic way which no one ever varies,
Worn in earthy hidey holes till Spring comes round!

Get your summer smocks on! Be clad no more in russet!
All the flow'rs are fashion-plates and fabrics for your wear—
Gold and silver gossamer,
Webs from every blossomer,
Fragrant and so delicate (with neither seam nor gusset),
Film'ly you spin them, but they will not tear!

Get your summer smocks on, for all the woodland's waking,
All the glades with green and glow salute you with a shout,
All the earth is chorussing
(Hear the Lady Flora sing!—
Her that strows the hyacinths and sets you merry-making),
Oak and ash do call you and the blackthorn 's out!

Get your summer smocks on, for soon 's the time of dances
Soon 's the time of junketings and revellers' delights—
Dances in your pleasaunces
Where your dainty presence is
Dangerous to mortals mid the moonlight that entrances,
Dazzling to a mortal eye on hot June nights!

"APRIL 23, 1914.
350th Anniversary of the birth of William Makepeace Shakespeare."—*Kootenaian.*

Oliver Wendell Cromwell, the distinguished author-politican, was born much later than the poet-novelist.

A HANGING GARDEN IN BABYLON.

"ARE you taking me to the Flower Show this afternoon?" asked Celia at breakfast.

"No," I said thoughtfully; "no."

"Well, that's that. What other breakfast conversation have I? Have you been to any theatres lately?"

"Do you really want to go to the Flower Show?" I asked. "Because I don't believe I could bear it."

"I've saved up two shillings."

"It isn't that—not only that. But there'll be thousands of people there, all with gardens of their own, all pointing to things and saying, 'We've got one of those in the east bed,' or 'Wouldn't that look nice in the south orchid house?' and you and I will be quite, quite out of it." I sighed, and helped myself from the west toast-rack.

It is very delightful to have a flat in London, but there are times in the summer when I long for a garden of my own. I show people round our little place, and I point out hopefully the Hot Tap Doultonii in the bathroom, and the Dorothy Perkins loofah, but it isn't the same thing as taking your guest round your garden and telling him that what you really want is rain. Until I can do that the Chelsea Flower Show is no place for us.

"Then I haven't told you the good news," said Celia. "We *are* gardeners." She paused a moment for effect. "I have ordered a window-box."

I dropped the marmalade and jumped up eagerly.

"Celia, my child," I cried, "this is glorious news! I haven't been so excited since I recognised a calceolaria last year, and told my host it was a calceolaria just before he told me. A window-box! What's in it?"

"Pink geraniums and—and pink geraniums and—er——"

"Pink geraniums?" I suggested.

"Yes. They're very pretty, you know."

"I know. But I could have wished for something more difficult. If we had something like—well, I don't want to seem to harp on it, but say calceolarias, then quite a lot of people mightn't recognise them, and I should be able to tell them what they were. I should be able to show them the calceolarias; you can't show people the geraniums."

"You can say, 'What do you think of *that* for a geranium?'" said Celia. "Anyhow," she added, "you've got to take me to the Flower Show now."

"Of course I will. It is not only a pleasure, but a duty. As gardeners we must keep up with floricultural progress. Even though we start with pink geraniums now, we may have—er—calceolarias next year. Rotation of crops and—and what not."

Accordingly we made our way in the afternoon to the Show.

"I think we're a little over-dressed," I said as we paid our shillings. "We ought to look as if we'd just run up from our little window-box in the country and were going back by the last train. I should be in gaiters, really."

"Our little window-box is not in the country," objected Celia. "It's what you might call a—a *pied de terre* in town. French joke," she added kindly. "Much more difficult than the ordinary sort."

"Don't forget it; we can always use it again on visitors. Now what shall we look at first?"

"The flowers first; then the tea."

I had bought a catalogue and was scanning it rapidly.

"We don't want flowers," I said. "Our window-box—our garden is already full. It may be that James, the head boxer, has overdone the pink geraniums this year, but there it is. We can sack him and promote Thomas, but the mischief is done. Luckily there are other things we want. What about a dove-cot? I should like to see doves cooing round our geraniums."

"Aren't dove-cots very big for a window-box?"

"We could get a small one—for small doves. Do you have to buy the doves too, or do they just come? I never know. Or there," I broke off suddenly; "my dear, that's just the thing." And I pointed with my stick.

"We have seven clocks already," said Celia.

"But a sun-dial! How romantic. Particularly as only two of the clocks go. Celia, if you'd let me have a sun-dial in my window-box, I would meet you by it alone sometimes."

"It sounds lovely," she said doubtfully.

"You do want to make this window-box a success, don't you?" I asked as we wandered on. "Well, then, help me to buy something for it. I don't suggest one of those," and I pointed to a summer-house, "or even a weathercock; but we must do something now we're here. For instance, what about one of these patent extension ladders, in case the geraniums grow very tall and you want to climb up and smell them? Or would you rather have some mushroom spawn? I would get up early and pick the mushrooms for breakfast. What do you think?"

"I think it's too hot for anything, and I must sit down. Is this seat an exhibit or is it meant for sitting on?"

"It's an exhibit, but we might easily want to buy one some day, when our window-box gets bigger. Let's try it."

It was so hot that I think, if the man in charge of the Rustic Bench Section had tried to move us on, we should have bought the seat at once. But nobody bothered us. Indeed it was quite obvious that the news that we owned a large window-box had not yet got about.

"I shall leave you here," I said after I had smoked a cigarette and dipped into the catalogue again, "and make my purchase. It will be quite inexpensive; indeed, it is marked in the catalogue at one-and-sixpence, which means that they will probably offer me the nine-shilling size first. But I shall be firm. Good-bye."

I went and bought one and returned to her with it.

"No, not now," I said, as she held out her hand eagerly. "Wait till we get home."

It was cooler now, and we wandered through the tents, chatting patronisingly to the stall-keeper whenever we came to pink geraniums. At the orchids we were contemptuously sniffy. "Of course," I said, "for those who *like* orchids——" and led the way back to the geraniums again. It was an interesting afternoon.

And to our great joy the window-box was in position when we got home again.

"Now!" I said dramatically, and I unwrapped my purchase and placed it in the middle of our new-made garden.

"Whatever——"

"A slug-trap," I explained proudly.

"But how could slugs get up here?" asked Celia in surprise.

"How do slugs get anywhere? They climb up the walls, or they come up in the lift, or they get blown about by the wind—I don't know. They can fly up if they like; but, however it be, when they do come, I mean to be ready for them."

Still, though our slug-trap will no doubt come in usefully, it is not what we really want. What we gardeners really want is rain. A. A. M.

The Tandem.

"The winner was Mr. E. Williams, on an A.J.S. machine, while, on the same machine, Mr. C. Williams finished second."

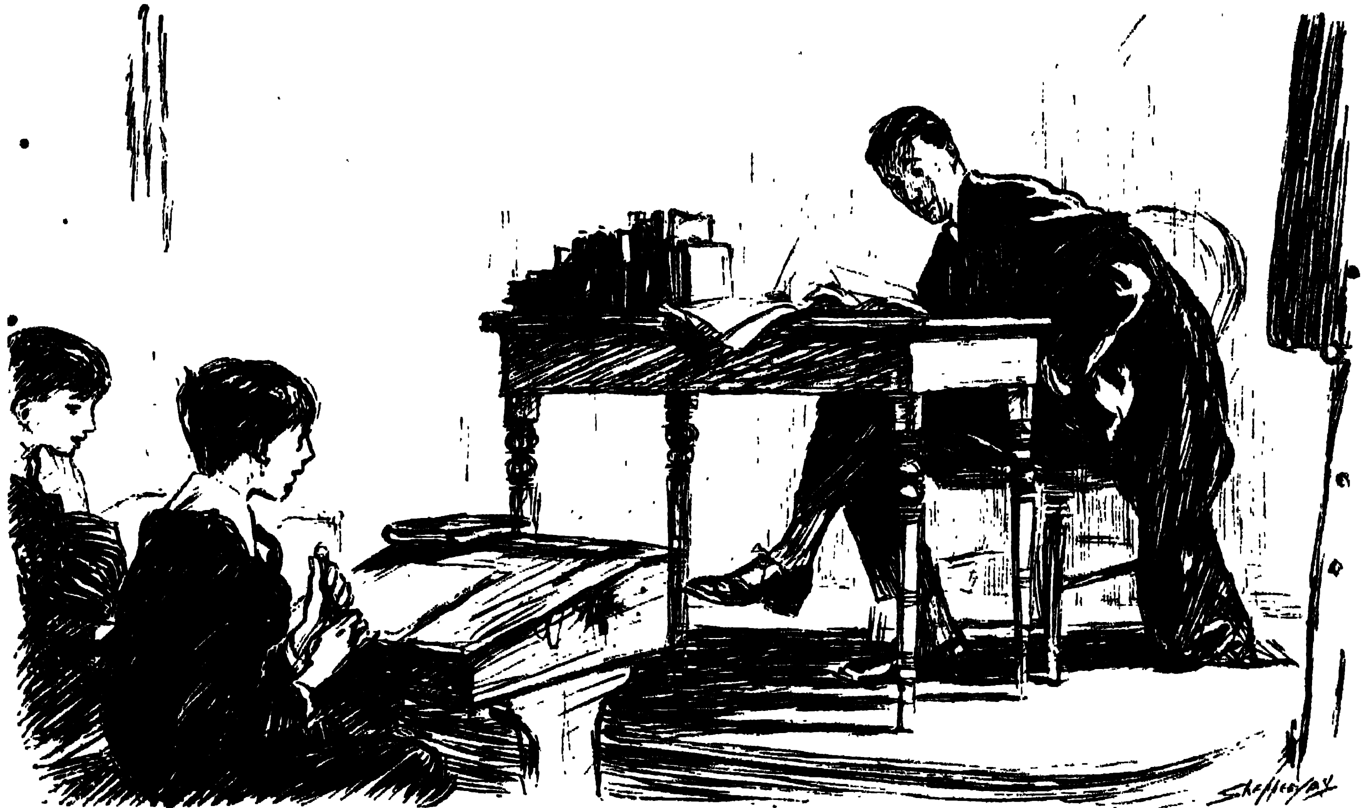
Liverpool Evening Express.

He should have insisted on the front seat at the start, and then he might have finished first.

"Wanted immediately, experienced pressers for ladies' waists."

Advt. in "Montreal Daily Star."

DON JUAN, forward.



NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

Mathematical Master (after carefully explaining new rule). "WELL, TERTIUS, AND WHAT IS FOUR PER CENT. ON £5?"
Tertius. "TEN SHILLINGS." *Mathematical Master.* "NO, NO." *Tertius.* "FIVE SHILLINGS."
Mathematical Master. "NO!" *Tertius.* "HALF-A-CROWN."
Mathematical Master. "NOW, TERTIUS, IT'S NO USE GUESSING; JUST THINK. I'LL GIVE YOU HALF-A-MINUTE TO PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER." *(After interval of half-a-minute)* "WELL?" *Tertius (with confidence).* "PLEASE, SIR, THERE ISN'T ONE."

DRASTIC REFORM OF SCHOOLS.

REMARKABLE SPEECH.

OWING to the ruthless condensation of the Parliamentary Reports in the daily Press, no mention was made of Mr. Alfred Dunstanley's motion last Thursday, under the ten-minutes rule, for leave to bring in his Bill for the Reform of Public Schools. That omission we are now able to make good, thanks to the enterprise of a correspondent who was present during the debate in the Strangers' Gallery.

Mr. Dunstanley remarked that he was not prompted by any animosity to our public schools and did not propose to exterminate or annihilate them. But he was convinced that in the best interests of the nation they ought to be purged of the excrescences and anomalies which militated against their utility. The Bill accordingly provided that, pending the extinction of the hereditary peerage, peers or peers' sons, if they insisted on going to public schools, should be carefully segregated and kept in a state of perpetual coventry. It was not advisable that the healthy sons of our democracy should associate with these effete and tainted aristocrats. The Bill stopped short of sending them to the lethal chamber, but recommended that they should pay triple fees.

Mr. Dunstanley explained that he had no feeling against titled persons as individuals. But the facts were against them. Thus the word viscount was in Latin vice-comes, in itself a terrible admission. Again, baronets were almost invariably depicted in lurid colours by the best novelists. In short their presence at our public schools could not be safely tolerated, as even the children of good Radicals were not immune to the danger of snobbery and sycophancy. The Bill also provided for compulsory vegetarian diet and the abolition of all cadet corps, rifle-shooting and caning.

Mr. Dunstanley concluded by observing that it pained him to bring forward this motion, as he had many friends who had been born in the purple, and some had survived the demoralising influences involved in their birth, but he felt it his solemn duty to lodge a practical protest against the fetish worship of rank and wealth and war, which, in the opinion of his great-headed colleague, Mr. JOHN WARD, was ruining the country.

From a letter to *The Accrington Gazette*:—

"I do hope that the Accrington Town Council will read, mark, learn this epistle and lay these precepts to their hearts, which in Latin I will quote: 'Quod Hoc Sibi Vult.' It means that the exposed food stuffs will not only be impregnated with the volcanic like dust representing the cremated remnant of the town's horrible organic refuse, but will also be tainted with the smell that tastes."

Our contemporary's correspondent would have pleased our old Sixth Form Master, who was always complaining that our translations did not bring out the *full* meaning of the passage.

"GREAT PICTURES UNDER THE HAMMER."
The Times.

The Suffragettes continue to be busy.

"Who shall say howqztNj wodrmf."
Manchester Daily Dispatch.

Who wants to?



"AND SO YOU ARE REALLY GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH, MY DEAR. WELL, I THINK YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND SEEMS A CHARMING MAN. BY-THE-BY, WHAT DOES HE DO?"

"OH—ER—WELL—ER—D'YOU KNOW, I REALLY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO ASK HIM; BUT I EXPECT PAPA COULD TELL YOU IF YOU PARTICULARLY WANT TO KNOW."

INSPIRATION.

(A Suburban Rhapsody.)

I SAID, "Within the garden trimly bordered,
Assisted by the merle, I mean to woo
The Heavenly Nine, by young Apollo wardered,"
And Araminta answered, "Yes, dear, do.
The deck chair 's in the outhouse; lunch is ordered
For twenty-five to two."

I sat within the garden's island summer
And heard far off the shunting of the trains,
Noises of wheels, and speech of every comer
Passing the entrance—heard the man of brains
Talking of GEORGE's Budget, heard the plumber
Planning new leaks for drains.

These things did not disturb me. Through the fencing
I liked to bear in mind that men less free
Must toil and tramp, whilst I was just commencing
To court the Muses, foolscap on my knee,
Helped by the sweet bird in the shade-dispensing
Something-or-other tree.

I wrote: "Ah, who would be where rough men jostle
In dust and grime, like porkers at a trough,
When here is May and May-time's blest apostle——"
Just then, without preliminary cough,
Suddenly, ere I know, the actual throstle
Tee'd up and started off.

It drowned the distant noise of motor-'buses,
It drowned the shunting trains, the traffic's roar,
The milk, the bread, the meat, the tradesmen's fusses,
And the long secret tale told o'er and o'er
That all day long Eliza Jane discusses
With the new girl next door.

So sweetly the bird sang. Great thrills went through it.
It seemed to say, "The glorious sun hath shone,
Flooding the world like treacle wrapped round suet;
Why should we harp of age and dull years gone?"
Time seemed to be no sort of object to it—
It just went on and on.

Therefore I rose, and later (o'er the trifle),
When Araminta with her tactful gush
Asked if the garden seemed to help or stifle
The Muses' output, I responded, "Tush;
When you go out, my dear, please buy a rifle;
I want to shoot that thrush." EVOE.

Seen in a Birmingham shop window:—

"THE SMARTEST FLANNEL TROUSER IN THE CITY, 6/11."

If he had another one, even though not quite so smart, we might consider it.

"The world's longest and most accurate golf ball."—*Advt.*

Personally we prefer the short ones when it comes to putting them into the tin.



THE AMENDING BILL.

Mr. Redmond. "Well ridden!"

Mr. Asquith. "Yes, I know; but as we came round the corner an 'objection' occurred to me, and I feel bound to lodge it myself. I hope you won't mind."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

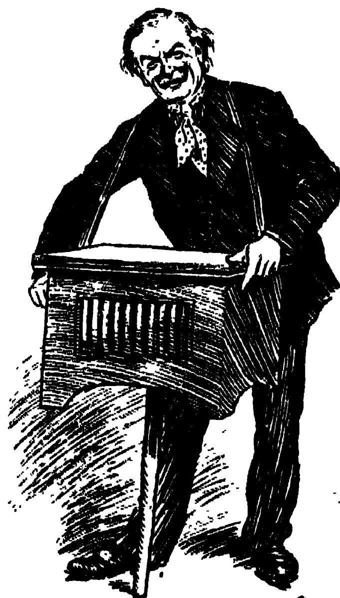
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—Field-Marshal ASQUITH, on military duty in attendance on the KING at Aldershot. Takes opportunity to give HIS MAJESTY a few hints on the setting of a squadron in the field. In his absence depression customary on reassembling after week-end recess asserts itself with increased force. Through early portion of Question-hour benches half empty. As hands of clock approached the mark 2.45, stream of arrivals increased in volume. At conclusion of Questions House so densely crowded that side galleries were invaded, and group of Members stood at Bar.

Strangers in Gallery rubbed their eyes and asked what this might portend? Explanation simple. Within limit of Question-hour no division may take place. As soon as boundary passed danger zone for Ministerialists entered. Last week Opposition snapped a division at earliest possible moment and nearly cornered Government. To-day at least two divisions on Welsh Church Bill imminent. Ministerialists, obedient to urgent Whip, in their places in good time. When divisions were called—one on report of financial resolution of Welsh Church Bill, the other closing Committee stage—298 voted with Government against 204 for rejection of motion. By rare coincidence figures in both divisions were exactly the same, re-establishing Government majority at 94.

This done, Members trooped out in battalions, leaving HUME WILLIAMS to spend on wooden intelligence of empty benches able argument in support of motion for rejection of Bill at Third Reading stage. Lifeless debate temporarily uplifted by speech of simple eloquence from WILLIAM JONES, who, after long interval, breaks the silence imposed upon a Whip. Quickly gathering audience listened from both sides with obvious pleasure to a speech which, as STUART-WORTLEY said, was "marked by real fervour and manifest sincerity." We have not so many natural orators in present House that we can with indifference see given up to the drudgery of the Whips' room what was meant for mankind.

One passage, a sort of aside, brought tears to eyes of case-hardened section of the audience seated in Press Gallery. They furtively dropped when Member for Carnarvon described how, a small boy visiting the Strangers' Gallery, he found seated there "a saintly Pressman,



MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT BILL.

"For the rest it was the same grinding out of barrel-organ tunes that has been going on these three years."

a frail and fragile figure in bad health, who wrote weekly letters to the Welsh *Baner*. I saw him," he added, "at lucid intervals, writing his letters."

House loudly laughed at picture thus graphically drawn. Pressmen, not essentially saintly, know how desirable is the accessory of lucid intervals for the writing of London Letters.

Business done.—Under Procedure Resolution agreed to last week Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill carried through Committee as quickly as Chairman could put formal motion. Debate opened on Third Reading.

Tuesday.—"I rejoice," said F. E. SMITH, rising at ten o'clock in half empty House to support motion for rejection of Welsh Church Bill on Third Reading stage, "that debates on this measure are approaching termination. We are all driven to make the same speeches over again and to cite old illustrations of the insane constitution under which we live."

This frank admission of the inutility of stretching debate over two sittings not agreeable to feelings of those responsible for weary waste of time. All the same, lamentably true.

Only impulse of vitality given to proceedings came from speech of GEORGE CAVE. Member for Kingston does not frequently interpose in debate. Long intervals of silence give him opportunity of garnering something worth saying, a rule of Parliamentary life that might be recommended to the attention of some who shall here be nameless. For the rest it was the same grinding out of barrel-organ tunes in varied keys that has been going on these three years. MCKENNA gave touch of originality to his remarks in winding up debate by avoiding reference to the late GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS. Thus momentarily refreshed, Members gratefully went out to Division Lobby, and Third Reading was carried by majority of 77.

In two other divisions concerning Welsh Church Bill taken yesterday, what the late Mr. G. P. R. JAMES if he were starting a new novel would describe as a solitary figure—"a solitary horseman" was, to be precise, the consecrated phrase—might have been observed sitting in corner seat below Gangway on Opposition side. It was WILLIAM O'BRIEN assuming the attitude of passive resister to a measure which, in respect of an established Church that national feeling regards as alien, proposes to do for Wales what nearly half a century ago GLADSTONE did for Ireland. In Parliamentary parlance, "the hon. Member in possession of the House" is the gentleman on his legs addressing the SPEAKER. Whilst a crowd of Members streamed out, some into the "Aye" Lobby, others into the "No," WILLIAM O'BRIEN



A PASSIVE RESISTER.

"Let degenerate Irishmen, suborned by bargain with a Saxon Government, go forth to save it in the Division Lobby."

(Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

remained seated, for a moment or two literally the Member in possession of the House.

Let degenerate Irishmen, suborned by bargain with a Saxon Government, go forth to save it in the Division Lobby. Sea-green (with envy of JOHN REDMOND, whose name will, after all, be imperishably connected with the final success of a National movement inaugurated forty years ago by ISAAC BUTT) incorruptible, WILLIAM O'BRIEN thus protested against a course of events he has been unable to control. To those who remember his fierce eloquence in past years dominating a hostile audience there was something pathetic in the spectacle.

Business done.—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill read third time. Sent on to meet predestined fate in Lords.

Thursday.—Quite lively goings on. House met to open debate on Third Reading of Home Rule Bill, at special desire of Opposition to be extended over three sittings. CAMPBELL had given notice of intention to move rejection. Everything pointed to long dreary evening, the serving-up of that "thrice boiled colewort" which CARLYLE honestly believed to form the principal dish in the House of Commons shilling dinner.

Expected that PREMIER would indicate purport and scope of promised Bill amending an Act not yet added to Statute Book. Questioned on subject he announced that Bill will be introduced in the Lords. Judged by ordinary business tactics this seemed a reasonable arrangement. On return from Whitsun holidays the Lords will find Home Rule Bill at their disposal. Do not conceal intention of throwing it out on Second Reading. Whereupon, Parliament Act stepping in, it will be added to Statute Book. Meanwhile Lords, having no other business on hand, might devote their time to consideration of that settlement of Ulster question which all parties speak of as their heart's desire.

House of Commons is, however, above consideration of ordinary business ways. Announcement of Ministerial intention with respect to Amending Bill raised clamour worthy of our best traditions. Poor CAMPBELL getting up to perform appointed task was greeted by his own friends with stormy cries for adjournment. For full five minutes he stood at Table, with nervous fingers rapping a tune on lid of brass-bound box.

"What's he playing, do you think?" WINTERTON asked ROWLAND HUNT.

"As far as I can make out," said the Man for Shropshire, "it's 'The Campbells are Coming.'"

"By Jove, they shan't come," said WINTERTON, who was in his element (hot water). "'Journ! 'Journ! 'Journ!" he shouted, leading again the storm of interruption that prevented a word being heard from CAMPBELL.

SPEAKER at end of five minutes asked BONNER LAW whether this refusal of the Opposition to hear one of their leaders met with his assent and approval? BONNER LAW haughtily refused to answer. WINTERTON and KINLOCH COOKE more delighted than ever. Uproar growing, the SPEAKER declared sitting suspended and left the Chair.



"MORITHURI TE SALUTHAMUS."

"In regard to the Home Rule Bill, the position of himself and his friends was, 'We who are about to die salute thee.'"—*Mr. TIM HEALY.*

A critical moment. So high did angry passion run that there might have been repetition of the famous fisticuffs on floor of House that marked progress of first Home Rule Bill. Ominous sign when ROYDS of Sleaford, ordinarily mildest-mannered of men, rushed between Front Opposition Bench and Table and shook a minatory forefinger at ASQUITH.

PREMIER only smiled. Happily his indifferent good-humour prevailed on his own side. There was interchange of acrid compliments as parties joined each other on the way out. But nothing more happened, except that HASLETON and another Irish Nationalist, passing empty chair of SERGEANT-AT-ARMS, lit, the one a pipe, the other a cigarette.

"Shocking!" cried an outraged Member of the old school.

"Not at all," said SARK. "When the House of Commons is enlivened by pot-house manners there is surely no harm in two customers lighting up as they pass out."

Business. — Outbreak of disorder. SPEAKER suspends sitting.

BUYING A PIANO.

I HAD often thought I should like to possess a really good piano—not one of those dumpy vertical instruments, but a big flat one with a long tail. For a long time I hesitated between a Rolls-Royce, a Yost, a Veuve Cliquot, and a Thurston. At last I put the problem to a musical friend. He said:

"It's a piano you want, not a motor-typewriting-champagne-table? Very good, then. You go to Steinbech's in Wigram Street. They'll fix you up. Mention my name if you like."

"What'll happen to me if I do?"

"They'll sell you a piano. That's what you want, isn't it?"

So I went. I told the man at Steinbech's that I believed they sold pianos. He said that my belief was not without foundation, but that, in any case, they would be prepared to stretch a point in my favour and sell me one. What sort did I require?

"A big flat one with a long tail," I replied.

"Ah, you want a full concert-grand? Then kindly step into our show-room, Sir. Now, this one," he said, indicating a handsome brunette, "is a magnificent piano. Best workmanship and superior materials employed throughout. Splendid tone and light touch. Price, one hundred guineas. Examine it; try it for yourself, Sir." And he opened the keyboard as he spoke.

"Er — what order are the notes arranged in?" I asked.

"In strict alphabetical order," he answered. "A, B, C, and so on."

"You must excuse my asking the question," I went on, "but the fact is I've never seen a Steinbech before. I thought perhaps that different makers adopted different arrangements of the notes, as makers of typewriters do. Now, will this piano play BEETHOVEN?

I particularly want a piano that will play the 'Moonlight' and the 'Waldstein.'"

"You're not thinking of a *pianola*, Sir, are you?"

"No," I replied, "I am not. I have no sympathy with music that looks like a Gruyère cheese. The music I want my piano to play is the ordinary printed kind—black-currants and stalks and that sort of thing."

"Well, Sir, you will find that this piano is specially adapted for playing all kinds of printed music. Music in manuscript may also be rendered upon it."

"That's one point settled then," I said. "Now, if you will kindly prize the lid off, I should like to look at the works."

He lifted the lid and propped it up with a short billiard-cue which fitted into a notch. All danger of sudden decapitation having been removed, I put my head inside.

"Hallo!" I cried. "What's this harp doing in here? Doesn't it get in the way?"

"That is not a harp, Sir; that is part of the mechanism—the wires, you know."

I plucked a few of them, and they gave forth a pleasing sound. So I plucked some more.

"Yes," I said decidedly, "I like the rigging very much. And now perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what those two foot-clutches are for, which I noticed underneath the keyboard. I suppose they are the brake and the reversing gear?"

I was wrong. The man expounded their true functions to me. Then I said, "I should just like to examine it underneath, if you wouldn't mind turning it on its back."

The fellow told me that it was unnecessary and unusual—that I had seen all there was to see. This made me suspicious. I was certain he was trying to conceal some radical defect from me. So I made up my mind to see for myself. I took off my coat and crawled underneath. As I suspected, I found two large round holes in the flooring. When I had finished rubbing my head, I drew the man's attention to them. He was able to give a more or less reasonable excuse for them. I forget what he said they were—ventilators, I think.

He concluded by saying that the instrument would be certain to give me the utmost satisfaction.

"You would not recommend my having a more expensive one?" I asked. "A Stradivarius, or a Benvenuto Cellini?"

He thought not; so we clinched the deal.



THE PARAFFIN HABIT.

(*Doctors generally are prescribing refined paraffin for various ailments.*)

Mistress. "THE OIL FINISHED AGAIN, MARY? IT SEEMS TO GO VERY QUICKLY."

Cook. "IT'S THE MASTER, MUM. WHENEVER 'E RUNS OUT OF 'IS 'REFINED' 'E COMES A-DIPPING INTO THIS 'ERE."

"I think," I said, as I handed him my cheque, "that I should like my name-plate fixed on it somewhere—say, on one of the end notes that I shall never use."

But he advised me against this. None of the players handicapped at scratch ever thought of such a thing.

"Very well," I said. "Just wrap it up for me, and I'll——"

"Hadn't we better send it for you," he suggested, "in one of our vans, in charge of our own men?"

"Just so," I agreed. "Good morning."

The piano duly arrived, and when we had taken the drawing-room door out of its socket and demolished a large portion of two walls, they got it in—just in. With care I can squeeze into the room. However, I am happy, though crowded, for I have achieved my heart's desire.

It has been with me a year now. I must soon think of learning to play it.

The New Dramatist.

From "Books Received" in *The Daily Chronicle*:—

"Misalliance, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets and Fanny's First Play; with a Treatise on Parents and Children, by Bernard Constable, 6s."

"Ouimet was born at Brookline. . . . As his name rather suggests, his parents were French Canadians, who moved to Brookline from Montreal."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It seems a great deal for the name to suggest.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT GAMBLE."

A MAN who elopes with his friend's wife cannot fairly expect to command general sympathy when, sooner or later, he has to pay the claims of offended morality. Yet one could not help being a little sorry for *Colonel Herrick*, the leading delinquent in Mr. JEROME'S play. For scarcely had they started for the Continent from Charing Cross (to be precise, the train was passing through Chislehurst) when the lady suddenly repented of her rash act and burst into unassuageable tears. If, on reaching Dover, he had had the happy thought of despatching her back to her home as unaccompanied baggage, he would have saved himself a vast deal of trouble. But, being a soldier, he set his teeth and went forward, and for eight days she made the hotels of Europe ring with her lamentations. Nor was this his only source of discomfort. Though, for convenience, they appeared in the visitors' books as man and wife, the lady's attitude compelled the maintenance of platonic relations, and, whereas in actual life this would merely have meant that he had to occupy a separate bedroom, in Mr. JEROME'S vision of things as they might be it meant that he had to sleep in the bath-room.

It will be readily understood that, to *The Colonel*, the advent of the infuriated husband was of the nature of a relief. Thanks to the intervention of a large assortment of friends, and after assurance given of the lady's technical retention of her virtue, he agrees to take her back if she cares to rejoin him. It is true that before the happy conclusion, so satisfactory to *The Colonel*, is reached, a duel *manqué* is interposed; but this is designed for the sole benefit of the audience and does not affect the result.

Meanwhile, the lady adopts an enigmatic behaviour. On the appearance of her husband she exchanges the black dress of remorse for the gay yellow garb of a mind at ease; yet under his very nose she permits herself to exhibit a very intimate delight in *The Colonel's* more obvious attractions. So cryptic indeed is her conduct (both for us and her friends) that it is arranged that her choice between the two men shall be decided [illegible] the test of a dream. In consequence, however, of an attack of insomnia this dream (like the duel) fails to come off and shortly after midnight her waking doubts are resolved in her husband's favour.

It will be seen that the stuff of Mr. JEROME'S play is sufficiently fatuous; but Mr. EDMUND MAURICE as *The Colonel* was always amusing, and in the multitude of counsellors there was merriment. Unfortunately Mr. STANLEY COOKE, as a *Herr Professor* and leader of the chorus, did not quite succeed in executing his share of the fun.

The farce was varied by a very amateur romance as between a young American and the niece of an hotel-keeper; also by a slab of melodrama (dealing with the girl's parentage) which only escaped from pure banality by the too brief glimpse it gave us of that admirable actress, Miss RUTH MACKAY.

The scene (perhaps the best part of the whole show) was laid in "An Ancient Grove" adjacent to a German University. (The catalogue, peculiarly reticent about proper names, offers my memory no refreshment.) This "Ancient Grove," unchanged throughout the play, served a number of useful purposes. It made excuse for the intermittent apparition (otherwise inexplicable) of a little woodland figure that played upon a pipe. Its proximity to an hotel afforded occasion for meal after meal *en plein air*. Its proximity to a University Town encouraged the frequent passage of German students, vivacious and vocal; also the convenient appearance of any foreign resident or visitor at a moment's notice. Its Statue of Venus (fully draped) afforded an authentic incitement to the making of love. Its environs enabled Mr. JEROME to dispose of his puppets whenever their presence became undesirable. They simply said, "Let us stroll in the woods;" or "Come for a walk with me," and he was rid of them. Finally the "Ancient Grove" contained a central patch of boscage in whose cover one of the duellists, arriving on the *terrain* a little before the time, remained *perdu* in slumber, undisturbed by a loud conversation carried on within a few feet of him by all the other parties to the combat.

Indeed the scenery put in some good work, and I really don't know what we should have done without it.

The Great Gamble was, of course, the lottery of marriage. But for some of us it meant the risk we ran in attending the first night of a play by Mr. JEROME after our bitter experience of his *Rowena in Search of a Father*. To say that his present work is an improvement upon his last would be to damn it with a fainter praise than it deserves. *The Great Gamble* is a strange and inscrutable medley, but it has its exhilarating moments, and the humour of its dialogue, though it is mitigated by the Professor's contributions, is worthy of a much better design.

O. S.



HOW UNHAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!

The Husband . . . . Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE
The Wife . . . . Miss SARAH BROOKE.
The Colonel . . . . Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.

"Now that Miss Cecil Leitch has won the Ladies' Golf Championship after seven years' unsuccessful striving, it may be suggested that she might alter the spelling of her name to Leach. Just to show how she stuck to it!"—*Glasgow Evening News.*

The writer should have stuck to his dictionary.

"It was officially stated yesterday that Dr. Herbert William Moxon, the son of a former prominent Unionist in West Derbyshire, had consented to address a meeting of Liberals with a view to his adaptation as Liberal candidate for West Derbyshire."

Daily Mail.

Those adaptable politicians.

"Mr. Palmer would still deserve to be crowned with unfading laurels."—*Times.*

PALMER *qui meruit ferat.*

Latest Cannibal News.

"Djaraboub ordinarily contains only 350 inhabitants but these are swollen by pilgrims."

Siam Observer.



First Jack Tar Abroad (to second, very "busy riding"). "'ULLOA, BILL; LOOKS LIKE YER WORKIN' YER PASSAGE."
Bill. "YUSS; 'AD BLOOMIN' ROUGH WEATHER, TOO; BUT IT 'S ALL RIGHT IF YE 'OLD ON TO THIS 'ERE FORESTAY."

VERY MUCH GREATER LONDON.

[*One result of the introduction of the Bachelet flying train should certainly be the extension of London's suburbs. We extract the following from a season-ticket holder's diary of the near future.*]

Dundee.—Strap-hung again to-day; London train abominably crowded. That is the worst of living in these inner suburbs. Men who live on the other side of the Orkney Tunnel tell me the train only begins seriously to fill up at Caithness; before that, one has reasonable hope of a seat. Brown, for instance, says that, coming up from Kirkwall and entering train before pressure begins, he rarely has to use strap. Don't know how the poor wretches at Newcastle and Durham ever get to town at all, though, living so close to King's Cross, they can perhaps afford to stand for the few minutes they are in train. . . .

No change for better, so have been studying agents' lists; some items attractive. For example:—

Belgian Tunnel Line.—Antwerp and Liverpool Street in 29 minutes; low season-ticket rates; excellent mid-day service, enabling business men to take luncheon at home.

Charming Maisonettes in fine healthy suburb, S.W. London (Penzance district); bath h. and c.; Company's water; two minutes Bachelet Railway-station; 25 minutes Paddington and City.

Sunny Cairo, S.E.—Nice self-contained flats; charming desert view; low rents; ninety-five minutes Charing Cross; five minutes Sahara golf links (inland course but real sand bunkers).

Week-End Cottage for Harassed City Worker, Siberia (near London).—To be let furnished; bracing air; perfect quiet.

SYNTHETIC MUTTON.

IN view of the impending scarcity of meat, so vividly foreshadowed in a recent article in *The Times*, it is most reassuring to learn that a new comestible, palatable and nutritious, yet entirely free from the drawbacks of all flesh foods, has been invented by a German scientist and will shortly be put upon the market at a price which will bring it within the reach of the humblest household.

Professor Schafskopf, the inventor, has long been engaged on experiments with a view to the production of synthetic mutton, and his diligent efforts have now been crowned with success. The basis of the new food is compressed peat, which is so permeated with a variety of nutritive juices, applied at high pressure by a grouting machine, as to be practically indistinguishable from the best Southdown mutton.

By way of putting his discovery to the test Professor Schafskopf entertained a number of distinguished guests at the Fitz Hotel last week, and with hardly an exception they were astonished at the succulent and sumptuous flavour of the new food, which is called by the attractive name of "Supermut."

Professor Bino Byles, interviewed at the close of the banquet, said that "Supermut" was a distinct success. It had all the digestibility of tripe with an added aroma of Harris Tweed.

Mr. Gullick, the famous motorist, said that "Supermut" reminded him of the best cormorant. He believed that it could also be used for making unpuncturable tyres.

Lord Findhorn, the eminent Scots Judge, said that "Supermut" had converted him to carnivorous food, though he was an hereditary vegetarian.

Finally we note that *The Forceps* in a laudatory article pays a handsome tribute to the new food, and says, "It must be conceded that a very reliable substitute for mutton has at length been produced. We found it hard to distinguish it from a saddle."

A MAY PICNIC.

Someone has settled (it's not my fault;
And, whatever we do, let's take some
salt)—
Someone has settled, don't you see,
Without referring the thing to me,
That this is a day to be bright and
hearty,
And to take our lunch as a picnic
party—
To take our lunch with toil and care
Away from home in the open air.

Now I maintain that it can't be right,
When there isn't a single wasp in sight,
To have mint-sauce and a joint of lamb,
Some currant cake and a pot of jam,
A gooseberry tart, with sugar and
cream,
And some salad dressing, a bottled
dream—
All the things that a wasp loves best
When he buzzes away from his hidden
nest;
And you all shout "Wasp!" and flick
at the fellow,
And you miss his black and you miss
his yellow,
And only succeed in turning over
Your glass of drink on the thirsty clover.
A picnic? Pooh! Why, you merely
waste it
When there isn't a wasp to come and
taste it.

However, a picnic's got to be,
Though they haven't referred the thing
to me.
There's a boat and we put our parcels
in it,
And off we push in another minute.
And our pace is certainly rather slow,
For everybody wants to row;
And there's any amount of laugh and
chatter,
And crabs are caught, but it doesn't
matter;
For we're all afloat
In an open boat,
And the breeze is light and the sky is
blue,
And the sun is toasting us through and
through.

By a buttercup field we came to land
And every passenger lent a hand
To unload our food and spread it out,
While the cows stood flapping their
tails about.
And Peggy as waitress played her part,
And John fell into the gooseberry
tart.
I can't explain, though I wish I could,
Why everything tasted twice as good
As it does at home in the cheerful gloom
Of the old familiar dining-room.
Every picnicky thing was there,
Including the girls and the son and
heir,
A red-cheeked frivolous knife-and-fork's
crew,
Who hadn't forgotten, oh joy, the cork-
screw!
And, last, we furbished our feasting-
green,
And left no paper to spoil the scene,
Did up the remains in a tidy pack
And took to our boat and drifted back.

R. C. L.

THE CORNCRAKE.

The corncrake has arrived. As I turned in at the gate last night he reported himself in the usual way. So now we are in for it. The priceless boon of silence in the hours of darkness will be denied to us for many weeks to come.

I do not know how to describe his utterance. It could not without extravagance be called a note, still less a chirp, and least of all a song. It is not a bark—not quite. It is hardly a growl or a grunt or a snort; I should be sorry to call it a bray or a yelp. And yet I am not going to admit that it is a quack or a bleat; and it isn't a screech or a squeal or a sob. Nor is it a croak, though now we are getting nearer to it. The puzzling thing about it is that it was clearly meant by Nature to be an interjection. Uttered once, suddenly, from the far side of a hedge it would admirably convey such a sentiment as, "Hi!" "What ho!" or "Here we are again!" But in practice it is the one sound in the whole landscape that never interjects. It is a monument of barren reiteration.

I wonder why he does it. No doubt he has some end in view. He must get something out of it—some bodily ease or mental stimulus or spiritual consolation. But he must surely have been born with a prodigious passion for monotony. It may surprise you to learn that in the course of the season he will make that same remark over two million times. I have worked it out. Two million is a conservative estimate. It only allows for eight hours' work out of the twenty-four, for a term of six weeks: so that it is well within the mark.

Our corncrake—I don't know what the usual standard may be—does ninety-eight to the minute. He is as regular as the ticking of a clock. You can't hustle him and you can't wear him out. At times when I have thought he might be getting tired and thirsty I have imagined that he was slowing down; but he never gets below ninety-six; and in his most active and feverish moments he very rarely touches the hundred. At short measured intervals he punctuates the night with his dry delivery, unhasting yet unresting, his sole idea to get his forty-seven-thousand up without a break before the morning. He just doesn't know the meaning of the word emphasis; he has absolutely no sense of rhythm. Once I tried to believe that he was talking in three-four time, or at least that he was occasionally accenting a note. But he never does. He gets no louder or softer, higher or lower, quicker or slower—he just keeps on.

You need not suppose that I have meekly sat down under this thing. This is his sixth year, and I have been at war with him all the time. But finally he holds the field, and my only hope now is that his powers may begin to fail as old age creeps on. Even if he dropped to eighty a minute it would be an intense relief. But I dare say he means to bequeath the pitch to a successor at his death—perhaps to a relative.

At first I used to throw things at him out of the bedroom window—hair-brushes and slippers and books and all sorts of odds and ends. I had to go round with a basket after breakfast collecting them. But it was no good; he never dropped a beat. Then I deliberately devastated the garden, with a view to deprive him of cover. I had all the bushes taken up and the flower-beds removed, and I laid down, just under my bedroom window, a wide expanse of tar-macadam, as bald and flat as a mirror—a beetle couldn't have hidden himself on it. (I had to call this a hard tennis-court for the sake of appearances. We do as a matter of fact play on it sometimes.) But it had no effect on the corncrake. Of course the truth is that I never have the least idea where he is; no one has. No one has ever seen him or ever will. He is endowed with great ventriloquial powers. That is a provision of Nature, and if you will reflect a moment you will see that it must be so. For, granted that he is to go on talking like that, if he could not throw his voice about from place to place and thus make it impossible to get at him, the species would become extinct.

There is nothing more that I can do, and it is only fair to admit that the whole thing is my own fault. When I built my house six years ago I might have shown a little common foresight in this matter. I got everything else right as far as I could. My rooms are well placed for sunshine and they have the best of the view. The water-supply is good; there is plenty of fall for the drainage system; we are well out of the motor dust. But I omitted one precaution. I should have had the ground surveyed for corncrakes.



Hotel Waiter. "COME, SIR, YOU REALLY MUST GO OFF TO BED, SIR." (*Yawns.*) "WHY, THE DAWN 'S A-BREAKING, SIR."
Late Reveller. "LET IT BREAK—AND PUT IT DOWN IN THE BILL, WAITER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The World Set Free* (MACMILLAN) Mr. H. G. WELLS has seen a vision—the vision of a world plunged into blazing and crumbling chaos by the ultimate logical issues of military violence. Defence, becoming always less and less effective against attack, which is always more and more a matter of the laboratory, finally succumbs before *Holsten's* discovery of "Carolinum" and its final disastrous application in the "atomic bombs." Romancing on a theme out of SODDY'S *Interpretation of Radium*, Mr. WELLS, with those deft strokes of allusive and imaginative realism—so convincing is he that realism is the only apt word for his daring constructions of the future—depicts the shattering of the headquarters of the War Control in Paris, followed by a swift counterstroke against the Central European Control in Berlin by the aviation corps, the destruction of capital after capital, and the final great battle in the air, with the bombing of the Dutch sea walls. Thereafter comes the attempt at reconstruction by the Council of Brissago, a convention of the governing folk of the world—the dream and deed of the Frenchman *Leblanc*, "a little bald, spectacled man," a peacemonger whom, till that day of ruin, everyone had thought an amiable fool. One monarch, "The Slavic Fox," sees in the assembly a chance to strike for world sovereignty, and the failure of his bomb-fraught planes and his final undoing in the secret arsenal are breathless pieces of description.

A subject for wonder is the astonishing advance in the author's technique. *The World Set Free* is on an altogether different plane from *The War of the Worlds* and those other gorgeous pot-boilers. It combines the alert philosophy and adroit criticism of the *Tono Bungay* phase with the luminous vision of *Anticipations* and the romantic interest of his eccentric books of adventure. The seer in Mr. WELLS comes uppermost, and I almost think that when the history of the latter half of the twentieth century comes to be written it will be found not merely that he has prophesied surely, but that his visions have actually tended to shape the course of events. Short of *Holsten's* "atomic bombs" (which may or may not be developed) Mr. WELLS makes a fair foreshadowing of the uprush of subliminal sanity which may very well be timed to appear before 1993. I can't take my hat off to Mr. WELLS because I 've had it in my hand out of respect for him these last few years. So I touch my forelock.

Roding Rectory (STANLEY PAUL) is in many respects the best novel Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has written. Those who remember *Exton Manor* and the three books dealing with the lives and deeds of the *Clintons* will consider this to be high praise, as, indeed, it is meant to be. Mr. MARSHALL preserves the ease and amenity of style which we have learnt to expect of him; he creates his characters—ordinary English men and women, animated by ordinary English motives—with all his old skill, and he sets them to work out their destinies in that pleasant atmosphere of English country life which no one since TROLLOPE'S death has reproduced with greater truth and delicacy than Mr. MARSHALL. This time, however, the clash of temperaments and traditions is more severe, the story cuts deeper into

humanity, and the narration of it is, I think, more closely knit. The Rector of Roding, the *Rev. Henry French*, is a fine figure of a man honourably devoted to the duties of his parish and abounding in good works. It is sad to see him cast down from his pride of place by the sudden revelation of an ill deed done in his thoughtless youth at Oxford. In an interview managed with an admirable sense of dramatic fitness he is faced by a son, the living embodiment of his all-but-forgotten sin, and soon the whole parish knows of it. But the Rector, with the aid of his wife, fights his fight and in the end wins back his self-respect and the respect of his neighbours. He is helped, too, by *Dr. Merrow*, the Congregational minister, a beautiful character drawn with deep sympathy. Indeed, it is *Dr. Merrow* who has the *beau rôle*, and, I must add, deserves it. For the rest I must let Mr. MARSHALL'S book speak for itself. He has written a very powerful and interesting story.

Among reviewers of books there is a convention by which the matter of a first edition—whether a single story or a collection of stories—which has been reproduced from a magazine or magazines, is treated as if it were a novelty. It is a sound and benevolent convention, because the stuff of magazines only receives at best a very sketchy notice. Miss MAY SINCLAIR, however, is apparently prepared to risk the loss of any advantage to be derived from it, for her collection of short and middle-sized stories republished under the title of the first of them, *The Judgment of Eve* (HUTCHINSON), is prefaced by an article in which she replies to those critics who took notice of some of them at the time of their appearance in magazine form. By this recognition of judgment already passed she sets me free to regard her stories as old matter, and to confine myself to a review of her introduction. In this answer to her critics I cannot feel that she has been well advised. Even in a second edition critics are best left alone, unless the author can correct them on a point of fact or interpretation of fact. Here it is on a matter of opinion that she joins issue with them. They seem (the misguided ones) to have rashly said that "The Judgment of Eve" was "a novel boiled down," and that "The Wrackham Memoirs," on the other hand, was "a short story spun out." But Miss SINCLAIR is very sure that she knew what she was about. She can "lay her hand on her heart and swear that 'The Judgment of Eve' would have lost by any words that could conceivably have been added to it;" she is certain that "Charles Wrackham required the precise amount of room that has been given him." I dare say she is right, but I wish she could have left someone else to say so. For myself I should have thought it obvious that a story dealing with character and its development by circumstance demanded more room in which to spread itself than one that dealt with a situation, dramatic or psychologic; yet "The Wrackham Memoirs," which, whatever its complexity, belongs to the latter type, takes up very nearly as much space as "The Judgment of Eve," which belongs to the former. Of course no critic of even moderate intelligence would propose to fix a limit of length for every type of story, but it may safely be said that, if you take MAUPASSANT for a standard, the best short stories have concerned themselves with situation rather than with character; and, though I have not had the privilege of reading the criticisms which are the subject of Miss SINCLAIR'S rebuke, I can easily believe that they were governed by this elementary reflection. It must have occurred to Miss SINCLAIR herself, even if she did not find it convenient to take cognisance of it in her reply. Perhaps she will have something to say on this subject in some future edition of her very interesting book, and I should indeed be flattered if she would consent, in a brief phrase or two, to review my review of her review of her reviewers.



THE NEW CASH REGISTER AS USED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC FOR CALCULATING THE VALUE PER MINUTE OF VOICES IN VOCAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

Good costume novels are not so common nowadays that I can pass *Desmond O'Connor* (LONG) without a most hearty welcome. For it is an excellent example of its class—full of rescues, of swashbuckling and of midnight escapes; with a gallant hero (and Irish at that), a lovely heroine, two bold bad villains and a sufficiency of kings and other historical celebrities to fill the background picturesquely. In fact Mr. GEORGE H. JESSOP has seen to it that no ingredient proper to this kind of dish shall be wanting, and I have great pleasure in congratulating him upon the result. *Desmond* was a soldier of fortune, a captain in the gallant Irish Brigade that served KING LOUIS XIV. against the Allies. During the siege of Bruges the young captain chanced to see one morning at mass the fair *Margaret, Countess of Anhalt*. She had lately fled to the town to frustrate the intentions of *Louis*, who would have given her hand to an equally unwilling suitor. There was also, hanging about, a certain *De Brissac*, who in the event of the countess's death or imprisonment would succeed to her estates. So off we go, cut and thrust, sword, cloak and rapier, all to the right jingle of tushery, till the last chapter, in which *King Louis* relents and does what kings (of France especially) always do in the last chapters of historical romances. Really it seems sometimes as though the Louvre under the Monarchy must have been run as a kind of superior matrimonial agency in a large way of business. Anyhow he rings down the curtain upon a bustling tale that should add to the reputation of its author.

The Conqueror of Ouimet.

As the grief of a lioness reft of her cubs,
Or a general ragged by the rawest of subs,
Or a rigid supporter of temperance clubs
Accused of frequenting the lowest of pubs,
Or a burglar defied by the skill that is CHUBB'S,
Is America's grief at the triumph of TUBBS.

CHARIVARIA.

When the King and Queen visit Nottinghamshire as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck, three representative colliery owners and four working miners will," we read, "be presented to their Majesties at Forest Town." A most embarrassing gift, we should say, and one which cannot, without hurting susceptibilities, be passed on to the Zoological Society.

* * *

Are the French, we wonder, losing that valuable quality of tact for which they have so long enjoyed a reputation? Amongst the Ministers introduced at Paris to King Christian of Denmark, who enjoys his designation of "The tall King," was M. Maginol, who is an inch taller than His Majesty. He should surely have been told to stay at home.

* * *

In the Bow County Court, last week, a woman litigant carried with her, for luck, an ornamental horse-shoe, measuring at least a foot in length, and won her case. Magistrates trust that this idea, pretty as it is, may not spread to Suffragettes of acknowledged markmanship.

* * *

Extract from an account in *The Daily Chronicle* of the *Silver King* disturbance:—"The officers held her down, and, with the ready aid of members of the audience, managed to keep her fairly quiet, though she bit those who tried to hold their hands over her mouth. A stage hand was sent for . . ." If we are left to assume that she did not like the taste of that, we regard it as an insult to a deserving profession.

* * *

"Do people read as much as they used to?" is a question which is often asked nowadays. There are signs that they are, anyhow, getting more particular as to what they read. Even the House of Commons is becoming fastidious. It refused, the other day, to read the Weekly Rest Day Bill a second time, and the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill was regarded as a waste of time and intelligence.

* * *

The superstitions of great men are always interesting, and we hear that, after his experience at Ipswich and on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Lloyd George is now firmly convinced that it is unlucky for him to have anything to do with anyone whose name ends in 'oni.'"

* * *

Professor Metchnikoff, the great authority on the prevention of senile decay, will shortly celebrate his seventieth birthday, and a project is on foot to congratulate him on his good fortune in living so long.

* * *

The Central Telephone Exchange is now prepared to wake up subscribers at any hour for threepence a call, and it is forming an "Early Risers' List." So many persons are anxious to take a rise out of the Telephone Service that the success of the innovation is assured.

* * *

By crossing the Channel in a biplane, the Princess Loewenstein-Wertheim has earned the right to be addressed as "Your Altitude."

* * *

We see from an advertisement that we now have in our midst an "Institute of Hand Development." This should prove most useful to parents who own troublesome children. No doubt after a short course of instruction the spanking power of the hand may be doubled.

* * *

Reading that two houses in King Street, Cheapside, were sold last week "for a price equal to nearly £13 10*s*. per foot super," a correspondent asks, "What is a super foot?" If it is not a City policeman's we give it up.

* * *

There are now 168 house-boats on the Thames, states the annual report of the Conservators, and it has been suggested that a race between these craft might form an attractive item at Henley.

* * *

Shoals of mackerel entered Dover Bay last week, and many of the fish were caught by what is described as a novel form of bait, namely a cigarette paper on a hook drawn through the water in the same way as a "spinner." As a matter of fact we believe that smoked salmon are usually caught this way.

* * *

We learn from an announcement in *The Medical Officer* that Dr. T. S. McSwiney has sold his practice to Dr. Hogg—and it only remains for us to hope that Dr. Hogg has not bought a pig in a poke.

* * *

It looks as if even in America the respect for Titles is on the wane. We venture to extract the following item from the catalogue of an American dealer in autographs:—"Bryce, James, Viscount. Historian. Original MS. 33 pp. 4to of his article 'Equality.' In this he says:—'The evils of hereditary titles exceed their advantage. In Great Britain they produce snobbishness both among those who possess them and those who do not, without (as a rule) any corresponding sense of duty to sustain the credit of the family or the caste. Their abolition would be clear gain. . . .' And now he is a Viscount. Price 30 dollars."



Pugilistic Veteran. "Come erlong, young un—come erlong; put some beef into it. That ain't the stuff *I* did at your age."

More African Unrest.

From a letter in *The East African Standard*:—

> "We have indeed reached the stage known as the last straw on the camel's back, and I, for one, am quite prepared, as one of the least component parts of that camel, to add my iota to the endeavour to kick over the traces. Let us unite and, marching shoulder to shoulder and eye to eye, set sail for that glorious and equally well-known goal—'Who pays the piper calls the tune.'"

No man of spirit could resist so stirring an appeal.

Embarrassing Situations.

I.

From the latest Official Report on anti-aircraft guns:—

> "Another arrangement, constructed by Messrs. Lenz, is that in which the layer's seat is attached to the muzzle of the gun."

II.

> "The mediators who are to intervene to bring peace in Mexico have begun their sittings at Niagara in a situation which is full of perplexity."
>
> *The Saturday Westminster Gazette.*

If the spot alluded to is immediately under the Falls we can well understand their lack of confidence.

THE HOLIDAY MOOD.

To the Liberal Party—British Section.

["The effect, however" (of the Nationalists' enthusiasm) "was somewhat marred by the apathy of the Liberals."—"*The Times*," *on the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill.*]

Why was the timbrel's note suppressed?
Why rang there not a rousing pæan
When Ireland, waiting to be blest,
Hanging about for half an æon,
Achieved at length the heights of Heaven
By a majority of 77?

Why was the trombone's music dumb?
Why did the tears of joy not splash on
The vellum of the big bass drum
To indicate your ardent passion
For that Green Isle across the way
Which you must really visit some fine day?

Was it the three elections (by-)
That left you for the time prostrated
(They should have raised your spirits high,
So Infant Samuel calculated),
Concluding with the worst of slips which
Occurred between the cup and mouth at Ipswich?

Was it because your Home Rule Bill
(Though perfect) craves to be amended,
And to the Lords you love so ill
That you would gladly see 'em ended
The delicate task has been referred
Of patching up the places where you erred?

Was it that you were pained to find
How Ulster took your noble Charter;
With what composure she declined
To bear it like a Christian martyr;
How there she stood, too firm to shake,
With no idea of stepping to the stake?

Or did you hear a still small voice
Under your waistcoat, where your heart is:
"We fought by contract, not by choice,
Ay, and the spoils are not our party's;
The Tories may be beat, but *we* know
This is not Asquith's, it is Redmond's beano"?

Or did you doubt if all was right
With Erin when you heard O'Brien
Foreboding doom by second sight
And roaring like a wounded lion,
And saw what venomed hate convulsed her
Apart from any little tiff with Ulster?

Or could it be you felt so fain
About your imminent vacation
That the same breast could not contain
The joy of Ireland-as-a-Nation?
There wasn't room for both inside,
And so the Bill gave way to Whitsuntide?

If that was why you would not hail
Your chance of bringing down the ceiling,
But let the holiday mood prevail,
I understand, and share your feeling;
I find my bowl of joy o'er-bubbling
Whenever Parliament has ceased from troubling.

O. S.

NEWSPAPER WAR.

Cut-throat Parish Magazine Competition.

The amazing upheaval in provincial journalism consequent on the issue of the Little Titley Parish Magazine at one penny is the sole topic of conversation in Dampshire, to the exclusion of Ulster, Mexico, the scarcity of meat, and even golf. Perhaps the most remarkable and significant outcome of this momentous change is the sudden abandonment by the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine of its familiar claim that its sale amounted to an average which, if tested, would show an excess of two to one over any other church periodical in Wessex. The Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine in its May number contented itself with asserting that it is the largest religious monthly in North Dampshire, also that its average sale, if tested, would show a circulation calculated to stagger humanity.

These assertions have led to a long and recriminatory correspondence in the columns of *The Tittersham Observer*. The Rev. Eldred Bolster, Vicar of Little Titley, writing in the issue of May 9th, characterises them as grotesque and preposterous fabrications. He points out, to begin with, that the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine only contains eighteen pages, of which no fewer than sixteen are provided from London and have no reference to local matters, while the Little Titley Parish Magazine contains twenty-four pages, of which no fewer than four are entirely devoted to parish affairs. As regards circulation, Mr. Bolster sarcastically observes that humanity is sometimes staggered by the infinitely little even more than by the infinitely great, and challenges the Vicar of Nether Wambleton to publish the net figures of the sale of his periodical.

The challenge was promptly taken up, and in the issue of *The Tittersham Observer* of May 16th the Vicar of Nether Wambleton prints the following statement of the sales of his magazine since April, 1913. The figures are as follows:—

1913, May	54	1913, November	59
,, June	57	,, December	57
,, July	51	1914, January	61
,, August	49	,, February	55
,, September	52	,, March	59
,, October	58		

The statement is signed by the Rev. Auriel Potts, Vicar of Nether Wambleton, and Andrew Jobling and Septimus Wicks, sidesmen.

This evasive reply could not be expected to satisfy Mr. Bolster, who returns to the charge in *The Tittersham Observer* of the 23rd May. Side by side with the sale figures of the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine he prints those of his own periodical, which for the same period never fell below sixty and on the occasion of the Harvest Festival reached a total of seventy-nine. With scathing emphasis he points out that the Nether Wambleton figures cease with the month in which Little Titley came down to one penny, since which the latter has gone up by leaps and bounds, no fewer than eighty-four copies of the May number having already been sold. Moreover, these are *net* sales, while the Nether Wambleton figures (for all he knows) represent gross circulation, including copies gratuitously distributed at mothers' meetings, choir treats and other gatherings.

It might have been thought that Mr. Potts would have withdrawn from the controversial arena after this painful exposure, but with a persistence worthy of a better cause he rejoins in a long and irrelevant letter in *The Tittersham Observer* of the 30th May. He undoubtedly scores a point in maintaining that the Nether Wambleton Parish Magazine is the largest in Wessex on the strength of the fact that its page is half-an-inch longer and a quarter-of-an-inch wider than that of its rival, but in other respects his reply can



THE CIRCUS OF EUROPE.

Turkey (*to Europa, ring-mistress*). "INFIRM OF PURPOSE! GIVE ME BACK THE WHIP."



Sympathetic Friend (to gloomy batsman, disgusted at being given out for a catch at the wicket). "WOT 'S WRONG, BILL? WAS IT DARTFUL?" *Batsman.* "DARTFUL! I SHOULD THINK IT WAS DARTFUL! I COULD 'ARDLY 'EAR IT MYSELF."

hardly be considered convincing. For instance, he lays stress on the fact that the gigantic gooseberry grown in his parish and chronicled in his current issue was appreciably greater in diameter than that described in the correspond.ng issue of the rival publication. He also dwells on the superior artistic quality of the programme of the Penny Reading in his parish hall as compared with that of the Little Titley Temperance Reed Band at their annual concert. And, finally, with ill-timed levity, he disclaims any intention of "bolstering up" his parish magazine by crude appeals to democratic sentiment—an allusion to the name of the Vicar of Little Titley which has been deeply resented by the numerous admirers of that esteemed cleric.

The saddest feature about this painful controversy is the personal estrangement which it has brought about between the two vicars. Only six months ago the Rev. Mr. Bolster presided at a meeting at which the friends and parishioners of the Rev. Mr. Potts presented him with a testimonial and a set of electro-plated fish-knives to commemorate the celebration of his silver wedding. The testimonial, which was composed by Mr. Bolster, was a document couched in terms of the most affectionate admiration, and special reference was made to Mr. Potts's editorial abilities and the extraordinarily high literary standard of his parish magazine. In acknowledging the presentation Mr. Potts said that Mr. Bolster's energy and goodwill in carrying it out had given him more satisfaction than anything else, and when the two eminent divines were photographed in the act of embracing on the platform there was hardly a dry eye in the huge audience, numbering fully forty persons, who attended the proceedings.

THE TATTIE-BOGLE.*

A FARMER once, to scare the birds away,
O'er his poor seeds set up, to leer and ogle,
A raffish moon-face, stuffed with straw and hay,
A Tattie-Bogle;

And rook and daw and stare their pinions spread
Incontinent; for, so they judged the matter,
Some scowling foe stood there, and off they fled
With startled chatter.

A week the portent stood in sun and rain
And fluttered rags of dread. A sparrow, nathless,
Whose nestlings cried, dashed down and snatched a grain,
And got off scathless.

Emboldened, back she flew; to such good end
The others followed, craning and alarmful,
To find the monster, if perhaps no friend,
At least unharmful.

To-day the bogle wags, a thing of jest
And open scorn; the very pipits mock it;
A jenny-wren, I 'm told, has built her nest
In one torn pocket!

Heart of my heart, and so prove aught of awe
That darkens on your path; the buckram rogue 'll
Stand, when you face him, but a ghost of straw—
A Tattie-Bogle!

* Scarecrow. Scots.

THE THREE-CARD TRICK.

ALTHOUGH the last race on the programme had yet to be run the railway station that adjoined the course was already packed to discomfort with the crowd of those who had left early in order to avoid each other. When the train that had been waiting drew alongside the platform there was a considerable bustle; but the individual whom (from his costume and general appearance) I will call the Complete Sportsman was nimble enough to secure a corner seat in a compartment that was immediately filled. A couple of quiet-looking elderly men, wearing hard hats and field-glasses, took the corners on the far side and began to discuss the day's events in undertones. They were followed by a stout red-faced gentleman in a suit of pronounced check, a curate (at sight of whom the Complete Sportsman elevated his eyebrows) and a hatchet-nosed individual in gaiters who looked like a vet.

As the train started, "Red-face, catching the eye of the Complete Sportsman, smiled genially. "Nice bit o' sport to-day, guv'nor," he observed.

The person thus addressed agreed, a little nervously.

"And why shouldn't we keep it up?" continued the other. He gazed round upon the company at large. "If so be as no gentleman here has any objection to winning a bit more."

Since no one offered any protest it appeared that no such prejudice existed. Red-face, diving into the pocket of his check coat, produced cards and a folding board. "Then here goes!" said he. "Who's the Lady and Find the Woman. Half-a-quid on it every time against any gent as chooses to back his fancy!"

With an air of benevolent detachment he began to shuffle three of the cards face downwards upon the board. Still no one appeared willing to tempt fortune. The two quiet men in the far corner, after a hasty and somewhat contemptuous glance at Red-face's proceedings, had resumed their talk and took no further heed of him.

The cards fell, slid, were turned up and slid again under his nimble fingers. "In the centre—and there she is!"—showing the queen. "Now on the left, quite correct. Once more, this time on the ri—no, Sir, as you say, left again. Pity for you we weren't betting on that round!"

This was to the hatchet-nosed man who (as though involuntarily) had pointed out an obvious defect in the manipulations. Seeming to be encouraged by this initial success, he bent forward with sudden interest. "Don't mind if I do have half-a-quid on it just once," he said.

It certainly seemed as though the Red-faced man must be actuated by motives of philanthropy. Quite a considerable number of times did Hatchet-nose back his fancy, and almost always with success. The result was that perhaps ten or a dozen sovereigns were transferred to his pockets from those of the bank. Even the curate was spurred by the sight into taking a part though he was only fortunate enough to find the queen on three occasions out of five.



Exasperated Subscriber (having found six different numbers engaged). "WELL, WHAT NUMBERS HAVE YOU GOT?"

It was apparently this last circumstance, and the ease with which he himself could have pointed out the errors of the reverend gentleman, that finally overcame the reluctance of the Complete Sportsman. He blushed, hesitated, then began to feel in his waistcoat pocket.

"It looks easy enough," he ventured dubiously.

"Easy as winkin'," said the red-faced man. "At least to the gents in this carriage. Begin to wish I hadn't proposed it."

However, he didn't show any signs of abandoning his amiable pursuit; not even when the Complete Sportsman, having assiduously searched all his pockets, produced a leather wallet and extracted thence a couple of notes.

"I'm afraid that I haven't got any change," he said in rather a disappointed tone.

"Perhaps," suggested the card-manipulator, "this gentleman could oblige you."

It being obvious that Hatchet-nose, the gentleman in question, was fully able to do this out of his recent winnings, he had, of course, no excuse for hesitation. The two five-pound notes changed hands; and the Sportsman pocketed twenty half-sovereigns. Then he turned towards the cards with alacrity. The quiet couple in the corner had not been wholly unmindful of these proceedings. The slightest glance of amused and derisory intelligence passed between them as the Complete Sportsman plunged into the game.

For the first two attempts he was successful. No sooner, however, did he settle to serious play, beaming with triumph at his good fortune, than it unaccountably deserted him. He lost the two half-sovereigns that he had just won, and then another and another; till in the event he found himself no less than four-pounds-ten out of pocket.

"I—I seem somehow to have lost the knack of it," he said, glancing round at the company with an air almost of apology.

Red-face was loud in his commiseration and encouragements to proceed. "Luck's bound to turn," he protested.

The Complete Sportsman, however, seemed to have had enough. No amount of persuasion could induce him to tempt fortune further, though, to do him justice, he appeared to take his rebuff in a philosophic spirit. Desisting at length from his good-humoured attempts, the proprietor of the cards and board replaced them in his pocket and lit a cigar.

"Ah, well, somebody's got to lose, I suppose," he said tolerantly, adding, as the train slackened speed, "By Jove, Vauxhall already! I get out here. So long, all!"

He was on the platform immediately. By a coincidence as surprising as pleasant it appeared that Hatchet-nose and the curate were also alighting. The three walked away together; and the Complete Sportsman was left to share with the quiet couple a compartment in which there was now ample room to stretch his fawn-coloured limbs.

He did so with a sigh of relief, leaning back and smiling gently to himself as the train glided forward upon its



Mistress. "WHY, MARY, ISN'T THIS YOUR SUNDAY AFTERNOON OUT? AREN'T YOU GOING FOR A WALK THIS LOVELY DAY?"
Mary. "PLEASE, 'M, I'D RATHER STAY IN. YOU SEE, MOST OF THE PEOPLE OUT ON A SUNDAY IS COUPLES, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE CONSPICUOUS."

final stage. His recent misfortune appeared to trouble him not at all; indeed, as Waterloo was approached, the smile grew if anything more pronounced. He might have been thinking about some subject that amused him greatly.

Presently, turning towards his companions, he found the gaze of both the quiet men fixed upon him with a look of somewhat derisive compassion. It was apparent that the ease with which the Sportsman had been tempted into parting with his money had excited at once their pity and their contempt. For a time he endured this regard in uneasy silence. Then, as the preliminary jar of the brakes heralded Waterloo, he spoke.

"I perceive, gentlemen," said he, "that you are apparently labouring under a delusion with regard to my part in the transactions that you have just witnessed."

"I was wondering," returned the first of the quiet men, "how anyone could in these days be gulled by so transparent a set of rogues."

"Your wonder is, as I have said, misplaced. With regard to the persons who lately left us, the word transparent is, if anything, an understatement. The curate, the horsey stranger and the red-faced man were, of course, discredited before NOAH entered the Ark."

"And yet," said the quiet man, staring, "we have this moment seen them take good money from you!"

"That," answered the Complete Sportsman as he prepared to alight, "is precisely where you make your mistake. The notes for which you saw me obtain change from one of the confederates, and of which change I lost less than half, were themselves——"

He paused, startled by the alteration that had taken place in the demeanour of the quiet men, who had risen simultaneously. The train had now stopped, and, glancing hastily over his shoulder, he saw that Red-face and his companions, who must have continued their journey in another compartment, were now surrounding the door.

For the first time the smile of the Complete Sportsman betrayed uneasiness. "What—what does this mean?" he demanded.

"Merely," said the first of the quiet men blandly, "that your game is up. You uttered at least twenty of those notes on the course to-day, and we were bound to have you. My name is Inspector Pilling, of Scotland Yard, and those gentlemen are my colleagues. We are five to one, so I suggest that you come quietly."

To the curate he added, as they entered a waiting taxi, "You were quite right, George; the chance of that little score was a soft thing."

The comments of the Complete Sportsman are best omitted. We are not the author of *Pygmalion*.

From the Great North of Scotland Railway's advertisement in *The Aberdeen Daily Journal*:—

"A train will leave Aberdeen at 7.30 p.m. for Aberdeen."

Thus enabling the cautious Aberdonian to improve his mind by travel at a minimum of expense.

THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

Introductory.

I take it that every able-bodied man and woman in this country wants to write a play. Since the news first got about that Orlando What's-his-name made £50,000 out of *The Crimson Sponge*, there has been a feeling that only through the medium of the stage can literary art find its true expression. The successful playwright is indeed a man to be envied. Leaving aside for the moment the question of super-tax, the prizes which fall to his lot are worth striving for. He sees his name (correctly spelt) on 'buses which go to such different spots as Hammersmith and West Norwood, and his name (spelt incorrectly) beneath the photograph of somebody else in *The Illustrated Butler*. He is a welcome figure at the garden-parties of the elect, who are always ready to encourage him by accepting free seats for his play; actor-managers nod to him; editors allow him to contribute without charge to a symposium on the price of golf balls. In short he becomes a "prominent figure in London Society"—and, if he is not careful, somebody will say so.

But even the unsuccessful dramatist has his moments. I knew a young man who married somebody else's mother, and was allowed by her fourteen gardeners to amuse himself sometimes by rolling the tennis-court. It was an unsatisfying life; and when rash acquaintances asked him what he did he used to say that he was reading for the Bar. Now he says he is writing a play—and we look round the spacious lawns and terraces and marvel at the run his last one must have had.

However, I assume that you who read this are actually in need of the dibs. Your play must be not merely a good play but a successful one. How shall this success be achieved?

Frankly I cannot always say. If you came to me and said, "I am on the Stock Exchange, and bulls are going down," or up, or sideways, or whatever it might be; "there's no money to be made in the City nowadays, and I want to write a play instead. How shall I do it?"—well, I couldn't help you. But suppose you said, "I'm fond of writing; my people always say my letters home are good enough for *Punch*. I've got a little idea for a play about a man and a woman and another woman, and—but perhaps I'd better keep the plot a secret for the moment. Anyhow it's jolly exciting, and I can do the dialogue all right. The only thing is, I don't know anything about technique and stagecraft and the three unities and that sort of rot. Can you give me a few hints?" Suppose you spoke to me like this, then I could do something for you. "My dear Sir," I should reply (or Madam), "you have come to the right shop. Lend me your ear for a few weeks, and you shall learn just what stage-craft is." And I should begin with a short homily on

I.—Soliloquy.

If you ever read your *Shakspeare*—and no dramatist should despise the works of another dramatist; he may always pick up something in them which may be useful for his next play—if you ever read your *Shakspeare*, it is possible that you have come across this passage:—

"*Enter* Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be——"

And so on in the same vein for some thirty lines.

These few remarks are called a soliloquy, being addressed rather to the world in general than to any particular person on the stage. Now the object of this soliloquy is plain. The dramatist wished us to know the thoughts which were passing through *Hamlet's* mind, and it was the only way he could think of in which to do it. Of course a really good actor can often give a clue to the feelings of a character simply by facial expression. There are ways of shifting the eyebrows, distending the nostrils, and exploring the lower molars with the tongue by which it is possible to denote respectively Surprise, Defiance and Doubt. Indeed, irresolution being the keynote of *Hamlet's* soliloquy, a clever player could to some extent indicate the whole thirty lines by a silent working of the jaw. But at the same time it would be idle to deny that he would miss the finer shades of the poet's meaning. "The insolence of office, and the spurns"—to take only one line—would tax the most elastic face.

So the soliloquy came into being. We moderns, however, see the absurdity of it. In real life no one thinks aloud or in an empty room. The up-to-date dramatist must at all costs avoid this hall-mark of the old-fashioned play.

What, then, is to be done? If it be granted, first, that the thoughts of a certain character should be known to the audience, and, secondly, that soliloquy, or the habit of thinking aloud, is in opposition to modern stage technique, how shall a soliloquy be avoided without damage to the play?

Well, there are more ways than one; and now we come to what is meant by stage-craft. Stage-craft is the art of getting over these difficulties, and (if possible) getting over them in a showy manner, so that people will say, "How remarkable his stage-craft is for so young a writer," when otherwise they mightn't have noticed it at all. Thus, in this play we have been talking about, an easy way of avoiding *Hamlet's* soliloquy would be for *Ophelia* to speak first.

Oph. What are you thinking about, my lord?

Ham. I am wondering whether to be or not to be, whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer——

And so on, till you get to the end, when *Ophelia* might say, "Ah, yes," or something non-committal of that sort. This would be an easy way of doing it, but it would not be the best way, for the reason that it is too easy to call attention to itself. What you want is to make it clear that you are conveying *Hamlet's* thoughts to the audience in rather a clever manner.

That this can now be done we have to thank the well-known inventor of the telephone. (I forget his name.) The telephone has revolutionised the stage; with its aid you can convey anything you like across the footlights. In the old badly-made play it was frequently necessary for one of the characters to take the audience into his confidence. "Having disposed of my uncle's body," he would say to the stout lady in the third row of the stalls, "I now have leisure in which to search for the will. But first to lock the door lest I should be interrupted by Harold Wotnott." In the modern well-constructed play he simply rings up an imaginary confederate and tells him what he is going to do. Could anything be more natural?

Let us, to give an example of how this method works, go back again to the play we have been discussing.

Enter Hamlet. *He walks quickly across the room to the telephone, and takes up the receiver impatiently.*

Ham. Hallo! Hallo! I want double-nine—hal-*lo!* I want double-nine two—hal-*lo!* Double-nine two three, Elsinore . . . Double-*nine*, yes . . . Hallo, is that you, Horatio? Hamlet speaking. Er—to be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows—— What? No, *Hamlet* speaking. *What?* Aren't you Horatio? I want double-nine two three——sorry. . . . Is that you, exchange? You gave me double-*five*, I want double-*nine* . . . Hallo, is that you, Horatio? Hamlet speaking. To be or not to be, that is the—— What? No, I said, To *be* or *not* to be . . . No, '*be*'—b-e. Yes, that's right. To be or not to be, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler——

And so on. You see how effective it is.

But there is still another way of avoiding the soliloquy, which is some-

times used with good results. It is to let *Hamlet*, if that happens to be the name of your character, enter with a small dog, pet falcon, mongoose, tame bear or whatever animal is most in keeping with the part, and confide in this animal such sorrows, hopes or secret history as the audience has got to know. This has the additional advantage of putting the audience immediately in sympathy with your hero. "How *sweet* of him," all the ladies say, "to tell his little bantam about it!"

If you are not yet tired (as I am) of the *Prince of Denmark*, I will explain (for the last time) how a modern author might re-write his speech.

Enter Hamlet *with his favourite boar-hound.*

Ham. (*to B.-H.*) To be or not to be—ah, Fido, Fido!
That is the question—eh, old Fido, boy?
Whether 'tis nobler in—how now, a rat!
Rats, Fido, *fetch* 'em—in the mind to suffer
The slings and—*down*, Sir!—arrows—put it down!
Arrows of—*drop* it, Fido; good old dog——

And so on. Which strikes me as rather sweet and natural. A. A. M.

"SOCIETY" NEWS.

THE S.P.C.L.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Labour Agitators) has mooted a novel and, we consider, very far-seeing scheme. It is recognised now that a time must come when no State will be able to ship its undesirables to another country, for the simple reason that the available dumping grounds will gradually be exhausted or refuse to be dumping grounds any longer. That is where the S.P.C.L.A. comes in with its proposal, which is to charter or, if necessary, build a 50,000-ton liner as an ocean hotel for the unfortunate exiles. This leviathan will be coaled by lighters outside the three-miles limit and will ride the high seas for ever and a day. In the event of internal disturbances (in the hotel itself) another maritime hostelry will be chartered, until—who knows—some day we may witness the almost unthinkable anomaly of a Labour Fleet.

The kindly action of the N.L.E.S.R.O. (Navvies' League for the Encouragement of Spectators at Roadmending Operations) in providing deck chairs upon the pavement at a penny an hour is universally appreciated, and it is now no uncommon thing to see a navvy taking a holiday and egging on his sturdy comrades to greater efforts from a seat marked "Deadhead."

The S.P.S.K.K. (Society for the Promotion of Steam-heating in Kaffir Kraals) displayed a regrettable lack of judgment in choosing Christmas Day for the laying of its foundation pipe, Christmas being the South African midsummer.

The D.M.S.P.T.O.H. (Dyspeptic Millionaires' Society for the Promotion of Their Own Happiness) is in urgent need of funds.

At the unveiling of the statue to its founder by the S.I.D.R.I. (Society for Insisting on the Divine Right of Iconoclasts) it is understood that several conversions were effected through the conduct of a band of youthful enthusiasts who, faithful to their principles and unable to restrain their zeal for the cause, rushed at the newly-revealed masterpiece and smashed it to atoms.

The S.F.S. (Society for the Formation of Societies) and the S.F.S.F.S. (Society for the Formation of Societies for the Formation of Societies) are both doing splendid work.



Petty Officer of Patrol. "HULLO, YOU. WHAT'S YOUR SHIP?"
Sailor (*returning from revelry*). "'OW LONG 'AVE YOU BEEN BLIND? IT'S WROTE PLAIN ENOUGH ON MY CAP, AIN'T IT?"

The Brokers.

From a poster:—

"NEW KING'S CAPITAL INVESTED BY REBELS."

In something safe, we hope.

Commercial Candour.

Notice in a gramophone shop-window:—

"JUST SUITABLE FOR THE RIVER."



New Proprietor of Public-house (that levies a fine for every swear-word). "'Ere, Bill, that's a penny you owe to the Parson's swear-box."
Bill. "I'd better do what I done afore—put a 'arf-crown in and 'ave a season-ticket."

THE SMILE OF THE SEA-KINGS.

(A reflection on the recent Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich suggested by a study of the illustrated papers.)

They swung with the accurate grace of the clockwork at Greenwich;
Their brassies unswervingly held to the line of the pegs;
Their chip-shots came down on the greens and mistook them for spinach,
And stopped like poached eggs;
Not theirs the desire for the sand-pit, not theirs the inadequate legs.

Or if ever they failed to lie moribund, dauntless the heroes
Stooped down to impossible putts for a half or a win,
Stooped down in voluminous knickers and all sorts of queer hose
And stuffed the ball in,
Like American packers of pig-meat, hard home to the floor of the tin.

Those things I admired; but I wondered still more when the mighty,
The mystical thumpers of pills by the marge of the spray,
Having somehow offended Poseidon or else Aphrodite,
Got chucked from the fray,
Passed forth till they left Mr. Jenkins sole lord of the hazardous bay.

When the ultimate putt was holed out in each notable duel
How grandly they took it, remarking "I think (or I guess)
That the right man has conquered," not shouting that Fortune was cruel,
Not murmuring, "Bless!"
What a glory illumined their features when snapped by the popular Press!

Full glad is the face of the earth when the vineyards are laden;
Loud laughs with innumerous laughter in wreath upon wreath
The ocean at Blackpool or Margate; most blithely the maiden
Unfastens the sheath
Of her mouth like the bloom of a musk rose, when *Faugol* has furbished her teeth;

So fair was the smile of the sea-kings; so sweet was the look on
The faces of Hezlet and Ouimet and most of their peers
When they passed from the contest, a smile with a sort of a hook on,
Unclouded with tears;
It went slap through their cheeks down the fair-way and bunkered itself by their ears.

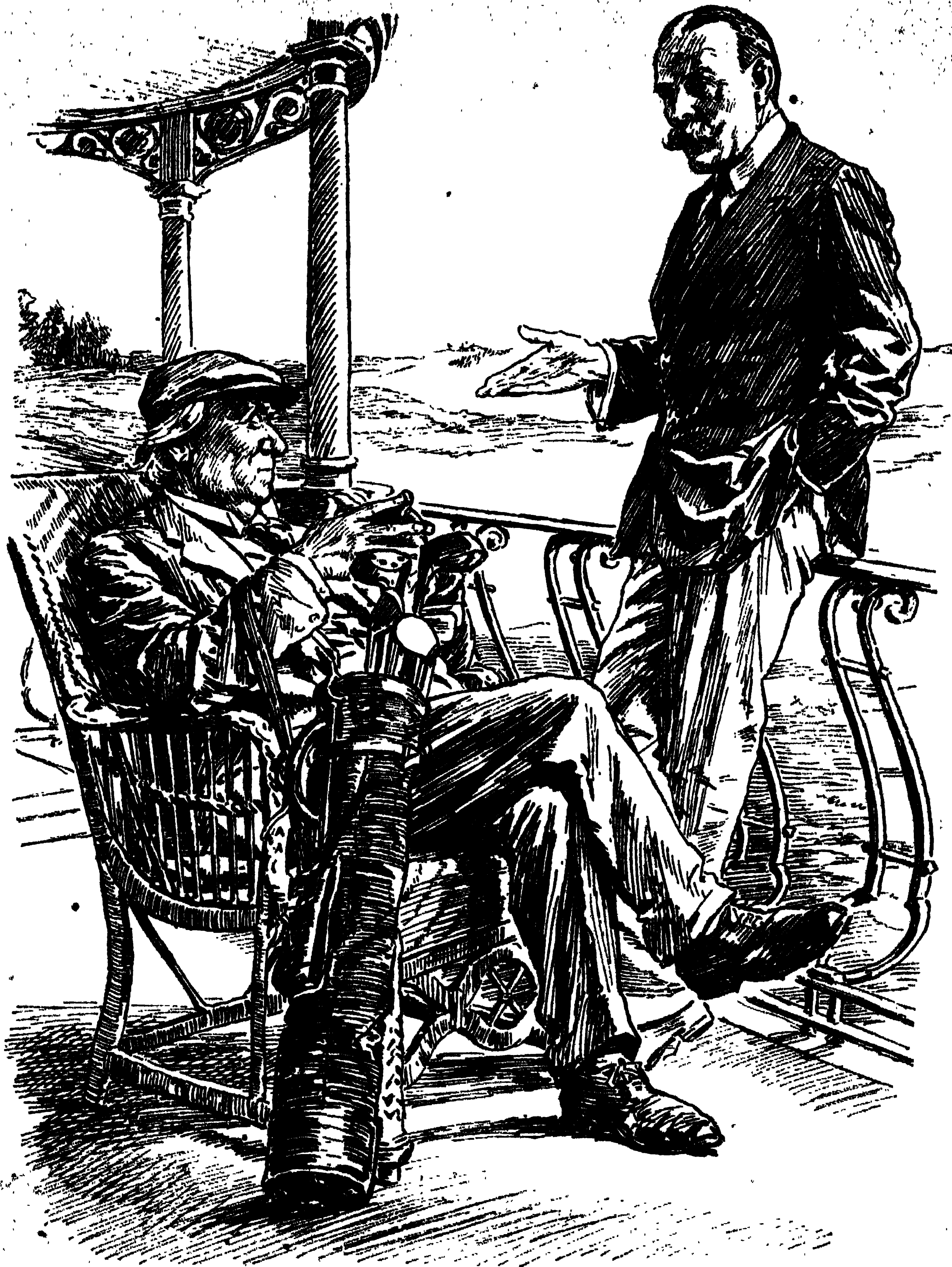
And if e'er in the future, cast down from the promise of Heaven,
Half-stymied by William, I grumble and groan at my fate
When he captures the hole (and the game) with a pretty bad 7,
Whilst my score is 8,
And I bubble with impotent anger, I seethe with tumultuous hate,

Let me think of my album of photos, whose title is "After,"
All cut from the dailies; it gives you most wonderful tips
For producing without any pressure the right kind of laughter;
It gives you the grips
And the stance of the teeth of the *plus* men, and how to get length from the lips.

Evoe.

"Hobbs lbw b Bold o Pearson."—*Scotsman.*

Pearson ought really to be told that you cannot catch a man off his pads.



A HOLIDAY TASK.

Prime and War Minister. "AFRAID I'VE LET YOU IN FOR RATHER AN AWKWARD JOB WITH THIS AMENDING BILL."

Lord Crewe. "MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU'RE SO VERSATILE—WHY NOT SPEND THE REST OF THE RECESS MAKING YOURSELF A BARON OR A BISHOP? THEN YOU COULD TAKE IT ON INSTEAD OF ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, May 25.—"Let the curtain ring down, Mr. Speaker, and the sooner the better. It is a farce, and I think a contemptible farce."

Thus Bonner Law—the farce being the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill.

The curtain had risen on a thronged and excited House. Were it the custom at the T. R. Westminster to put out notice-boards one might have borne the legend dear to the heart of the manager, "Standing room Only." Even late-comers among the peers were fain to stand by the doorway opening on the Gallery, where earlier birds had found twigs on which to sit. Overflow of Commoners into the side galleries gave the last touch to stirring scene presented but twice or thrice in history of a Session.

Ordered business of sitting was the stage of the measure alluded to in phrase quoted from Leader of Opposition. But, as was testified anew last Thursday, business in House of Commons does not always run through expected courses. In strained temper of the hour anything might happen, even a bout of fisticuffs. What actually did happen was that within space of hour and a-half from Speaker's taking the Chair, a period including the ordinary Question-hour, Home Rule Bill was read a third time and carried over to House of Lords through cheering crowd waiting in Central Lobby.



Conjurer. 'Ladies and gentlemen, I will now place this scroll in the hat, and in a few weeks I shall show you something—er—something which will surprise you."

A Voice. "You've got it up your sleeve."

Conjurer. "On the contrary, gentlemen." (*Aside*) "Wish to Heaven I had!"

Speaker introduced soothing note by frank confession that, when on Thursday he invited Leader of Opposition to state whether he approved the outburst of disorder among his followers which prevented their authorised spokesman being heard, he "was betrayed into an expression he ought not to have used." Bonner Law "gratefully accepted the explanation," and eloquently extolled the character of the Speaker.

Speaker invited Premier to yield to insistent demand of Opposition and give further particulars with regard to the Amending Bill. The Premier, always ready to oblige, responded in a few luminous, courteous sentences, which did not add a syllable of information beyond what had been reiterated in previous references to subject. It was then that Bonner Law, with rare dramatic gesture, gave the command, "Ring down the curtain!" "It is the end of the Act, but not of the play," he added amid loud cheers from host behind him, reinforced this afternoon by arrival of recruits from North-East Derbyshire and Ipswich. "The final Act in the drama will be played not in the House of Commons, but in the country, and there, Sir, it will not be a farce."

Prime Minister, amid constant interruption from benches opposite, made short reply. Curtain about to fall as directed when William O'Brien hurried to front of stage. Reasonably expected that, having through forty years made strenuous fight for Home Rule, he was now about to sing a pæan suitable to eve of final victory. On the contrary what he wished to remark, and like the Heathen Chinee his language was plain, was that, "If the Bill becomes an Act it will be born with a rope round its neck."

Home Rule for Ireland all very well. But not Home Rule *cum* John Redmond and *sine* William O'Brien.

House listened with impatience to this tirade, calling again and again for the division. When it was taken it appeared that 351 voted for Third Reading and 274 against, a majority of 77. Redmondites leaped to their feet and wildly cheered. Ministerialists did not respond to enthusiastic outburst. They were dumbly glad that a measure wrangled over for three sessions was out of the way at last, leaving behind, it is true, the shadow of an Amending Bill.

Business done.—Both Houses adjourn for Whitsun recess. Commons resume 9th of June; Lords six days later.



THE HOME RULE BABY.

'If the Bill becomes an Act it will be born with a rope round its neck."—*Mr. William O'Brien.*

From an advertising tailor's guarantee:—

"If the smallest hole appears after six months' wear, we will make another absolutely free."

It is a very kind offer, but we would always rather find somebody who would mend the first hole.

"It is an interesting fact that Mr. Gidney (Marlborough) went round the course in, approximately, 97, which is, we understand, a record for the Hungerford course, the bogey for which is 82."

Marlborough Times.

Somebody must have done it in more than this. Personally we are always good for a century.

THE MOUSE OF MYDRA.

When Mr. Walford Sploshington bought Hydra House we all hoped that beyond papering and painting, dabbing on a bit of plaster where it was needed, and grubbing the groundsel in the drive, he would allow it to remain in the state of old-world picturesqueness in which he had found it. We would not have objected even if he had decided on having water laid on; although this would be getting dangerously near our limit, as there was a dear old draw-well in the garden and one in the ripping old courtyard. We were justly proud of the fact of Hydra House being the finest and purest example of Tudor architecture in our corner of England. When I say "we" I mean the Weatherspoons, the Malcomson-Pagets, Gaddingham, and one or two others, and myself. It was as near to being a mansion as it is reasonable to expect a house to be without its being actually a mansion; and there was a romance in its very name that compelled our reverence. The first owner—the ancestor in a direct line of the gentleman who, because of the increased cost of petrol combined with the Undeveloped Land Tax, was obliged to sell it to Mr. Walford Sploshington, the highest bidder—was one of those fine fellows who in the spacious days of Elizabeth did so much towards making England what she is to-day, or rather what she was until the General Election of 1906. On one of his voyages of adventure he visited the Hydra Islands, in the Gulf of Ægina, where he became enamoured of the daughter of a vineyard proprietor. As she heartily reciprocated his affection, he married her, and, bringing her home to England, installed her as mistress of a brand-new home presented to him by a grateful Queen and country. Given a similar set of circumstances, ninety-nine out of any hundred newly-married men would have done as he did, and called it Hydra House.

But Mr. Walford Sploshington disappointed us. He did more: he grieved us; he insulted our instincts, sentimental and artistic, and he offended our eyes. He filled in the dear old wells. He mutilated the Tudor garden out of all semblance of a [illegible] garden. He enlarged the windows and made bays of them. He painted a vivid green all the exposed timbering that is the characteristic feature of Tudor houses. In short, he did everything to outrage the decencies. He even carried his vandalisms out to the old gateway. There he erected two Corinthian columns, and spanned them with the roof of a pagoda. It was a surprise to us that he retained the ancient name of Hydra House. We had expected, even hoped, that he would change it to something ornate and vulgar, and so leave nothing to remind us of the old place of which we had all been so fond and proud. But one sunny morning a sign-painter began work on the Corinthian columns. Gaddingham and I did not, of course, stand to watch him; but, having occasion to pass the pagoda during the afternoon, I happened upon Sploshington himself, standing in the middle of the road, poising his head this way and that, and quite obviously lost in admiration of ten six-inch gilt letters, five on each column.



TO BRIGHTEN UP THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The five on the left-hand column made up the mystery word "Mydra." Those on the right constituted "Mouse." Of course, I got it right almost the moment I had passed. What I had taken to be an "M" in each word was merely a highly-ornamental "H" with its horizontal bar sagging in the centre with the weight of its grandeur. There had never been a name on the gate in the whole history of Hydra House, but we agreed that Sploshington felt that after all his vandalism no one would recognise the place unless he labelled it, and, of course, he was unequal to providing a plain, unassuming label.

Then Gaddingham and I took counsel together, and we decided that I should write a nice letter to Sploshington. This is what I wrote:—

Dear Sir,—I trust you will pardon the liberty I am taking in writing to you, but a friend of mine and I have made a small bet on a question which, as it happens, no one but you is in a position to decide. Passing your gate the other day, we were both struck by the beauty of the gilt stencilling on the column on either side, more especially by the chaste idea followed out in the ornamentation of the initial letters—the "H's." They are, as I am convinced you are aware, suggestive of the letter "M," and this it is that has led to the little difference between my friend and myself. I hold the opinion that this suggestion is intentional, and that in giving your instructions to the decorator's artist you had in mind the celebrated Mouse of Mydra. My friend, whose strong point, I regret to say, is not history, confessed ignorance of this famous animal, and I had to enlighten him there and then by telling him how the sagacious little creature saved the life of the King of Mydra by nibbling at his ear while he slept one night, all unconscious of an outbreak of fire in the palace, thereby rousing him in time to enable him to make his escape. And how, in gratitude, the King decreed that every family in his realm should on every 1st of April—the date of the fire—receive three barley loaves, a Dutch cheese, and a stoop of ale; and every child be given a pink sugar-mouse. My friend, however, holds to the opinion that the resemblance of the "H" to an "M" is merely accidental. As we have both backed our fancy, as the saying is, to the extent of five shillings, we shall be grateful if you will settle the little dispute for us.

Yours faithfully, F. Melrush.

We had no fear that Sploshington would know that Mydra and its king and its mouse were as apocryphal as *Mrs. Harris*; but his reply exceeded our wildest expectations. This is it:—

Dear Sir,—I am obliged by your letter, and am pleased to inform you that you have won your bet. The resemblance of the "H" to an "M" is not accidental, as I had the incident of the Mydra Mouse in my mind when giving my directions to the artist. It may perhaps be of further interest to you to know that on every 1st of April it is my intention to present every working-class family in this parish with three four-pound loaves, a Dutch cheese, and a gallon of six ale; and every child with a pink sugar-mouse.

Faithfully yours,

Walford Sploshington.



Little Girl (*in disgrace, to Mother as she enters nursery*). "Do you love me, Mummy?" *Mother.* "Yes, darling."
Little Girl. "Do you love me *very* much?" *Mother.* "Of course, darling."
Little Girl. "Well, I've frown my pudden under the table."

NOT A LINE.

Dear Sir, I shall not write a line to-day,
  Though many subjects merit my attention.
To take one instance only, there is May
  (The month) at present in her last declension.
Lord, what a dance she leads us on her May-toes,
And spoils the beans and ruins the potatoes.

The gloomy gardener stands and counts the cost,
  His once proud thoughts to sheer depression turning.
Darkly he marks the intempestive frost,
  Though the laburnum still keeps on laburning,
And though the rose renews her ancient story
And bursts her bonds and blazes in her glory.

No, Sir, I shall not write a single line,
  Not though the Tories storm with angry lips which
Salute the serried ranks of the combine
  With shouts of "'journ, 'journ, 'journ" or howls for Ipswich.
These do not stir me, and I see, unheeding,
The Home Rule Bill receive its hundredth reading.

As for my dogs, at any other time—
  One is a massive hound and three are particles—
They might provoke a stave or two of rhyme,
  Or shine in prose and be described in articles.
But, if I owned the swift melodious Meynell,
To-day I would not write about my kennel.

The woes of butlers and the ways of cooks,
  The contumely of wives, the scorn of daughters;
Golf, too, and tennis, or reviews of books;
  Breezes and bees and trees and rippling waters,
All those are writable, but I, Sir, shun them—
Take thirty lines: I've been and gone and done them!

R. C. L.

ALL SQUARE.

"A banker's business," the cashier explained, "is to borrow money from one customer and lend it to another."

I smiled an innocent smile.

"To me, for instance," I suggested.

"No, not to you. The general state of your account does not warrant an overdraft."

I bowed respectfully and promised to be careful.

As a matter of fact it has been extremely difficult. They keep a little book which tells them exactly how much I have got left. At the end of last year it was 2*s.* 6*d.* Until the beginning of this month I let it stand at that; then I grew restive and ordered a new cheque-book. The cashier's eyes glistened as he handed it over. "Thirty, I suppose," he said sarcastically. I thanked him and withdrew. Half-a-crown aside; balance nothing.

Yesterday I went in and wrote out a cheque. Meanwhile the cashier disappeared into the back regions. Perhaps he went to make sure how I stood, but I am certain he knew all the time. On his return the cheque was ready.

"I'm just off for a tour round the world," I said. "You might take care of this till I come back," and I handed him the cheque-book. Then I drew out two shillings and fivepence.

ANOTHER INFORMATION BUREAU.

TO-DAY'S PROBLEMS AND THE REPLIES TO THEM.

THE COST OF ENNOBLEMENT.—A LOVER OF ART.—A VERY NATURAL INQUIRY.—THE OAKS.—A REMARKABLE OLD MASTER.—A DELICATE TRIAL OF TACT.—OLD BOOKS.—MR. KIPLING.

THE COST OF ENNOBLEMENT.

Can you tell me what I should have to pay to become a marquis? My wife has a great desire to be a marchioness before she dies. Is there the title of marchioness in any other country besides England? I mean, do you think I could get it done in, say, Turkey or some place in need of money? Not America, I suppose? Anything you can tell me about it will be useful and will earn our gratitude.—H. F. G. (Bedford Park).

The market price of a marquisate at this moment is £150,000. A few questions are asked. It is not usual to make a commoner a marquis at one step. There are no Turkish marquisates, nor any yet in Albania, but as one never knows what that country may bring forth perhaps it would be wise to wait a little. America confers no titles of such importance as marquis, but a dental degree is not difficult to obtain at, say, Milwaukee. Tammany has its bosses, but that title carries with it no distinction for the wife.

A LOVER OF ART.

Can you tell me where the best choppers are to be obtained and what are the most valuable pictures in the Tate Gallery?—F. W. M. (Chelsea).

There are excellent chopper shops near Smithfield. Opinions differ as to the best pictures in the Tate Gallery, individual taste being a powerful factor in the making of a choice.

A VERY NATURAL ENQUIRY.

Can you tell me where I can procure a book which instructs one how to write a successful revue? I have quite a lot of spare time just now and wish to add to my income.—K. M. (Homerton).

We do not know that one has yet been published, but doubtless many are in preparation. We advise you to write to the Revue King, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, who is always delighted to answer letters and is the soul of courtesy; or to Mr. ALFRED BUTT, who has plenty of time on his hands.

THE OAKS.

Will you kindly give me some facts about the race called the Oaks? This is to settle a bet. I have always understood that the Oaks is a race run two days after the Derby as a kind of consolation for those horses which were unplaced in the Derby; but a friend says that he believes I am mistaken and that the Oaks is for three-year-old fillies.—M. S. (Hartlepool).

Your friend, I am told, is right. You must have been confusing oaks with acorns.

A REMARKABLE OLD MASTER.

I have a picture which my friends tell me is either by LEONARDO DA VINCI or REMBRANDT. May I send it to you for your opinion, and if so, what guarantee have I that I shall see it again?—W. F. G. (Woolwich).

From your description of your picture we imagine it to be one of those on which these two clever artists collaborated. It would, however, be wiser to take it to one of the experts than to bring it to a noisy and restless newspaper office. We recommend either Sir SIDNEY COLVIN, Sir CHARLES HOLROYD or Sir CLAUDE PHILLIPS. As a precaution against the negligible risk mentioned in the second part of your query we advise you, when submitting the picture to these gentlemen, to have it chained to your body.

A DELICATE TRIAL OF TACT.

The other day I had lunch with an uncle with whom I wish to be on the best of terms. I should say that he fancies himself as a judge of wine. We went to a restaurant and he ordered champagne, which came, already opened, in an ice-basket. When the wine was poured out he tasted it, smacked his lips and said, "That's perfect! What a bouquet! What an aroma!" I sipped and found it most vilely corked. I also noticed that the waiter was grinning, and I then realized that he knew it too, and that we had been given a bottle which someone else had rejected. What was I to do? If I told my uncle that the wine was corked he would be furious to have been detected in an error of judgment. If I did not drink it he would be furious too. If I did drink it I should be sick, and I should also be a fool in the eyes of the waiter. If nothing was said the restaurant people would profit by their low trick. Meanwhile uncle was sipping and beaming.—P. E. L. (Norbiton).

Your problem is a very interesting one and we should find it easier to answer if you had told us what you actually did. To rise suddenly, apparently for the purpose of flinging your arms round your uncle's neck in a spasm of affection, and at the same time to sweep from the table the bottle and both glasses seems to us the course which possesses most elements of tact. The circumstance that you were inspired by admiration and love would mitigate your uncle's wrath, and a new and sound bottle could quickly be obtained. We admit that the restaurant would remain unpunished; but then that is a restaurant's *métier*.

OLD BOOKS.

I have recently turned up in a loft the following books: "Complete Farrier," LAW'S "Serious Call," "Robinson Crusoe," WESLEY'S "Hymns," "The Shipwreck," by FALCONER, two odd volumes of "The Spectator," and PRENDERGAST'S "Sermons." All are very old, dirty and worm-eaten, and I feel sure must therefore be very valuable. Can you say what I am likely to get for them from a good dealer?—E. G. (Croydon).

Fourpence for the lot.

MR. KIPLING.

Kindly tell me if the Mr. KIPLING who has been making such a splendid speech about the Cabinet and their mercenariness and the treacherous nature of the Irish is the same Mr. KIPLING who wrote "The Recessional" and "Without Benefit of Clergy"? Some one here says that he is, but I doubt it.—A. L. D. (Swindon).

We are making enquiries.

HULLO, BEDROOM SCENE!

WHEN Elizabeth presented me with my first safety razor we were both extremely hopeful about the future. She, fresh from the influence of a chemist's assistant, was convinced that breakfast would receive my attentions at more nearly its official hour; while I, reading folded eulogies that had nestled mid the dismembered parts of the razor itself, was looking forward to quite ten minutes extra in bed each morning.

Incidentally we were both disappointed.

For some time everything went well. And then the disused razor blades began to collect!

Now, one of the duties of our seventh housemaid (the seventh this year) was to light gas and things in the bedrooms when it became dark. And one evening, when she was groping about with her hands and snatching at things on the dressing-table in the hope of finding matches, she clutched a group of discarded razor-blades by mistake, strewed them and her blood over

Elizabeth's best blue carpet, and gave notice the next morning.

"*Now*, what is to be done?" said Elizabeth next day as she sat on the floor and massaged the blue Axminster. "No housemaid, and a bedroom carpet disguised as a third-rate murder clue."

"Either get a red carpet, or apply for your next housemaid to a Society for Destitute Aristocrats, blue blood guaranteed," I suggested.

Elizabeth left off massaging and gazed searchingly at the murder clue.

"All because you didn't throw away those wretched razor blades," she said. "Hughie, I hate you! Throw them away at once!"

"Unhate me first," I stipulated.

Elizabeth unhated me, ruffling my newly-made hair in the process.

It took but two strides to reach the dressing-table; it was the work of hardly one minute to collect that ever-growing herd of assertive "has beens," and then . . . I began to wonder where I was going to throw them.

Where did one generally throw away things? Out of the window?

I turned my head away in horror. Who was I that I should shower razor blades on that passing archdeacon?

The waste-paper basket?

My housemaid's life was too valuable.

The dust-bin?

But there again the dustman might delve; the Employers' Liability Act is a tricky business and I am only insured against my own death—which always seems to me silly.

"Look here," I said, "it's not so easy to throw these things away as you appear to think. Where am I to throw them?"

Elizabeth opened her mouth to suggest places. Then she shut it again without speaking and became thoughtful.

"Yes," she admitted at length, "it is a little difficult. One can't even bury them in the garden in case they should damage the potatoes."

"There," I cried triumphantly—"they've floored you too!"

Elizabeth gathered together her pails and sponges and held out a hand to be helped up.

"Not at all," she said. "All you've got to do is to put them in a cardboard box and make them into a nice parcel, and I'll write a label.

"Now," she said, when she had finished attaching it, "let's take the dogs for a walk, just to the end of the road. This parcel contains things that are dangerous to the public welfare, doesn't it? Very well, then, I shall make sure that it's taken into safe custody by the nearest policeman."

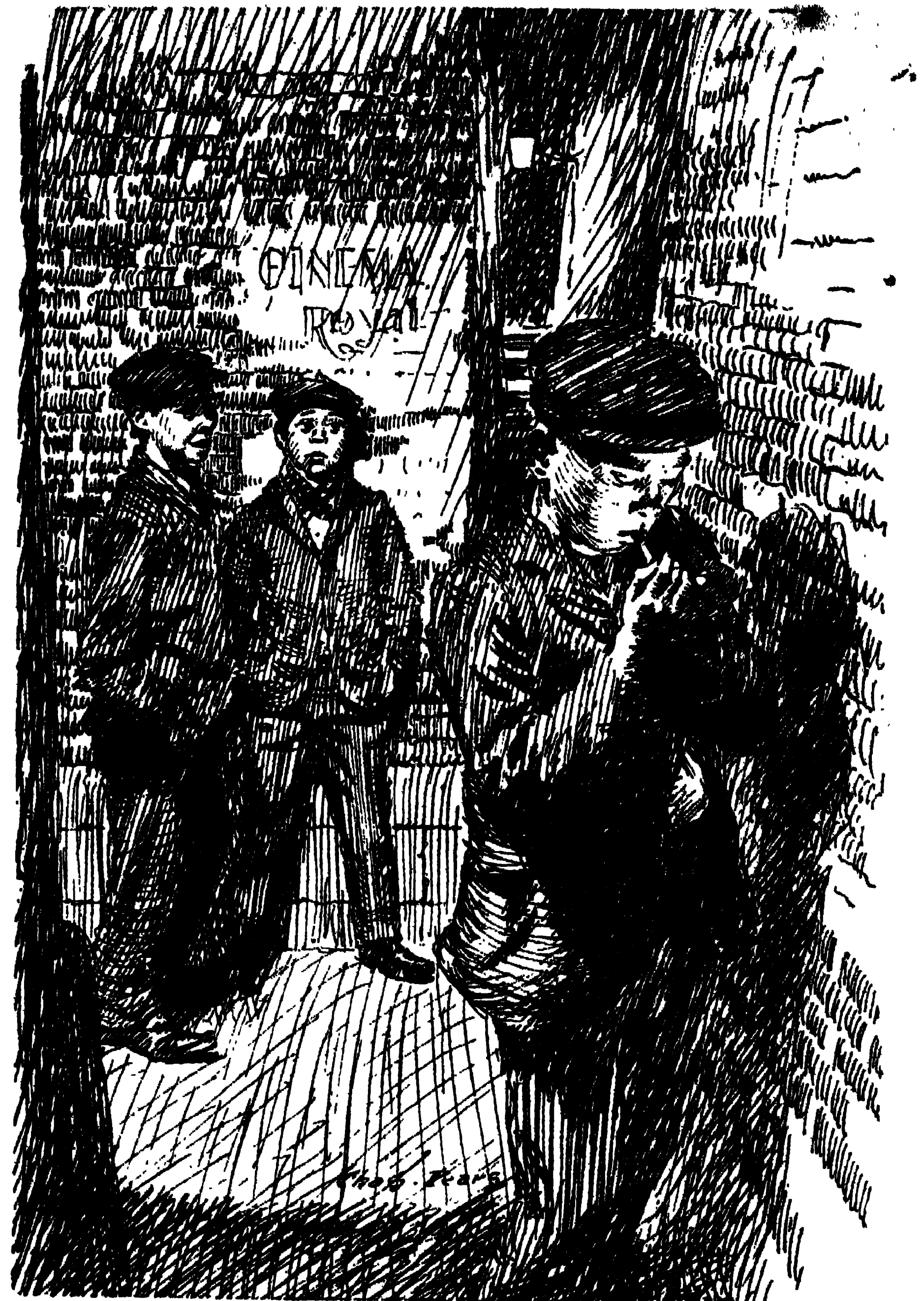
"Look here, Elizabeth," I said firmly, "I'll have nothing to do with your silly ass tricks. If we draw blood from the police——"

"Oh, that'll be all right," she remarked cheerfully as we reached the end of the road. "We shan't wait to explain. Quick! There *is* a policeman coming! Here's the parcel. Put it down just at the bottom of the letter-box."

As I stooped with it, "He won't get hurt," said Elizabeth. "He'll open it too gingerly to cut himself. He'll think it's a bomb."

"Why?" said I.

And then first I saw the writing on the label. It said, Votes for Women.



'Ole Bill yonder 's got a job. Thinks he 's goin' to set the Thames on fire."
'Not 'im; 'e takes 'arf a box o' matches to light a Woodbine."

"Ipswich
Election
Result.

Words and Music of
Don't you mind it, Honey.'"
"Reynolds" poster.

This has cheered Mr. Masterman up a good deal.

"He left to his eldest son to devolve as an heirloom his picture by Velasquez of a girl with a bird on her finger and a boy and a basket of limes and £500 to the Foundling Hospital."—*Times.*

No doubt the Hospital will be grateful for its three legacies.

A GREAT OCCASION.

As was anticipated by the promoters of the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Logarithms, to be held next July, the application for tickets has been overwhelming. The Albert Hall, Olympia, and the White City, each of which in turn was selected for the place of meeting, have been successively abandoned as inadequate, and it has now been decided to roof in the whole of Hyde Park. Even with the huge amount of accommodation thus available it is feared that many millions will have to be turned away.

Excursion trains will be run from all parts, and the advanced bookings are already said to have eclipsed the record for the Cup Final.

The whole period of the celebration will be regarded as a public holiday, and the Stock Exchange will be closed.

Some idea of the entertaining character of the festival will be gathered from the following abstracts from the preliminary programme, a copy of which we have had the privilege of inspecting.

The ceremony will open to the strains of Sir Edwin Elgar's *Logarithmic Symphony*, composed specially for the occasion.

Among the papers to be read in the course of the proceedings we note:—

"State aided Logarithms," by Mr. Lloyd George.

"Shakspeare's indebtedness to the Logarithm," by Sir Sidney Lee.

"The Logarithm in relation to Federal Home Rule," by Mr. F. S. Oliver.

"My Favourite Logarithm," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

"Logs I have Rolled," by Mr. C. K. Shorter.

"The Logarithm at the Olympic Games," by Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook.

"The Logarithm in the Home," by Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

"The Logarithm in the Nursery," by "Aunt Louisa" (of *Tips for Tots*).

"Logs and the Higher Criticism," by Sir Oliver Log.

"Logarithms and the Hire System," by Lord Catesby of Droll.

"The Paradox of Logarithms," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

"Logarithms and the Animal World," by the Editor of *The Spectator*.

Mr. John Masefield will recite a poem, entitled "The Log of the Widow's Cruise."

An interesting contrast to the flood of eulogy will be supplied by Sir Almroth Wright, who, taking the view that the simplicity with which logarithms can be handled is leading the nation inevitably towards mental atrophy, will introduce the question, "The Logarithm: is it a Public Menace?"

The programme will conclude with a costume ball, at which everybody present will be disguised as a different logarithm.

THE WAY OUT.

I carefully searched through all my pockets for the third time.

"Smithers," I said, "I have lost my railway ticket."

"Not really?" replied Smithers, scarcely looking up from his newspaper. "Have another look."

I had another look. I looked in my hat-band, in the turned-up bottoms of my trousers, and in the hole in my handkerchief. "No," I said firmly, "it's gone!"

"Extraordinary thing!

"I have no doubt," I continued, "that the railway company are in some way to blame for it, but for the moment I cannot quite fix the responsibility. Let us view the matter bravely. We are now within a few miles of our destination; in a short time we shall be asked to produce our tickets; what are we to do?"

"I shall give mine up."

"Smithers," I said, "there is a selfish callousness about your reply which I do not like. A crisis in the life of another evidently does not move you."

"You can, I presume, pay again?"

"No," I said, "I have an absurd prejudice against paying twice for the same thing; I inherit it from a great-aunt on my mother's side."

"Then you'd better explain to the ticket-collector."

"Explanations are a sign of mental and moral weakness."

"Well, I've nothing more to suggest. You'll have to pay again."

I shall not pay again," I replied, taking the paper gently from him. "I am a man and an Englishman; and Englishmen are not to be intimidated."

"Do you think," I continued, "that you could hold the collector in conversation while I glide imperceptibly from the precincts of the station?"

"I'm perfectly sure I couldn't."

"I was afraid not," I said sadly; "that would require imagination, tact, pluck, adroitness, in all of which commodities, my dear Smithers—— Well, no doubt it's a good thing nature doesn't mould us all alike."

"No doubt, else your handicap would not be 16, while mine is scratch."

"Golf is not life," I answered. "But I will tax your genius a little less. Could you for a few moments look like a director of the line or a foreman shunter, or something of that sort?"

"I could try."

"Then," I said cheerfully, "we will bluff the collector—bluff him into believing we are that which we are not. Many people go through life like that. It is quite simple. All we have to do is to stroll up the station looking as much like commercial or mechanical despots as possible; give a kindly smile of condescension to the ticket-collector, make a casual remark about the working of the coupling rods, and pass out of the station."

"Yes," said Smithers.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes," said Smithers.

"I see how it is," I said, taking my golf clubs out of the rack as the train pulled up. "You have no stomach for it; the spice of adventure it contains does not appeal to you. Well, so much for modern civilisation. I will go through alone with it; pray, if you wish, detach yourself from me until we are out of the station."

I sprang out and hurried up the platform; a servant of the company was in waiting.

"Tickets, please," he said coldly—unnecessarily coldly, I thought.

I smiled. "I am glad to see," I observed genially, "that on my line at any rate even the commander-in-chief cannot pass the sentries unchallenged. Your sense of duty shall not go unrewarded; let me have your card."

He stared at me stonily.

"Don't you recognise me?" I asked.

"Tickets, please," he repeated.

I have never seen a face so lacking in that gracious trustfulness which is at once the pride and the adornment of the normal ticket-collector. I think in his youth he must have committed a murder or robbed an orchard, for the shadow of a crime seemed to hang over him. I felt instinctively that he was not fit to play the part I had allotted to him.

I looked back. Smithers was pluckily doing up his bootlace several yards away; a tactless grin seemed to desolate his features. The grin decided me.

"Smithers," I called, "hurry up with the tickets; the inspector is waiting for them. Good day, inspector."

And I walked briskly from the station.

"One hundred and seventy started out, the number including the best of the English players and the entire American continent."
Montreal Gazette.

If this is so America was hardly worth discovering.



Long-suffering Vegetarian Lodger. "DON'T TROUBLE TO COOK THE CATERPILLARS IN FUTURE, MRS. GEDGE. I *NEVER* EAT THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE dry sticks, as it were, of *The Bale Fire* (HUTCHINSON) are not very cunningly laid, with the result that from a spectacular point of view the conflagration fizzles out rather tamely. But there are so many bright passages in the book and so many sympathetic sketches of characters that I cannot help wishing the FRASERS (HUGH and MRS.) had either written a longer story depending completely on the interplay of temperament, or else built more carefully on their melodramatic substructure. For though *Captain Mayhune*, the villain of the piece, is the proprietor of a gaming-hell and terrorises *Lady Trague* with a piece of blotting-paper on which may be read a portion of her letter to a young man whom she indiscreetly though innocently adores, nothing very serious comes of his machinations, and our interest in the book is mainly confined to the emotional relations between *Sir Charles*, a fussy elderly martinet, his too young wife, and *Maisie*, her seventeen-year-old step-daughter, who varies from deeper moods to those of a silly and self-willed child. Then there is *Captain Mayhune* himself, a man of good impulses and evil, in whom, somehow or other, though never without a struggle, the evil always triumphs. Other characters are rather jerkily introduced, amongst whom a family of good-natured and thoroughly "nice" Americans, who help to straighten things out and bring people to a better understanding, are most conspicuous. But that piece of blotting-paper! If I were a stationer and kept a circulating library, I think I should try to turn an honest penny by selling sand to my customers along with their packets of linen-wove and blue-black writing-fluid. "Simple, effective, and leaves no chance to the blackmailor."

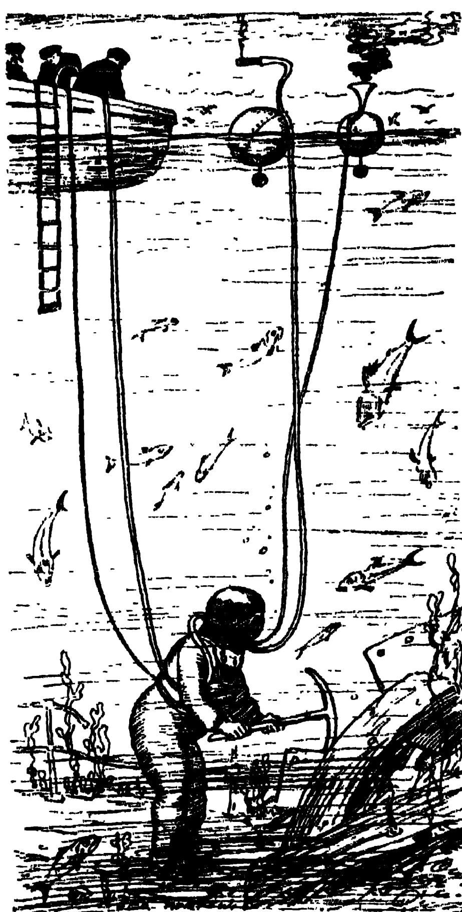
It is pleasant to receive in this age of realism a novel that is frankly romantic. Miss KAYE-SMITH in *Three against the World* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) colours up life with lavish brush. We have a returned convict who fiddles in the rain for the benefit of dancing village children; we have impresarios who stand at the doors of inns and hear him thus fiddling; an untidy heroine who speaks in gasps and gurglings; and a lover who goes to literary parties in London and therefore (the inference is implied by the author) falls in love with two ladies at once. Such a novel is refreshing after the mathematical accuracy with which clerks, bar-maids and politicians are perpetually presented to us by our novelists, but I am not at all sure that Miss KAYE-SMITH is wise in trusting our credulity too far. There was a day when one would have accompanied her *Tramping Methodist* anywhere, but of late years that promise has not been fulfilled, and her last novel is, I think, distinctly her poorest. I like her affection for Sussex, her catalogue of Sussex names, the fine colour of her descriptive work; but her story is on the present occasion too obviously arranged behind the scenes. One can see the author working again and again for the romantic moment, and scenes that should have convinced and wrung the reader's heart (always eager to be wrung) have in their appearance some suspicion of the paint and paste-pot of the cheaper drama. I hope

that Miss KAYE-SMITH will get back in her next book to her earlier strength and sincerity.

That *Second Nature* (DUCKWORTH), which JOHN TRAVERS has in mind, is the innate sense of obligation which compels a gentleman to be a gentleman, whatever else he may be, in all that he does, says, thinks, eats, drinks and wears. The family of *Westfield* went back to times past remembering, and it came a little hard to the descendant of such a stock to have to choose his wife from among women who had done time or else to lose that legacy by the help of which alone he could hope to keep up the ancestral castle as a going concern. But so it was, by reason of the testamentary caprice of a spiteful uncle; and the position was not eased by the special condition for publicity, designed to bring it about that the family records, which began proudly in Doomsday Book, should conclude ignominiously in *The Daily Mail*. For *Jim*, always the gentleman, there was choice only between the devil of poverty or the deep sea of the Prisoners' Aid Society. He resorted to the latter (refusing Suffragettes), and came by *Joan Murphy* for wife who, with all her excellent capacity, was no lady. Manslaughter, however, may be a venial crime and physical beauty is a very saving grace, and, as these things all happened in the earliest chapters, I readily foresaw an ultimate end of the happiest nature and a solution of all difficulties worked out in defiance of the probabilities. A disappointed prophet is a captious critic and, the story turning out quite otherwise, I was very much on the alert for latent faults. Of these I found none. True, I did not altogether like *Jim Westfield*, but then I doubt if I was altogether meant to. Furthermore I give many extra marks to the author (as to whose sex, by the way, I have in my ignorance had moments of doubt) for moving the scene to India and thus giving substance and colour to a very remarkable love-story, while at the same time assisting his original theme with the subtle comparison, rather hinted at than dwelt upon, of caste.

Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two (SMITH, ELDER) is a book to live with, but not to be read at a sitting. After spending some hours with Mrs. C. W. EARLE and Miss ETHEL CASE I found that my critical palate was unequal to the demands of so liberal and varied a banquet; and when I had finished a poem by Mr. MASEFIELD, and found that it was followed by a recipe for cucumber soup, I wanted badly to laugh out loud. My advice, therefore, to readers is to take a snack from time to time, but not to make a square meal of it. While dissenting from some of Mrs. EARLE's opinions—I do not, for instance, think that the paper she mentions is "the best of all evening papers"—there is no getting away from her sincerity or from a certain indefinable charm which prevents her from causing irritation even when she is proclaiming her very pronounced views. Miss CASE, the other mixer, supplies some really valuable hints on gardens. These are drawn from her practical experience and are given succinctly enough. The only fault to be found with her is that in her efforts to be a pot-pourrist she occasionally finds it easier to mix than to blend. With each chapter we are furnished with various recipes which should, at any rate, gladden the heart of all vegetarians. Even I, whom Mrs. EARLE possibly would think a heretic, am prepared to take my chance with salsify scallops, walnut pie and hominy cutlets.

The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande (MILLS AND BOON) is set forth by a new scrivener, to wit, one G. P. BAKER, in more than ordinarily flamboyant Wardour Street English. *Harvanger*, a Shepherd, hies forth on his Quest for the Best Thing in the World. It turneth out in sooth to be Love and *Yolande*. Perhaps Mr. BAKER, an easy prey to the magic of jolly old words, has let himself do a little too much embroidery to the square inch of happening. There are indeed some good fights, though, by reason of this excess of embroidery, they are a little vague and difficult to follow. It is very well to have orgulous messires and men of courtoisie, with côtehardie of crocus or hose of purpure (showing how History repeateth herself), gearing and graithing for battle, mounted on coal-black destriers and generally behaving right this, that and the other withal; but when *Yolande*, asking *Harvanger* what will happen to her when he is away, receiveth for answer, "Truly I fear that thou wilt be very dull"; or when *Bernlak*, the fighter, says of a dead man, "I took over such effects as he left" (very much after the manner of my solicitor), one can't help feeling a little let down. Of such indeed are the perils of the Higher Tushery. They should not, however, be allowed to prejudice the consideration of a painstaking narrative which may well delight the confirmed romantic.



ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT SUPPLIED.

A CIGAR-HOLDER FOR THE USE OF DIVERS.

Mr. LAURENCE KETTLE, as quoted by *The Irish Volunteer* and re-quoted by *The Dublin Evening Mail* (and they may share the glory between them):—

"Those gentlemen of the army could be described by the poet Milton as the Oiled and Curley Assyrian wolves."

However, it is no good going to the Zoo to look for these in the Wolf House. Stay at home quietly and read "Maud" and "The Destruction of Sennacherib," and then you will understand how MILTON would have plagiarised TENNYSON and BYRON in one line if he had only lived long enough.

"When Mr. Asquith came in he was greeted with Opposition shouts of 'Ipswich' and 'Where's Masterman?' Mr. Asquith said—The Government adhered to decision not to take part officially in Panama Exposition."—*Star.*

If Mr. ASQUITH wishes to be a success in the House he must improve his powers of repartee. At present his back-answers are entirely lacking in snap.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Redmond is said to have vigorously opposed the suggestion that British troops should be sent to Durazzo on the ground that the present is not a time when our home defences should be weakened.

The presence of some ladies on the Holyhead links disturbed Mr. Lloyd George to such an extent, one day last week, that he foozled a shot, and it is reported that the Government is at last contemplating serious steps against the Suffragettes.

* * *

"Lord Strathcona's Seat for Sale."
Daily Mail.

We would respectfully draw Mr. Masterman's attention to the above.

Europe's G.O.M., the Emperor Francis Joseph, is now so well that his doctor's visits have been discontinued, but the statement that he went for a long ride last week on a motor-bicycle is declared to be an exaggeration.

* * *

According to *The Express* there was some little unpleasantness in Paris last week owing to the Chairman of the London County Council claiming precedence over the Lord Mayor. It is thought that this could never have happened had the Lord Mayor taken his coachman with him.

* * *

Corsica is now claiming that Columbus was born there, and not in Genoa, and there is much evidence to prove that the claim is well-founded. Still, it seems a little bit greedy of Corsica, which already has some reputation as the birth-place of another distinguished man. It is possible, however, that Genoa may give way if somebody will reimburse her for the very heavy expense of her statue of Columbus.

* * *

Owing to a strike the demand for patent-leather boots for Ascot cannot be met, and many visitors to this race meeting will have to spent the day in comfort.

* * *

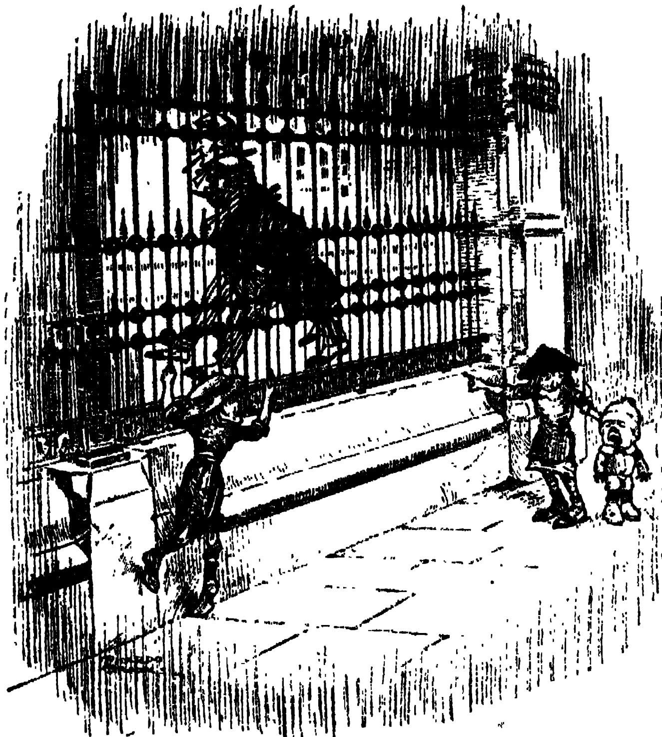
The announcement that the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo have now been opened has, we hear, caused considerable discontent among the animals in the old-fashioned dens and cages. They consider that these too ought to be opened.

* * *

By the way these new quarters are proving so popular among the animals that there is some talk of advertising them extensively in Central Africa and other haunts of big game with a view to attracting new tenants to the Regent's Park Garden City.

* * *

Regulations for the killing of flies have been issued to the troops at Aldershot. Curiously enough, artillery is not to be employed. One would have supposed that this sport might have afforded invaluable training for bringing down hostile aeroplanes.



THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.
(*Just after feeding-time—Inner Temple.*)
"Come on, 'Tilda, bring 'im along and let 'im look at the lawyers."

From a statement just issued we learn that Mr. A. Lock, of Edenbridge, has slaughtered more than 18,000 queen wasps, and that for eighteen successive years he has secured premier honours for wasp-killing at a local horticultural show. Orders, we learn from an exceptionally well-informed insect, have now been issued to the W. (Wasps) S.P.U. to sting Mr. Lock on sight.

* * *

"A census," we read, "is to be taken of all the birds of the United States by the American Board of Agriculture," but we are not told what particulars will be asked for. Probably merely name and address, not religion.

* * *

"Pygmalion for Threepence" attracted a large number of the working classes to His Majesty's Theatre in spite of the price being higher than "A Twopenny Damn."

* * *

Among the workers' organisations which booked seats was the London Glass Blowers' Society. Hitherto, we understand, the favourite expression of the members of this Society has been the innocuous "You be blowed," and it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Shaw's play will not have given these gentle souls a taste for anything stronger.

After holding up an elderly man in broad daylight in an arcade off Ludgate Hill last week two highwaymen ran away and were captured in the Old Bailey. It is thought that the homing instinct took them there.

A TOAST.

Hail to the Bard, the simple Bard,
Who wrote the little song,
And to his Muse, who laboured hard
To help the work along.
Health to the Candid Friend also
Who had his word to say,
And to the kindly G.P.O.
That sped it on its way.

A blessing on the Editor
Who let it see the light;
Likewise the patient Printer, for
He got the colons right;
Here's to the "sub," whose special line
Was spacing it to fit,
And to the cheery Philistine
Who lit his pipe with it.

An Empire Day Essay.

Dear Teacher,—On Empire day we had a holiday. I had a flag on Frideday. On Friday I was very happy, was you Teacher when we had 'oliday."

"The King has conferred the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order on M. Doumergue, the Premier of France."

And *The Sydney Sun* heads this "Horrors in France." The Victorian Order, however, is not really so dangerous as that.

ULSTER FOR SCOTLAND.

"*Nil mortalibus ardui est.*"—Q. Horatius Flaccus.

When Horace made those sound remarks
  Showing—in spite of Jove's decree—
How mortals rode in impious arks
  Transilient o'er the sacred sea,
How there was not beneath the sun
  A task so tough but what he'd back us
Somehow to go and see it done
  (Such was the *flair* of Flaccus);

Little he guessed how wind and tide
  Should be the sport of human skill;
How steel and steam should mock their pride
  And get the deep reduced to nil;
How we should come in course of years,
  Either by cable or Marconi,
To hold across the hemispheres
  A conversazione.

He'd learn with even more surprise
  That, after working all this while
On ways and means to minimise
  The severance of isle and isle,
Erin we find as far away,
  As rudely severed by a windy sea,
As Athens seemed in Horace' day
  From old Brundusium (Brindisi).

Strange, too, in yonder hybrid land
  This myth about a racial knot
Binding the gay Hibernian and
  The dourly earnest Ulster-Scot—
Neighbours whose one and only link
  (A foil to their profound disparity)
Is—thanks to some volcanic kink—
  A common insularity.

Come, let us down this myth in dust:
  Let statesmen's time no more be spent
To fake a "race" from what is just
  A geologic accident;
Let a great brig across the strait,
  Where Scot to Scot may freely pass, go,
And Ulster find her natural mate
  In consanguineous Glasgow. O. S.

A HAZARD ON THE HOME GREEN.

Standing on our front door-step you can see our garden running down at a moderate speed to our front gate. Or, conversely, standing at the front gate, you can see it mounting in a leisurely fashion to the front door. In either case it consists of two narrow strips of lawn bisected by a well-kept perambulator drive. Beyond the grass on either side blooms a profusion of bless-my-soul-if-I-haven't-forgotten-agains and other quaintly named old-world English flowers. On the left-hand strip of lawn, looking gatewards, is the metal pin to which the captive golf-ball is tied. On the right is the pear-tree, to which later on we have to affix a captive pear.

"What I like about the garden," I said to Araminta when we first moved in, "is the fact that it is in front, so that visitors, instead of saying in a perfunctory way, 'Have you got a garden, too? How delightful!' will be forced to murmur, 'How sweet the clover smells on your lawn as we came up the drive. What a perfectly entrancing golf-ball.' If I must go to the trouble and expense of keeping up a private pleasaunce I want everybody to see the pleasantry of it at once."

"Swank," replied Araminta. She is absurdly early-Georgian in the matter of repartee.

Last Saturday I determined to mow the lawn. I put on my oldest suit of clothes with the now fashionable slit-trouser leg, fastened the green bonnet to the front of the car, and wheeled it out of the tool garage. Araminta went out, saying airily that she would be back to tea. After a little trouble I induced the instrument to graze the left-hand pasture as far as the hobbled Colonel. Then, feeling that my shoulders wanted opening a bit, I went indoors and fetched a brassie-spoon. I suppose I must have been striking with unusual vehemence, but anyway, in playing a good second to the fourteenth green, I sent the pin flying out of the ground. The Colonel broke his parole and dashed rapidly to the topmost boughs of the pear-tree on the right, carrying the rest of the apparatus with him. There was nothing to do but to follow him, spoon in hand.

It was soon evident that the pear-tree had been overlooked during spring-cleaning, for the foliage, though very luxuriant, was in an extremely soiled condition.

I had just located the deserter when I heard feminine voices of unknown proprietorship. It is the habit of quick masterful decisions in important crises that has given to Englishmen an empire on which the sun never holes out, and I decided instantly to remain where I was. If it had been a mashie I might have faced them, but a brassie-spoon out of a lie like that—no.

The callers came slowly up the path, rang the bell, chattered to the servant, left cards, and retired. Without much trouble I could have brained them with the brassie-spoon as they passed beneath me. But some odd impulse of chivalry restrained me. It is blunders like these that have wrecked the plans of the greatest generals. Just as they opened the gate who should appear but—of course—Araminta? "Oh, I'm so glad I've caught you!" she cried. "You *must* stay and have tea now. We'll have it in the garden. My husband's somewhere about. He said he was going to mow the lawn, but I suppose he was too lazy." Lazy, indeed! Ha, ha! So like a woman.

Peering angrily with one eye out of my leafy ambush, I tried hard to attract Araminta's attention, but all in vain. Chairs were brought out and tea came with some particularly cool-looking sandwiches; cups were filled; spoons clinked; steadily the afternoon wore on. Flecks of fleecy white cloud chased each other in the blue-domed heaven above me. From far away rose the hum of the mighty city. In the next-door garden but two I could see a happy family circle partaking of light sustenance. I think it was nearly an hour-and-a-half before those infernal women left. Araminta conducted them to the gate, said a lingering good-bye, and wafted them down the road with wavings and smiles. When they were safely off the premises I slithered down and confronted her, looking dignified and stern, still holding the ball in one hand and the wooden club in the other.

Instead of bursting into tears, as I had expected, she went off into a fit of idiotic giggles. "You—you don't mean to say you've been up in that tree all tea-time! You are too funny. And you've got a great black splodge over one eye. Do go and wash."

With an effort I controlled my rage. "In future," I said coldly, "when I am—er—mowing the lawn, visitors will be served with tea in the second drawing-room."

"All right, dear," said Araminta; "and in future, when you are mowing the lawn, you shall have yours taken up into the pear-tree."

Women have no sense of humour.



GIANTS REFRESHED.

Our Leaders. "ENOUGH OF DEEDS! LET'S GET TO WORDS!"



Son (lately returned from big game shooting in Africa). "THERE I STOOD, THE FEROCIOUS BEAST FACING ME, NOT A YARD AWAY—A SITUATION NEEDING SUCH CALMNESS AND COURAGE AS IN THIS QUIET LITTLE SUBURB, MY DEAR MOTHER, YOU WOULD NEVER BE CALLED UPON TO DISPLAY."



Parlourmaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, THERE'S ANOTHER BISON IN THE KITCHEN. WHAT WOULD YOU WISH DONE WITH IT?"
Mother (accustomed to Cockney accent). "PUT IT IN MR. JACK'S ROOM, BEATRICE, AND TAKE AWAY THE ONE THAT'S CHIPPED."

TO BE OVERHEARD DAILY.

SCENE—*A Restaurant.*

First Luncher. Waiter, bring me the bill, please.

Waiter. Yes, Sir.

Second Luncher. No, I say, old man, this is mine. Waiter, bring the bill to me.

W. Yes, Sir.

F. L. No, waiter, it's mine.

S. L. My dear old chap——

F. L. Yes, it's mine. Get it, waiter.

W. Yes, Sir.

S. L. But I asked you.

F. L. No, I asked you.

S. L. Yes, but I asked you first.

F. L. That doesn't matter.

S. L. Of course it does. And I've been doing all the ordering too.

F. L. That's all right. I'm glad you have. You do it very well.

S. L. Well, I want to pay.

F. L. Oh, no, my dear fellow. It's my lunch. I've been feeling like the host all the time.

S. L. So have I. I haven't felt like a guest at all. It's my bill.

F. L. I couldn't hear of it. You came here to lunch with me.

S. L. Upon my soul, I thought you were lunching with me. I asked you, you know.

F. L. You can't deny I asked you; I said, "We'll lunch together next Thursday," didn't I?

S. L. That's all right, but I swear I asked you first. It was because I had asked you that you said what you said.

F. L. Well, I look on it as my lunch, anyway.

S. L. Then why did you let me order the things and send back that wine?

F. L. That's all right, old man. You've been lunching with me to-day. Next time I'll lunch with you.

S. L. I'm not satisfied with it. I consider this my lunch.

F. L. No, no. It's mine. Here's the waiter.

S. L. Waiter, let me have that.

F. L. No, waiter, give it to me.

S. L. (*snatching the bill, glancing at it, and hastily slamming down a sovereign*). That's all right, waiter. Keep the change.

W. Yes, Sir; thank you, Sir.

F. L. Waiter, don't take that money. This is my affair.

W. Yes, Sir.

S. L. It's all over now, old chap. It's paid. Come along. (*Gets up.*)

F. L. (*producing a sovereign*). That's for the bill, waiter. I don't know anything about that other money.

S. L. But it's paid. It's done with.

F. L. Oh, no. You mustn't do that. It's my lunch. I asked you, you know. Why, I told my wife this morning that you were lunching with me to-day.

S. L. I asked you first, you know.

F. L. I don't think so, old chap; I don't indeed.

S. L. I assure you I never had a shadow of doubt about it. I took it for granted that you knew you were lunching with me and I was the host. Otherwise should I have made that fuss about the omelette? Should I now?

F. L. I was very glad you did. I felt that you felt at home.

S. L. It puts me in such an awkward position. Really, I should take it as a personal favour if you'd let me pay.

F. L. No, no. No, no. This is my affair. I asked you.

S. L. I asked you first.

F. L. No, no. No, no. Come along. Here's your sovereign.

S. L. Well, I consent, but under protest. Next time you really lunch with me.

F. L. Right-o. I'd love to.

"Lines of an alliterative character will occur to anyone who has read much poetry. There is a notable example in Shelley's 'Skylark.'

'Singing still dost roar, and roaring ever singest.'"

Dublin Sunday Independent.

A man we know does this much better than any skylark.

The Daily Chronicle (of Kingston, Jamaica) informs its readers that "According to Theopompus, a waiter of the fourth century B.C., the Epirots were divided into fourteen independent tubes." The waiters of Epirus must have found this a great convenience when ordering meals from the kitchen.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

VAGARIES OF THE MOMENT.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—This is completely a *jewel* season. People may be just as glittery as they like. Heads, necks and arms don't monopolise the pretty-pretties now, and, what with jewelled tunics, girdles, shoes, stockings and "*Honi soits*," as well as gems on what little corsage and skirt one may be wearing, one's jewel-box may be quite *quite* emptied every evening. Indeed, if we hadn't plenty of jewels I sometimes wonder, my dear, what our *grande toilette* would consist of! And this has led to the launching of "Olga's" latest triumph, the lock-up evening wrap—a charming affair, thickly plated with sequins and fastening with the dearest little *real* locks all down the front from the throat to the toes!

A propos, Beryl Clarges had such a darling adventure the other night. She came out of the opera, meaning to go on to the Flummerys' and one or two more places, with all her pretty-pretties on, and fastened securely into her lock-up wrap. She got into her car suspecting nothing. But it wasn't her own chauffeur and footman at all, Daphne! It was two delicious robbers who'd managed to get possession of her car; and they drove her out to Hampstead Heath and held a pistol to her head and said, "Now, my lady, you've got on about thirty-thousand pound worth of sparklers. Hand 'em over quietly and we won't hurt you." And Beryl didn't turn a hair (she says) but answered, "You silly boys! I'm locked into 'Olga's' new thief-proof wrap and you can't get anything but my shoes. My maid always locks me in and lets me out, and she's got the keys and you've left her behind!" And they tried to wrench the wrap open, but it resisted, and Beryl put in some piercing g's in alt., and help came and the robbers fled. And now she's the woman of the moment, and her picture, standing on Hampstead Heath in her lock-up wrap, defying ten robbers, is in all the weeklies.

Some people say it was all managed by her publicity agent, and others declare it was a put-up thing between Beryl and "Olga." Anyhow, the new "*manteau de sûreté*" is absolutely booming, and *entre nous, chérie*, people who never wear anything more valuable than sequins and paste are quite falling over each other to get thief-proof wraps!

There's quite a little rage among girls just now for *boxing*. Juno Ffarrington, the Southlands' girl, is responsible for it. She's been the acknowledged leader of the *jeunes filles* since she first came out and has set the fashion among them in everything, from inventing a new cocktail to chaperoning her chaperon. (It was Juno who first started the custom at parties of doing all the after-supper dances in the street and finishing up the night at an early coffee-stall.) The Duchess of Southlands was making her little moan to me the other day, and I told her she ought to be so proud of dear Juno having *temperament* and *personality*. "Temperament and personality are all very well, Blanche," said the dear little invertebrate woman, "but worried mothers wish they didn't develop till after marriage! If Juno's grandmamma knew how *modern* she is she'd leave everything she has to charity." Indeed it's a constant effort for her parents to hide their girl's modernity from the dowager—a dear old disapproving piece of antiquity whose youth dates from remote ages of blushing, fainting, accomplishments and downcast eyes. She's an immense fortune to leave, and Juno (so far) is her heiress; but the girl seriously imperilled her prospects during the very last visit the Southlands had from the dowager. The latter was doing her everlasting knitting one day when she called out, "Here, Juno, child, come and help me. I've dropped a stitch." And Juno went to her and looked about on the floor and said, "Where did you drop it, Gran? I don't see it anywhere!"

I'd a little dinner-dance on Thursday and Juno was one of several girls who brought their mothers. "Oh, my hat and feathers!" she called out as she looked over the menu; "none of your *à la* dishes for *this* child! Sorry, old girl, but I'm in training. Will you order broiled steak and pale ale for me? I'm going to box Tricky Sal, the coloured girl-boxer from the Other Side. Wonder how she'll like my upper-cut and left-hand jab! Isn't it glorious, people? I've got my ambition! I'm a White Hope! See if we don't fill the Colidrome at our Grand Boxing Matinée!"



SOUR GOATS!

(An Imaginary Idyll of the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo.)

"Girlie," pleaded *la mère*, "you're joking! You wouldn't dream of boxing except before just relations and intimate friends!" "Relations and intimate friends be *somethinged*!" cried Juno. "I'm going to box in front of the good old public! And the gate shall go to your Holiday Home for Melancholy Manicurists, mother dear." "My only one, my Melancholy Manicurists are quite *quite* in funds," urged the duchess; "we want nothing for them." "Don't worry your little head, dear," said Juno; "they've *got* to be helped and that's all about it!"

So the matinée at the Colidrome is to come off. The *pièce de résistance* will, of course, be Juno Ffarrington and Tricky Sal. Then the Dunstables' two girls, Franky and Freckles, have promised a sparring match if their mother doesn't get to hear of it down at Dunstable Castle (they're going out with their aunt this season). Beryl and Babs will wrestle. And they want me to give a show with the Indian clubs (no one does them quite as I do, but I'm not a bit vain about it). Every seat is sold already!

I believe people never had such a horror of bores and banality as they have now—owing chiefly to the influence of our Anti-Banalite Club. Silent dinners, at which one communi-

cates only by wireless, are a good deal done and are quite nice and restful, the general atmosphere (if someone tainted with banalism seems inclined to speak) being, "I know what you're going to say. Please—please—*please* don't say it!" On a little dinner of this kind at Bosh and Wee-Wee's last week there descended a terrible man, a far-away cousin of Wee-Wee's, who hardly ever leaves his *terres* in some remote part of the country—the sort of creature, you know, dearest, who always has a colour and a smile and an appetite and who writes to the papers to say he's seen a bush growing upside down or has heard the cuckoo singing in the night or has plucked and eaten something in his garden in December! He began by *mentioning the weather!* People quite jumped in their chairs, and Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, gave a little scream. He followed this up by saying *town seemed full*; and then, *à propos* of having run up against a college friend in town, informed us that *the world was a small place after all!* When this last enormity was let loose upon us Norty said solemnly, "Where's the nearest point policeman?" And, instead of taking the hint, the creature began to hold forth about "that fine body of men, the London police!" Wee-Wee was in sackcloth and ashes about it afterwards. She says that sort of thing 's in his family.

I had a serious talk with Norty about the Irish problem yesterday, and he tells me there's a whisper in the Lobbies that *certain persons* have already sold the kinema rights of the first Irish Parliament to a film company for a *colossal* sum and, as the money is spent and the company is *incessantly* jogging them to deliver the goods, they're bound to put the thing through! It's said that someone asked a Member of the Government point-blank whether there was any truth in the rumour, and was told, "The answer is in the negative-affirmative, Sir!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.



Voice from Above (to individuals entering house with burglarious intent). "I SAY, YOU'D BETTER COME AGAIN AFTER A WHILE; WE AREN'T ALL IN BED YET."

DISCLAIMERS.

[Sir ALFRED MOND states that there is absolutely no foundation for the announcement made in some newspapers that a peerage is to be conferred upon him and that his name is to be included in the list of this year's birthday honours.—*Daily Chronicle.*]

"No bally fear!
I *won't* be a peer;
I've given my bond,"
Says Sir ALFRED MOND;
"But it won't make me scunner
If they elevate BRUNNER."

"A belted earldom's far beyond
My poor deserts: it *must* be MOND.
He's so distinguished, such a stunner
In every sort of way," says BRUNNER.

"As a thorough-going democrat
I always travel steerage;
I'd sooner eat my Sunday hat
Than take a nasty Peerage;
Such sops the snobbish crowd may soothe,
But not yours truly, HANDEL BOOTH."

"As a simple Knight
I'm quite all right,
But to make me a peer
Would be rather queer;
It might also disturb
Sir GEORGE," says Sir HERB.

"This time you've backed the winning horse,
I'm bound to be a Duke, of course;
But wait and see—the slightest hitch
Might altogether queer my pitch;
So mum's the word," says LITTLE TICH.

"The rumours of Our elevation
Are totally without foundation.
On peerages We turn Our backs,
Signed with Our seal,
Revue-King MAX."

"He that on frippery sets his heart
May purchase titles such as Bart.;
These garish gauds my spirit spurns,
I'm greater as I am," says BURNS.

"You tale aboot ma Coronet
Is comin' off, but not juist yet;
Aw'm haudin' oot for somethin' smarter,
For choice the Thistle or the Garter;
Whichever ribbon is the broader
A'll tak wi' joy," says HARRY LAUDER.

THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

II.—EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

To the young playwright, the difficulty of getting his characters on to the stage would seem much less than the difficulty of finding them something to say when they are there. He writes gaily and without hesitation "*Enter* Lord Arthur Fluffinose," and only then begins to bite the end of his penholder and gaze round his library for inspiration. Yet it is on that one word "Enter" that his reputation for dramatic technique will hang. Why did *Lord Arthur Fluffinose* enter? The obvious answer, that the firm which is mentioned in the programme as supplying his trousers would be annoyed if he didn't, is not enough; nor is it enough to say that the whole plot of the piece hinges on him, and that without him the drama would languish. What the critic wants to know is why *Lord Arthur* chose that very moment to come in—the very moment when *Lady Larkspur* was left alone in the oak-beamed hall of Larkspur Towers. Was it only a coincidence? And if the young dramatist answers callously, "Yes," it simply shows that he has no feeling for the stage whatever. In that case I needn't go on with these articles.

However, it will be more convenient to assume, dear reader, that in your play *Lord Arthur* had a good reason for coming in. If that be so, he must explain it. It won't do to write like this:—

Enter Lord Arthur. Lady Larkspur *starts suddenly and turns towards him.*

Lady Larkspur. Arthur! *You* here? (*He gives a nod of confirmation. She pauses a moment, and then with a sudden passionate movement flings herself into his arms.*) Take me away, Arthur. I can't bear this life any longer. Larkspur bit me again this morning for the *third* time. I want to get away from it all. [*Swoons.*

The subsequent scene may be so pathetic that on the hundredth night it is still bringing tears to the eyes of the fireman, but you must not expect to be treated as a serious dramatist. You will see this for yourself if you consider the passage as it should properly have been written:—

Enter Lord Arthur Fluffinose. Lady Larkspur *looks at him with amazement.*

Lady Larkspur. Arthur, what are *you* doing here?

Lord Arthur. I caught the 2.3 from town. It gets in at 3.37, and I walked over from the station. It's only a mile. (*At this point he looks at the grandfather clock in the corner, and the audience, following his eyes, sees that it is seven minutes to four, which appears delightfully natural.*) I came to tell Larkspur to sell Bungoes. They are going down.

Lady Larkspur (*folding her hands over her chest and gazing broodingly at the footlights*). Larkspur!

Lord Arthur (*anxiously*). What is it? (*Suddenly*) Has he been ill-treating you again?

Lady Larkspur (*flinging herself into his arms*). Oh, Arthur, Arthur, he bit this morning——

And so on.

But it may well be that *Lord Larkspur* has an intrigue of his own with his secretary, *Miss Devereux*, and, if their big scene is to take place on the stage too, the hall has got to be cleared for them in some way. Your natural instinct will be to say, "*Exeunt* Fluffinose *and* Lady Larkspur, *R. Enter* Lord Larkspur *and* Miss Devereux, *L.*" This is very immature, even if you are quite clear as to which side of the stage is L. and which is R. You *must* make the evolutions seem natural. Thus:—

Enter from the left Miss Devereux. *She stops in surprise at seeing* Lord Arthur *and holds out her hand.*

Miss D. Why, Lord Arthur! Whatever——

Lord A. How d'you do? I've just run down to tell Lord Larkspur to——

Miss D. He's in the library. At least he——

Lord A. (*taking out his watch*). Ah, then perhaps I'd better——

[*Exit by door on left.*

Miss D. (*to Lady L.*). Have you seen *The Times* about here? There is a set of verses in the Financial Supplement which Lord Larkspur wanted to—— (*She wanders vaguely round the room. Enter* Lord Larkspur *by door at back*). Why, here you are! I've just sent Lord Arthur into the library to——

Lord L. I went out to speak to the gardener about——

Lady L. Ah, then I'll go and tell Lord——

[*Exit to library, leaving* Miss Devereux *and* Lord Larkspur *alone.*

And there you are. You will, of course, appreciate that the unfinished sentences not only save time, but also make the manœuvring very much more natural.

So far I have been writing as if you were already in the thick of your play; but it may well be that the enormous difficulty of getting the first character on has been too much for you. How, you may be wondering, are you to in your masterpiece?

The answer to this will depend upon the length of the play, for upon the length depends the hour at which the curtain rises. If yours is an 8.15 play you may be sure that the stalls will not fill up till 8.30, and you should therefore let loose the lesser-paid members of the cast on the opening scene, keeping your fifty-pounders in reserve. In a 9 o'clock play the audience may be plunged into the drama at once. But his is much the more difficult thing to do, and for the beginner I should certainly recommend the 8.15 play, for which the recipe is simple.

As soon as the lights go down, and while the bald stout gentleman is kicking r top-hat out of his way, treading heavily on our toes and wheezing, "Sorry, sorry," as he struggles to his seat, a buzz begins behind the curtain. What the players are saying is not distinguishable, but a merry girlish laugh rings out now and then, followed by the short sardonic chuckle of an obvious man of the world. Then the curtain rises, and it is apparent that we are assisting at an At Home of considerable splendour. Most of the characters seem to be on the stage, and for once we do not ask how they got there. We presume they have all been invited. Thus you have had no difficulty with your entrances.

As the chatter dies down a chord is struck on the piano.

The Bishop of Sploshington (*£2 10s. a week*). Charming. Quite one of my favourites. Do play it again. [*Relapses into silence for the rest of the evening.*

The Duchess of Southbridge (*35s. per week, to* Lord Reggie). Oh, Reggie, what *did* you say?

Lord Reggie (*putting up his eyeglass—they get five shillings a week extra if they can manage an eyeglass properly*). Said I'd bally well—top-hole—what?—don'cherknow.

Lady Evangeline (*to* Lady Violet, *as they walk across the stage*). Oh, I *must* tell you what that funny Mr. Danlfy said. [*Doesn't.* Lady Violet, *none the less, trills with happy laughter.*

Prince von Ichdien, the well-known Ambassador (*loudly, to an unnamed gentleman*). What your country ought to do—— [*He finishes his remarks in the lip-language, which the unnamed gentleman seems to understand. At any rate he nods several times.*

There is more girlish laughter, more buzz and more deaf-and-dumb language. Then

Lord Tuppeny. Well, what about auction?

Amid murmurs of "You'll play, Field-Marshal?" *and* "Auction, Archbishop?" *the crowd drifts off, leaving the hero and heroine alone in the middle of the stage.*

And then you can begin. A. A. M.



A THEATRICAL REVIVAL.

AT THE LITTLE THEATRE MR. BERTRAM FORSYTH PROPOSES TO REPRODUCE SCENES FROM PLAYS AS THEY WERE PRESENTED 100 OR 150 YEARS AGO. HE WILL TRY, WE ARE TOLD, TO RESTORE THE OLD-TIME ATMOSPHERE. AN ORANGE-WOMAN WILL NIGHTLY CARRY HER BASKET THROUGH THE THEATRE.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

[A correspondent, having failed to let his property through the ordinary channels of advertisement, falls back upon "Mr. Punch's" help, having noticed in his pages several examples of the charm of Commercial Candour.]

HOUSE to be SOLD, with Garage—or can be let alone; detached (owing to subsidence of soil); standing on its own ground (except for a small portion which is lying in neighbour's yard). There are three stories: (1) that it is haunted, (2) that it is unfit for human habitation, (3) that it is mortgaged up to the hilt. The title is undisputed.

The house faces N. and S.—or *did* when last inspected. It commands a magnificent view of the back gardens of the next street, where a weekly regatta is held every Monday. For lovers of music there is a piano next door and five gramophones within audible distance; an organ plays every Saturday at the house opposite.

The sky-light affords an unobstructed view of the firmament—not surpassed in the wilds of Scotland.

The garden is small, but cannot possibly be overlooked even by the most short-sighted and unobservant. The soil is very fertile, grass growing readily under the feet. The presence of the early bird indicates an abundance of ground game. There is some fine ancient timber in a corner, possibly the remains of a bicycle shed.

On the ground floor are three sitting-rooms, each with standing room also; every one of them is a study. There is no actual smoking-room, but one can be improvised in a moment by lighting any of the fires. There is a large attic suitable for a billiard-room for short men. The wine-cellar contains fifty cubic feet of water, thus ensuring a uniform temperature; there is a large collection of empty bottles, which could be left. The water supply is constant, so also are the applications for rates. The drains on the property are immense. There is gas all over the house. Summonses are served at the door, and the tradesmen call many times daily and wait if you are out.

The owner is obliged to go abroad for private reasons and must dispose of the property at once. The house, being concrete, can be seen at any time, or an abstract can be had on application to the Caretaker who is within—or should be. If not within will be found at the "King's Arms" next door. For particulars apply to Phibbs and Gammon, Jerry Buildings, Wapping.

"Dr. A. M. Low, of Shepherd's Bush, states that he has discovered a process by which photographs can be sent four miles."
Daily Express.

To show him that the discovery is an old one we are sending him ours. By special messenger-boy process.

"On the concluding day Major Orman and the officers of the battalion were At Home to the station. The ladies of the latter assembled in their smallest frocks."—*Rangoon Gazette.*

And in these days they can be very small indeed.



ART AT THE CALEDONIAN MARKET.

Art Dealer. "'ERE Y'ARE—OLD MASTERS A TANNER A TIME." *Collector.* "I'LL TAKE THIS ONE."
Dealer. "THAT UN 'S EIGHT'NPENCE, GUVNOR—IT 'S VERY NEAR NEW!"

A SPORTING OFFER.

(*Written after a contemplation of one of our outer suburbs, and on hearing of the threatened lock-out in the building trade.*)

Can this be true? that hodmen strike?
The very thought my soul bewilders.
Has Art, has beauty got no spike
To perforate the breasts of builders?

Her bricky teeth flung far and wide,
On virgin fields my London browses,
The amaranthine plains are pied
With nutty little bijou houses.

Here Daphne makes the junket set
Or squeezes from the curd the pale whey,
And drone of bees belies the Metropolitan and District Railway.

Here Amaryllis tends the hearth
Till, home returning from the City,
Her Damon comes to weed the garth
(Which makes his hands most awful gritty).

Here in the golden sunset's haze
Is love, I ween, no whit less hearty
Than when it walked in soot-grimed ways,
But, oh how chic and oh how arty!

The cots themselves are spick and span,
Filling with awe the gross intruder;
Their style is early Georgian,
Which looks like measles mixed with Tudor.

Through little panes be-diamonded
The scented dusk comes softly stealing;
When you get up you strike your head
Severely on the timbered ceiling.

And some break out in sudden wings
And bloom with unsuspected gables;
The cubic area of the things
Prevents one getting round the tables.

To weave such nests, so fair, so coy,
Should be the workman's *bonum summum*,
To me it were all mirth, all joy
To paint, to whitewash, or to plumb 'em.

Far other was the task of thralls
Who had to rear these inner suburbs,
Piling the sad Victorian walls
Where each wan window laced its tub-herbs.

Small wonder had they cried, I wis,
Shedding large tears amongst their mortar,
"We cannot build such streets as this
Without two extra pints of porter!"

But now—ah well! Here is a bard
Long versed in wild extravaganza,
Knowing the foot-rule, and to lard
With purple bits the pounding stanza;

A little weary of the harp,
Metres and rhymes that fail to dowel,
Willing to turn from pains so sharp
To some soft labour with the trowel.

Sooner than let our love-birds pine
For post-impressionistic dwellings,
With all the windows out of line
And curious humps and antic swellings,

The motley Muse's maundering nous
Cares nothing what the union rate is,
If any young things want a house
I'll build the kickshaw for them gratis.

EVOE.

Another Impending Apology.

"We are glad to hear that Canon N. S. Jeffrey has latterly made such good progress that he is now able to bet downstairs each day."—*Gazette-News for Blackpool.*

"She was slightly troubled with sore shins, and went to the post in scratchy fashion."
Sporting Chronicle.

No wonder.



"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

General John Redmond. "Ulster 'King-at-Arms,' is ut? We'll be after showin' 'em what the *other* three provinces can do!"

[See *Punch*, May 6, 1914.]



OUR LARGE STORES PRIDE THEMSELVES ON NEVER BOTHERING A CUSTOMER TO PURCHASE. SOME OF THEM GO EVEN FURTHER AND SEEM TO SHOW POSITIVE INDIFFERENCE. ABOVE WE SEE A CUSTOMER RESORTING TO EXTREME MEASURES TO SECURE ATTENTION.

AN ADVANCE FINALE.

THERE is an idea already fermenting in the brains of many publishers that their present method of printing personal assurances as to the merits of their new productions is unsatisfactory. It is felt that these eulogies are open to the suspicion of prejudice and should be replaced, or supplemented, by the advance publication of the final chapter of the author's work. *Mr. Punch*, anxious to promote this excellent change by the publication of a specimen finale, has pleasure in anticipating the fifty-first, and concluding, chapter of Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD'S projected romance, *The Winning of Aurora*; and he is convinced that his readers will not rest till they have secured the remaining fifty chapters.

* * * * *

Aurora let fall the book she was reading, a celebrated pamphlet on the Oxford Tractarian movement, in a cover which was a miracle of Italo-Moroccan tooling, and gazed thoughtfully at the scene before her. Viewed thus in outline, her head in repose had something of the delicacy of a Tanagra figure, while to the eye of a connoisseur the magnificent yet girlish torso might have recalled a Bacchantè by SKOPAS. To her right rose the rugged sides of Garthfell, purple and scarlet in the subdued light; to the left was Felsbeck, and from her feet the ground fell away abruptly till it met the immemorial woods of Supwell. Among them Aurora could distinguish the massive Boadicean keep of Supwell Castle, strangely yet harmoniously blended with the neo-Byzantine portico of white marble designed by INIGO JONES for the thirty-first Earl. She remembered vaguely that she was attending a reception there to-night; but her gaze soon left the noble pile—so typical of all that is best in English architecture—to rest upon the humbler neighbouring group of Lowmere cottages. In one she knew old Ralph, the shepherd, was dying of a painful form of spinal catarrh, directly attributable to the cesspool at his front door; in another the mother of fifteen children was nursing the only remaining one through an attack of mumps, and in a third the breadwinner was lying in the malignant grip of abdominal influenza. Aurora mentally reviewed the chief points of Socialism, Individualism, Syndicalism and Socinianism, as represented by the select group of thinkers to which Cecil belonged.

* * * * *

Following a noiseless footman in the gorgeous Supwell liveries, Mrs. Lovelord and Aurora took up their position under a rare palm at the head of the great ebony staircase, which a royal personage was said to have coveted, and watched the Earl and Countess receive their guests. Mrs. Lovelord's keen eye noted that the Earl was standing on the Countess's train, a priceless piece of Venetian point which had once belonged to the EMPRESS THEODORA. Aurora's attention was attracted by a tall grey-haired man wearing the Ribbon of the Garter half-hidden under a variety of lesser decorations; he was talking eagerly, vivaciously to the notorious Duchess of Almondsbury. Cecil, who had joined Aurora at once, whispered that the man was Professor Villeray.

"They say he knows every crowned head in Europe," he said. The great scientist was relating anecdote after anecdote of the people he had known—CHARLEMAGNE, MACHIAVELLI, NEWMAN, DICKENS, the SHAKSPEARES, father and son. There followed a racy story, inimitably told, of Miss MITFORD in her less regenerate days. Aurora turned away.

"Would you care to take a turn through the rooms?" Cecil asked. "The Rembrandts are in tremendous form to-night—what?"

The house was one of historic interest and importance, with that blend of magnificence and domesticity so typical of all that is best in English life.

Aurora's eyes wandered from the massive emerald chandeliers, the envy of every connoisseur in Europe, to RAPHAËL's masterly "Madonna," which, with a daring harmony by SARGENT, filled the niches on either side of the great mantelpiece, itself a triumph of the art of NICCOLA of Pisa.

"There's Sir John. I didn't think he'd be here with all this rumpus over the Bill," said Cecil. The Prime Minister was deep in conversation with the Marquis of Falutin, P.T.O., Q.T., R.S.V.P., the famous diplomat, whose recent intervention in the Nice imbroglio had saved the European situation. Aurora could see the flashes of his wit illuminating Sir John's saturnine countenance. Her further progress was barred by Lady Highflyer, who nodded to her, and said to Cecil, whose *petite intimité* with all this great world struck Aurora anew:

"You heard Philip's got Jericho?" He nodded. "Such a relief. The Duke's delighted, of course, especially after poor Erskine's fiasco, or perhaps I should say *fiancée*. He's infatuated, I hear. Only £20,000 a year between them! Ah, there's Madeline Duchess. Well, *a rivederci*."

She passed on, her dress, which had taxed the resources of the first modistes of the day, Rue de la Paix, trailing heedlessly over the priceless Aubusson. Aurora turned, to find the Home Secretary at her elbow. Instantly she was all eagerness and vivacity.

"Will there be a division?" she asked.

"Dear lady," he replied, "*qui vivra verra*. The Anabaptists are up in arms, but——" He screwed his glass into his eye. "Had anything to eat?" he asked, as three of the footmen passed with a jewelled tray of Pêches Melba. "A Benvenuto Cellini," if I am not mistaken," he continued, tapping the tray with his ring, a unique Pompeian intaglio of Venus Anadyomene with the iynx. "The plates are fourteenth-century Venetian. The only other set is in the Vatican, you remember." He removed a drop of the Earl's champagne from his moustache. "Ah, I see Cantoforte's going to sing. Marvellous man! I remember him in Paris in the 'forties—the roaring 'forties, as poor DIZZY called them."

"He only plays when Royalty's present," a woman behind Aurora whispered, as the great artist broke into PALESTRINA's '*Andante Furioso*. "They say he charges a thousand a minute."

A memory of the Lowmore cottages assailed Aurora. At last she saw her way clearly. Never had she so realised the possibilities of life.



Men of Criccieth, on to glory!
See, this banner, fam'd in story,
Waves these burning words before ye—
"David scorns to yield!"
(With acknowledgments to the author of "The March of the Men of Harlech.")

["If there was any movement in the Liberal party it was a movement forward. The message of the by-elections to Liberals was to press on."—*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Criccieth.*]

"I will marry Cecil," she said to herself. "With his brains, a million a year, and the breeding to which only the highest circles can attain, we will regenerate England."

Little-known Heroes.

I.

On Saturday last, an up-country woman attempted to commit suicide by laying herself across the rails. At that time the second up Passenger train was passing but slowly and the cowcatcher of the train almost touched the woman. The Driver stopped the train with great pluck."—*Times of Assam.*

THE CAN-CAN.

I HAVE four milk-boys as pets. They don't know it, but I cultivate an intimate knowledge of their habits and study them as, once, years ago, I was wont to study white mice and goldfish. I have watched their development, listened to their song, and have made several interesting discoveries about them.

When, after a hard evening's reading, perhaps, I jot down a few notes and tumble into bed at 1 A.M., I do so with the delightful certainty that at 6.30 the first of my pets will rouse me with his mellow warbling. He (Number One) looks always on the bright side of things and probably belongs to a club for incurable optimists, for he intersperses his roulades with cheery spells of whistling. Should Number Two, who is a pal of his, loom through the early morning mist with the lark and the first motor-bus at the other end of the Terrace, no false modesty deters him from making himself known; he gives a view-halloo that startles every drooping cat in the district. He informs Number Two, while that person is yet nebulous, a mere blur on the cosmos, that he went to the local Empire last night, and that it was a bit of all right. With an intermittent rumble he elicits the information that Geor-r-rge (that's Number Two's name) went to his local Palace and had a treat of a beano. And when they meet—exactly opposite my dwelling is the favoured spot—the Can-can is performed with variations. Jolly fellows are One and Two.

As for Number Three, I could tell you a little story about him. He has had a love-affair. There was a time when he too joined in the dance and song, as one might say; but all that is over for him. One morning he turned up late, his usual merry call changed to a croak like that of a bull-frog virtuoso. I peered between the curtains to make sure that it was not Number Five (as yet hypothetical); but no—it was Three, with a look on his face that could only bear one interpretation. Belinda had been perverse, unkind, icy—had, in fact, thrown him over. You could read it in the angle of his cap, in the broken lace dragging from his boots, in his shuffling progress, and in the dulled gleam of his brass-mounted cans. From that date



THE BROWNS HAVE TAKEN THE ADVICE OF THE RAILWAYS AND NEWSPAPERS TO "GO EARLY" FOR THEIR SEASIDE HOLIDAYS.

he became a frowning pessimist, perpetrating wheezes and squeaks and mumblings, quaverings and hoarse murmurs, instead of the customary sportive yelp. 'Tis an unkind world, according to Number Three.

Number Four generally arrives as the lingering chatter of his predecessors dies away. He is rotund, judging by his voice (I have not yet seen him); also I should say that he goes in for physical culture. For, by the sounds that ascend to my window, his procedure is as follows: he unhooks the empty can from the railings of the opposite house and dashes it violently upward against the wall, catching it on the rebound. This action he repeats a few times just to get into form; it is, as it were, a muscular prelude. Then, taking seven or eight empty tins from his trolley, he juggles with them, not very expertly, for some of them break away into neighbouring areas and have to be retrieved; or he will set the whole lot in the road and kick them round for five minutes, brilliantly and wonderfully. This warms him. Picking them up, he spends a relatively quiet interlude in sorting out the one he wants, then fills it, bangs the lid down, and rehangs it in position. Having repeated the process with the remainder, he glows with a sense of duty done, and bursts into his farewell song; I often wish that it was his swan-song. He produces in this vocal valediction noises which to the ears of a Futurist composer might seem as Olympian music, but which to my insufficiently educated taste are merely excruciating.

These, then are my four pets. I value them, for they teach me self-denial and self-restraint; they rouse me at an hour when I might otherwise be lost in slothful sleep; and they assure me that there is a sphere in which taxes and politics really do not matter in the slightest. Some day, I suppose, they will grow up. What will become of their talents in the world of men it is beyond me to imagine. But Number Four seems to have the makings of a politician.

TWO EYES OF GRAY.

["Sprats should be cooked very fresh. Their condition can be ascertained by their eyes, which should be bright."
Cookery Book.]

How cold the culinary mind
 That household care absorbs!
Can the observer really find
 Within yon sparkling orbs
No message, nothing further than
A fitness for the frying-pan?

For oh, in that pathetic gaze
 What crowded memories dwell!
What wistful dreams of briny days
 Beneath the surging swell,
Ere fate had seized this little fish
And plumped him on an earthen dish!

Methinks I see him even now,
 As late he sailed along
With smiling and unruffled brow
 Amid the finny throng,
No gladder, gayer sprat than he
In all the caverns of the sea.

With what a rapture would he tweak
 The casual kipper's tail,
Or nimbly sport at hide-and-seek
 Around the whiskered whale!
(Do whales that haunt the ocean wave
Wear whiskers? Some do, others shave.)

And, when by hunger overcome
 He felt a trifle limp,
What joy within his vacuum
 To stow the passing shrimp,
And afterwards to sink and snooze,
Soft-cradled on the nether ooze!

Ah, yes, as I behold those eyes
 So bright, so crystal-clear,
I feel within my own uprise
 A sympathetic tear;
But supper's call one must obey,
And so I dash the drops away.

ANOTHER INFORMATION BUREAU.

A Pretty Thought—Tipsters—Our Feathered Friends—A Guide to Manners—Aiding his Suit.

A Pretty Thought.

After reading that a number of letters have been written to the King on his birthday by school children, my wife and I have decided that our little girl, Clara, who is just six, shall write one for next year—or possibly for Christmas—and we should be glad of your counsel in the matter: as to how his Majesty is addressed, how to make sure that the letter reaches him and receives proper attention, and so forth. Is there any intermediary with whom one should get upon good terms?—J. U. T. (Haggerston).

Your question is a very natural one, and we are glad to be able to reply to it. The habit of writing to His Majesty is growing. He should be addressed on the envelope as—

"His Majesty,
Buckingham Palace,
near Victoria Station,
S.W.,

and the envelope should be marked "Private" or "Personal," to ensure his getting it. By a piece of great good fortune for you one of the papers has very considerately published specimens of letters just sent to His Majesty, and you can make those your model. The most suitable is perhaps this—

"Dear King George,—I wish you many happy returns of the day. If I had one pound I would buy a suit of clothes with ten shillings and a watch for the other ten shillings. I hope you will have a long and fruitful reign."

Is not that charming in its *naïveté* and whole-hearted delight in the opportunity of congratulations and good wishes? We wish your little Clara all success.

Tipsters.

I receive every day circulars from gentlemen who assure me that they know for certain the winners of forthcoming races and asking me to let them send me this information for a consideration. Do you think I should be wise in doing so? Naturally I want to make my fortune.—H. M. (Epping).

We reply to your question by asking another. How is it that these gentlemen, with all their advantages of foreknowledge, are still so anxiously in business?

Our Feathered Friends.

Can you tell me how I can obtain information as to the means of identifying the songs of birds? I hear a great many near our house in the country, but I cannot put names to them. I am told that when Colonel Roosevelt was last in England Sir Edward Grey took him for a long walk in the New Forest to instruct him in English ornithology. Do you think he would take me? I am a strong Free Trader and have traces of American blood.—B. B. L. (Dorking).

Sir Edward Grey, we fancy, has other things to do. You had better write to "W. B. T." of *The Daily Mail*, or in his regrettable absence to "P. W. D. I."

A Guide to Manners.

I have a son for whom I desire a political future. What I should like to get for him is a Member of Parliament who would converse with him on statecraft, the British constitution and so forth, but it would have to be one who was jealous for the honour and dignity of the House, and I need hardly say that I should not care for a Liberal. Can you give me any hints?—J. K. (Henley).

We strongly recommend Mr. Ronald McNeill, Mr. Amery, Sir C. Kinloch-Cooke, or Lord Winterton.

Aiding his Suit.

Although an utterly unathletic man I am paying court to a lady who dotes upon male proficiency in games. How would you advise me to forward my cause?—M. L. G. (Harrow).

We should advise you to put yourself into knickerbockers and a golfing attitude and be photographed. Judging by their present contents, there is not a paper in the country that would not be glad to print the picture, and then you could show it to the lady and win.

A WELCOME FLAW.

"You look worried," said Diana, "very worried, dear."

I smiled sadly. "It can't be helped," I said.

"Did you like my cake?"

"Very much; it wasn't that. I am a little worried, Diana."

"What a pity. Will you have some more, dear?"

"No, thank you."

Diana leant forward and cut a very large slice.

"No, really, thank you," I insisted.

"Right; this is for me."

"Diana," I said, "I've something on my chest." She looked surprised. "Yes, there's something on my chest. I speak in a spiritual sense."

"Well, hadn't you better tell me what it is, dear?"

"I will," I said stoutly. "Diana, this—this engagement can't go on." There was no fire in the room, so I gazed blankly into the radiator.

"What on earth do you mean, Dick?"

"It can't go on," I repeated.

"Why? Dick, you're joking."

"Joking!" I laughed a hollow mocking laugh. "Don't make it hard for me, Diana."

She crossed over and sat on the arm of my chair.

"Are you feeling ill, dear?" she inquired ever so sweetly.

For a moment I nearly gave way; then, with a tremendous effort, I braced back my shoulders. . . . Diana fell heavily to the floor.

"Darling," I said as I picked her up, "I'm so sorry; I didn't see you were sitting so near the edge. I'm——"

"All right," she replied. "And now what is it? You haven't changed towards me?"

"Diana—I—oh, it's difficult."

"Yes, dear. Go on."

I gazed into the carpet. "I must begin at the beginning. I—it's difficult."

"Yes, dear; we've agreed about that."

"In the first place," I began, "I am a man of the utmost integrity."

"That doesn't matter, and, anyway, you're quite a dear."

I bowed gravely. "I try to look at things from a high standpoint," I continued. "Now, Diana, I consider you are perfect. I love you intensely because you are so perfect."

"Don't be silly, dear."

"I mean it. On the other hand, I know myself very well indeed."

"You think so."

"I do. And I have come to the conclusion, after many racking hours, that I am not worthy of you. The proper course, the only course, is for me to release you." And I sighed heavily.

"Well," said Diana, "of course it's a very pretty idea, and I'm glad you're so fond of me, but the whole thing's absurd. I've accepted you and there's an end of it."

"Diana, you're making it very hard."

"I'm making it impossible."

"No," I declared, "because—I release you now."

Diana fingered her handkerchief. "D—Dick, I refuse to be released. It's too silly for w—words. Come over here."

With a great effort I didn't get up; instead I gazed at the ceiling.

"Diana," I said, "I'm disappointed in you. I'm trying to do the right thing, the noble thing, and you mustn't stand in my way. You've no right to stand in my——"



Chairman (at Friendly Lead, proposing toast of the performers). "ALL THE HARTISTS HAVE GIVE THEIR SERVICES FREE, AND I THINK YOU'LL AGREE WITH ME, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE LABOURERS ARE WORTHY OF THEIR HIRE."

"Anyhow, I'm going to."

"You know," I said, "this puts me in a very awkward position—very awkward. Diana, you must see my point of view."

"I can't."

"You mean you won't. I had expected more of you."

Diana smiled. "I thought you consdered me perfect."

"I did."

"Well, you see, dear, I'm not."

I sighed. "I'm afraid not," I said. "I fear not."

Suddenly I sat up. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Hooray!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? This puts matters on an entirely different footing. Darling, you don't want me to do the right thing, therefore you're not perfect."

"No; that's settled."

"Well then, you don't deserve a perfect husband."

"I don't want one."

"That's not the point. You don't deserve one."

"No," said Diana.

"Then that's all right," I said; "because you won't get one." And I cut myself a large slice of cake.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

["It is impossible for me to dine out either in private or in public without having those confounded telephones mentioned to me."
Mr. HOBHOUSE.]

SHE was so young but fair to see;
Her eye conveyed the glad regard;
She murmured to the P.M.G.
That life was very, very hard
(It never crossed his mind that she
Was double seven five Gerrard).

She spoke of love, as ladies will;
He thought it no affair of his;
"I cannot say," he said, "until
You tell me what your trouble is;"
So while he ate and drank his fill
She told him all about it, viz.:—

"Augustus, handsome, tall and lean,
Excels in every kind of sport;
Such perfect men have rarely been,
And cash with him is never short;
His words are few and far between;
He is the strong and silent sort.

"His courage is sublime, and yet
His manly shyness is absurd;
Of all the girls he ever met
It was myself he most preferred;
He'd try and try, but couldn't get
His wretched tongue to say the word.

"Speech was to him a foreign art.
He hired a poet of repute,
Learnt yards of eloquence by heart,
Came, full of it, to press his suit;
At sight of me forgot his part. . .
What could I say when he was mute?

"But there are ways and means for those
Who like to sit and blush alone,
And, undetected, to propose
In phrases other than their own. . ."
(The P.M.G.'s suspicions rose;
This sounded like the telephone).

"And this, on second thoughts, was what
Augustus hit upon, and he
Affirmed a passion, strong and hot,
Where one might hear but none might see,
And was accepted on the spot,
But not, confound you, Sir, by me.

"Yours was the fault, you monster, who,
Unmoved, unblushing, dare to dine!"
Her victim turned a little blue
And cleared his throat and muttered,
"Mine?"
"Yes, yours!" she cried. "You put him through
(For good) to double seven *nine!*"

THE ABANDONER.

"I am afraid," I said, "that I shall have to withdraw my permission."

"Withdraw your what?" said the lady of the house, emphasising every word scornfully.

"Yes," I said, "I shall have to forbid you to go."

She laughed.

"It's not a bit of good," I said, "laughing like that. Laughter only adds fuel to the fire that is raging in my breast. I am going to forbid you to go."

"Don't waste your forbiddings," she said, "I'm not banns, and I won't be treated as such. Besides, even banns are never forbidden in these days."

"Yes, they are," I said. "A bann was forbidden last week. A father of eighty years, infuriated by the imminent desertion of a daughter of fifty-five, got up in church at the third time of asking and said, 'I object. Who's going to look after me?' The clergyman nearly swooned."

"And the unfortunate objector was carefully removed by his friends. I don't see that that's much of a help to you."

"Anyhow," I said, "I won't have it."

"It's too late to talk like that. In half-an-hour I start for Sandy Bay to stay with Violet. My luggage is already at the station."

"Yes," I said, "and you leave me here alone to look after everything."

"Well, what of that?" she said. "Don't you often leave *me* alone here to look after everything?"

"Ah, but that's different. When I go away *rien n'est changé; il n'y a qu'un Anglais de moins.*"

"My own Parisian one!" she murmured.

"The mistress-mind remains and things go on being controlled. Lord love you, *my* absence makes no difference."

"What you mean is," she said, "that you simply can't get on without me. Isn't that it?"

"If you put it in that way," I said, "you can't expect me to admit it."

"Well, it comes to that, doesn't it?"

"What I mean to say is that it's your fault."

"Aha," she said triumphantly, "I knew you'd mean to say that sooner or later. Everything's my fault, of course."

"It is," I said, "an arguable proposition."

"And how do you prove it in this particular case?"

"Easily," I said. "You have neglected to train me for the daily work of a household and a family."

"You never asked to be trained," she said.

"No," I said, "I was too proud and too sensitive. I did not come to you and say, 'Let me beard the cook in her fastness. Let me order the sirloin of beef for the mid-day meal. Let me rebuke the housemaid, or raise her wages, or give her notice,' or whatever it is that one does in the case of a housemaid. I did not ask that I too might be allowed to talk bulbs or Alpine plants to the gardener. I did not plead that I might order dresses or medicine for the girls, or watch over John's putting to bed. All these things, because you were haughty about them, I left to you; and you—what did you do?"

"I generally went and did them."

"And that," I said, "is just what I complain of."

"You wouldn't have liked it," she said, "if I hadn't."

"You ought," I said, "to have taken me into your counsels, instead of leaving me to eat out my heart in total ignorance of all the things that make the world a happier and a better place. Votes for women, indeed! First let there be homes for men."

"Shall I ring for a glass of water?" she said.

"There must be no sarcasm," I said. "This is too serious for sarcasm. Besides, think what will happen."

"Well, what?"

"John," I said, "will fall into the fishpond."

"You can have his clothes dried."

"No," I said, "I shall spank him. It is my only remedy."

"Anything else?"

"Peggy will tumble off her bicycle and cut her knee."

"Anyhow, you can't spank her for that."

"And there will be a message from the kitchen to say that there are no mutton cutlets in England."

"You can eat beef or chicken."

"And Rosie will have to see the dentist, and Helen will want to go out to tea, and there will be holes in all their boots; and ladies whom I have never seen will call on you and will be shown in on me. Oh, it is a terrible prospect!"

"It does sound rather blood-curdling," she said.

"And, after all, why do you want to go to Violet's?"

"She asked me, you know. That's one reason. And I shall be able to look round for lodgings in August."

"Are we going to Sandy Bay in August?"

"Yes; didn't you know? And I shall have four days of perfect peace."

"You won't. You and Violet will disagree about hats, or the colour of a dress, or the education of children, or the true way of putting men in their proper place. It isn't everybody who agrees with you as I do."

"Yes, I know I shall miss you every minute of the time—that's what you wanted me to say, wasn't it?"

"Yes, that was it. You really do know how to lead me by a silken thread."

"And I shall probably get my breakfast in bed. You'll think of me, won't you, when you're breakfasting with the children? And don't let John have jam every day."

"I shall give him," I said, "a pot for himself."

"Good-bye," she said, pressing a paper into my hand. "I've written down some things that *must* be attended to."

"I shan't attend to them," I shouted, as she walked off.

"Breakfast in bed," she called back. R. C. L.

THE EARTHLY HADES.

["I could reel out such a list of notorious Yorkshire criminals . . . as would put every other county utterly out of the running."—*Extract from recent letter to "The Pall Mall Gazette."*]

Bah! to your boasts of the blackguards of Lancashire;
Tush! to your talk of the rascals of Staffs;
Come, let me openly mention as rank a shire
(Yorks) as you'll find for the riffest of raffs;
Choose all the pick of your Cheese-shire or Pork-shire men,
Men who have sunk in the deepest of mud;
Deuce of a one can come near to us Yorkshiremen
Born with Beelzebub's blue in our blood.

"Nuts" who have long left the strait way or narrow gate
Swarm on each side of the Swale or the Ouse;
Huddersfield vies in its villains with Harrogate;
Satan in Sheffield would shake in his shoes;
Hull?—though you might not be driven to drat it, you'd
Certainly substitute "e" for its "u,"
And, from a purely unprejudiced attitude,
We should pronounce it the worse of the two.

Yorks has a side, you see, surely more sinister
Far than the shires that would snatch at her fame;
So, when you curse at our present Prime Minister,
Calling him every conceivable name,
We shall accept 'em with sangfroid and phlegm, as he
Gives you this practical proof of his powers,
Setting his seal to our sinful supremacy,
Seeing he comes from this county of ours.



A FRUGAL MIND.

Doctor. "Well, Mr. McPhearson, I'm glad to see you out again. You've had a long illness."

McPhearson. "Ay, Doctor, and varra expensive. I was wunnerin' if it was worth while at ma time o' life."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have reason to believe that Scotland Yard has on occasion displayed considerable intelligence, and I regret that novelists will never allow it to be as cunning even as myself in guessing the identity of the villains of their criminal plots. Mrs. Charles Bryce, for instance, might, without unduly taxing the imagination, have credited the Force with the coup of bringing to justice the murderer of *Mrs. Vanderstein*, but she went out of her way to employ that marvellous amateur, *Mr. Gimblet*, for the purpose. I must believe that he was marvellous, because she says so; but in this case he did nothing and had little opportunity of justifying his references. He merely believed what he had the luck to be told and caused the miscreant to be arrested when of his own motion he practically offered himself for arrest. There are, after all, two phases of crime—the first, its commission, and the second, its detection. Mrs. Bryce would have done better to confine herself to the former, since she has an exciting tale to tell of *Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels* (Lane) and shows herself well able to curdle the blood in the telling of it. But, lacking that gift of logic which is essential to the stating and the solving of detective problems, she endeavours to achieve her ends by keeping back what are admitted, and not discovered, facts. She is reduced to telling the same story twice, and I cannot say that I was nearly as excited the second time as I was the first.

Once upon a time King James, being annoyed with the City because it wouldn't lend him money, summoned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to his presence and, "being somewhat transported," threatened to remove his Court to some other place. To this the Lord Mayor very politely but readily retorted, "Your Majesty hath power to do what you please and your City of London will obey accordingly: but she humbly desires that when your Majesty shall remove your Court you would please to leave the Thames behind you." I think this single instance from the history of the City goes far to explain that peculiar pride in it which the Londoner instinctively feels without exactly knowing why. I have not space to argue with Sir Laurence Gomme upon his main point, its continuity of policy and purpose from the Roman Empire till to-day, shown by the records of London's past. I leave it to the scholar and antiquary. It is my purpose to persuade the man in the street, to whom the names of Palgrave, Freeman and Stubbs are not household words, to buy a copy of *London* (Williams and Norgate) for inclusion in his permanent library. If I should insist upon his reading it then and there he would reply, as one ignorant fellow to another, that he had not the necessary understanding of the remote past and was too preoccupied with the affairs of the present. Be it so, but none the less let him buy it and at any rate glance at its many curious and admirable illustrations. Later he will dip into it in search of further episodes after the manner of that I quote, and lastly he will do the thing thoroughly, to find that he is much more concerned with the past than ever he supposed; that now he understands that "greatness which is London," and that he is infinitely

obliged for the recommendation of a not-too-learned clerk who shared his own diffidence, even reluctance, in approaching so learned and weighty a treatise.

I am sure that Miss CONSTANCE HOLME has, in *The Lonely Plough* (MILLS AND BOON), written a clever and amusing novel. What she has not done is to make herself intelligible. Some of the mist that enwraps the background of her frontispiece has obscured her story and her characters. I know that she is writing about lively and entertaining people because there emerges, now and then, a page of dialogue that is witty and alive; and I know that her story is dramatic because she tells us now that someone "let out a screech," and now that he "uttered sharp little sounds remarkably like oaths." I know, too, that the sea is encroaching upon somebody's dwelling-place, and that someone else tries to keep the waves in their place, but is no more successful than was the great King KNUT of blessed memory. Then there is a fine figure of a landagent and several ladies who talk the snappiest of slang. But the mist and the sea have swept across Miss HOLME's pages and blotted out the rest of the affair. Not MEREDITH nor ROBERT BROWNING at their most complex have been more baffling. I must admit, however, that the description of a game of mixed hockey, somewhere in the middle of the book, was delightfully fresh and vivid. Here, for a page or two, I could rest from my grapplings with the story and join in all the excitement and peril that mixed hockey provides. Then there is *Harriet*, who says, "Stow all that piffle." I should like to know more about *Harriet*, who from that brief glimpse of her seems a lively vigorous person, but the encroaching sea swallows her with the others, and there is an end. I repeat that Miss HOLME has written a clever dramatic story, but the title is certainly the clearest thing about it.

When Mr. CALTHROP 's at his best
He weaves you tales of fauns and elves,
And ancient gods come back to test
Their humour on our modern selves;
He finds romance in common clay;
He lifts the veil from fairy rings,
And points the unfamiliar way
Of looking at familiar things.

And at his second best, or less,
His graceful manner still redeems
With easy charm and cheerfulness
More hackneyed, less seductive themes;
Each page has something witty, wise,
Well-turned, fantastic or jocose—
Each page of *Breadandbutterflies*,
From MILLS AND BOON, six shillings (gross).

Even though it has been seared by the tragic end of a youthful *liaison* ("It was in France, you know," and that seems to explain all to *Minella Drake*, daughter of the Vicar of Goldringham) the heart of a Sussex taxidermist appears to be exceptionally tender. Seldom can *Tom Murrow*, through whose eyes we view the scenes and incidents of Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' *Tansy* (HUTCHINSON), have sealed up badger or squirrel in its glass *morgue* without shedding on the fur some glistening tribute of tears over a village sorrow. So much of his time in fact is occupied by conversations of a sentimental nature with the two *Wilverleys* (whose aged father, *Mark*, by the way, having retired from active life on his farm, habitually talks in rhymed couplets) that he can have had as little leisure for stuffing specimens as he had to discern the love gradually growing up for him in the bosom of *Minella*, his guileless *confidante*. The background of *Tansy* consists in the shepherd's seasons of the Sussex downs (for *Tansy*, a splendid type of advanced though rustic womanhood, is a shepherdess), and the plot of the story is that of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, with the convenient variation that the villain of the piece, having his pockets stuffed with cartridges, disappears (as villains should) in a cloud of malodorous smoke. Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' knowledge of rural life and scenes is as thorough as his description of them is charming, and, if the general impression conveyed by *Tansy* is a little too idyllic for those who have been brought up in the rough school of Wessex agriculture, it is pleasant for a moment to lend ourselves to the illusion of his sunny romance.



GOLF AND THE DRAMA.

Act III. THE FINAL PUTT ON THE LAST GREEN WHICH IS TO DECIDE THE FATE OF THE HOUSE OF DEVEREUX.

Unattractive as *Sophia Ree* was in many ways, I frankly admit that she was a lady of mettle. A stockbroker's typist, with a fortune of £2,000 and a salary of a few shillings a week, she no sooner obtained inside information about the floating of *The South Seas Coastal Rubber Development Company* than she decided to apply for 2000 shares. They were allotted to her, and in consequence she became a most important person. In fact, she had only to say "*Gugenheim*" to her employers and she had them at her feet. Why this was so you must discover for yourselves; all that I, who am no expert in financial matters, can tell you is that somehow her 2000 shares seem to have given her a position of enormous power in the company, and that the *Gugenheim* man wanted to buy her out. Her sister *Judith* kept bees and was an extremely good woman. I never got really to understand her; and her wonderful power of seeing into the future, which does not often go with apiculture, left me unimpressed. The trouble with this book of Mr. E. R. PUNSHON's is that the parts of it do not seem to fit into a symmetrical whole, but, at any rate, a study of *The Crowning Glory* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has greatly improved my knowledge of the behaviour of bears and bulls and bees.

CHARIVARIA.

"The Pocket Asquith" is announced, and we are asked to say that the pocket in question is not Mr. REDMOND'S.

The discovery of gold particles in a duck's gizzard has, we are told, caused a rush of mining prospectors to Liberty Township, Ohio. It is expected that the duck will shortly be floated as a limited liability company.

The Valuation Department has discovered at Llangammarch Wells, Brecknockshire, 50 acres of land for which no owner can be found. Anyone, therefore, who has lost any land is recommended to communicate at once with the Department.

The ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, in reading his annual report at the Royal Observatory last week, said that the mean temperature of the year 1913 was 50·5 degrees. Seeing that this temperature was one degree above the average for the 70 years ended 1910, we consider that the epithet was undeserved.

We hesitate to suggest that *The Times* is catering for cannibals, but it is certainly curious that a recent issue should have contained the following headlines:—

"PREPARED FOODS.
INFANTS, CHILDREN & INVALIDS."

By the way, the little essay on "Foods of Antiquity" omitted to mention that these may still be picked up by curio-hunters at certain railway buffets.

What has become of all the cabs which have been displaced by the taxis? is a question which is often asked. It has now been partially answered. According to a cable published last week, "The steamer *Rappahannock* reports the presence of numerous icebergs and 'growlers' on the North Atlantic steamship routes."

At last there are signs of a reaction against under-dressing on the stage. The producers of a new revue advertise:—

50 REAL LIVE PERFORMERS.
OVER 250 PARISIAN MODEL FROCKS AND HATS.

Mr. H. CSCINSKY, the author of the standard work, *English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century*, says that 999 out of every 1,000 pieces of old oak furniture in the present day are forgeries. The only way, therefore, to ensure that you get a genuine specimen is to order 1,000 pieces, and the furniture trade trusts that all collectors will take this elementary precaution when purchasing.

The abandonment of the scheme for the rebuilding of the Lambeth Police Court has caused some disappointment among local criminals, some of whom, we are glad to hear, are ashamed to be seen in the present structure.

Being convinced that Germany possesses too many Leagues and Associations the town of Seesen, in the Harz, has established an "Association for Combating the Mania for the Formation of Leagues and Associations"—not realising until too late that they have thereby formed one more.



"WOTCHER BIN DOIN'—FIGHTIN'?"
"NO—BOOHOO—I BIN FOUGHT!"

"Keep your arms" is Sir EDWARD CARSON'S latest advice to the Ulster volunteers—and they have kept their heads so well that they should have no difficulty in this respect.

An American clergyman got into trouble last week for holding up his hand and trying to stop the traffic in the Strand. The sky-pilot found out pretty soon that he was out of his element.

A man placed a bank paper bag containing £63 10*s*. on the counter at the chief post-office in Swansea, one day last week, while he changed a postal order. When he turned to pick up the bag it had disappeared. The local police incline to the view that someone must have taken it.

A muddle-headed correspondent writes to express surprise on learning that the day devoted to collections for the charities connected with the Variety Stage should be known as "Tag Day." The old fellow had always imagined that "Tag Day" was a toast on German war vessels.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

I TURNED the family album's page
And noted with a smile
The efforts of a bygone age
At photographic style;
There, pegtopped, grandpa could be seen,
While grandma beamed, contented
To know her brand-new crinoline
The latest thing invented.

And there Aunt Mary's looks belied
Her gravity of dress;
That great poke-bonnet could not hide
Her youthful comeliness;
There, too, was father when a boy,
And elsewhere in the series
A youthful cousin (Fauntleroy),
An uncle in Dundrearies.

And then before my scornful eye
A smirking youth appeared,
Flaunting a loose æsthetic tie
And embryonic beard;
With laughter I began to shake,
Noting the watch-chain (weighty)
And all the things that went to make
A "nut" in 1880.

I looked upon the other side,
Still tittering, to see
What branch the fellow occupied
Upon our family tree;
A name was scrawled across the card
With flourishes in plenty,
And lo! it was the present bard
Himself at five and twenty.

The Sprinter.

From a testimonial to a system of health culture:—

"I think I have never felt so glorious as I do this morning. At 4.30 I woke up after a wet waist pack, got hot water, cleaned myself, took a glass of lemon juice, exercised, and for the last three-quarters of an hour I have been running through your notes."

He mustn't take *too* much exercise.

THE COMPLETE DRAMATIST.

III. MEALS AND THINGS.

IN spite of all you can do in the way of avoiding soliloquies and getting your characters on and off the stage in a dramatic manner, a time will come when you realise sadly that your play is not a bit like life after all. Then is the time to introduce a meal on the stage. A stage meal is popular, because it proves to the audience that the actors, even when called GEORGE ALEXANDER or ARTHUR BOURCHIER, are real people just like you and me. "Look at Sir HERBERT eating," we say excitedly to each other in the pit, having had a vague idea up till then that an actor lived like a god on praise and grease-paint and his photograph in the papers. "Another cup, won't you?" says Miss GLADYS COOPER; "No, thank you," says Mr. DENNIS EADIE—dash it, it's exactly what we do at Twickenham ourselves. And when, to clinch matters, the dramatist makes Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER light a real cigarette in the Third Act, then he can flatter himself that he has indeed achieved the ambition of every stage writer, and "brought the actual scent of the hay across the footlights."

But there is a technique to be acquired in this matter as in everything else within the theatre. The great art of the stage-craftsman, as I have already shown, is to seem natural rather than to be natural. Let your actors have tea by all means, but see that it is a properly histrionic tea. This is how it should go:—

Hostess. You'll have some tea, won't you? [*Rings bell.*

Guest. Thank you.

Enter Butler.

Hostess. Tea, please, Matthews.

Butler (*impassively*). Yes, m' lady. (*This is all he says during the play, so he must try and get a little character into it, in order that "The Era" may remark, "Mr. Thompson was excellent as* Matthews." *However, his part is not over yet, for he returns immediately, followed by three footmen—just as it happened when you last called on the Duchess—and sets out the tea.*)

Hostess (*holding up the property lump of sugar in the tongs*). Sugar?

Guest (*luckily*). No, thanks.

Hostess replaces lump and inclines empty teapot over tray for a moment, then hands him a cup painted brown inside—thus deceiving the gentleman with the telescope in the upper circle.

Guest (*touching his lips with the cup and then returning it to its saucer*). Well, I must be going.

Re-enter Butler and three Footmen, who remove the tea-things.

Hostess (*to* Guest). Good-bye; so glad you could come. [*Exit* Guest.

His visit has been short, but it has been very thrilling while it lasted.

Tea is the most usual meal on the stage, for the reason that it is the least expensive, the property lump of sugar being dusted and used again on the next night. For a stage dinner a certain amount of genuine sponge-cake has to be made up to look like fish, chicken or cutlet. In novels the hero has often "pushed his meals away untasted," but no stage hero would do anything so unnatural as this. The etiquette is to have two bites before the butler and the three footmen whisk away the plate. The two bites are made, and the bread is crumbled, with an air of great eagerness; indeed, one feels that in real life the guest would clutch hold of the footman and say, "Half a mo', old chap, I haven't *nearly* finished;" but the actor is better schooled than this. Besides, the thing is coming back again as chicken directly.

But it is the cigarette which chiefly has brought the modern drama to its present state of perfection. Without the stage cigarette many an epigram would pass unnoticed, many an actor's hands would be much more noticeable; and the man who works the fireproof safety curtain would lose even the small amount of excitement which at present attaches to his job.

Now although it is possible, in the case of a few men at the top of the profession, to leave the conduct of the cigarette entirely to the actor, you will find it much more satisfactory to insert in the stage directions the particular movements (with match and so forth) that you wish carried out. Let us assume that *Lord Arthur* asks *Lord John* what a cynic is—the question of what a cynic is having arisen quite naturally in the course of the plot. Let us assume further that you wish *Lord John* to reply, "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." It has been said before, but you may feel that it is quite time it was said again; besides, for all the audience knows, *Lord John* may simply be quoting. Now this answer, even if it comes quite fresh to the stalls, will lose much of its effect if it is said without the assistance of a cigarette. Try it for yourself.

Lord John. A cynic is a man who, etc. . . .

Rotten. Now try again.

Lord John. A cynic is a man who, etc. . . . (*Lights cigarette*).

No, even that is not good. Once more:—

Lord John (*lighting cigarette*). A cynic is a man who, etc.

Better, but leaves much too much to the actor.

Well, I see I must tell you.

Lord John (*taking out gold cigarette case from his left-hand upper waistcoat pocket*). A cynic, my dear Arthur (*he opens case deliberately, puts cigarette in mouth, and extracts gold match-box from right-hand trouser*) is a man who (*strikes match*) knows the price of (*lights cigarette*)—everything, and (*standing with match in one hand and cigarette in the other*) the value of——pff (*blows out match*) of (*inhales deeply from cigarette and blows out a cloud of smoke*)—nothing.

It makes a different thing of it altogether. Of course on the actual night the match may refuse to strike, and *Lord John* may have to go on saying "a man who—a man who—a man who" until the ignition occurs, but even so it will still seem delightfully natural to the audience (as if he were making up the epigram as he went along); while as for blowing the match out he can hardly fail to do *that* in one.

The cigarette, of course, will be smoked at other moments than epigrammatic ones, but on these other occasions you will not need to deal so fully with it in the stage directions. "*Duke* (*lighting cigarette*). I trust, Perkins, that . . is enough. You do not want to say, "*Duke* (*dropping ash on trousers*). It seems to me, my love . . ." or, "*Duke* (*removing stray piece of tobacco from tongue*). What Ireland needs is . . ."; still less "*Duke* (*throwing away end of cigarette*). Show him in." For this must remain one of the mysteries of the stage—What happens to the stage cigarette when it has been puffed four times? The stage tea, of which a second cup is always refused; the stage cutlet, which is removed with the connivance of the guest after two mouthfuls; the stage cigarette, which nobody ever seems to want to smoke to the end—thinking of these as they make their appearances in the houses of the titled, one would say that the hospitality of the peerage was not a thing to make any great rush for. . . .

But that would be to forget the butler and the three footmen. Even a Duke cannot have everything. And what his *chef* may lack in skill his butler more than makes up for in impassivity.

A. A. M.

From a column headed "Crimes and Tragedies" in *The Western Weekly Mercury*:—

"Sir J. W. Spear, M.P., has consented to become patron of the newly-formed Highampton Rifle Club."

And we are left wondering which it is.



REFRESHING THE FRUIT.

Mr. John Burns. "PERFECT! PERFECT! BUT JUST WANTS THE MASTER'S TOUCH." [*Gives it.*



Cheery Passenger (in non-stop express). "WELL, I MUST SAY IT'S QUITE A RELIEF TO ME TO 'AVE A GENTLEMAN IN THE CARRIAGE. IT'S TWICE NOW I'VE 'AD A FIT IN A TUNNEL."

ROOSEVELT RESURGIT.

ONCE more the tireless putter-right of men,
Our roaring ROOSEVELT, swims into our ken.
With clash of cymbals and with roll of drums,
Reduced in weight, from far Brazil he comes.
What risks were his! The rapids caught his form,
Upset his bark and tossed him in the storm.
Clutching his trumpet in a fearless hand,
The damp explorer struggled to the land;
Then set the trumpet to his lips and blew
A blast that echoed all the wide world through,
And in a tone that made the nations quiver
Proclaimed himself the finder of a river.
Maps, he declared, were made by doddering fools
Who knew no better or defied the rules,
While he, the great Progressive, traced the course
Of waters mostly flowing to their source.
Emerged at last and buoyed up with the sure hope
Of geographic fame, he made for Europe;
Flew to Madrid, and there awhile he tarried
Till KERMIT went (good luck to K!) and married.
Next London sees him, and with loud good will
Yields to the mighty tamer of Brazil,
And hears and cheers the while by his own fiat he
Lectures our Geographical Society.
Soon to his native land behold him go
To take a hand in quelling Mexico.
Does WILSON want him? Well, I hardly know.

IN THE NAME OF PEACE.

SIR,—I read with intense satisfaction that at the Peace Ball at the Albert Hall last week the lady representing Britannia carried a palm branch in place of the customary trident. This, I venture to think, is a step in the right direction. For many years, from the pulpits and platforms not only of our own land but of America, I have advocated a substitution of peaceful objects for the weapons of bloodshed with which so many of our allegorical figures are encumbered. I still wait for some artist to depict the patron saint of this fair land of ours, not attacking the dragon with a cruel sword, but offering it in all brotherliness an orange, let us say, or a bath bun.

But, Sir, one feature of this ball (putting aside for a moment the many reprehensible characteristics of all such entertainments) I must and do protest against. What do I read in the daily press? When it was desired to clear the floor, "a brigade of Guards, by subtle movements, drove the masqueraders, who were to form the audience, behind the barricades." Now, were I a member of the House of Commons—as some day I may be—I would make it my business to stand up in my place and fearlessly demand of the Minister for War an explanation as to how those men of blood came to be admitted to a Peace festival. Was it with his knowledge that they were present? and, if so, was it with his consent? I should also desire to know whether the cost of the expedition would fall upon the British tax-payer.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc., (Rev.) AMOS BLICK.

AMENDING A BILL.

As the drought wore on to its third day I began to perceive that siphoning the pinks with soda-water out of the dining-room window was insufficient to meet the crisis. I rang up the nearest fire-station and told them in my most staccato tones that the garden was being burnt to a cinder and would they please—but they rang off suddenly without making a reply. It was then that I had a bright idea—so bright that the thermometer which was hanging near my head went up two degrees higher still.

"Araminta," I cried (she was out on the lawn tantalising a rose-bush with a kind of doll's-house watering-can),—"Araminta, where does one go to get hose?"

Araminta bridled.

"I didn't mean that," I said, hastily coming out of the French-window to explain. "I meant the kind of long wiggly thing you fix on to a tap at one end and it squirts at the other."

She unbridled prettily. "Oh, that!" she said. "Altruage's have them, I suppose. Altruage's have everything. But I shouldn't get one if I were you. I believe they're fearfully expensive, and I'm going to buy a proper watering-can this morning."

My mind, however, was made up. "Expense," I thought, "be irrigated!" I said nothing about it to Araminta, but I decided to act.

* * * *

The sun was still blazing with abominable ferocity at half-past twelve when I crossed the threshold of the Taj Mahal Stores and button-holed the first peripatetic marquis I could find.

"I want," I said, mopping my brows with the disengaged hand, "to see some hose."

"Certainly, Sir," he replied with a beaming smile. "For wear on the feet, I presume?"

"Not at all," I replied as coolly as possible. "For shampooing the head."

He looked puzzled.

"I want it to water my pinks with," I explained.

A look of divine condescension overspread his features. "Ah, you require our horticultural department for that, Sir," he said. "Fourth to the left, fifth to the right, and ask again." And with an infinitely horticultured gesture of the hand he motioned me on.

After a long and adventurous Odyssey and fifteen fruitless appeals I sighted a kind of green island shore, where a young man stood in an attitude of *hauteur*, surrounded by a number of pink and grey snakes and brightly coloured agricultural machines.

Making my way to him I sank exhausted into a wheel-barrow and murmured my request again.

"About what size is your garden?" he asked me when I had partially recovered.

"Slim," I said, "slim and graceful, but not really tall. *Petite* I believe is the technical term. What sizes have you got in stock?"

"Perhaps about forty yards would do, Sir," he suggested, uncoiling a portion of one of the reptiles at his feet. "I can recommend this as a strong and thoroughly reliable article. Then you will want a union, I suppose, and a brass nozzle and a drum."

"We all want union nowadays so much in everything, don't we?" I agreed pleasantly, "but I'm not so sure about the drum. You see the baby makes a most infernal noise as it is with a——"

He interrupted me to explain the uses of these things. The union, it seemed, was a kind of garter to attach the hose to the tap, and the drum was where the snake wound itself to sleep at night. "And the little pepper-castor, of course," I said, "is what one puts at the end to make it sneeze. I understand completely. If you will have them all sent round to me to-morrow I will pay on delivery."

* * * * *

When I got out into the street I found that a great change had taken place. The sky overhead was black with imminent rain. A sharp shower pattered at my heels as I sprinted for the 'bus, and when I disembarked from it the gutters were gurgling with ill-concealed delight. As I walked up the garden I noticed that the majority of the pinks were lying in a drunken stupor upon their beds.

Araminta met me at the door. "Why, you must be wet through," she said. "Go up and change instantly. And aren't you glad now you haven't got a silly old hose after all?"

"I am indeed," I replied.

Whilst I changed I thought deeply, and after dinner I sat down and wrote politely to Messrs. Altruage as follows:

"Mr. Hopkinson regrets that through inadvertence he ordered a quantity of hose this afternoon in Messrs. Altruage's horticultural department instead of their foot-robing studio. If Messrs. Altruage will kindly cancel this order Mr. Hopkinson will call in the morning and select six pairs of woollen socks."

In a climate like ours, I reflected as I posted the letter, there is a good deal to be said for these mammoth stores.



Hodge. "That's the best of comin' early, Maria. We've got the best seats in the 'ouse!"

IN THE PARK.

(Souvent femme varie.)

Little girls in June attire,
Grumbling to your governesses,
What is it that you desire—
Chocolates or satin dresses,
Jewels, or a tiny hound,
All your own, to drag around?

Governesses who betray
Little love for your employment,
If a fairy bade you say
What would give you most enjoyment,
Would your fancy not pursue
Unsubstantial shadows too?

"Fleeting joys have little use"—
So, as teachers, you endeavour
In your charges to induce
Virtues which will last for ever;
But, as women, you resent
Anything so permanent!

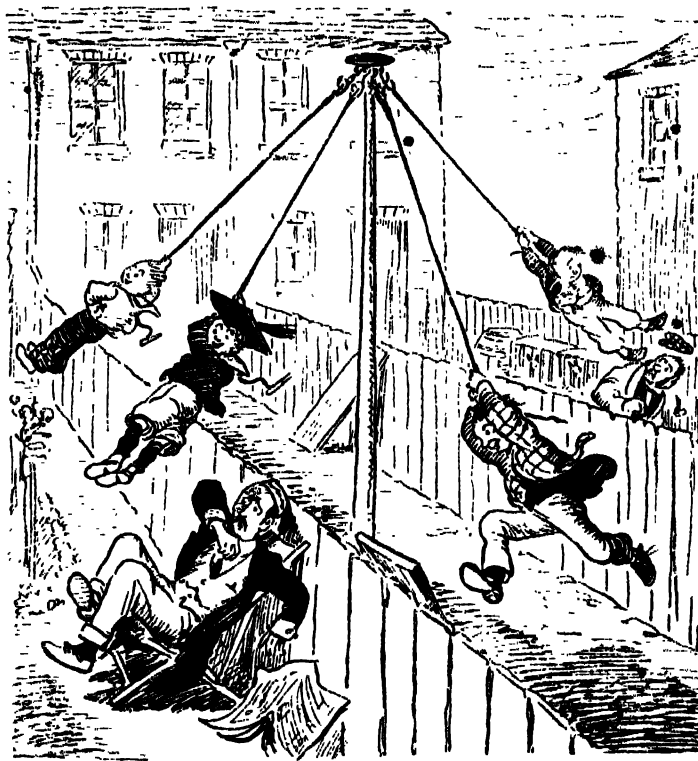
"A half followed, which made Vardon dormy 3, and another half at the 16th, where he made a brilliant recovery after he had hit a spectator, gave him the match by 3 and 2." *Times.*

The recovery of the spectator wouldn't matter so much.

"A man who gave the name of James Dow-TJnamodhiskmhmhfr mhafr awdih acsih frdw hurst was remanded at Doncaster to-day charged with attempting to pass a worthless cheque for 30s."—*Liverpool Express.*

As soon as the cashier saw the first eighteen inches of the name at the bottom of the cheque he had his suspicions.





THE LAW OF THE AIR.

"*Suburbia*" *writes*: "My neighbour says the air is free and nobody can claim it. Granted. But what I say is—ought my neighbour, considering the narrowness of his garden, to be allowed to erect what is called a giant-stride for the amusement of his sons and their young friends? When will this dilatory Government take such matters in hand?"

THE YOUNG EVERYTHING.

Under this comprehensive title Messrs. Byett and Prusit have arranged for a new series of books for the youth of both sexes, the aim of which is to provide instruction in a number of the most desirable and profitable walks of life. The principle of the work is that it is never too soon to end. The General Editor will be that profound and encyclopædic scholar and publicist, Mr. Anthony Asquith, who will be assisted by some of the ablest pens in the country.

The Young Bankrupt, by Sampson Waterstock.

An exhaustive treatise on the right mismanagement of one's affairs, with hints on the best method of bringing about a meeting of creditors. Among the chapters are the following: "The Way to Carey Street;" "How to settle things on one's Wife;" "Eccentric Bankrupts who have subsequently paid in full, with Interest."

The Young Bookmaker, by Sharkey Hawker.

A complete guide to the Turf, than which few professions offer a more exciting opening to a boy. How to calculate odds; how to cultivate the voice; how to concentrate public attention on the wrong horse—these and other topics are dealt with by competent hands.

The Young Filbert, by Gilbert Hallam.

In this entertaining volume the complete art of youthful boredom and ornamental and expensive sloth is exploited. Where to get clothes; how much to owe for them; how soon to discard them and get others; what adjectives to use; and where the best nut food may be obtained—all is told here.

The Young Centenarian, by S. W. Caleeby.

Hints on regimen by one of the most lucid and distinguished salubrists of the day. Everything that can assist a boy or girl quickly to attain to the status of honourable and decrepit old age is here carefully set forth. The author guarantees that if his instructions are carried out the conditions of centenarianism can be reached in ten years. "Lobster salad for new-born babes" is one of his more original ideas.

The Young Author, by Brompton MacGregor.

This illuminating treatise contains the fullest directions yet given for the securing of a mammoth circulation and a corresponding revenue. How to exasperate Mrs. Grundy; how to secure testimonials from Bishops and Archdeacons; how to get banned by the libraries—these and other passports to fame and fortune are set forth with the utmost particularity in this marvellous manual.

The Young Composer, by Eric Kornstein.

This fascinating *brochure* gives in a succinct and animated form absolutely infallible instructions for storming the citadel of musical fame. The enormous importance of capillary attraction, sartorial extravagance and controversial invective are duly dwelt on, while the charming tone and temper of the work may be gathered from the headings of some of the chapters: "The Curse of Conservatoriums;" "The Tyranny of Tune;" "The Dethronement of Wagner;" "*A bas* Beethoven."

The Young American, by Dixie Q. Peach.

In this priceless work everything that is most characteristic of the great American nation is invitingly spread before the English youth, so that in a few weeks he will be so well equipped with Transatlantic details as (if he wishes) to be mistaken for a real inhabitant either of a big London hotel or a Bloomsbury boarding house.

MR. B.

To the list of signally good men must now be added Mr. B. I do not say that he should be included in any extension of *The Golden Legend*, but no catalogue of irreproachables, beyond the wiles of temptation, can henceforth be complete without him, and as a model of rectitude in business his portrait should be on the walls of every commercial school. I can see him as the hero of this tract and that, and in course of time his early life may be written and circulated: *The Childhood of Mr. B., or, The Boy Who Took the Right Turning.*

And who is Mr. B.? All that I know of him I find in an Eastern sheet which I owe to the kindness of a friend—*The Bangkok Times Weekly Mail*. Glancing through this minute and compact little paper, which is as big as any paper ought to be, my eye alighted upon an extract from *The North China Daily News*, and it is here that Mr. B. shines forth.

A certain dealer, it seems, had received an order for a machine, but, being unable to deliver it, and wishing to avoid the penalties attending a breach of the contract, he had to resort to guile. The following letter to a confederate at once displays him as a Machiavellian and introduces us to that inconvenient thing, a Far Eastern incorruptible:—

"Regarding the matter of escaping the penalty for non-delivery of the Bar Machine, there is only one way, to creep round same by diplomat, and we must make a statement of strike occur our factory (of course big untrue) and please address person on enclosed form of letter, and believe this will avoid the trouble of penalties of same.

"Mr. B. is most religious and competent man, also heavily upright and godly, it fears me useless apply for his signature. Please attach same by Yokohama Office, making forge, but no cause for fear of prison happenings as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity.

"It is the highest unfortunate Mr. B. is so godlike and excessive awkward for business purposes."

So there you have Mr. B. Some day, perhaps, he may read this letter and realise how extremely awkward an inflexible standard of morality can make things for one's neighbours. The last sentence of all has a pathetic ring, as of a Utopian throwing up the sponge: "I think much better to add little serpent-like wisdom to upright manhood and thus found good business edifice."

"£1 down secures a —— bicycle for you in time for Whitsuntide."

Advt. in "Yorkshire Observer," June 9.

So if you are in a hurry and want it by next Christmas you had better go somewhere else.

THE MAN OF THE EVENING.

To be perfectly fair, it was not that Dorice gave me too few instructions, but rather too many.

"I'm over at Naughton," she said through the telephone; "I'm staying with some people named Perry."

"How ripping of you to ring me up!" I said, flattered; "it's heavenly to hear your voice, even if I can't see you."

It was a pretty little speech, but Dorice ignored it.

"There is a dance on here, to-night," she continued hastily, "and at the last minute they are short of men, so I've promised to get them someone."

I gripped the receiver firmly and groaned. I knew what was coming.

Dorice proposed that I should leave the office *instantly* and catch the next train to Naughton.

She adopted rushing tactics with which it was practically impossible to cope.

All the time I was explaining to her how busy I was, and how I found it out of the question even to think of leaving the office, she kept on giving me varied and hurried directions.

I was to be sure to remember the steps she had taught me last time.

I was not to take any notice of a dark girl in a red dress, because she wasn't the slightest bit nice when you really got to know her.

I was to drive straight to the hall, where Dorice would be looking out for me.

"And now I can't stay any longer, and you must fly and catch the train, and so 'good-bye,' and I'll keep some dances for you!"

"Half a minute," I protested. "Where do I——? What is the name of ——?"

But Dorice, with that delightful suddenness which is one of her most charming characteristics, had rung off, leaving my destination a mystery.

However, there was no time to worry about details. I told a dreadful lie to a man with whom I had an appointment, left the office and did wonderful things in the way of changing my clothes, packing my bag, and boarding a moving train.

At Naughton station I engaged a cab.

"Where to?" asked the driver, as he reached down for my bag.

It was the question I had been asking myself all the way in the train.

"That's just it," I said miserably, "I don't know."

He was a sympathetic-looking cabman—not one of the modern type, but the aged director of a thin horse and a genuinely antique four-wheeler.

"It's rather an awkward situation," I explained doubtfully; "you see, Dorice forgot—I mean I'm supposed to be going to a dance somewhere round here. I was told to drive straight to the hall—I don't know *what* hall."

"That's all right, Sir," answered the sympathetic cabman encouragingly; "you were told to drive straight to the 'all; that'll be Naughton 'All."

He proceeded to awaken the thin horse.

"There is a big do on there to-night, Sir. It's a fair way out, but I'll 'ave yer there in no time."

"My dear good man," I remonstrated nervously, "for heaven's sake don't rush at things like that. Is this particular dance you wish to take me to given by some people named Perry?"

"Perry? Lord! no! Sir John Oakham lives at Naughton 'All. It's *'is* party."

The sympathetic cabman was a little pained at my ignorance.

Dorice had not said who was actually giving the dance.

With vague misgivings I climbed into the cab.

"Go ahead," I said, with my heart in my boots; "drive away and let's get it over."

It was a long drive, and more than once I was nearly killed through hanging my body from the cab window in a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of Dorice in one or other of the motors that passed us on the road.

At Naughton Hall I looked out for her expectantly.

There was not a soul in the room that I knew. In a fit of dreadful panic I began to search desperately. Dorice was nowhere to be found, and the band started upon the first waltz.

To me it was like a nightmare.

One thing I remember was finding myself dancing with a Miss Giggleswick.

I don't pretend to explain how it happened. As far as I can make out, some hospitably disposed person decided that he was expected to know me and find me a partner.

Anyhow, I danced with a Miss Giggleswick, and also I talked to her.

I asked her very seriously if she knew anything of Dorice.

Miss Giggleswick thought I was referring to some new authoress.

"Yes—yes," she said thoughtfully, "I must have read some of them, but I can't remember which ones—I'm so silly about names."

After a time I pulled myself together, and somehow escaped from Miss Giggleswick. I made my way to the cloakroom, grabbed my coat and bag, and rushed for the front door.

Once outside I ran for my life.



WHAT LANCASHIRE THINKS.

Old Lancashire Lady (to young lady friend who has expressed her intention of going by an excursion to the Metropolis). "DOAN'T THEE GOA TO LONDON; THEE STOP IN OWD ENGLAND."

I ran down the drive and along the road towards Naughton.

I floundered on blindly through thick mud and pools of water.

"A fine night!" shouted a cheerful ass as I struggled past him.

I pulled up sharply and peered at him through the darkness.

"A fine night? Oh, yes, it's a fine night," I laughed wildly; "but just tell me one other thing. Is there any other hall in this district except Naughton Hall?"

"Noa—unless of course yer mean Naughton *Parish* 'All," he added after deep consideration.

"Has anybody ever been known to give a dance there?"

"Ay, I dare say."

With grim determination I clutched my bag and trudged on.

It was late when I crawled up the steps of Naughton Parish Hall.

I threw my things in a corner, scraped some of the mud off my trousers, removed my bow from the back of my neck, and staggered in the direction of the music. A one-step was just over, and the dancers were crowding the foyer.

Dorice appeared with her partner.

I went and stood before her.

"Dorice," I stammered brokenly, "I—I've come."

Dorice excused herself from her partner and took me into a corner.

"Hear me first," I pleaded, utterly crushed. "Hear me first, Dorice. I've done my best. I went to the wrong place. You rang off without giving me the proper address. A blundering villain of a cabman took me to Naughton Hall. They made me dance with somebody named Giggleswick. I escaped as soon as I could and came here. I ran a lot of the way."

I looked up at her beseechingly.

Then I discovered that my life was not blighted for ever.

Dorice was smiling upon me—yes, smiling! She leant forward eagerly and touched my hand.

"*You've been to Naughton Hall!*" she whispered delightedly; "but, my dear old boy, it's simply *the* dance of the season round here! All these people would do anything to get invited. The Perrys only gave this dance so that they could use it as a sort of excuse for not being seen at the Naughton Hall one!"

"Anybody could have gone in my place," I murmured; "I didn't enjoy it at all."

Dorice got up and took hold of my arm.

"Come on," she said with suppressed excitement, "this is splendid!"

She took me through a crowd of people and introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Perry.

Then she raised her voice.

"He's sorry to be so late," she apologised as loudly as possible, "but you see he was forced to look in at the Naughton Hall ball. However, he got away as soon as he could and came on to us."

Mrs. Perry received me almost with open arms.

"We must try and find you some really good partners," she announced enthusiastically.

"*Rather!*" echoed Mr. Perry.

It was then close upon midnight. For the two hours of the dance that remained I was the man of the evening.

Rumoured Mutiny in the Navy.

"The destroyers patrolling the Irish coast are being boarded and searched for rifles by order of the Admiralty."—*Daily Express.*



Little Maid (to new owner of country cottage). "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE 'S THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LITTLE CHIPPINGHAM AND WEST HAMBLETON STREET LIGHTING COMMITTEE." *(Confidentially)* "IT 'S REALLY ONLY MR. BINKS, THE BUTCHER."

THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

HAPPY the man who brushes up his topper
And sallies forth to call upon a maid,
Knowing his converse and his coat are proper,
That, come what may, he will not be afraid,
Not lose his nerve, and yawn, or tell a whopper,
Or drop the marmalade.

Not such the bard, not thus—but Clotho (drat her)
Was wakeful still, and plied a hostile loom—
I sought Miss Pritt. She mooted some grave matter
And looked for light; my lips were like the tomb,
Sealed, though they say they heard my molars chatter
Up in the smoking-room.

Cold eyes regarded me. My front-stud fretted;
A stiff slow smirk belied my deep unrest;
My tea-cup trembled and my cake was wetted;
My beauteous tie worked round toward the West;
My brow—forgive me, but it really sweated;
I did not look my best.

To Zeus, that oft would make a mist and smother
Some swain beset, and screen him from the crowd,
I prayed for vapours; but his mind was other:
Yet was I answered, though the god was proud,
For, anyhow, I trod on Miss Pritt's mother
And left beneath a cloud.

Not to return. O'er fair free hills and valleys
I can converse and carry on *ad lib.*;
On active tennis-courts (between the rallies)
I can be confident, and none more glib;
But not in drawing-rooms my bright star dallies—
I 'm not that sort of nib.

We 'll meet no more; but I shall send some token
Of what I 'm worth outside the world of teas—
A handsome photograph, some smart things spoken,
A few sweet verses (not so bad as these),
And hockey-groups that show me stern and oaken
And nude about the knees.

It may be, though she deemed me dunder-headed,
She 'll sometimes take them from her chamber-wall,
Or where they lie in lavender embedded,
And tell her family about them all—
About the gentleman she might have wedded,
Only *he could not call.*

"John William Burrow, of Overton, who is about 16 years old, caught six salmon in the heave net last week, their respective weights being 9 lbs., 28 lbs., 5½ lbs., 12 lbs., 22 lbs., 13 lbs., a total of 89½ lbs. Last season, when between 13 and 14 years old, he caught three salmon. His record is probably unique for inshore fisher boys."—*Lancaster Guardian.*

Anyhow the rate at which he grows up is.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

Lord Haldane. "GROSSLY ILLEGAL AND UTTERLY UNCONSTITUTIONAL!—AS I SAID THE OTHER DAY AT OXFORD; BUT TO THE HEART OF AN EX-WAR-LORD, HOW BEAUTIFUL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, June 9.—Recorded in Parliamentary history how in debate on Budget of the day a great statesman began his speech by utterance of the word "Sugar." Contrast of imposing personality of the Minister and sonorousness of his voice with commonplace character of utterance tickled fancy of House, then as now almost childishly eager to be amused. The great man looked round with stern glance that cowed the tittering audience. "Sugar," he repeated amid awed silence, and triumphantly continued his remarks.

It wasn't sugar that occupied attention of House on resuming sittings after Whitsun recess. It was Milk. Naturally Bill dealing with subject was in hands of the INFANT SAMUEL. Debate on Second Reading presented House in best form. Impossible for most ingenious and enterprising Member to mix up with milk the Ulster question or hand round bottles accommodated with india-rubber tubes and labelled Welsh Church Disestablishment. Consequence was that, in Second Reading debate on Bill promoted by Local Government Board, Members on both sides devoted themselves to single purpose of framing useful measure.



THE INFANT SAMUEL.

Animated debate on another Bill in charge of JOHN BURNS amending Insurance Act in direction of removing administrative difficulties and diminishing working costs. Nothing to complain of in way of acerbity. Second Reading stages of both measures passed without division, and House adjourned before half-past ten.

At Question time peaceful prospect momentarily ruffled. The SAHIB REES, taking advantage of absence of SPEAKER, prolonging his holiday amid balmy odours of Harrogate Pump Room, was in great form. With extensive view he surveyed mankind from British Columbia to the Persian Gulf, just looking in at Australasia to see what JAN HAMILTON has lately been up to in matter of compulsory military service.

It was in Persian Gulf that squall suddenly threatened. SAHIB wanted to know whether HIS MAJESTY's ships in that quarter of the world "had been engaged with gun-runners."

BYLES OF BRADFORD, seated on Front Bench below Gangway, pricked up his baronial ears. What! More gun-running and nobody either hanged or shot? On closer study of question perceived that use of ambiguous word misled him. When the SAHIB enquired whether HIS MAJESTY's ships had been "engaged" with gun-runners he did not mean that they had rendered assistance in illegal enterprises, nocturnal or other. On the contrary, word had directly opposite meaning.

BYLES OF BRADFORD accordingly abandoned intention of putting Supplementary Question, reserving his energy for his own searching inquiry, which appeared lower down on paper, impartially denouncing importation of arms "whether by the Ulster Volunteers or the National Volunteers, or both."

Business done.—National Insurance Act Amendment Bill, and Milk and Dairies Bill read a second time.

Wednesday.—Attendance still small, especially on Opposition Benches. Hapless Ministerialists, warned by urgent summons hinting at surprises in store in the Division Lobby, loyally muster. Nothing happened; perhaps in other circumstances something might.



"Who said 'gun-running'?"
(*With acknowledgments to a popular picture.*)
["BYLES OF BRADFORD pricked up his baronial ears."]

Whilst the Benches are half empty Order Book is crowded. To-day's list catalogues no fewer than 142 Bills standing at various stages awaiting progress. Thirty-five are Government measures. The rest proofs of the energy and legislative capacity of private Members.

Of course at this stage of Session only small proportion of Government Bills are likely to reach the Statute Book; those in hands of private Members have no chance whatever. Still, imposing display looks well on paper. In its various developments adds considerably to amount of stationery bill.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Post Office Vote, a trifle of £26,151,830, the Holt Report on postmen's demand for higher wages discussed.

Thursday.—Walking down Victoria Street on way to

House of Commons, as is my custom of an afternoon, I come upon my old friend the sandwich-board man. He stands in the shadow of Westminster Abbey panoplied back and front with boards making the latest announcement of newcomers to Madame Tussaud's. Morning and afternoon, all day long, he stands there, the life of London surging past. We generally have a little chat, and occasionally he gets a cigar.

One mystery that long piqued me he solved. If you chance upon sandwich-board men marching to head-quarters, like old *Kaspar* at his garden gate their day's work done, you will notice they always carry their boards upside down. The passer-by, consumed by desire to know what truth these proclaim, must needs assume inverted attitude in order to profit by announcement. Why do they so scrupulously observe that custom?

"Point of honour," says my sandwich-board man. "What you call class interests. We are paid little enough for so many hours' tramp. When the hour of deliverance strikes we turn the board upside down. So we do when we sit down by crowded thoroughfare to eat our mid-day bread-and-cheese, or bread without cheese as may happen. Not going to give the master more than he pays for."

What specially attracted me to-day was communication received from Member for Sark. Says he hears that Winterton is about to be added to Madame Tussaud's!

Suppose this, next of course to Westminster Abbey, is highest compliment possible for public man. On reflection I say not quite. Lulu stands on triple pinnacle of fame. On one or other the New Zealander, bored with the monotony of the ruins of London Bridge, sure to hap upon his name writ large.

There is the Harcourt Room in House of Commons, a spacious dining-hall cunningly contrived with lack of acoustical properties that make it difficult to hear what a conversational neighbour is saying. In time of political stress this useful, as preventing lapse into controversy at the table. Homeward bound from his last Antarctic trip, Ernest Shackleton discovered three towering peaks of snow and ice. One he named Mount Asquith; another Mount Henry Lucy; a third Mount Harcourt.

Now a great shipping company, having business on the West Coast of Africa, making welcome discovery of a deep water port in the estuary of the Bonny River, have named it Port Harcourt.

This concatenation of circumstance more striking than the lonely eminence of a pitch in the hall of Madame Tussaud, and a name flaunting on her sandwich-board. Moreover than which, as grammarians say, Sark has evidently been misinformed. My sandwich-board man has heard nothing of reported addition to our Valhalla. Certainly his boards do not confirm the pleasing rumour.

Business done.—Home Secretary announces intention of Government to go to fountain-head of trouble with Militant Suffragists. Will proceed by civil or criminal action directed against the persons who subscribe sinews of war. Loud cheers from both sides approved the plan. Followed at short



THE WINTERTON WAX-WORK.

interval by sharp report distinctly heard in Lobby. Was it echo of the strident cheer? No. It was the ladies demonstrating afresh their eligibility for exercise of the suffrage by attempting to blow up the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey.

"Candidates for divinity degrees at Cambridge should, it is proposed, be required to give evidence of a competent general knowledge of Christian theology."—*Times.*

Every now and then the authorities get these bright ideas, and thus our old Universities keep up to date.

From a list of entries for the golf championship:—

"Geo. Oke (Honor Oke)."—*Dundee Courier.*

We will if he wins.

"How can you have precisely the same cottage on the north and the south side of a road? In the one case the larder is to the south, and the butler is melting."

Manchester Guardian.

He should return to the wine cellar.

RED HEAD AND WHITE PAWS.

[*Why should the popular magazines monopolise all the tragic animal sketches? Mr. Punch's menagerie is just as ferocious.*]

Silence reigned in the woods! Silence! Deep silence! Save for the chortle of the night-jar, the tap of the snipe's beak against the tree-trunks, the snores of a weary game-keeper, the chirp of the burying-beetle, the croak of the bat, the wild laughter of the owl and the boom, boom of the frog, deep silence reigned. The crescent moon stole silently above the horizon. Wonderful, significant is that silent, stealthy approach of the moon. Red Head lumbered from his lair and crouched beside the shimmering fire of the furze. A startled grass-snake strove to leap out of the way of the monarch of the woods—a hurried crunch and a string of thirty white eggs was left motherless, forlorn.

A careless cock-pheasant gurgled on a bough. In a moment Red Head had silently scaled the tree. Two tail feathers alone remained to show an awed game-keeper that Red Head had passed that way. A woodcock floated silently on the bosom of the tiny lake. He did not note the ripple which showed that a powerful animal was swimming towards him. A scream, and the woodcock, trumpeting shrilly, is drawn into the depths.

[*Editor.* But what is Red Head?

The Expert. I am not quite sure whether he is a tree-climbing fox or a swimming badger. Anyhow he might have escaped from a menagerie.]

Peace reigned in the hole of the humble-bee. Weary with culling sweets from the lime-trees, the heather-bloom, the apple-blossom and the ivy-flower he had sought his humble couch. Suddenly great claws tear away his roof-tree. Red Head is at work. Bees and honey make his nightly meal.

White Paws had listened from his burrow. All seemed well. He darted forth and bathed in the bright light of the full moon.

[*Editor.* Wasn't it a crescent moon?

The Expert. You must make allowances for development in the course of a story. Suppose we say it was a full-sized crescent.]

Then White Paws, standing on his hind-legs, danced for sheer joy of life.

A leaf bitten from a bough by a sturdy green caterpillar fell suddenly to the ground. Like lightning White Paws darted to the top of an immemorial elm. In a moment he was reassured and returned to his graceful dance in the bosky dell.

But what is this? A hideous red



(*Lady Bountiful is entertaining some slum children at her lovely place in the country.*)

Sister (to small brother who has just picked a daisy). "NAR YEN, 'ERB! THE LIDY WON'T ARST YER AGINE IF YER GOW A-PICKIN' 'ER FLOWERS LIKE THET!"

Head emanates slowly from a bush. A protruding tongue vibrates in the pale moonlight. Weak, curious White Paws wonders what this strange thing is. Beware, White Paws! Think of thy tender mate and innocent cubs.

Drawn by a fatal curiosity he advances towards it. The awful glimmer of Red Head's eye fascinates him. He must see. Nearer he draws and nearer. A sudden plunge from the bush—a sickening crunch. Red Head has dined for the fifth time in one evening.

Death and Silence reign in the woods. Save for the chortling of the night-jar, the chirp of the burying-beetle, the snores of the gamekeeper, etc., etc. (see above) one might imagine oneself in the solemn stillness of Piccadilly Circus at midnight.

Death and Silence.

[*Editor.* "Yes, but the identity of the protagonists in this Sophoclean tragedy is still a little in doubt."

The Expert. "Any nature sketch ends satisfactorily with a meal."]

All this time the crescent moon has been swelling silently under the watchful stars. It is now at the full. So is Red Head. He has dined five times. He sleeps.

THE ROCK GARDENESS IN LONDON.

(*A Ballad of Labels.*)

DAME FASHION, when she calls the tune,
  Must surely crave my pardon
For prisoning me in leafy June
  Far from my Alpine garden.

So that in crowded square or street
  My Fancy's playful mockery
Plants all the pavement at my feet
  With favourites from the rockery.

And so that, heedless to the claims
  Of passing conversation,
I murmur to myself their names
  By way of consolation.

The thread of compliment may run
  Through many ball-room Babels—
I have one language, only one,
  The language of the labels.

In Kedar's tents are festive hours,
  The *noctes* and the *cœnæ*;
My heart is where | *RETUSA* | flowers,
  And crimson-starred | *SILENE* |.

I see the grey stones overhung
  With lilac and laburnum;
I hear the drone of bees among
  Blue depths of | *LITHOSPERMUM* |.

And in the box on opera nights
  Between each thrilling scene I
Recall the miniature delights
  Of | *MENTHA REQUIENI* |;

Admirers find me deaf and dumb
  To all their honeyed wheedlings,
I muse on | *LONGIFOLIUM* |
  And dream of | *STORMONTH SEEDLINGS* |;

And, when they come to hint their loves
  Through all the usual stages,
I wish I were in gardening gloves
  Among my Saxifrages.

More Russian Methods.

"EAST-END DEPUTATION RECEIVED BY WHIP."
Daily News and Leader.

The Daily News, in describing an adventure between the CROWN PRINCE of Germany (in a motor) and a peasant of Saarbrücken, ventures (with a knowledge of the Saarbrücken dialect which we ourselves cannot claim) to give the peasant's actual words:—

"'Ain't 'eard nowt,' said the peasant; 'the lane be narrow like. You must just wait till I be druv ahead.'"

Its likeness to the Loamshire dialect of England will interest the philologist.

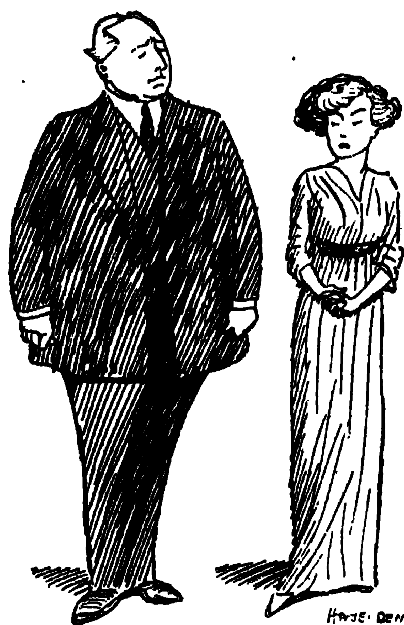
AT THE PLAY.

"An Indian Summer."

We plunged into the action quickly enough. A breakfast-gong—a sip of coffee—a bite of toast—and *Nigel Parry* rocks up his morning's love-correspondence; *Helen*, his wife, breaks open the drawer and peruses the damning letter; *Nigel* returns and catches her red-handed. After this we took a long breath and lingered over the moral aspect of the situation. Indeed, during the next ten years nothing occurred except the separation of the couple; the reported decease of the other woman (whom we never saw, dead or alive), and the marriage of the boy *Parry* with an actress bearing the ascetic name of *Ursula*. We now left the old trail in pursuit of this red herring; and for the rest of the play, up to the last moment, our attention was concentrated on the attitude of the elder heroine to her daughter-in-law, to whom she had taken a profound dislike at sight.

But something had to happen if the author was to bring about a reconciliation of the original pair and so justify the symbolic title of her play. Thinking it out, she seems to have recalled that it is customary in these cases to let an accident occur to some junior member of the family, over whose prostrate body the old ones may kiss again with tears. Accordingly, no sooner had mention been made, quite arbitrarily, of an automatic pistol, alleged to be unloaded, than old stagers knew by instinct that *Ursula* would shoot herself inadvertently. This occurred with such promptitude that even the author recognised that we should not be satisfied with so ingenuous an episode. Complications had therefore to be devised at all costs. Young *Parry* must be kept in ignorance of the fact that the episode was due to his stupidity in leaving the weapon loaded. So *Ursula* invents a story to show that the wound in her thigh was due to a fall downstairs. It is true that blood-poisoning—not amongst the more familiar sequelæ of a fall downstairs—supervened. But the legend served well enough on the stage. Among other effects it increased the irritation of the mother-in-law, who felt that the accident indicated a criminal carelessness in one who was about to make her a grandmother, a condition of things that had been brought home to us in the course of some female conversation flavoured with the most pungent candour. When the truth came out, the proved devotion of the young wife causes an *entente* between her and her mother-in-law, accompanied—for reasons which I cannot at the moment recall—by a parallel reconciliation between the senior couple. Personally, I felt that the threatened "Indian Summer" was not likely to be much warmer than the ordinary English kind.

Perhaps the most intriguing feature of the play was the author's attitude toward her own sex. Mrs. Horlick frankly took the man's point of view. Never for one moment did she attempt to encourage our sympathy for *Helen* as a wronged wife. Commonly in plays it is the woman, married to a man she never loved, who claims the liberty of going her own way and getting something out of life. Here it is the man who is the victim of a marriage not of his own making (as far as love was concerned), and the author, through the mouthpiece of the woman's confidante, makes ample excuse for his desire to snatch some happiness from fate.



Chilly Forecast for an "Indian Summer."

Nigel Parry .. Mr. Allan Aynesworth.
Helen Parry .. Miss Edyth Goodall.

Unhappily Mrs. Horlick has much to learn in stage mechanism. The motive of her exits when, as constantly, she wanted to leave any given couple alone together, was insufficiently opaque. She began very well and held our interest closely for some time; but long before the end we should have been worn out but for the childlike charm and attractive *gamineries* of Miss Dorothy Minto as *Ursula*. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who acted easily in the rather ambiguous part of *Nigel Parry*, seemed to share our doubts as to the chances of Mrs. Horlick's achieving popularity at her first attempt, for he confided to us, in a brief first-night oration, that she was engaged on another play which he hoped to secure.

But no one will question the serious promise of her present comedy, and I trust that in any future production she may be assisted by as excellent a cast. For they all played their parts, however trivial in detail, with great sincerity. Miss Goodall was the only disappointment, though the fault was not altogether her own. At first she was very effective, but later her entries came to be a signal for gloom, like those of a skeleton emergent from the family cupboard.

"Prince Igor."

All is fair in Love and War, and the only ethical difficulty arises when they clash. This was the trouble with *Vladimir Igorievich*, heir of *Prince Igor*. Father and son had been taken in battle, and were held captive in the camp of the Tartars; but, while *Prince Igor* felt very keenly his position (though treated as a guest rather than a prisoner and supplied every evening with spectacular entertainments), *Vladimir* beguiled his enforced leisure by falling in love (heartily reciprocated) with the daughter of his captor, *Khan Konchak*. An opportunity of escape being offered, *Prince Igor* seizes it, but *Vladimir's* dear heart is divided between passion and patriotism, and before he can make up his mind the chance of freedom is gone. A study of the so-called "libretto" showed that this was the only thing in the opera that bore any resemblance to a dramatic situation. Figure, therefore, my chagrin when I discovered that the character of *Vladimir Igorievich* had been cut clean out of the text of the actual opera. I could much more easily have dispensed with the buffooneries of a couple of obscure players upon the *goudok* (or prehistoric hurdy-gurdy), who wasted more than enough of such time as could be spared from the intervals.

There was no part of adequate importance for M. Chaliapine, so he doubled the *rôles* of *Galitsky*, the swaggering and dissolute brother-in-law that *Prince Igor* left behind when he went to the wars, and *Khan Konchak*, most magnanimous of barbarians. Neither character gave scope for the particular subtlety of which (as he proves in *Boris Godounov*) M. Chaliapine is the sole master among male operatic singers. But to each he brought that gift of the great manner, that ease and splendour of bearing, and those superb qualities of voice which, found together, give him a place apart from his kind.

Of the rest, M. Paul Andreev, as *Prince Igor*, gave his plaint of captivity with a noble pathos. As for the chorus, it sang with the singleness and intensity

of spirit which are only possible to a national chorus in national opera, and which (I hope) are the envy of the cosmopolitans of Covent Garden.

The *clou* of the evening was the ballet, already well-known, of the Polovtsy warriors, executed with the extreme of fanatic fervour and frenzy. The art of M. MICHEL FOKINE can turn his Russians into Tartars without a scratch of the skin. BORODINE's music, taking on a more barbaric quality as the action travelled further East, here touched its climax, and the final scene, where *Prince Igor* returns home and resumes the embraces of his queen (a model of fidelity), was of the character of a sedative.

"DAPHNIS ET CHLOË."

Those who complained—I speak of the few whose critical faculties had not been paralysed by M. NIJINSKY that in *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* the limitations of plastic Art (necessarily confined to stationary forms) were forced upon an art that primarily deals with motion, will have little of the same fault to find in *Daphnis et Chloë*. Here there is no fixed or formal posing, if we except the attitude adopted (after a preliminary and irrelevant twiddle) by certain Nymphs to indicate, appropriately enough, their grief over the inanimate form of *Daphnis*. The dances in which; to the mutual suspicion of the lovers, *Chloë* was circled by the men and *Daphnis* by the maidens, were a pure delight. There was one movement, when heads were tossed back and then brought swiftly forward over hollowed breasts and lifted knees that had in it an exquisite fleeting beauty. But memory holds best the grace of the simpler and more elemental movements, the airy swing and poise of feet and limbs in straight flight, linked hands outstretched.

In the *pas seul* competition M. ADOLPH BOLM, as *Darkon* did some astonishing feats which made the performance of M. FOKINE as *Daphnis* seem relatively tame and conventional; and if I, instead of *Chloë*, had been the judge I should have awarded the palm to the former. I am sure that *Chloë* was prejudiced, though certainly *Darkon* was a very rude and hirsute shepherd, and had none of *Daphnis'* pretty ways.

The dancing of the brigands was in excellent contrast with the methods of the pastoral Greeks. I will not, like the programme, distinguish them as "Brigands with Lances," "Brigands with Bows" and "Young Brigands." To me they were all alike very perfect examples of the profession; though I admit that the flight of their spears was not always as deadly as it should have been, and that one of the arrows refused to go off the string and had to be thrown by hand into the wings.

It is not easy at a first performance to take in everything with both eye and ear, and I shall excuse myself from attempting to do justice to M. RAVEL's music. But I was free (the curtain being down) to listen to one long orchestral passage which followed the capture of *Chloë*. It was of the nature of a dirge, and it seemed to me to suggest very cleverly the sorrows of a poultry-yard. I suppose *Chloë* must have been in the habit of feeding them and they missed her.

I hate to say one word of disparagement about a performance for which I could never be sufficiently grateful. But I agree with a friend of mine who complained to me of the way in which *Pan* was presented. It was this beneficent god who caused a panic among the brigands and so enabled *Chloë* to return to her friends, though I don't know why he ever let her be captured, for he was there at the time. Well, I agree that he ought to have been represented by something more satisfactory than a half-length portrait painted on a huge travelling plank of pasteboard, which was pushed about from Arcadia to Scythia (if this was the brigands' address) and back again, appearing in the limelight, when required, like a whisky sky-sign. O. S.



'CAN YOU LEND ME A COUPLE O' BOB, GEORGE? I'VE JUST HAD MY POCKET PICKED."

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

[Suggested by recent correspondence in a leading journal.]

WHY USE SPECS?

A Centenarian's Testimony to the Editor of "The Chimes."

SIR,—I was 117 on the 1st of April and have never used any artificial aid to eyesight, yet I can read the articles for ladies on the Court Circular page of your splendid publication without turning a hair. It is true that I am, and have always been, of an iron constitution, having practically dispensed with sleep for the last sixty years. For some considerable time I have been able to do without physical sustenance as well, owing to the extraordinarily nutritious nature of the contents of your superb South American Encyclopædias.

Yours faithfully,
NESTOR PARR.

A PERFECT CURE.

To the Editor of "The Chimes."

SIR,—Is my experience worth recording? Until two or three years ago I was entirely dependent on spectacles, and suffered unspeakable inconvenience if I happened to mislay them. But since I became a subscriber to your unique and unparalleled organ I have found my eyesight so marvellously improved that I am now able to discard glasses entirely. The extraordinary part of the business is this, that if I take up any other paper I am utterly unable to decipher a word. As my wife cleverly put it the other day, of all the wonderful spectacles in the world the new *Chimes* is the most amazing.

Yours gratefully, VERAX.

FROM AN ARTIFICIAL EYE-MAKER.

To the Editor of "The Chimes."

SIR,—An extraordinary case of recovery of sight was brought to my knowledge yesterday by an esteemed customer. About thirty years ago I supplied him with an artificial eye to replace one which he lost while duck-shooting in the Canary Islands. About six months ago he lost the remaining sound eye through a blow from a golf-ball. I accordingly fitted him with a second artificial eye, and you may imagine my surprise when he came round to my place of business a few days later by himself and read aloud to me the whole of your admirable leading article on "Braces *v.* Belts." The therapeutic effect of high-class journalism on myopic patients has, I believe, been noted by Professor Hagenstreicher, the famous German oculist, but this is, I believe, the first instance on record of a patient recovering his sight after both eyes had been removed.

I am, Sir, etc., ANNAN EYAS.

CATARACT ARRESTED.

To the Editor of "The Chimes."

SIR,—Yesterday, which happened to be my ninety-seventh birthday, I spent in reading your wonderful Potted Meat Supplement from cover to cover. As there is more printed matter in it than in Mr. DE MORGAN's latest novel you might expect to hear that I am suffering to-day from eye-strain. On the contrary the symptoms of incipient cataract, which declared themselves a few months ago, have entirely disappeared, and I was able to see the French coast distinctly this morning from my house on the sea-front.

Yours truthfully,
Folkestone. JUDITH FITZSIMONS.

FROM OUR OLDEST SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of "The Chimes."

SIR,—I was 165 last birthday. I was in the merchant marine for upwards of eighty years, and then became a Swedenborgian, but never had occasion to consult an oculist. I was born in the reign of George II., or was it Queen Anne?—I really forget which. My wife is 163, and we walk out, when weather permits, and seldom omit church on Sundays. We both still read your "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," and consider that they are the best.

Yours venerably, W. A. G.

Another Suffragette Outrage.

"Among the elementary and fundamental rights and duties are (*sic*) the security of the person. But it is violated as much by he (*sic*) or she (*sic*) who challenges assault as by he (*sic*) or she (*sic*) who assaults."

The five "*sics*" are ours. The rest belongs to the leader-writer of *The Morning Post*, on whom militancy seems to have had a painful effect.

"A Central News telegram from Montreal states that Miss Edith Shaughnessy, daughter of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, was married at St. James's Roman Catholic Cathedral yesterday to Mr. W. H."—*Morning Post*

From the wedding presents, which were both numerous and costly: "Mr. W. Shakespeare to Bridegroom—Sonnets."

A correspondent in *The Exchange and Mart* writes:—

"At night Tree-Frogs are active and utter various sounds, some a pleasing chirrup (like mine), others a loud shriek."

We shall hope to hear the writer's pleasing chirrup in Bouverie Street some day.

ADVENTURERS.

IT must have been off a pirate trip,
In a life forgot 'o me,
That I saw the Barbary pirate ship
Come close-hauled out of the sea;
She crawled in under a goat-cropped scaur
Beneath the fisher-huts,
And she sent a dozen o' men ashore
To fill her water-butts.

I clambered up where the cliff sprung sheer
Till I looked upon her decks
And saw the plunder of half-a-year
And the loot of her scuttled wrecks;
There were gems and ivory, plate and pearl,
And Tyrian rugs a-pile,
And, set in the midst, was a milk-white girl,
The loot of a Grecian isle.

As white as the breasted terns that flit
Was the smooth arm's rounded shape
As she idly played with a pomegranate
To anger a chained grey ape;
And her Sun-God's self for diadem
Had kissed her curls to gold;
But blue—sea-blue as the sapphire gem,
Her eyes were cold, sea-cold.

And, gleam of shoulder and glint of tress,
They sailed ere the sun went down
And sold her, same as a black negress,
For the marts o' Carthage town,
Where she lived, mayhap, of her indolent grace,
Content with her silks and rings,
Or rose, by way of her wits, to place
Her foot on the necks of kings.

The deuce can tell you how this may be,
'Tis far as I take the tale;
For it's lives upon lives ago, you see,
That the Barbary men set sail;
So I only know she was ivory white,
As white as a sea-bird lone;
And her eyes were wonderful blue and bright
And hard as a sapphire stone.

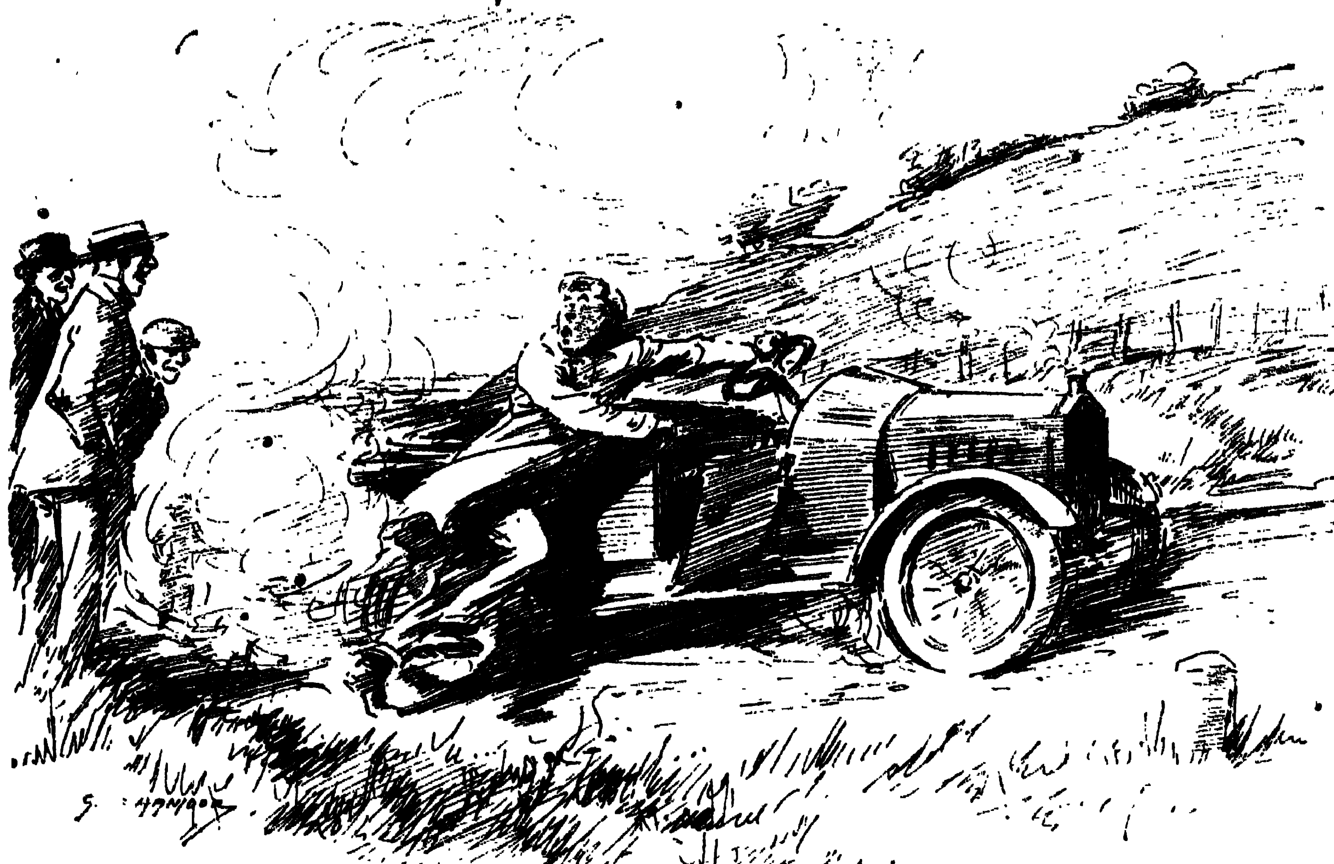
The New Rowing.

"Give a last pull at the oar with clenched teeth and knit muscles."—*The Young Man.*

The Cork Examiner on Sir PERCY SCOTT's letter:—

"'If a battleships is not safe either on the high seas or in rabour,' he asks, 'what is the use of a battlesh?'"

To be more accurate, this is how one puts it to one's neighbour after dinner, when—the ladies having removed themselves, and the necessity for mere social chit-chat being over—we men are at last able to devote ourselves to the affairs of empire.



LIGHT CAR TRIALS.

Spectator (to exhausted competitor reduced to running on trial hill). "WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF THAT CAR RAN AWAY FROM YOU?"
Competitor. "THANK HEAVEN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

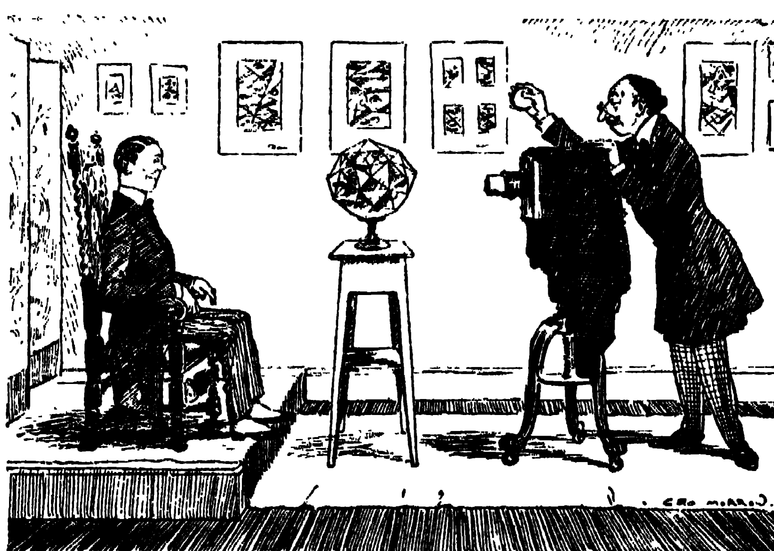
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE title of a book should be a guide to its contents, a simple enough rule which some authors overlook in their anxiety to start being clever and eccentric on the very outside cover. The book-buying public will appreciate Miss M. BETHAM-EDWARDS' title, *From an Islington Window, Pages of Reminiscent Romance* (SMITH, ELDER), and will gather from it that this is a book for those who prefer a long life and a quiet one to the short and thrilling. Incidentally I am relieved from divulging any of the plots in order to demonstrate the nature of the twelve short pieces embodied; enough to quote two typical sub-titles, "Mr. Lovejoy's Love-story" and "Miss Prime," and to put upon the whole the label of the author's own choice, "Early Victorian." Everybody knows where and what Islington is and the sort of minor tragedy and comedy that would be likely to occur in the lives of its inhabitants in the last reign but one. No one would look there for epoch-making crises, but many will find a longed-for relief from the speeding-up tendencies of modern romance. Lastly, but for a tendency at times to affectation, the style of the writer is as graceful and elegant as her themes are homely and serene, and that, I think, is all about it.

Mr. W. E. NORRIS is subtle; at least if my idea of the genesis of *Barbara and Company* (CONSTABLE) is the right one. I believe, then, that Mr. NORRIS found himself possessed of plots sufficient for a number of agreeable short stories, but that, knowing short stories to be more or less a drug in the market, he very skilfully united them into one by the simple process of making all their characters friends of *Barbara*. Nothing could be more effective. For example, Mr. NORRIS thinks what fun it would be to describe a race ridden by two unwilling suitors, the prize to be the lady's heart, which neither in the least wishes to win. Promptly *Miss Ormesby*, the heroine, is asked down on a visit to *Barbara*, and the story is told, most amusingly and well, in a couple of chapters. Again, the pathetic and moving tale of *Miss Nellie Mercer*, the nameless companion, who blossomed into fierce renown as *Señorita Mercedes*, the dancer, and died of it. Why should not this same *Barbara* have adopted the parentless girl in childhood? It is all simplicity itself. Perhaps you may object that the useful *Barbara* shows some signs of being a little overworked, and that few women are likely to have had quite so adventurous a company of friends. In this case I shall have nothing to urge, except that, so far as I am personally concerned, Mr. NORRIS has such a way with him that if he chose to people *Barbara's* drawing-room with the persons of the *Arabian Nights* he could probably convince me that there was nothing very much out of the ordinary in that assembly. And, after all, pianists and writers and actors, all the kind of folk with whom *Barbara* surrounded herself, are precisely those to whom short stories should, and do, happen. Next time, however, I hope Mr. NORRIS's inspiration will be less fragmentary but equally happy.

Johnnie Maddison (SMITH, ELDER) was nice. And here and now I wish to propose a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN HASLETTE for having the uncommon pluck to create a hero neither handsome nor strong. Brave of course he had to be, or how should that which is written in the proverbs

have been fulfilled, but "he was slight," "he stooped a little," "he had an ordinary face." (What hopes that brings to the hearts of some of us!) For the rest, he lived in Sta. Malua, to which tropical port came *Molly Hatherell*, intending to be married to a handsome scamp who spent all his salary as a mining engineer and all the money he could borrow from friends in losing games of poker to a man who made a profession of winning them. Why he should have wanted to do this (for it seemed to be his solitary serious vice) in a place like Sta. Malua I cannot imagine. But there it is. For one reason or another the marriage was delayed, and after a long mental struggle *Jno. Maddison*, who had fallen in love with *Molly*, decided to tell her what kind of man her idol of romantic chivalry really was. It raises, you see, a nice point of ethics, since *Edmund Serge* was popular at the club and, except for the brand of the poker on his forehead, a pretty good fellow. Unfortunately Mr. Haslette rudely slices the knot of his difficulty by making *Edmund* embezzle money and abscond at the critical point of the story. The telling of the yarn is a little humdrum, but gains from a comparative leniency in the matter of local colour—for I feel that Sta. Malua is the sort of place which might have been rather ruthless about this—and the suspended banns keep the interest fairly warm. But I am not sure that *Johnnie Maddison* might not have been nicer if he had escaped a suspicion of priggishness and lost a trifle now and then at progressive whist.



THE CUBIST PHOTOGRAPHER.

In Miss Eleanor Mordaunt's new volume called *The Island* (Heinemann) all the tales have a common interest through their association with a corner of Empire easily recognisable by those who have ever seen it. I remember how greatly I have already admired Miss Mordaunt's power of vivid and picturesque scene-painting; there are several stories in this book that show it at its best. I wish I could avoid adding that there are others that seem to me entirely unworthy of their author, at least for any other purpose than that of boiling the pot. One of the best of the tales, "A Reversion," is both dramatic and realistic; it bears a strong resemblance to a sketch that recently made a successful appearance at the Hippodrome; indeed the good qualities of Miss Mordaunt's stories are precisely those that would help their development into excellent little plays. One thing that I cannot help wishing is that the writer had trusted a little more to my imaginative intelligence. There is a certain kind of detail that is best confided to this sanctuary, and Miss Mordaunt's difficulty seems to have been in realising when all the sayable things had been said. At least one of the stories plunges considerably beyond the limit of discretion and even good taste. But the heat and the colour, the thrills and the devastating *ennui* of life for the English in the island, are as well rendered as anything I remember in the fiction of Empire. For this alone there should be a warm welcome for the collection, with all its faults, both from those who know the original and those who need help in imagining it.

The Purple Frogs (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley) I can only describe as the most exasperating, not to say maddening, product of modern fiction. What on earth Messrs. H. W. Westbrook and Lawrence Grossmith, the joint authors, mean by it I have not the ghost of an idea. Occasionally signs are detectable that the whole thing is a practical joke; still more occasionally it even promises to become mildly amusing; and then again one is confronted with an incident (such as the visit of the armed maniac to the house of *Isambard Flanders*) serious to the point of melodrama. Not for pages and chapters did I discover any excuse for the title; and even then not much. But it appeared eventually that *Isambard Flanders* was jealous of the friendship between his wife, *Cicely*, and *Stephen*, a young man who produced film-dramas; and that in order to score off them he wrote a novel called *The Purple Frogs*, in which he embodied his suspicions. The last half of the volume is occupied with this tale within a tale. Here possibly we have a key to the purpose of the collaboration. Anyhow, I permitted myself to form a theory that Mr. Westbrook (or Mr. Grossmith) had written a novel too exiguous for separate publication, and in this dilemma had appealed to Mr. Grossmith (or Mr. Westbrook) to provide a setting. But which wrote which, and why—these are problems that remain inscrutable. Yet another is furnished by the fact that Miss Ella King Hall has composed for the main story six "illustrations in music," duly reproduced. You may with luck be able to smile a little at the quaintness of these. But on the title-page they are said to be "arranged from the MS. notes of *Botolf Glenfield*." And *Glenfield*, being only a character in the novel written by *Flanders*, couldn't possibly . . . Help!

SERENITY.

A singular accident happened to-day,
  Distressing to witness (I chanced to be there).
A motor-'bus entered a tea-shop, and lay
    In some need of repair.

It was loaded with passengers, outside and in,
  Who straightway indulged in much turbulent talk;
The latter declared that for less than a pin
    They would get out and walk.

But the customers who, with deplorable zest,
  Of tea and hot crumpets were taking their fill,
Regarding the scene as an innocent jest,
    Simply laughed themselves ill.

Though I'm dreadfully nervous and suffer a shock
  At the slightest alarm, through that terrible fuss
I was strangely composed and, as still as a rock,—
    I lay under the 'bus.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Cambridge University Boat Club has decided to spend £8,000 in improving the Cam. There is talk of making it into a river.

* * *

Says a writer in a contemporary, "Don't live in a houseboat during a flood." And yet NOAH always declared that he owed his life to having done so.

* * *

The gentlemen who formed M. RIBOT's Cabinet are objecting to being described as "The One-Day Ministry." They were, they assert, in office for some hours more than that.

* * *

The attack on M. RIBOT's Ministry in the matter of the Three Years' Service was led in the Chamber by three quite undistinguished Socialists; and the contest was described succinctly by an unsympathetic onlooker as "*Trois ânes v. Trois ans.*"

* * *

By the way, M. VIVIANI's Finance Minister is, we see, M. NOULENS. Is he, we wonder, any relation of M. Noulens-Voulens?

* * *

The KAISER has commanded that the Colonial War Memorial to be erected in Berlin shall take the form of an elephant. Presumably it is to be of Parian marble in order to signify that some of the German colonies are a bit like a white elephant.

* * *

A French squadron of eighteen vessels has lately been visiting Portland. It was perhaps a little unfortunate that Admiral CALLAGHAN's ship should have been *The Iron Duke*—but no doubt our tactful officers explained to their visitors that the vessel had been so named after a wealthy ironmaster who had been ennobled.

* * *

The report that an airship expedition is being prepared against the MAD MULLAH is said to have caused keen delight to the old gentleman, as he has never seen an aeronautical display of any kind.

* * *

It is now suggested that when Mr. HOBHOUSE took possession of H.M.S. *Monarch*, he was labouring under the delusion that he was Postmaster-Admiral as well as Postmaster-General.

* * *

The publication of *The Best of Lamb*, by Messrs. METHUEN, reminds one that a literary butcher once complained that LAMB had not been issued in The Canterbury Poets.

* * *

Although Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is severing his connection with *T.P.'s Weekly* the name of the paper will not be changed. This sort of thing is well calculated to confuse and unsettle the public. "T. P. or not T. P.? that 'll be the question."

* * *

It is denied that the title of our newest magazine—*Blast*—was suggested by Mr. BERNARD SHAW.

* * *

"Old Spot Pigs," we are informed, are now being bred successfully once more. It surprises us to hear this announced as a triumph. One would have thought that in these days of beauty culture a clear complexion would have been the desideratum.

* * *

"If," says a contemporary, "the middle-class girl were regularly provided with a dowry, the matrimonial enthusiasm of young men would probably be stimulated." We cannot imagine how people think of these clever things.

* * *

Members of the Women's Social and Political Union are, says *The Daily Mail*, boycotting West-End shopkeepers and stores not advertising in the Militant organs. However, if the rest of the public will agree to boycott such firms as do advertise in these organs the matter should come all right.

* * *

A warning has been issued to pic-nic parties as to the danger from adders, which are exceptionally numerous this year. They are apt to bite if suddenly sat upon, and prudent persons are taking the precaution of sitting on their plates.

* * *

"I shall never," writes a journalist in *The Express*, "forget the shudder with which I saw a very well-known dramatist at a garden party eating strawberries with his gloves on." We ourselves sometimes have these sudden sensations, but, unlike the writer, are very prone to let them slip out of our memory.

* * *

A dress-designer, we read, went mad one day last week in Paris and fired a number of revolver shots at the police. To judge by many of the creations one sees there must be quite an epidemic of mental deficiency just now among designers of modes.

* * *

"Bags," we read in a lady's paper, "are going out of fashion." Men will, however, continue to wear them.



Examining Admiral (to naval candidate). "NOW MENTION THREE GREAT ADMIRALS."

Candidate. "DRAKE, NELSON AND—I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, I DIDN'T QUITE CATCH YOUR NAME."

From a list of awards at the Horse Show:—

"Riding Jonies . . . Shetland Jones . . . Pairs of Pones . . ."—*Morning Post.*

You see the animal they mean.

"Cutter wanted for ladies' and gentlemen's trade; city house; state experience, salary."

An ordinary enough advertisement; but *The Irish Times* imparts a certain melancholy humour to it by inserting it in the section headed "Yachts, Boats, etc."

"GRAND NIGHTS."

O Benchers of the various ancient Inns
  At whose so generous tables I have battened,
Where potions of the best and fruitiest bins
  And fare on which Lucullus might have fattened
    Tend to reduce the awe
  Proper to laymen shadowed by the Law;

How good I find it, full of meat, to sit
  (The while Oporto's juice of '87,
Served on the polished board with silver lit,
  Heartens me to postpone the joys of Heaven)
    And hear, *remotis curis*,
  The legal jest, the apt *scintilla juris*.

But most I compliment, with thanks profuse,
  The touch that gives your feasts their crowning savour,
Whose absence must have marred the duckling *mousse*,
  Ruined the *neige au Kirsch*, and soured the flavour
    Of Madame Melba's peaches—
  I mean the pledge upon my card, "No Speeches."

There's only one I like, and that's "The King"!
  (I give the text in full—no superfluities);
Why should I have to hear some dodderer sing
  Praise of the Government (whichever crew it is),
    While some one else endorses
  The obvious merits of our fighting forces?

If I have dined too well, to-morrow's cure
  Shall be the fine for my excessive feasting;
But, at the night's tail-end, I can't endure
  A punishment that bores me like a bee-sting,
    Poisoning all the mirth
  That should companion my distended girth.

For this relief from those who spoil the vine
  (How oft have I refused, O learned Benchers,
For fear of speeches, other men's and mine,
  [illegible] rs) --
    For this relief I rank you
  High up among my benefactors. Thankyou.

O. S.

HOW THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS WON.

(*A Story of* 1918.)

The last match of the season was between Kent and Somerset. Kent and Surrey were at the top of the Championship table, with the following percentages:—

Kent	87·51
Surrey	87·23

Surrey had completed its programme. Thus all depended on the result of this Kent-Somerset match. To become champions Kent had either to win outright or to keep their percentage intact by the circumstance of both sides not completing an innings.

Play was impossible on the first day owing to rain. On the second day Somerset scored 157. Rain fell again and Kent were unable to commence their innings till the afternoon of the third day. Obviously they had to strain every nerve to accomplish two things: (1) to avoid getting out and (2) to avoid scoring more than 157. At all hazards they must neither win nor lose on the first innings. They could not win the match. There was no time. And either a win or a loss on the first innings would lower their percentage sufficiently to enable Surrey to go to the top. For in the matter of averages it is better under certain conditions not to have fought at all than to secure only a portion of the honours.

It was an extraordinary afternoon's cricket. The Kent batsmen were very careful, but two minutes before time there were 156 runs on the board and the last two batsmen were at the wicket. If a wicket fell or a couple of runs were scored Kent would lose the Championship. Strong men shivered like leaves as ball after ball was steadily blocked by the batsmen. Red-faced farmers wore their pencils to stumps in explaining the appalling alternatives. Somerset, in the most sporting spirit, were trying their hardest. A couple of deliberately-bowled wides would, of course, have given Surrey the championship, but Somerset were playing for the honour and glory of defeating Kent on the first innings.

The last two Kent men displayed wonderful nerve. The straight ones were carefully stopped and every ball off the wicket was left alone. Needless to say the softest long hop to leg would not have tempted them to hit.

When the bowler prepared to deliver the last ball of the day the very trees round the ground seemed to stop whispering. It was a good length ball, very fast and pitched slightly to the off. The batsman raised his bat, expecting it to fly past the wicket. To his horror it nipped in. Down came the bat in frantic haste. Heaven be praised! Just in time! The bat just snicked the ball off. It missed the wicket by an eighth of an inch and shot away to leg.

Then occurred one of those incidents that men boast of having witnessed, one of those strange happenings in sport that are recounted to generation after generation.

The ball had shot away to leg where there was no fieldsman. One of the slips immediately made after it. The batsmen naturally did not run as they did not wish to score. But suddenly it occurred to the striker that it might reach the boundary, that the slip field might not be fast enough to catch it up, and that, therefore, Kent would win on the first innings and in so doing lose the championship. The idea flashed across his mind almost immediately after he had hit the ball, and with a promptness of action that was really beyond all admiration he dropped his bat and ran like a madman in pursuit of the ball.

He easily outstripped the Somerset slip, who was rather a stout man, and fled like a hare after the little red devil that was scorching fast in search of the fatal four.

Men groaned in the agony of their excitement and women shrieked hysterically.

On flew the gallant Kent batsman. Nearer and nearer he got to the ball. He overtook it. He stopped it. Three inches from the boundary he fell on it and hugged it to his chest. The match was a draw, a glorious draw! Neither side had won or lost a point. It did not count in the Championship table. Kent were Champions!

In the mad excitement of the moment no one thought of appealing on the question of handling the ball or interfering with the field. Moreover both the umpires had swooned and were being removed on shutters. The result stood. The hero of the game was carried into the pavilion by two music-hall agents and a reporter.

Editorial Amenities.

"I have no fault to find with 'Towser,' except that it is very much like scores of other dog stories; that is probably why you have failed to place it. Have you tried the '*Manchester Guardian*'?"

T.P.'s Weekly.

"What comes after Home Rule?—Mormons in Germany."

Vancouver Daily Province.

Fortunately we shan't mind that.



"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE remarkable and altogether epoch-making article in *The Times* of the 16th inst., on the stimulating effect of the bath on unmusical people, has already borne notable fruit. Meetings of the Governing Bodies of all the principal Musical Colleges and Academies were held on the following day, at which it was unanimously determined, as one of the speakers put it, to effect a closer synthesis of harmony and ablution. Sir HUBERT PARRY, himself celebrated in his youth for his prowess in natation, has offered to present the Royal College of Music with a magnificent swimming-bath; Mr. LANDON RONALD has drafted a scheme for the erection of a floating bath in the Thames for the convenience of the Guildhall School, and Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE has offered the students of the R.A.M. an annual prize for the best vocal composition in praise of saponaceous abstergents.

Outside our musical academies the impetus given to musicians and composers has been equally remarkable. Professor Banville de Quantock, whose Oriental proclivities are well known, has at once embarked on a gigantic choral symphony, to words of his own composition, in which the whole process and procedure of the Turkish Bath is treated historically, dramatically and realistically in seventeen movements. The title has not yet been definitely fixed, but it will probably be known as the *Symphonie Bathétique*, to differentiate it from TSCHAIKOVSKY's hackneyed work.

STRAUSS is reported by Mr. KALISCH to be engaged on a series of *Spritzbadlieder* of extraordinary beauty and complexity, in which a wonderful effect is produced by the employment in the orchestral accompaniment of a new instrument called the Loofaphone, which produces a curious hissing noise like that emitted by a groom when using the currycomb. Another instrument to which prominence is assigned in the score is called the Saponola and bears a resemblance to the spalacoid sub-family of mandrils, which have the mandibular angles in close proximity to the sockets of the lower cephalopods. The motto of the work is "*Das ewig Seifige.*"

We may further note, as one of the most valuable by-products of *The Times* article, the announcement that an international Balneo-Musical Congress will be shortly held in the Albert Hall, with a view to discussing the best methods of promoting harmonic hygiene. The arena, we understand, is to be converted into a vast demonstration-tank, in which prominent composers, conductors and singers will appear. Miss CARRIE TUBB has kindly promised to preside. Amongst other items in the programme we may mention an exhibition of under-water violin-playing by Mr. Bamberger, and a game of symphonic water-polo between two teams of Rhine maidens, captained by Herr NIKISCH and Sir HENRY WOOD respectively.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMY.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS.

SOME FURTHER OPINIONS.

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.—There is no doubt whatever that the best holiday ground is Brazil. There one can have excitement day and night. When one is not escaping from a man-eating trout one is eluding a vampire bat. If the time is slow one can always seek the Rapids. Next to Brazil I should suggest the offices of the New River Company.

MR. HOBHOUSE (P.M.G.).—I know very little of holidays, having to keep my nose to St. Martin's-le-Grind-stone day and night, but I have thought that, if I did take a week or so off, I should choose to spend it on the Post Office yacht, roughing it.

SIR EDWARD CARSON.—Such time as I can spare from Ulster and my daily journey to and from London I should like to spend in explaining to REDMOND the duties of a War-lord.

MR. FRANK TINNEY (the famous American tragedian).—Ordinary holidays is just so much junk. Me and ERNEST don't hold with them. Our idea of a holiday is to go down town and hear jokes. The more jokes we hear the bigger stock we have not to tell.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—I have often wondered if a busy administrator might not get a very restful time by steadily refusing to fly.

MR. ASQUITH.—This talk about the constant need for holidays seems to me to be, if I may say so, one of the great illusions of the day. The wise man surely is he who, seated in his chair of office, welcomes every new complication and perplexity that the moments bring, and in labour finds the true repose.

MR. MASTERMAN.—I am spending my own holiday just now very agreeably in composing conundrums. This is my latest: "Why do I differ from my trousers?" The answer is, "Because they don't want re-seating."

LORD WIMBORNE.—There is no place for a holiday like Meadowbrook.

A set of 12 Elizabethan "Apostle" spoons were recently offered for sale at Messrs. CHRISTIE's. Only one actual Apostle (Saint PETER) was available, but excellent substitutes were provided in the persons of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, CHARLEMAGNE, JULIUS CÆSAR, King ARTHUR, GUY OF WARWICK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, JUDAS MACCABEUS and others.

"The fielding was particularly smart and the batsmen could not get the ball away, the only hit worth mention for several hours being a 4 by Tarrant off Bullough."
Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

A few more efforts like this and we shall suspect TARRANT of having read the "Brighter Cricket" articles.

"A wireless message has been received here from the liner, New York, reporting that while in a dense fog she was struck a glancing blow abaft the bow by the steamer Pretoria. The New York was stooping at the time, and the shock was only slight."
Glasgow Evening News.

Showing the advantage of being caught bending.



Sergeant (to new recruit who is grooming his horse very gingerly). "NOW THEN, CULLY, JUST YOU BE CAREFUL 'OW YOU DUST THAT THERE 'ORSE; 'E 'S A DELICATE PIECE, 'E IS, AND 'E SHOWS THE SLIGHTEST SCRATCH."

"WHEN OTHER LIPS . . ."

THE most original feature of the Opera-Ballet, *Le Coq d'Or*, given last week for the first time in England, was the arrangement by which the actors were excused from singing, and the singers from acting. Chorus and soloists, dressed uniformly, without distinction of sex, in a nondescript maroon attire, were disposed on each side of the stage in a couple of grand stands, from which they saw little or nothing of the entertainment but enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the conductor. This left the actors free to attend to the primary business of miming, which, when it came to the distribution of applause, they clearly regarded as the most important element in the show.

I look for great things from this new departure. It is rare enough for an operatic performer to be capable of both singing and acting, or to be alike beautiful to look on and to listen to. Once we have accepted the convention by which an actor's lips are allowed to move in one part of the stage while the sound comes from a totally different quarter, we may go further and arrange for the singers to be put out of sight altogether. He (and more particularly, she) might be posted behind some sort of screen, diaphanous in respect of the vocalists' view of the conductor, but opaque to the audience. When I think of some of the rather antique and amorphous *prime donne* of German, Italian and French opera, I know that any scheme which would render them invisible and permit their acting parts to be played by young and gracious figures would meet with my unqualified approval. It would be necessary, of course, to consult them first (a task which I would not care to undertake), and this division of labour would no doubt entail additional expense, but I am convinced that the pure love of art for art's sake which is inherent in the nature of all operatic stars and syndicates would ultimately rise superior to considerations whether of pelf or *amour propre*.

O. S.

From a catalogue:—

"WELLS (H. G.) Ann Veronica, a Modern Love Story, cr. 8vo, *cloth (rather dull).*"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

[Another Husband Housekeeper, supplementing the information already published in *The Daily Mail*, reveals the system of housekeeping by enforcing which he saves pounds and pounds and pounds a year.]

WHEN Sunday's heavy meal is done
Our joint's career is but begun.

Imprimis, undismayed and bold,
It reappears on Monday, cold.

And lo! the same on Tuesday will
Appear again, and colder still.

The odds and ends we keep in store,
Divided neatly into four.

A portion (No. 1) will do
For Wednesday's so-to-speak "ragoût";

A portion (No. 2) will be
The gist of Thursday's "fricassée";

A portion (No. 3) supply
The pith of Friday's "cottage pie";

A portion (No. 4) will play
The leading *rôle* on Saturday,
Entitled, may be, "*à la russe*,"
Or, better still, "anonymous."

Thus is economy attained,
For thus is appetite constrained.

"DRIVEN."

(With a slight hook to it.)

The drawing-room of John Staffurth, M.P. *Enter* Staffurth *and* Barbara Cullen.

Staffurth. Barbara, the doctors have given their verdict. My wife has only two years to live.

Barbara. John, but she looks so well! What's the matter with her?

Staffurth. Well, it's a little difficult to explain. But without being technical I may say that it is er—not exactly appendicitis and yet er—not exactly mumps. Anyhow, it's always very fatal on the stage.

Barbara. Two years! John, I'm not quite clear whether I'm *your* relation or Diana's, or, in fact, what I'm doing in the house at all, but as an old friend of *somebody's* may I give you a word of advice?

Staffurth (looking at his watch). Certainly, but you must be quick. I have to be back at the House in five seconds.

Barbara. Then, John, give Diana a good time for those two years. Ask her to recite sometimes, tell her about Welsh Disestablishment, at all costs keep her amused.

Staffurth (amazed). My dear girl, do you realise I'm an Opposition Member? The Government may spring a snap division on us at any moment. *(Taking out his engagement book.)* Still, let me see what I can do. On July 15th, 1916—— Oh no, that will be too late. November 25th, 1915—how's that? We might have an afternoon at Kew then if the Whips don't want me. *(Looking at his watch.)* Well, I must be off. Don't let Diana know she's ill. [*Exit hastily.*

Enter Diana Staffurth.

Diana. I listened outside the door! Two years, and he won't even ask me to recite to him! He doesn't love me.

Barbara. He does, he does! But he's one of those men who never show it till the Last Act.

Diana. Well, I know somebody who doesn't mind showing it in the First Act. *(Goes to telephone.)* Is that you, Captain Furness? I've just learnt a new little piece. . . . Yes, don't be long. [*She sits down to play the piano till he comes.*

CURTAIN.

II.

Six months later.

Captain Furness's *rooms*, 11.30 *p.m.*

Enter Furness *and* Diana.

Furness. There, dear, now we can have a nice little supper together. You do love me, don't you?

Diana. I suppose so. I love talking to you on the telephone, anyway. I can't think what we should have done in this play without the telephone.

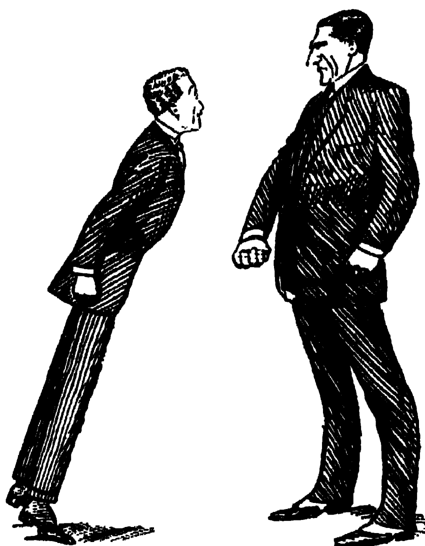
Furness. And you will come away with me to-morrow?

Diana. Yes. *(To the audience)* Oh, I've only got eighteen months—— *(To* Furness*)* Excuse me, Philip, this is a soliloquy; would you mind not listening for a moment? *(He turns away and prepares the supper.)* Oh, I've only got eighteen months more, and I want to *live!* I want to talk on the telephone to people, and keep on changing my clothes, and recite and—and—*Philip!* You *don't* mean to say those are *marrons glacés* you've got there?

Furness. Rather. Don't you like 'em?

Diana. How dare you? You *know* the doctors won't let me touch them.

Furness. My dear, you never told me



A THREATENED STRIKE.

John Staffurth .. MR. C. AUBREY SMITH.
Captain Furness .. MR. OWEN NARES.

what the doctors said to you. What did they say?

Diana. Well, anyhow, they said, "No more *marrons glacés.*"

Furness. Really, Diana, how could I know?

Diana. You ought to have guessed. You've insulted me and I'm going home. And I shan't run away with you now. *(Picks up her cloak and goes to the door.)* Er—if I *should* change my mind in the morning I'll—er—telephone.

Next morning.

Furness (at the telephone). Yes—yes—no, Lorenzo—both ways. What? Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought it was—is it you, Diana? . . . You *will* come? Good.

Enter John Staffurth.

Staffurth. Good morning. *(Looking at his watch.)* I want a little talk with you if you aren't busy.

Furness. Certainly. *(Handing box.)* Won't you begin a cigarette?

Staffurth (taking out case). Thanks, I'll begin one of my own. *(Does so.)* Now then. My sister-in-law—or cousin or—anyhow, my friend Miss—or Mrs. —Cullen, Barbara Cullen, who—er—is still with us, told me some days ago that you were about to elope with my wife. Is that so?

Furness. Yes.

Staffurth. Yes. I ought to have spoken to you about it before, but I have been very busy lately at the House. The Government is bringing in its Bill for the Abolition of Telephones on the Stage, and it is necessary for the full strength of the Opposition to be there. As I said in my speech, any such Bill would, to take a case, ruin MR. TEMPLE THURSTON'S new play at the Haymarket, and recent by-elections have shown that the country was—— However, I need not bother you with that. The point is that I have at last managed to get away to see you, and I want to know what it is you propose to do.

Furness. I'm going to send in my papers and take your wife away with me.

Staffurth. Ah! Then perhaps before you ruin your career I'd better tell you what the doctors say about her. She is not——

Furness (impatiently). My dear chap, I know. She told me last night. But it's all right, I don't much care for them myself.

Staffurth. —— not likely to live for more than eighteen months.

Furness. My God!

Staffurth. That's what we all said several times when we heard it. Well?

Furness. Well, I mean, this wants thinking about. I had no—— My career—only eighteen months——

Staffurth (breaking out at last). You beastly egotist! You think of nothing but your rotten career. You cur, you hound, you dog! You——

Furness (annoyed). Now I warn you, Staffurth, I may only be about half your size, but I shall have to thrash you severely if you talk like that.

Staffurth. You dog.

Furness (with dignity). For the sake of your wife, go before I climb up you and strike you. [*Exit* Staffurth.

CURTAIN.

III.

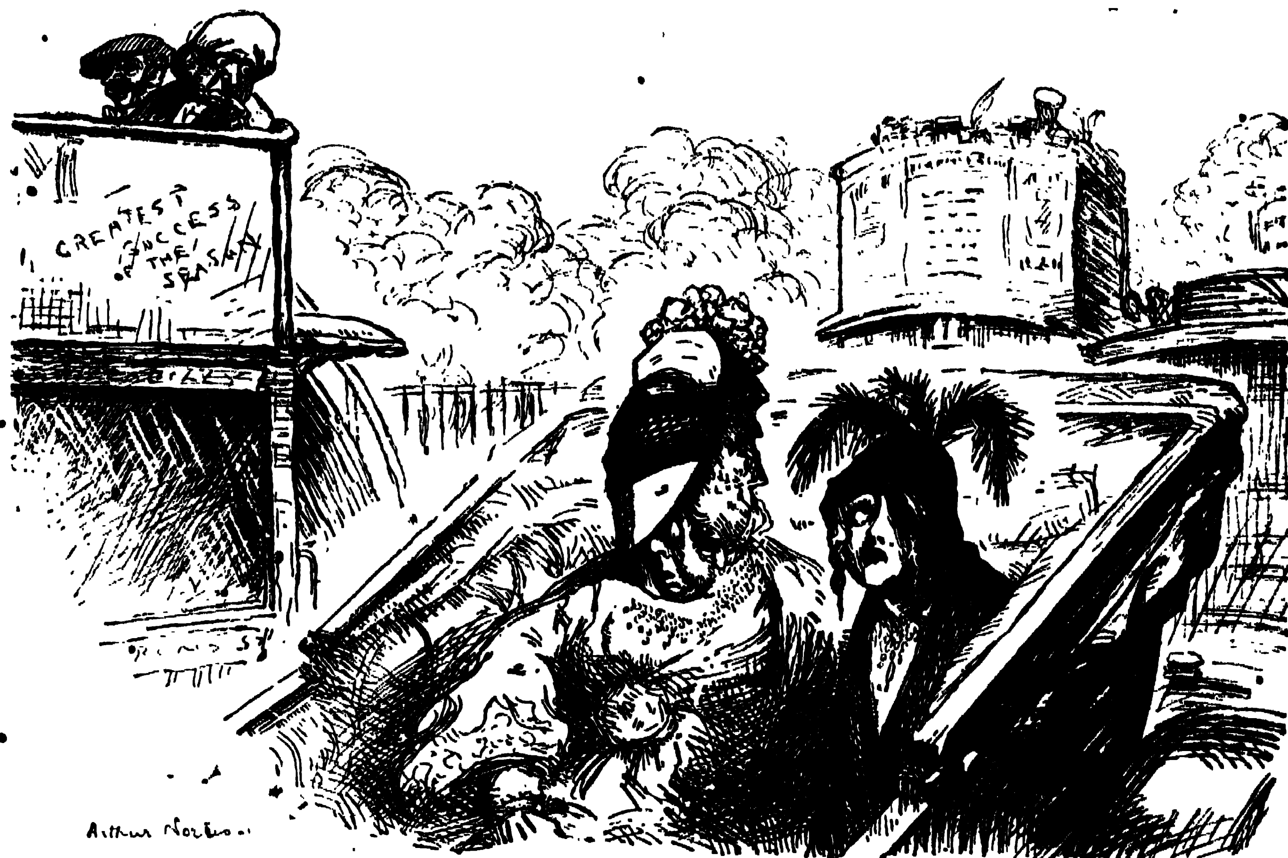
The Drawing-room again.

Barbara (joyfully). Diana, I've got some exciting news for you. Guess!

Diana. You're going away?

Barbara. No!

Diana. Oh, well, after all you've only stayed with us six months. Er—you've got a new dress?



First Visitor from the country (to second ditto). "AY, FRED, LONDON 'S THE PLACE TO SEE THE SWELLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES THIS TIME O' YEAR. NOTHING BUT LIFE AND GAIETY ON ALL SIDES."

Barbara. No.

Diana. No; that was a silly one. Er—John 's got a half-holiday?

Barbara. No. Well, I must tell you! Diana, you 're not going to die after all! The doctors made a mistake!

[*Exit.*

Diana. Not going to die? But then I don't want to run away with Philip. (*Rushes to desk and seizes the telephone.*) I must let him know. (*With a shriek*) Help! the telephone 's broken! Then I have nothing to live for. (*She takes out poison from poison drawer.*) I shall count three before I drink. One—two—— Why doesn't John come? One—two—— If he isn't quick he 'll be too late. One——

Enter John *quickly.*

John (looking at his watch). My darling, I have just time to forgive you. Let us be happy together again.

Diana. But the telephone 's broken!

John (embracing her tenderly). My darling, I 've sent for a man to mend it.

Diana (much moved). My husband!

A. A. M.

"Miss Gluck only arrived in London from New York after a tour in America earlier in the morning, and proceeded to Richmond to rest."—*Times.*

Which she must have wanted after her busy morning.

THE BIG TROUT.

PULL up the rypecks! Push her home!
It 's roses all the way!
Let garlands lie on Thames's foam—
A trout has died to-day!
Room for the victor—ho, there, room!—
Who calls the gods to scan
No halfling of the lilied gloom,
But that leviathan.

Anew (with jostling words unstayed)
We fight it, inch by inch,
From that first moment when he made
The line scream off the winch;
'Twas so we struck, we held him so
Lest weed had triumph wrecked;
Thus to his leap the point dropped low,
And thus a rush was checked.

O sought-for prize! Full many a day
The old black punt has swung
Beyond his stance, in twilight's grey,
Or when the dawn was young;
What hopes were ours, what heart-beats high
Have thrilled us, when he rolled
Up from the jade-green deep, a-nigh,
Dull-gleaming as of gold!

Glide on, ye stately swans, with grace—
Ye ne'er again shall see
His headlong dash among the dace
Beneath the willow-tree;
Ye little bleak, lift up your heads,
Ye gudgeon, skip at score,
The run between the lily beds
Shall know its lord no more!

Yet, while th' exalted pulses stir,
Regret takes hands with Pride,
Regret for that most splendid spur—
The Wish Ungratified;
With hammering heart that bulk I con,
That spread of tail and fin,
And sigh, like him of Macedon,
With no more worlds to win.

Pull up the rypecks, can't you, Jim!
It 's roses all the way!
But ne'er another fish like him
For any other day!
Room for the victor—lock, there, room!—
Who calls the gods to scan
No halfling of the amber gloom,
But that leviathan.

Commercial Candour.

"Avoid Income-Tax and Death Duties by investing in selected Canadian Securities."
Advt. in "Times Financial Supplement."

Motto for golfer who has foozled his approach:—

"I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly."
King John, iv., 1.

A LEGAL DOCUMENT.

"There is," I said, "a guilty look about you. You are hanging round. At this time of the morning you have usually retreated to your fastnesses. Why has not the telephone claimed you? There is something on your mind."

"No," said the lady of the house airily; "I have a vacant mind."

"Where, then," I said, "is your loud laugh? I have not heard you shout 'Ha-ha,' or anything remotely resembling 'Ha-ha.' Something is weighing upon you."

"Not at all."

"Yes at all," I said decisively. "You have something to confess."

"Confess!" she said scornfully. "What nonsense is this about confession? We are not early-Victorians."

"Yes, we are. I insist upon it. I shall be busy with my writing. You will come and kneel unperceived at my feet with an imploring look upon your tear-stained face. I shall give a sudden start——"

"And," she went on enthusiastically, "I shall stretch out my hands to you, and you will raise me tenderly from the floor, and I shall then explain——"

"That appearances were against you, but that Eugene is really your brother by a first marriage——"

"And I shall then call for the smelling salts and swoon like this"—she collapsed in an inanimate heap on the sofa—"and you will rise to your full height——"

"Yes," I said, "I shall forgive you freely."

"No," she said, "you will blame yourself for not having appreciated my angelic nature, for having treated me as a mere toy, for having——"

"Yes," I said, "for having married you at all. But I shall forgive you all the same, and I shall present you with the locket containing my grandmother's miniature. Come on; let us start at once. I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"All right," she said, "I accept your forgiveness. And now that we've cleared the ground, you'll perhaps allow me——"

"Aha," I said, "then there *is* something after all?"

"There always is *something*," she said, "so perhaps you'll allow me to ask you a question?"

"A question?" I said. "Ask me fifty. I don't promise to answer them. I'm only human, you know, but——"

"Surely," she said, "this humility is exaggerated."

"Anyhow," I said, "I'll do my best, so fire away."

"What," she said, "does one do with a legal document?"

"Isn't this rather sudden?" I said. "'What does one do with a legal document?' My dear, one does a thousand things. One buys land, or sells it—which is much better. One gets separated, or, rather, two get separated; one gets a legacy, generally quite inadequate; one executes a mortgage, but you mustn't ask me who is the mortgagor and who is the mortgagee, for, upon my sacred word of honour, I never can remember which is which or who does what. One leaves one's money to one's beloved wife by a legal document, or one cuts her off with a shilling and one's second best bed, like Shakspeare, you know. Really, there's nothing you can't do with a legal document."

"How on earth," she said admiringly, "did you get to know all these things?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "One learns as one goes along. Men have to know more or less about the law."

"Tell me," she said; "do you feel paralysed when you see a legal document?"

"No, not now. They used to make me tremble, but I'm up to them now. I understand their jargon."

"And frankly," she said, "I don't."

"But that doesn't matter," I said. "You've got a man——"

"Lucky me," she said.

"You've got a man to help you. That's what he's there for—to help you with legal documents and to have his work interrupted and all his ideas scattered. But, bless you, he doesn't mind. He knows his place."

"Well," she said, "it's this way. A very dear friend of mine has taken a house at the seaside, and they've sent her a document."

"A letting agreement," I said.

"I suppose so," she said; "and they want her to sign it; and they say something about a counterpart which somebody else is to sign."

"That," I said, "is the usual way."

"What I want to know is, ought she to sign her document?"

"Is it the sort of house she wants?"

"The very house," she said. "She's been over it. Lots of rooms; nice garden with tennis-lawn; splendid view of the sea; drainage in perfect order; weekly rent a mere nothing. There's to be an inventory."

"Of course there is. It's always done. Does the document embody everything she requires?"

"Yes," she said, "everything; and they've thrown in two extra days for nothing."

"In that case," I said, "her duty is clear. She must sign it."

"Do you advise that?"

"I do," I said, "most strongly."

"Thank you so much," she said, "I'll do it at once;" and before I could interfere she had sat down at the writing-table, produced a document, unfolded it and signed it.

"It is," she explained, "the agreement for letting Sandstone House, Sandy Bay. They made it out in my name."

"But this," I said, seizing the paper, "is madness. It is not worth the paper on which it is written."

"I did nothing," she said, "without your advice."

"I shall repudiate it," I said, "as having been obtained by fraud."

"Right-o," she said; "we leave for Sandy Bay on July 28th."

R. C. L.

A SECOND-HAND SERENADE.

(The modern youth, we are told, is content to hymn his Lady in the amorous diction of other bards.)

It is not mine, Aminta, to commend you
According to your merits. Miles above
My puny lyre were this; I therefore send you,
For reference, "The Classic Gems of Love."

Would I approve your tresses? See p. 7,
L. 2, for what I frankly think of them;
Your lips? p. 8; your dimples, p. 11;
Your teeth and ears and ankles? *ibidem.*

Your kisses? *vide* Jonson, B., "To Celia;"
See "Annie Laurie" for the way I greet
Your neck and voice and eyes (the song has really a
Trustworthy picture also of your feet).

But nay! It ill behoves the ardent lover
To turn your gaze to any single spot;
In every line, from cover unto cover,
My passion finds an echo. Read the lot.

"SIR BAT-EARS."

SIR Bat-ears was a dog of birth
  And bred in Aberdeen,
But he favoured not his noble kin
  And so his lot is mean,
And Sir Bat-ears sits by the alms-houses
  On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway
  His pleasure is to wait
Between the two stone pineapples
  That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,
  All rusty, bent and black,
"Good day, good day, Sir Bat-ears!"
  They say and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,
  Shaking and well-nigh dead,
"Good night, good night, Sir Bat-ears!"
  They say and pat his head.

So courted and considered
  He sits out hour by hour,
Benignant in the sunshine
  And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm
  And stiffly breast the rain,
That rising when the cloud is gone
  He leaves a circle of dry stone
  Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little door-steps
  Under the arch are seen,
A dozen aged alms-persons
  To keep them bright and clean;

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step
  With a square of yellow stone—
But print-marks of Sir Bat-ears' paws
  Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,
  But, though his board be bare,
There never lacks a bone of the best
  To be Sir Bat-ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,
  He quests from door to door;
Their grace they say—his shadow gray
  Is instant on the floor,
Humblest of all the dogs there be,
  A pensioner of the poor.



Harold (who has had the worst of an argument with his father). "ALL RIGHT, THEN, YOU DON'T GET THOSE SIX STROKES I WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS AFTERNOON."

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

(The New Indigence.)

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, double Blue and double First at Oxford, weary of gerund-grinding at a fashionable preparatory school for £500 a year, charming conversationalist, expert auction-bridge player, is open to accept partnership in well-established financial house on the basis of four months' holiday a year and genuine week-ends—Friday till Tuesday.

NONCONFORMIST, with open mind on the subject of gambling, but modest means and conscientious objection to hard work, is desirous of meeting liberal-minded philanthropist who will advance him £750 to operate infallible system at Monte Carlo.

VIGOROUS YOUNG MAN of titled family, who is sick to death of England, is prepared to undertake any duties of a sporting kind for unmarried heiress in America or elsewhere.

A LADY, whose income is only £4,000 a year, is greatly in need of a month's yachting, but cannot afford a yacht of her own and dislikes the mixed company to be met with on the ordinary advertised cruises. Will some kind friend be so good as to lend her a yacht and endow it?

UNIVERSITY MAN, strong, healthy, in early forties, who has never done a day's work in his life, but has suddenly fallen on comparative poverty, wishes to communicate with some person of means willing to save him from the pain and indignity of having to do without luxuries which have become second nature to him.

£2,000 WANTED, at once, for speculation by Undergraduate. A safe two per cent. offered; advertiser cannot afford more. No professional money-lenders need apply.

CHRISTIAN and Teetotaler, who has not yet been to Japan, would be quite grateful to any wealthy travel-enthusiast who would make it possible for him to see this fascinating country. Excellent references.



"NOW THEN, COUSIN EMMA, LET ME GIVE YOU A BIT OFF THE BREAST."

"YES, PLEASE, I SHOULD LIKE TO TASTE THAT, FOR IN MY YOUNG DAYS THEY ALWAYS GAVE IT TO THE GROWN-UPS, AND NOW THEY KEEP IT FOR THE CHILDREN, SO I'VE ALWAYS MISSED IT."

REVELATION REVISED.

[*A portion of "The Photodrama of Creation," a cinematograph enterprise hailing from the United States, has recently been exhibited.*]

OH, would I were a preacher or a prophet
Of some wild pagan creed, I know not where—
One of whom people said, "This man is off it"
(But still I had a following sparse and rare),

That so, if cynics urged, "How hard to prove is
The faith ye cling to fondly and so fast!"
By favour of the men who work the "movies,"
I might expound the future and the past.

Hiring a lot of lads with mobile faces,
And all the world to tap for filméd scenes,
Would I not set backsliders in their places
And give my errant congregation beans?

Uprising in the darkened tabernacle,
A canvas sheet across the stage unfurled,
"To-night, dear brethren, we propose to tackle,"
I should commence, "the Making of the World.

"Doubts have arisen lately if the cosmos
Sprang as I stated; an egregious don
Has published pamphlets asking if it *was* moss,
Or something else, that formed the primal *On*.

"Well, to confute at once this creeping scandal,
You shall behold the facts before your eyes,
(If Mr. Potts will kindly turn that handle—
Thankyou) *and note, the camera never lies.*"

Yes, I would teach them; and if any scoffers
Still weltered in the quagmire of their sin,
If when I overhauled the monthly coffers
I found the business part a trifle thin,

Choosing a model for the worst offender
I should unroll a still more lively lot
Of films depicting him in pomp and splendour,
"Swift glories," I should say, "and doomed to rot;"

And then turn on "The Day of Retribution,"
Shades of avengers in the world below
Prodding my man with verve and resolution,
And broiling him on spits exceeding slow,

And flaying him, and squeezing him with pincers;
And whilst I pointed to his shrivelled shape
(These moving picture-men are rare convincers),
How I should thunder to the stalls agape!

"Look at yon sinner perishing *in toto*,
Take warning lest the same occurs to you;
Each fraction of each wriggle is a photo,
And therefore must be absolutely true." EVOE.

"At the short fourteenth Vardon was bunkered, and took an hour."—*Exeter Express.*

He should have read our book, "How to get out of a Bunker in Forty-five Minutes. By One who often Does."

"This move of the Powers, sending a rural gentleman from the Rhine to do the big stick stunt in Albania with a lot of bloodthirsty savages, is about as much use as putting a boy sprout in the room of Sir John French."—*London Mail.*

Personally we put an elderly artichoke in Sir JOHN's room when he comes to stay with us. This, of course, in addition to the usual tin of biscuits.



THE DOVE OF PEACE.

Lord Crewe. "I DON'T SAY HE'S A PERFECT BIRD, MY LORDS, BUT HE'S THE BEST WE COULD MANAGE, AND A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT MIGHT DO WONDERS FOR HIM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—In the mid seventies, when dear JOHNNY TOOLE was at height of well-earned fame, he for a while played three several parts on the same night. Bold advertisement announced "Toole in Three Pieces." Being just the kind of joke that has the widest run over the low level of mediocrity, it filled the gallery and upper boxes.

To-night it was recalled with fresh application. House privileged to see PREMIER in Three Pieces. For some weeks he has appeared at Question time in dual character as Prime Minister and Secretary of State for War. To-night takes on duties of absent CHANCELLOR OF DUCHY OF LANCASTER. His versatility as marvellous as his industry. In response to group of five questions addressed to him "as representing the CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER," bristles with minute information respecting number of livings in gift of the Duchy in West Riding of Yorkshire, together with amount of income of each benefice and nature of the security. Equally master of intricate case of the calamity overshadowing the Pontefract Cricket Club whose playing pitch has been damaged through subsidence caused by underground workings.



A GENEROUS RESTRAINT.

"I believe the Almighty has endowed us all with a certain amount of brains; but we don't all use them." (Cheers).—*Mr. TICKLER in the debate on the Plural Voting Bill.*

Situation raised nice questions as to responsibility of the underground leaseholder and the prospect of compensation from coal royalties. PREMIER as fully informed on these subjects as later he proved himself when by way of Supplementary Question AMERY, with pretty air of one really in search of elementary information inquired "In whose hands is the government of Ireland at the present moment?" "In the hands of HIS MAJESTY'S Ministers," said ASQUITH.



The one thing borne home to me was what a genius the Irish people have for admiring each other." - *Mr. BIRRELL.*

All very well for Duchy of Lancaster. Its affairs in strong capable hands. But that does little to assuage grief of WORTHINGTON-EVANS. For months before the day when MASTERMAN, greatly daring, exchanged safe position of Secretary of Treasury for dizzy heights of Duchy of Lancaster, WORTHINGTON-EVANS was daily accustomed to pose him with questions as to working of Insurance Act. In MASTERMAN'S enforced absence from House WEDGWOOD BENN placed in charge of Insurance Act Department. Does a difficult business exceedingly well. Has earned approval from both sides of House. But WORTHINGTON-EVANS is inconsolable. His feelings find expression in couple of lines, learned at his mother's knee, descriptive of anguish of blind boy parted from his brother by ruthless hand of death:—

> Oh, give my brother back to me;
> I cannot play alone.

Visibly brightened up on eve of Ipswich election, which seemed to promise return of the wanderer. As to-night he sits forlorn in corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, gazing sadly at corner of Treasury bench opposite (once amply filled by figure of former Secretary of Treasury), STEPHEN GWYNNE, seated next to him, gently nudges BUTCHER, and with softened memories of *Peggotty* contemplating *Mrs. Gummidge* in exceptionally low spirits, whispers, "He's thinking of the old 'un."

Business done.—After brief unsparkling debate Plural Voters Bill read a third time. Hostile amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench negatived by 320 votes against 242. Bill passed final stage without division.

Tuesday.—Home Rule fills the bill in both Houses. The Lords, back from brief holiday, protest against delay in introducing Amending Bill. In vigorous speech LANSDOWNE insists on early day being named. CREWE, wringing his hands over unreasonable ways of some people, promises Tuesday next. Adds that, if upon consideration of proposed amendments noble lords should require longer interval before Second Reading of parent measure than is provided by original fixture for 30th June, there will be no objection to postponement.

In the Commons ROBERT CECIL, interposing in ordered business of Supply, moves adjournment with view of calling attention to "growing danger created in Ireland by existence of volunteer forces and failure of Government to deal with situation." It is plurality of situation that disturbs philosophical mind. As long as there was but one volunteer force, its locality confined to Ulster, its purpose to defeat Home



"I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person."
Lord ROBERT CECIL.

Rule Bill, its commander - in - chief Carson, it was well. Nay more, it was patriotic. But when Ulster's challenge, uttered by one hundred thousand armed men, is answered by the South and West of Ireland with creation of an army exceeding that number, whole aspect is altered. Now, as in the time when "Measure for Measure" was written—

That in the captain's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,

Opposition, to a man, stand up to support Lord Bob's demand that matter shall be discussed as one of urgent public importance.

In course of animated speech Lord Bob delighted House by equalling, if not going one better than, the late Lord Cross's historic *jeu d'esprit.*

"I hear an hon. member smile," said Grand Cross on a memorable occasion.

"I wish," said Lord Bob to-night, sternly regarding hilarious Ministerialists, "those laughs could be photographed and shown throughout the country."

Suggestion will doubtless not be lost on enterprising purveyors of cinematograph shows.

There was another opportunity for the snapshotter when, Lord Bob lamenting the "ingrained frivolity of the Radicals in this grave crisis," Arthur Markham interposed with Supplementary Question.

"What about Satan rebuking sin he asked.

Turning upon Member for Mansfield more in sorrow than in anger, Lord Bob remarked: "I don't know whether the hon. Member regards me as a particularly frivolous person." General and generous cheering approved this implied disclaimer, and Lord Bob returned to consideration of "the characteristic vice of the Radical Government—fear of losing their places."

Tendency to introduce personal observations cropped up from time to time through debate, which occupied greater part of sitting. Carson having genially alluded to main body of Ministerialists as "lunatics," Neil Primrose, turning upon the Wistful Winston, who hadn't been saying anything, denounced him as "a human palimpsest."

Perhaps most touching case was that of Byles of Bradford. Having long remained silent under undeserved contumely, he suddenly rose at half-past ten and irrelevantly remarked, "I cannot understand how the myth has grown up in this House that I am a bloodthirsty ruffian. Why, Mr. Speaker, I would not kill a fly."

In view of proved inconvenience, not to say danger, of unrestrained plague of flies, this protestation was received with mixed feelings.

Business done—On division motion for adjournment of House negatived by majority of 65. After this, the House, nothing if not logical, forthwith adjourned.

Thursday.—The Irish Members, long quiescent, suddenly resumed former habit of activity. House owes to Amery the pleasing variation. He cited newspaper report of remarks recently made by Captain Bellingham, aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Inspecting and addressing body of National Volunteers, he exhorted them to ensure triumph of Home Rule.



POURING COLD WATER ON THE TROUBLED OIL.

(Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Dillon.)

Was this a proper thing to do? Certainly not. St. Augustine Birrell, answering Amery's question founded on incident, stated that when Lord Aberdeen heard of matter he immediately called for explanation, and Captain Bellingham frankly acknowledged error of judgment.

Irish Members recognised that in measure the error of judgment was slight compared with Amery's in stirring up this dangerously attractive pool. As everyone knows, and as House was promptly reminded, Colonel the Marquis of Londonderry and Colonel Lord Kilmorey, aides-de-camp to His Majesty, have on more than one occasion, when inspecting Ulster Volunteers, urged them to stand indomitable in resistance to establishment of Home Rule in their Northern Province. Irish Members want to know whether these noble and gallant gentlemen have been called upon to make explanation of their conduct similar to that peremptorily exacted from Captain Bellingham.

Premier not to be drawn into delicate controversy. Pleaded lack of notice of questions put to him. Irish Members will be delighted to provide it. Shall hear more on the subject next week.

Business done.—The Infant Samuel, appearing in new calling as President of Local Government Board, carries vote for his Department by rattling majority of 127.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Oblate Spheroid."

Sir,—I congratulate you on your new departure. The time is ripe for Politics without Partisanship. I look to you for scathing denunciations of the arch humbugs who now wear the mantle of the once great Liberal Party.

Yours, etc.,
"Patriot."

Sir,—I hail with joy your abandonment of Party Shibboleths, and await your exposure of Asquith, Lloyd George, and all such traitors. Yours, etc., "Impartial."

Sir,—You will find it hard to live up to your professions, but the thinking Public will support you.

We need a judicial paper that will set truth above Party considerations, revealing, incidentally, the devilish character of the Redmond-cum-Cabinet compact. Yours, etc.,
"Dulce et Decorum."

"Pink Chestnut.—When ices are given at a dinner it is usual to have them, but not otherwise."

From "Etiquette" in "The Lady."

It is therefore incorrect, "Pink Chestnut," to produce a private Bombe Vanille from your handkerchief bag.

"The death of an infant from 'convulsions,' without further explanation, can never be wholly satisfactory."

Australian Medical Journal.

It takes a lot to satisfy some people.



Short-sighted Old Lady (*to gentleman taking his morning exercise in the park*). "GO AWAY, GO AWAY; YOU SHAN'T PUT A FINGER ON MY LUGGAGE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALL the world recognises Sir MARTIN CONWAY as a paramount peak-compeller and explorer of resource, while superior persons, like this learned clerk, know him as an effective *dilettante* in the realms of art. In *The Sport of Collecting* (FISHER UNWIN), with a general candour, but a specific, canny (and of course rather tiresome and disappointing) reticence as to prices, he gives us, in effect, a treatise on the craft of curio-hunting, gaily illustrated by anecdotes of the bagging of bronze cats in Egypt, Foppas and Giorgiones in Italian byways, Inca jewellery in Peru, and heaven knows what and where beside. The authentic method, apparently, is to mark down your quarry as you enter the dealer's stockade, to pay no visible attention to it but bargain furiously over some pretentious treasure which you don't in the least want; later, admitting with regret your inability to afford the price, to suggest that as a memento of your pleasant visit you might be disposed to carry off that odd trifle in the corner over there; then, bursting with hardly controlled excitement to see your priceless primitive wrapped in brown paper and thrown into your cab, to drive to your quarters, hug yourself ecstatically and boast to your friends and fellow-conspirators about it. Shooting the driven tiger from the howdah is quite evidently nothing to this royal sport of dealer-spoofing, especially when the dealer knows a thing or two, as Sir MARTIN bravely confesses he sometimes does. I wonder if this arch-collector, when he discovered his best piece, Allington Castle (of which he discourses with such pleasant and knowledgable enthusiasm), turned a contemptuous back on the battlements and made a casual offer for the moat. A most diverting book.

The name of MADAME YOI PAWLOWSKA is new to me; but if her previous books were anything like so good as *A Child Went Forth* (DUCKWORTH) I am heartily sorry to have missed them. There have been many books written about childhood, and the end of them is not yet in sight; but I have known none that so successfully attains the simplicity that should belong to the subject. You probably identify the title as a quotation from WALT WHITMAN, about the child that went forth every day, "and the first object that he looked upon, that object he became." The child in the present instance was one *Anna*, who went forth in the Hungarian village where she was born, and saw and became a number of picturesque and amusing things, all of which her narrator has quite obviously herself recalled, and set down in excellent fashion. I don't want you to run away with the idea that *Anna* was a good or even a pleasant child. Anything but that. The things she did and said furnished a more than sufficient reason for her father to threaten again and again to send her to school in England. The book ends with the realisation of this, which had always been to *Anna* as a kind of shadowy horror in the background of life. We are not told which particular English school was favoured with her patronage, nor how she got on there. I was too interested in her career not to be sorry for this omission; and that shall be my personal tribute to her attractions.

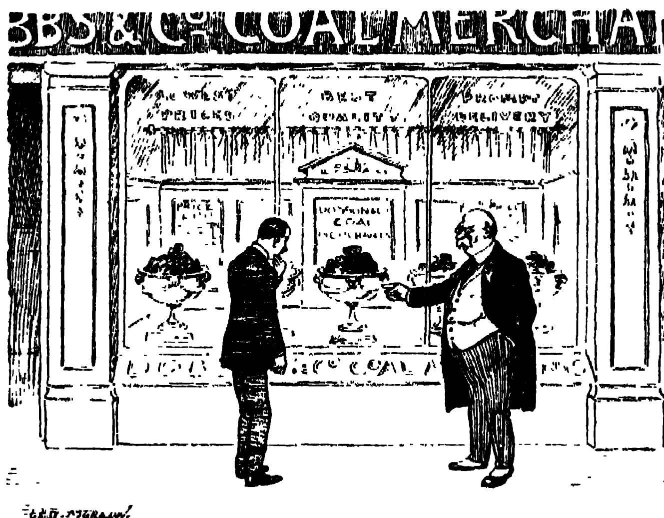
There are few persons who can write love stories with a surer and more tender touch than KATHARINE TYNAN. So I expect that many gentle souls will share my pleasure in the fact that she has just put together a volume of studies in this kind under the amiable title of *Lovers' Meetings* (WERNER LAURIE). Personally my only complaint about them is that in a short story lovers' meetings

mean the journey's end, and I wished to spend a longer time in the society of many of the agreeable characters of Mrs. Hinkson's studies. Take for example the first—and my own favourite—of the series. There really isn't anything special in it—and yet there is everything. What happened was that *Challoner*, a confirmed bachelor, went to the Dublin quay to see off a friend on the boat to Holyhead. The friend didn't turn up; but a young governess, with whom *Challoner* had only the slightest previous acquaintance, was going by the boat—so *Challoner* went with her, and they were married, and lived happy ever after. You may think that this doesn't sound very probable, and perhaps it doesn't; but it is so charmingly told—*Challoner's* growing delight in the initial mistake that confuses the pair as man and wife is so alluringly developed, and the whole little episode of twenty pages has such a way with it as to take your credulity a willing captive. This was my individual choice; but there are fifteen others of various styles; some mild detective studies, and a pathetic little ghost story that recalls to me one of Kipling's best. Altogether an attractive collection, very far above many such that have appeared lately.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, in his new novel, *The Marriage Tie* (Grant Richards), is very serious about the hypocrisies of the virtuous and the injustice of our moral conventions. Other writers before him have been serious about these things, and I do not know that Mr. Sherren has anything very new to say. I must also confess to thinking that a sense of humour would have assisted him greatly in his task. Nevertheless his readers are certain to sympathise with his beautiful heroine in her dismay at her unfortunate illegitimacy, and she is a good girl with a great regard for the feelings of all her friends, even though she expresses this regard a little stiffly. Mr. Sherren uses his background well, and many of his scenes would be effective if only his characters were debarred from dialogue. It would be, I am sure, beyond *Johanna's* powers, were she limited to the deaf and dumb alphabet, to convey such a speech as this: "I wish you to consent to your father's suggestions, dear. By doing so you do not injure me, and you cheer his declining days. I am sure your dear mother wishes it." Her methods would become something much brusquer and more direct. I doubt if Mr. Sherren is at his best in a novel. An essay on the confused issues of illegitimacy and the punishment of the children for the sins of their fathers would show him, I am convinced, at his ease; but dialogue and a beautiful heroine are an embarrassment to him.

In a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Mercy of the Lord* (Heinemann) Mrs. Flora Annie Steel revives pleasant memories of her Indian romances once beloved by me. In these new stories everybody dies—if Europeans, with the latest slang upon their lips; if natives, with a lusty invocation to Allah. Mrs. Steel does not believe in letting the reader know what she is about, and there is generally something up her sleeve. Each story has its own little puzzle, and, if the puzzles are not always solved by the end of the tale, one can make all kinds of pleasant conjectures as to what really did happen, and Mrs. Steel's mysterious hints and shrugs and fingers on the lip do beyond question assist her atmosphere. I like best of the stories "Salt of the Earth," a most moving tale beautifully told. Always Mrs. Steel is interesting, and I hope these sketches are only little preludes to another of her thrilling romances.

If Mr. Bertram Smith's *Caravan Days* (Nisbet) has not made me eager to take to the road at once, the reason is that he seems to delight in things that I most cordially detest. For instance, he likes cooking and he is "very fond of rain." With such tastes he has more facilities for enjoying himself than are offered to most of us, and I find myself wondering whether life in a caravan, always supposing that he was not there to do the cooking and admire the rain, would be quite as much fun as he would have us believe. I am confident that when next he goes upon his travels the majority of his friends will be anxious to share the attractions of his *Sieglinda*, that caravan of caravans, but I doubt if they will be ordering *Sieglindas* for themselves. Meanwhile, so human has Mr. Bertram Smith made his *Sieglinda* that I can well imagine her sulking in her retirement because she wants to see Argyll, the only county in Scotland she has not yet sampled.



THE ART OF WINDOW-DRESSING.

Shop-Manager (sternly, to assistant). "Surely, Mr. Jenkins, you ought to know better than to put the Kitchen Cobbles in the centre vase. Remember in future that it is absolutely necessary you should always strike the key-note with the *Selected Nuts*."

If you are a musical genius yourself and want to do a young composer a good turn, I implore you not to get his opera produced under the pretence that it is yours and wait until it has been received enthusiastically before you announce whose work it is. For that is what *Jess Levellier* did, and "Miss Louise Mack" tells us what a deal of trouble was brought about by this impulsive action. There are several love stories in *The Music Makers* (Mills and Boon). There is the affair of *Jess* and there is the affair of *Jess's* father; and in regard to the second of these I would say that I am a little tired of adventurous women who are first attracted by dollars and then find that they are head over ears in love with the man himself. But in case you are not adequately intrigued by either of these romances, I can also tell you that *Sir William* (big and burly) and *Trixie Harrison*, though married, gave considerable cause for anxiety before with "outstretched hands she went tottering towards him." Even the most jaded novel-readers will suffer thrills and surprises from *The Music Makers*, and occasionally, perhaps, they will wonder whether coincidence's long arm has not been stretched to the point of dislocation. However that may be, the book is breezy and its author is lavish of her material. Parsimonious writers would have made half-a-dozen novels out of the stuff of Mrs. Creed's book.



MORE MUNITIONS OF PEACE.

(An Episode in the Camp of the Nationalist Volunteers.)

SEVERAL further months had elapsed in the history of the scheme for the "better government of Ireland." The Home Rule Bill had been read for the third time in the Inferior Chamber, but, apart from this conciliatory action, no effective attempt had been made to avert the horrors of Civil War.

Meanwhile two coups had been planned, of which the one failed and the other succeeded. And during the arrangements for the first coup (for it got no further than the preparatory stage—and even this was denied) it was revealed that British officers were not very greatly inclined to shoot down their fellow-countrymen for the sake of the *beaux jeux* of a political party. And for this the politicians of that party, selecting the worst name they could think of, described these officers as politicians. And the cry of "The Army *v.* the People," started by a Labour Member (who wore a large hat), and supported by the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (who wore a small one), was raised very high and then dropped, as likely to prove inexpedient.

But the other coup (which succeeded) was a very clever feat of gun-running on the part of the Ulster Volunteers. And, the law having been broken, the Government, as its guardian, determined to take no punitive measures—an attitude that was repellent both to Sir WILLIAM BYLES and to Mr. NEIL PRIMROSE.

And now there grew up in each political party a body of rebellion. For on the Liberal side there were those, notorious at other seasons for their advocacy of peace at whatever charges, who gave out that there were worse things than Civil War, and one of the worse things was the stultification of their own projects, or, as they put it, of the Will of the People; though they showed no strong anxiety to discover, by the usual tests, what the Will of the People might actually be in the matter.

And on the Unionist side there were those who said that they would do nothing to provoke Civil War, but that, since it took two sides to conduct a Civil or any other kind of War, and the British Army was apparently not available, there was no fear of Civil War, and they (the Unionist Party) could well afford to stiffen themselves about the lips.

And all this tended to embarrass the labours (if any) of those leaders who were still supposed to be holding communion together for the furtherance of a compromise.

Now, among the Ulster Volunteers, though perfect sobriety was exhorted and maintained, it was excusably felt that it would be a pity if so fine a force should have been raised and armed at such expense and sacrifice and

then have no chance of showing what it could do. And this feeling evoked sympathy in the breasts of the Irish of the South and West; and they said to them of Ulster, "Rather than see your army wasted we will ourselves raise one for you to shoot at." And this they did, in part for sheer joy of the chance of a fight, and in part for admiration of the sportsmanship of a people that had defied a British Government. And though some joined the new Volunteers for love of Home Rule, and with the object of offering themselves as substitutes for the British Army, yet the promoters were content to allege, vaguely and inoffensively, that their object was just the protection of Irish liberty, whatever that might be taken to mean. And, being Irish, no exact logic was asked of them.

But at first Mr. REDMOND, as a supporter of the law, and scandalised by its breach in Ulster, declined to approve this illegal development, which for the rest he regarded as negligible. But later, when it had grown too large to be ignored, he generously consented to overlook its illegality and to place it under official patronage. But his offer was received in a spirit of very regrettable independence. On reflection, however, this attitude was exchanged for one of sullen submission.

Now a private army is a dangerous thing when you know what it is for; but it is a very dangerous thing when you don't. And there were cynics—not too frivolous—who held that the best course for the Government would be to withdraw from Ireland for the time being and leave Ulster and the Rest to come to an agreement of their own, either with or without a bloody prelude. And there were other critics—not much more frivolous—who replied that, if we walked out of Ireland and left Ulster and the Rest to come to terms, they might get to understand one another to such good purpose that we should never have the opportunity of walking in again.

And the Government's only consolation lay in the thought that the Rest of Ireland lacked the munitions of war owing to the vigilant precautions taken to prevent the importation of arms into Ulster.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A thrill of emotion rippled over the tented plain. Into the camp of the Nationalist Volunteers had dashed a motor-car which was taken to be the forerunner of a great consignment of smuggled arms, for it contained a bulky wooden case with the label "Munitions of Peace" pasted upon its façade—a superscription that might well have been designed to mislead the wariest of coastguards and patrols. Its sole convoy was an old gentleman—evidently selected for the part, for by his air of simple benevolence you would have judged him the last man in the world to be suspected of nefarious practices.

A cry of bitter disappointment broke out on the discovery that the "munitions" consisted of nothing but books. But the uproar died down as the old gentleman was seen to assume the attitude of an orator. His words were at first received in courteous silence; then with sympathetic approval; finally with deafening applause.

"Nationalist Volunteers!" he said: "I come from performing a similar mission of camaraderie among the hosts of Ulster. I am no partisan. I am like a certain philanthropist of whom I have heard who purveyed sherbet to the rival camps of the Sultan of MOROCCO and the Pretender. I trust that my fate may not be his, for he was the sole person killed in one of the noisiest battles ever fought in the environs of Fez.

"This tome, identical with the rest of my munitions of peace, embodies (for I made the contents myself, and so ought to know) the highest wisdom mingled with the purest material for mirth. Its contemporaneous perusal in both camps should encourage a common ideal of humour and so promote mutual respect and affection.

"I would go even further and express the hope that here may be found a spirit of genial tolerance which, if assimilated by all parties, will infallibly lead to a solution of the Irish Question without the inconvenience of bloodshed. Gentlemen, permit me!" And thereupon he presented to the admiring gaze of his audience *Mr. Punch's*

One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Volume.





Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—continued.

Pictures and Sketches.

